

UC-NRLF



\$B 294 886

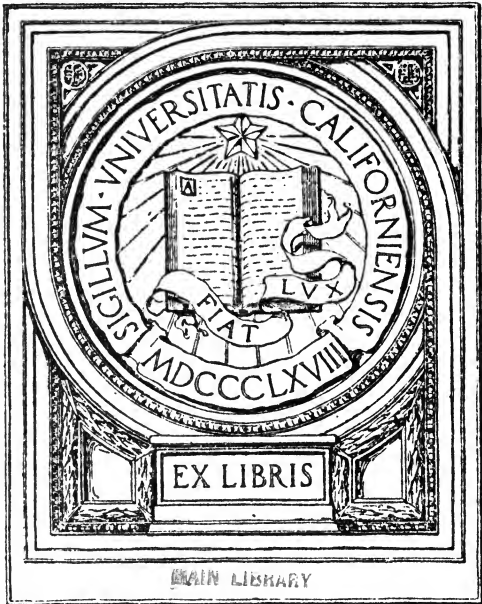


FROM
TIENTSIN
TO PEKING

WITH
THE ALLIED
FORCES

J. Brown

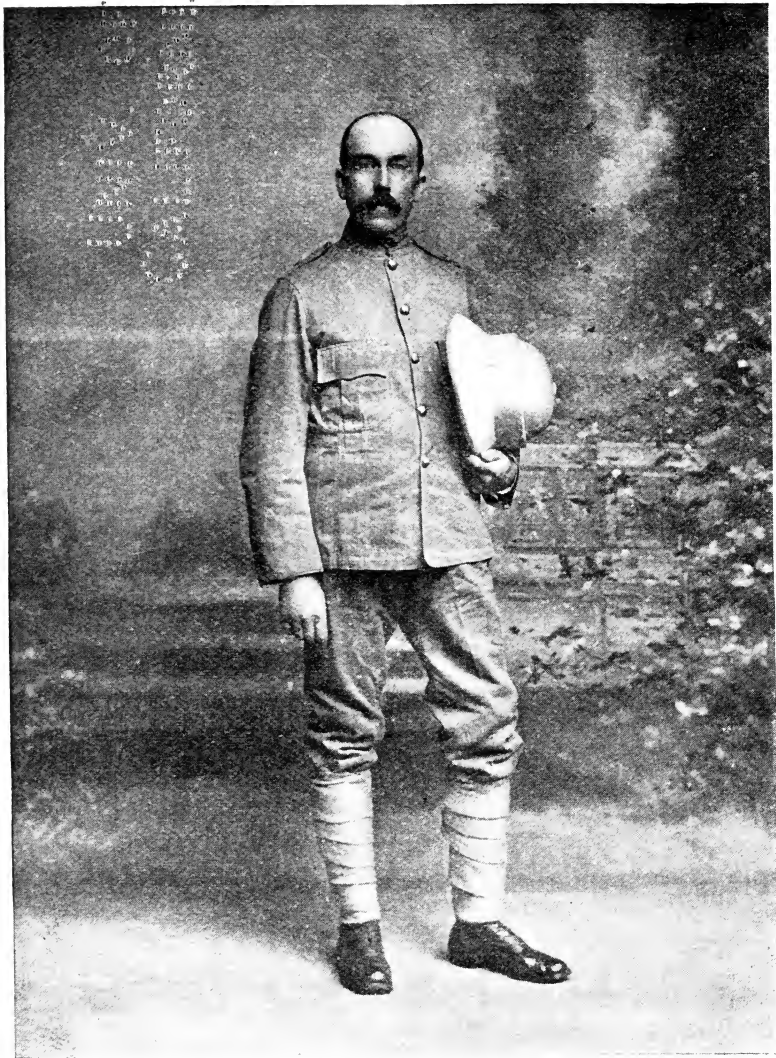
· THE ·
 · JOHN · FRYER ·
 · CHINESE · LIBRARY ·



4323



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



THE REV. FREDERICK BROWN.

FROM
TIENTSIN TO PEKING
WITH
THE ALLIED FORCES

BY THE
REV. FREDERICK BROWN, F.R.G.S.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, TIENTSIN

London
CHARLES H. KELLY
2, CASTLE ST., CITY RD., E.C., AND 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1902

D5772

B7



TO THE
ALBANY

Main Lib.

JOHN FRYER
CHINESE LIBRARY

P R E F A C E



THE object of this volume is to enable the reader in some degree to appreciate the difficulties, dangers, and triumphs of one of the most important marches ever made, and the only one of its kind recorded in history.

The sole excuse for undertaking the march with twenty thousand men fewer than military experts deemed necessary for the capture of Peking in the middle of the "rainy season" is to be found in the urgency of the situation. It was daring in the extreme, and had it ended in failure would have been characterised as a foolhardy undertaking. But we still believe that "one man with God is a majority"; and there were so many clear exhibitions of divine interposition during the march, that I give the glory to God for the saving of the eight hundred precious lives.

This volume, which makes no pretension to literary

merit, would never have been published but for the fact that many friends have tried to persuade me that I have a tale to tell that should be told.

I owe my indebtedness to several published statements, and herewith gratefully acknowledge it.

FREDERICK BROWN.

CONTENTS



| CHAP. | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. INTRODUCTORY | 9 |
| II. AN EXCITING RIDE TO TIENTSIN | 19 |
| III. THE SIEGE OF TIENTSIN | 29 |
| IV. SIR ROBERT HART'S MESSAGE | 46 |
| V. BATTLES OF PEI-TSANG AND YANG-TSUN | 63 |
| VI. ON THE MARCH | 75 |
| VII. THE ASSAULT OF PEKING | 96 |
| VIII. THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS | 112 |

GENERAL ORDER

TIENTSIN, 20th July, 1900.

No. 102.—The Rev. F. Brown is taken on the strength of the Force from the 20th, and is attached to the Intelligence Department.

Certified,

(Signed) E. W. N. NORIE, Captain,
D.A.Q.M.G. for Intelligence,
China Expeditionary Force.

FROM TIENTSIN TO PEKING



CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

I WILL resist the temptation to describe, by way of introduction, that supremely dramatic moment when the Anglo-Saxon troops, in bespattered and sweat-sodden khaki, led by Generals Gaselee and Chaffee, forced their way through the sluice-gate under the wall of the city of Peking and stood face to face with the rescued eight hundred, and will begin my recital with the causes of that march, whose like we shall not see again, unless, haply, in the future, the soldiers of five nations shall combine to force their way through a hostile country, to save men, women, and children from becoming the victims of an infuriated mob.

It was in March, 1900, that the civilised world was startled by the news that the Boxers had sprung into prominence and were killing in the Provinces of Shantung and Chi-li. The term "Boxer" is as unfortunate as it is erroneous. I-ho-ch'uan is the Chinese name, and, literally translated, this means "The Harmony of Fists Society"; or, as in the Province of Shantung, "Ta-tao-hui" ("The Big Knife Society"). Both these names are comparatively new, though the society is an old one. It was originally one of the many revolutionary sects with which China is undermined and whose very existence is forbidden by imperial edict.

The Boxer sect was anti-dynastic, anti-progressive, anti-modern, anti-Christian, and anti-foreign; but when Prince Tuan, the father of the heir-apparent, became the leader of the movement, in the spring of 1900, the anti-dynastic tenet was withdrawn from their propaganda, and full force was allowed to the anti-foreign one, inculcated with all the fervour of half-civilised fanatics. Proclamations were sent to all parts of the empire, and they had the desired effect; for in three months the northern and central provinces were swept clean of engineers, missionaries, railways, telegraphs, chapels, schools, and colleges. But, more terrible than all, these demon-possessed ruffians in their frenzy perpetrated upon some of the noblest womanhood of the century atrocities that it would be hard to parallel in history. Their murder-

ous passions claimed no fewer than 186 slaughtered foreigners, as follows :

| | | |
|-----------|-------------|----------|
| 70 adults | 28 children | English |
| 40 " | 16 " | Swedish |
| 24 " | 8 " | American |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | |
| 134 | 52 | |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | |

It is also estimated that forty thousand native Christians were sent to martyrs' graves.

Three years ago it was rumoured that China was awaking after centuries of slumber, and that the Emperor Kuang-hsü had turned reformer. The ruler of one-fifth of the human race, whose will was supposed to be law, had not then reckoned with the wily Empress Dowager, backed by trusted officials of State whose interest it was to maintain the old, corrupt methods.

The Emperor moved very fast. He abolished the classical essay as a necessary part of the examinations ; he ordered the establishment of a university in Peking, and that school boards should be formed in the provinces. Railways and telegraphs were to be hurried along till the eighteen provinces should be united and bound by a network of rails and wires. He even ordered the Buddhist temples to be turned into schoolrooms. Li-hung-chang and Chin-hsü were dismissed from the Tsung-li-Yamen. The governorships of three provinces were abolished as useless expense, and the two presidents and four vice-presidents of the Board of Rites

were dismissed. Doubtless many of these reforms would have been helpful to the nation and people; and if the Emperor had been able to put into operation most of them, as he did some, China would to-day have been not far behind Japan in the matter of progress.

At this juncture, and before the Emperor's projects could be realised, the Empress Dowager, with the clique of fossilised advisers who surrounded her, decided that the Emperor was in feeble health and that the anxieties of State would surely kill him. Accordingly, on the advice of the dismissed officials and in conformity with her own lust for power, she resolved, despite her age, to reassume the rulership of the Chinese Empire. So the Emperor was arrested and thrown into prison—rather a strange place in which to put an invalid! The sound of his protesting voice could never reach the outside of the Forbidden City, and should he so resist as to cause trouble—well, a cup of strong tea, with a pinch of poison added, such as former emperors had been compelled to drink, would soon put him to rest. No opposition was made by the Foreign Governments, and this glaring act of injustice was perpetrated without even a remonstrance.

After this brilliant move, so successfully carried out, it was decided to deal with the Emperor's friends, the reformers. These men were struggling to throw off the bonds of national servitude, the tyranny of illegal taxation, the abuses of officialdom, the demands for bribery, and the corrupt injustice of the criminal court.

Reform in China is the deadly enemy of the present Manchu dynasty, which rests upon the corruption and official abuses the unhappy Emperor was seeking to abate.

Extermination of the reformers was the only hope of the present Government under the Empress Dowager. Chief among them was K'ang-yu-wei. He, however, saw what was coming, and fled. Forthwith an order was issued to slice him in pieces at the moment of capture ; his family were to be killed, with all his relatives ; even the very graves of his ancestors were to be demolished. Such was the penalty of being a reformer. Many were not so smart as K'ang-yu-wei, and a large number of fine young men, the flower of the Chinese capital, were caught and beheaded without a trial. One man, Chang-yin-huan, who had thus been condemned, was saved by the intervention of the British Minister to China, Sir Claude Macdonald. He had been the bearer of congratulations from the Emperor of China on the late Queen's Jubilee. Travelling round the world, he had acquired something of the spirit of reform, and for this was to be executed, when Sir Claude stepped in and saved him ; but he was subsequently exiled and secretly executed, in June, 1900, by the orders of the Empress Dowager.

Who is this woman, that has been the means of so much suffering in China and the acknowledged leader in the Boxer crusade ? Her full name is Tsz-hi, Tao-nu, Kang-i, Chon-yu, Chang-ghing, Sha-kung, Chui-

hsien, Chung-shi. A Manchu by birth, carefully educated — an advantage which falls to very few of her sex, even in the noblest families—she became concubine to the Emperor Hsien Fêng, and had the joy of presenting him with a son and heir to the throne. To signalise his delight, he raised her to the rank of Empress, and from the year 1861 to 1875, when the present Emperor came to the throne, her will was absolute.

During the year 1900 the Christian Church in China faced great persecution; and what James, Paul, Polycarp, Irenæus, and the noble army of martyrs did for early Christianity, the Chinese Christians did for China in the last year of the nineteenth century. The native Christian—so feeble, so apparently unfitted to endure severe strain—has been tried in the furnace of affliction. The howling mob in the Colosseum at Rome, thirsting for the blood of the Christians, has found its counterpart in the Boxer and his allies.

In January, 1900, the Rev. J. Brooks was brutally murdered in Shantung Province, while two German priests were killed within a short distance of the scene of his murder. A decree was promulgated, an indemnity was paid, and a few men, probably innocent, were beheaded. The Governor, named Yü-hsien, was dismissed and degraded, but was almost immediately appointed Governor of the Province of Shan-si, where, according to latest statistics, he put to death no fewer

than one hundred and ten European and American subjects. A strong protest from the Foreign Powers at the time would have prevented his appointment and probably saved much life and suffering.

Imperial edicts for the protection of life and property enacted at the beginning of the year 1900 proved useless, for with them secret instructions to the contrary were being issued to the officials. A friendly disposed official called on me to say, "Protection given in the past will be impossible in the future." Being asked why, he replied, "Puh hsing" ("It cannot be done"). In February the Viceroy sent out word that I should not be allowed to travel without an escort of Chinese soldiers. Refusing the escort, I secured one of our trusted native ministers and sent him to an out-station with my mules and cart. On his arrival at the chapel a crowd gathered, but, raising the curtain, they saw that he was only a Chinaman, who for mobbing purposes was not so desirable as a foreigner. At this time a letter from me was published in the *New York Christian Advocate*, an extract from which I give here to show that the missionaries saw the trouble coming:

"Every circuit in the district is over-run by the Boxers, and all our preachers are in great danger. I am trying to show by example that 'the post of danger is the post of honour.' All our foreign and native workers are in great danger, and at present we cannot see the 'silver

lining' to the cloud. If we can fill out the Conference year¹ without riot and bloodshed, I shall be glad."

An editorial note on the above :

"It is evident the missionaries saw what was coming at this early date."

By the middle of May the Boxer movement had obtained a firmer footing in North China than the Foreign Ministers suspected. On 17th May sixty Catholic converts were killed, and more than two thousand were forced to flee for their lives, without food, clothes, or shelter. Lord Salisbury cabled to Sir Claude Macdonald, "If you think it necessary for protection of Europeans, you may send for Marine Guard." The guard was sent for immediately, but the Chinese placed obstacles in the way of its advance towards the Legation. At this time the Belgian engineers were attacked while trying to escape from Pao-ting-fu to the coast. Four were killed, and the remainder endured terrible suffering, being eventually brought into Tientsin by a relief party organised by the residents of that city aided by military men.

On 2nd June I was resting, after a hard morning's work at the North China Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Peking, when I heard in the yard the sound of a Chinaman's voice relating an exciting story. Going outside, I saw that the man was Mr. Wang-pao-tang, a local preacher; he was

¹ Conference year ended 30th May, 1900.

describing the murder of the Rev. W. Robinson, of the Church Missionary Society, that had occurred on the previous day. He also reported that the Rev. J. Norman, of the same Society, had been led away for ransom. Word was sent immediately to the headquarters of the mission in Peking, and from there to the ministers at the Legations. From that moment all became alive to the seriousness of the situation.

By this time the Marine Guard had been allowed to come into Peking. It consisted of 350 officers and men—English, American, German, Russian, Japanese, and French. Only a few of this force lived to return to the coast after the relief of the Legations. Prince Tuan, a notorious foreigner-hater, had by revolutionary methods become President of the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office.

By this time it had become impossible any longer to disguise the fact that all the bloodshed was instigated by the Empress Dowager and her advisers, who could no longer conceal their guilt. It was part of a well-laid scheme for the extermination of the foreigner, and that could be accomplished best where he was least protected—away in the interior. They rightly judged that the spirit of the West is the spirit of reform, and nothing short of extermination would suffice those opposed to it.

It may be well to state here briefly the causes of the bitter hatred by the Chinese of the foreigner; they have been principally as follows:

1. The hereditary hatred felt by the Manchus (or the reigning dynasty) for all foreigners.
2. The circulation for many years of the vilest slanders against foreigners, charging them with kidnapping and murder.
3. The despoilment of China by Foreign Governments, and the public discussion in newspapers of the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire.
4. The demand made for and the securing of official rank by Roman Catholic missionaries in 1899.
5. The secret resentment felt by the Chinese against the opium trade, which has degraded the people to a large extent.

To these was mainly due the sudden outburst, which astonished the world and made some nervous people believe that the "Yellow Peril" had arrived. The Manchu Government has long felt its hold upon China's millions menaced by the spread of Western civilisation. Hence their hatred and extermination of foreigners are but the exercise of the instinct of self-preservation.

CHAPTER II

AN EXCITING RIDE TO TIENTSIN

THE North China Conference of 1900 was to be held at Peking on 30th May. Entering the city, we saw something of the ravages of the Boxers, who had already attacked the main line south. Passing the Fêng-tai Junction, we saw the engineers' houses, workshops, engines, and carriages in ruins, they having been destroyed a few days previously.

Our Conference lasted till the evening of 3rd June, but before that date some of the native preachers had asked to be permitted to withdraw. In each case leave was given, and they went to their homes to stand by their families if needs were. We are sorry now that more did not go, for some who remained were shot in the Legations. On 4th June, about nine o'clock, a party of four gentlemen and three ladies left the mission compound for the station three miles away. On passing the Legations, we noticed crowds of soldiers lounging around the gates, as if protecting the people inside. One man snapped his fingers at Dr. Hopkins, one of my companions, and said, "Ni-men-chu-puh-

liao" ("You cannot get away now"). We did not know the full significance of his words, but went on and out of the Yung-ting Gate. When just outside, we were told that it was useless to attempt to get away, as the Boxers were in possession farther south, the bridge was burnt, and the train could not proceed. One of my colleagues insisted on our going to the terminus to ascertain the truth. On arriving at the station, we entered the foreign waiting-room, which was a beautiful double-storey building. The stationmaster, a Chinaman, informed us that there would be no trains. By this time we were joined by two gentlemen who had been seeing the sights of Peking. We waited here for some time, and then I asked permission to wire to the Foreign Inspector at Fêng-tai, which was granted. I then wrote the following telegram :

"BARBER, Fêng-tai.

There are three ladies and some gentlemen waiting here. Is there any possible chance of our getting to Tientsin to-day ?

BROWN."

This telegram went forward, but no answer came ; the inspector was not there. Then looking down the line, we saw an engine coming towards us. On the engine was a native guard of some standing, who was anxious to get to the Tientsin end. He said, "I cannot promise to get you to Tientsin, but will do my best.

We may land you over the burning bridges, among the Boxers, or have to bring you back."

We decided to run the risks, each man, taking his place at a carriage window, being armed with either a rifle or a revolver, and some of the ladies having the latter weapon. We started, and, after going about nine miles, came to the bridge; it was burnt, but not so seriously as to prevent our crossing it. Alongside was the shell of the Huang-tsun station, which had been attacked that morning, while the signal-post and water-tank were badly damaged. There were sword-cuts on all that remained of the woodwork. Passing on, before long we found the line on both sides thronged with Boxers and our supposed friends the soldiers; but neither attempted to attack us, and we dashed on at full speed. When we stopped to take in water, one of our number questioned some of the soldiers belonging to General Nieh's army, who had been sent to protect the station which had been attacked that morning. Asked as to the Boxer attack, they said, "An old man came from the village at 2 a.m. It was very dark. Then thousands of 'heavenly soldiers' [imperial troops] came down, and we fired at them, but the bullets would not enter. Some did knock men over, but they would jump up, spit the bullets out, and fight again. And how could we fight against such men?"

These soldiers were making their way as fast as possible towards the coast, telling this tale as they

went—showing only too plainly that the Boxers and the soldiers were at this date (4th June) in league together to exterminate the foreigner, and that it is untrue, as some would have us believe, that it was not till 17th June, after the bombardment of the forts at Taku, that the army joined the Boxers.

Arrived at Tientsin, we found that our driver had absconded. Many friends were anxiously awaiting us, hardly expecting again to see us alive. The telegraph wires were cut, and every station and bridge on the line was burnt, while the rails were torn up. We were indeed grateful for our escape from what seemed like certain death.

On 11th June, just seven days after we had been the last foreigners to escape from Peking, Admiral Seymour, determined to reopen communication with Peking within twenty-four hours, set out from Tientsin with 2,000 men, amongst whom were 915 British, 350 Germans, 158 French, and 104 Americans, Austrians, and Italians. This force pushed on slowly, and succeeded in reaching Lang-fang, the farthest north, fighting all the way and repairing the line as they went. Progress became difficult, chiefly because the line of communication was being constantly cut in the rear. After some days they ran short of food and water, and, as they had many sick and wounded, it was decided to return to Tientsin. This was done; but throughout their march they had to fight their way, and for nearly a week there was no word of

Seymour or his troops. Having fought their way to Yang-tsun, they resolved to abandon the railway line and take to the river, eventually reaching Hsi-ku, where they found and captured the arsenal, and entrenched till the relieving force from Tientsin found them and brought them in.

Three weeks before I went to Peking, to attend the Conference, my family had been ordered to Pei-tai-ho, on the northern shore of the Gulf of Pechili, for health reasons. This place is 150 miles from Tientsin, in a north-easterly direction. It has been possible to send invalids there only since the railway was opened, ten years ago. It has proved a great boon to those in need of a change of air, and has braced up many an invalid who otherwise would have been obliged to go to Japan or the homeland. To this place I was advised to go by H.B.M. Consul at Tientsin. The day following our arrival from Peking, 5th June, we went to take a train, and found the platform in possession of General Nieh's troops. Here I saw the strangest performance I ever witnessed during my eighteen years' residence in the Chinese Empire. A soldier took a black dog by the ears, and another held him by the tail, while a third cut him across the neck. Catching the blood in a dish, they dipped the points of their bayonets into it, and then sprinkled it from the dish about the platform. A satisfactory explanation of this strange proceeding I have not yet received. The only one suggested is, that it is the Chinese method of exciting an

appetite for blood and fighting ; but I doubt its being the correct one.

In the train that morning we were accompanied by the gallant captain of the German ship the *Iltis*, who, at the taking of the Taku forts a few days later, had both legs blown off. For his gallantry he has received a special decoration from His Majesty the Emperor of Germany. There were also two missionaries, Dr. N. S. Hopkins and the Rev. J. F. Hayne, whose families were living seven miles from the Great Wall, at a place called Tsun-hua ; there were four ladies and seven children at this station. A few days later a telegram was sent to General Sung-ching, asking him to help these people. In reply, he sent twenty cavalrymen, who, acting on his instructions, brought them out safely. Within a few days this same general came under the magic wand of the Chinese "Jezebel," and the lamb became a lion ; the friendly Sung-ching was transformed into a bitter enemy, and fought us desperately at Tientsin and on the march to Peking. It was this brave general who showed to the world that the Chinese soldier, well led, is not to be condemned.

On my arrival at Pei-tai-ho, I found intense excitement. The ladies and children were brought into the Rocky Point settlement, which is situated on the side of a high hill, from which anything approaching from the surrounding country could be readily seen. There were 75 people all told, nearly all women and children.

Anxiously we waited for what the future had in store for us. Our line of retreat landwards was soon cut off, and at last all communication with our quarter ceased. Then one morning, on looking out southward to the open sea, we saw a vessel approaching. She proved to be H.M.S. *Humber*, sent by the Vice-Admiral to rescue us. This sight gave heart to the nervous ones in our company.

Major Parsons of the Burma Army, who was studying the Chinese language here, had taken command of our small garrison. A flag-staff had been set up ashore and a code of signals arranged. The President of the Rocky Point Association had deputed me to act for him, and so my responsibilities were great; for during the whole time I had to act as interpreter to the Major, and as medium between him and the Chinese people round about. After consultation, it was decided that all should board the ship, leaving houses, goods, and chattels to the Boxers. The gunboat was two miles out at sea, and the ship's boats would have been almost useless for getting the people on board; so the Major asked me to hire junks, or Chinese boats. But all my efforts to obtain them failed; in spite of offers of large sums of money, the fishermen would not lend a single vessel. The reason transpired later: the local official had threatened that any man hiring to us should be executed on arrest. A note to this effect, given to the Major, brought down twenty-five British marines with fixed bayonets, and they took all the junks they

needed, the fishermen bolting like a flock of sheep. Our circumstances were serious enough, but I could not help being amused at our British tars' attempts to sail the junks. Not much progress was made until the ship's steam-launch was brought into requisition.

On boarding the ship I ventured to remark to the doctor that the Chinese could handle their ugly boats much better than could our men. Drawing himself together and standing his full height, he replied, "My dear sir, allow me to inform you that there is nothing in this world that a British blue-jacket cannot do." I fully agreed with him, of course. Nothing could have surpassed the tenderness with which the blue-jackets helped the delicate women and children into the boats, and from the boats on to the ship, in assisting them to escape the Boxer mobs. Many of the men doubtless had children of their own, and thought of them while they gently handed the babies and their parents on to the stout deck of H.M.S. *Humber*. There were ladies with us whose husbands were in Peking and their children in Tientsin, both places at that time being besieged and bombarded; and some of our number left Pei-tai-ho believing that they would never again see their loved ones. But to stay meant

Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure;
All these they must, and guiltless, oft endure.

The ship sailed for Taku, where the American subjects were taken charge of by the American Admiral, while the British were sent on board the S.S. *Yik-sang* for

conveyance to Chefoo. The *Humber* returned at once to Pei-tai-ho, to bring back those she had been unable to ship on the first trip; and when she left the shore the looters could be plainly seen at work, and before the ship left the harbour, what had been a beautiful town was a mass of flames.

On 16th June the Admirals at Taku noticed the Chinese laying torpedoes in the river and training their guns on the men-of-war. They thus foresaw the Boxer and his army,

who pitched upon the plain
His mighty camp, and when the day returned
The country wasted, the hamlets burned;
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.

On the Saturday evening an ultimatum was sent to General Yang, demanding the surrender of the forts before 2 a.m. on the 17th. The only answer was the booming of the Chinese guns, that had been trained on the men-of-war. Little damage was done, however; for the ships had changed position after dark, so that nearly all the shells plunged harmlessly into the sea. Long and terrible was the fight, for on both sides the most modern weapons were in use. Before daylight the torpedo-catchers, which had entered the river a few days before, came down, landed men, and made the assault. The Chinese general and hundreds of officers and men were killed, while those who escaped fell back on Tang-shan, in the direction whence we had

come on being rescued by H.M.S. *Humber*. Had our departure been delayed till the arrival of the retreating soldiers, we should all without doubt have fallen victims to their wrath.

An English engine-driver had made his escape from Taku during the bombardment, and, dashing along on his engine, brought the news to us at Pei-tai-ho. Having the land telegraphic line open to the north, I dispatched a cable to America, *viâ* St. Petersburg and London, announcing the fall of Taku. It proved to be the first intimation of the event to reach the outside world. A few days previously I had been appointed, by cable, war correspondent for the *New York Journal*.

CHAPTER III

THE SIEGE OF TIENSIN

WHILE at Chefoo, where we had been taken by the *Yik-sang*, I dispatched many war cables to New York, and some were copied into English papers. I also received cables from all parts from people who had friends in Tientsin and Peking. Some I was able to answer, but to many it was beyond my power to give the information asked for. Since I have acted as a war correspondent I appreciate the demand for sensational news. Several cables reached me asking for abnormally thrilling incidents; but these I could not give without inventing them. Correspondents send sensation because it is demanded at headquarters.

While waiting for an opportunity to return from Chefoo to Taku—which was no easy matter, for no civilians were allowed to go, Tientsin being in a state of siege—I was pleased to notice how energetically and amicably the Anglo-Saxon race joined in rescuing Europeans. Consul Fowler, the representative of the United States, chartered a steamer on his own responsibility, and sent her along the coast of the gulf to pick up any European, regardless of his nationality, who

might be in distress. In this way about two hundred English, French, and American persons were rescued.

In Chefoo there were two frowning forts, and we were in continual fear lest they should fire upon us. Under these circumstances, an American subject asked permission to go to Wei-hai-wei on H.M.S. *Terrible*. Captain Percy Scott, of Ladysmith fame, answered: "Sir, on board H.M.S. *Terrible* there is no difference between American and British. Come, as many as want to go to Wei-hai-wei. Blood is thicker than water." This recalls an incident during the attack on the forts at Taku in 1860: when some of the British vessels were in difficulties, the American Admiral sent a tug-boat to pull a disabled ship out of range; being asked his reason, he replied, "Blood is thicker than water."

Chefoo was nearly free of women and children. My own wife went away on board a troop-ship bound for Hong-kong, whence I had arranged that she should be sent forward to England. On arriving there she wired, "Steamers full, and no lodgings. What shall I do?" In answer, I replied by telegraph, "Go to Japan." She, with the children, then sailed for Nagasaki, where they remained till September, when they sailed in the German steamer for England.

At last, after a weary time of waiting in Chefoo, I was given the opportunity of returning to Tientsin. This came about through the kindness of the captain of a vessel carrying cattle for the German Navy at Taku. The voyage up was uneventful. It takes eighteen hours,

as a rule, and we reached the anchorage in good time. Going ashore, I saw Captain Wild of the U.S.S. *Monacacy*, who allowed me to ascend the twenty-seven miles of river on an armed tug-boat. On entering the mouth of the river, I saw the Japanese and British flags floating over the first forts, from which so recently the Chinese had defied the allied fleets. There were many signs of the terrible struggle which had taken place. Two big condensers were in use condensing water. Some of the Allies had given no quarter to a single Chinaman, and one had disgraced civilisation by firing on the unarmed coolies of the Tug and Lighter Company.

In ordinary times a large hulk is anchored on the bar outside the mouth of the river, and about three hundred coolies live on board. When steamers come and need lighterage, the coolies are put aboard them by the Company. After the fall of the Taku forts, there being no steamers to employ them, they decided to go ashore. Unfortunately for them, they landed opposite the Russian fort. They were fired upon, and the whole three hundred were either shot or drowned. The ribs of the hulk now lie above high-water mark as a memento of the terrible deed. This is only one of the many crimes perpetrated in the name of civilisation, and China has good right to choose her civilising powers.

The trip up the river was a terrible experience. We had to steer clear of corpses, the river being crowded with them. Scores of grain-junks were anchored on both sides of the river, and foreign soldiers were search-

ing them for eggs, chickens, and anything else eatable. Non-compliance with their demands meant death to the recalcitrants, and, as a result, we saw soldiers with hens and other plunder slung round their waist-belts. Most of the villages had been destroyed, and over such as remained was waving the British, Japanese, French, or German flag, to testify that the inhabitants were friendly. The match factory and farm, though owned by Chinese, were counted semi-foreign, and had been destroyed by the Boxers.

It took us eight weary hours to make this short trip, along which, on both sides, the high grain gave good shelter for Chinese snipers; yet, excepting by an outpost in the distance, we were not disturbed. Junks followed in succession, bearing wounded to the coast. The upper decks were crowded with bandaged men being taken seaward, where a quicker recovery might be expected than in this foul atmosphere.

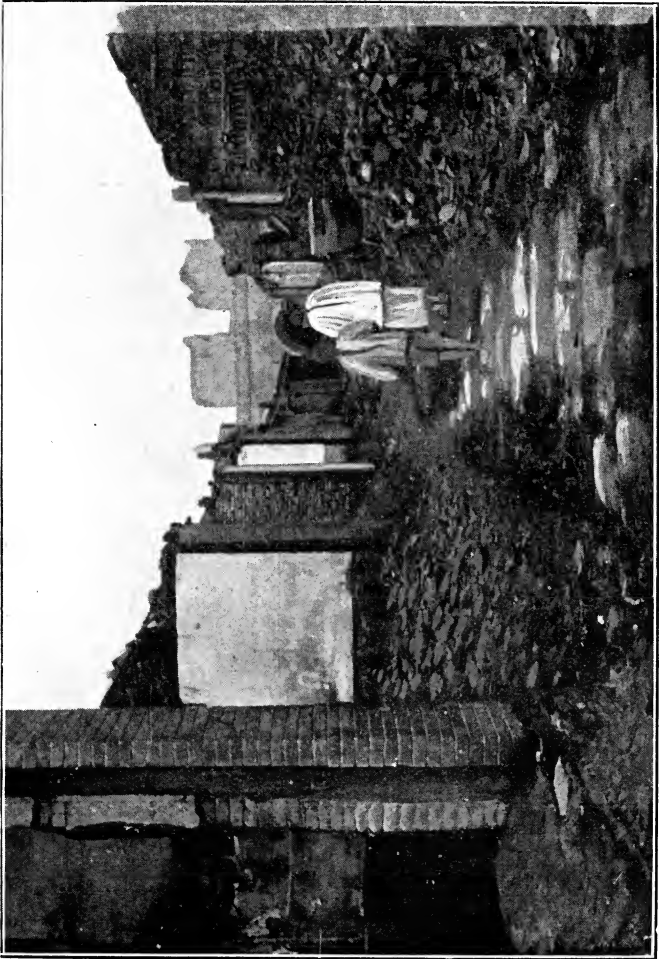
On arriving at the foreign settlement, I found my house shattered with shells. In the rooms I collected handfuls of shrapnel bullets and exploded shells. The French settlement had been destroyed, and what had been a pretty (Chinese) suburb was now nothing but a mass of roofless houses, charred and blackened.

On 19th June the Chinese began to bombard the foreign settlement of Tientsin. There was but a small force of the Allies, while the Chinese crowded round in thousands; still all the settlements of Tientsin were blockaded. The Boxers were in front, while the regulars

stood behind, bombarding with all their might, hoping to overpower the small garrison, when the Boxers could rush in and massacre.

Tientsin must have fallen, and the Admirals at Taku would not have known of its great peril, but for a young Englishman named Watts, who offered to ride through the Chinese lines, with two Cossacks, to Taku. At nightfall Watts and the Cossacks slipped quietly through the besiegers. After many narrow escapes, swimming the river twice and being shot at several times, they reached Taku. Mr. Watts in performing this feat displayed most conspicuous bravery, and the King has been pleased to recognise his courage and the value of his services. His Majesty has conferred upon him a Companionship of St. Michael and St. George. Troops were at once dispatched; and though repulsed twice on the way, they arrived in time to save the situation. Every civilian had been in the firing line; many had been hit, some killed. The native Christians had built the barriers. There had been many fires, and but for the Russians who fought so bravely at the railway station the place would have been captured. While Tientsin was besieged it was impossible to hear from Peking, or even from Admiral Seymour; but 21st June saw the siege of Tientsin settlement raised, though Chinese guns placed in the native city pounded away for twenty days longer. On 25th June a relieving column marched out in search of Seymour. It came up with him in one day, joining forces at the arsenal at Hsi-ku.

He had had sixty-two killed, and had three hundred and sixty-two sick and wounded with him. The whole force, with the relievers, returned to Tientsin. The Admiral, Captain McCalla, and Mr. Campbell, who acted as Intelligence Officer, had been sniped and wounded—happily not seriously. In spite of hundreds of bursting shells and showers of stray bullets, the greatest danger was from the hidden riflemen, who seemed to be firing from every building in the settlement, especially from the warehouses. To show oneself in the streets was to be shot at, and only the fact that these Boxer sympathisers were untrained in the use of arms prevented an immense loss of life. Again and again suspected places would be surrounded and searched. One coolie employed by a foreign firm fired a revolver point-blank at a passing civilian, but fortunately missed his mark. He was seized and executed. It may seem remarkable that, although the settlements were bombarded for twenty-five days, only five civilians were killed; but the large cellars of Tientsin gave great protection, and the ladies and children spent most of their time in them. The heaviest shells exploded in passing through the first wall they struck, their fragments being blown all over the room they entered, but not passing through a second wall. Thus, by remaining on a floor below the surface, people were reasonably safe. In the street everyone was exposed. When no firing was proceeding, the ladies slept on chairs, on the stairs, and on the floors; but during



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

shelling they spent hours of misery in those dark, dismal cellars.

With scanty clothing, with little bedding, with none of the conveniences of home, with an unbroken diet of cold and corned meats and biscuits, and with such crowded accommodation, it is easy to imagine what the ladies and children suffered during the many days of the bombardment. The damage to property was great. Chimneys and sections of roofs were blown away, rooms dismantled. Shells had pierced the walls, and, exploding, had fallen upon beds or on the floors. The ground had been torn up, and was littered with fragments of common shell and shrapnel, as well as rifle bullets, which had struck the houses and fallen. The force of an exploding shell in one house was so great that chair legs were found sticking in the ceiling, while all the furniture was reduced to fragments. With so many fires and heavy bombardments, everybody said "good-bye" to his household treasures.

It is my pleasant duty to record the bravery of the Russian troops. The railway station had been attacked, and in the battle that ensued the Russians lost no fewer than one hundred men; but the Chinese must have lost three hundred. With all their courage, the Cossacks were forced to send for aid. They were reinforced by the British, with whose help they finally repulsed the Chinese. It had been a critical time. Women's faces were white, and men's were grave. There had seemed little hope.

The imperial troops numbered five thousand, with Boxers innumerable; and if they had attacked in a body at any particular point, no effectual resistance could have been offered. For three days fighting was continuous; but God was on the side of the women and children. The natural advantages seemed to be all with the Chinese. Matters had become so serious that men had been appointed to shoot the women and children when it should come to the final stand. The men were fighting night and day, and were fast becoming exhausted, while the ammunition threatened to give out. There were horrible sights everywhere. The river was fairly choked with bodies, the air was vile, the water foul.

On 13th July it was decided to put a stop to the shot and shell which had been pouring into the settlements for twenty-three days. A council of war was held by the Generals, and at 5 a.m. it was resolved to make an attack on the native city—British, Americans, and Japanese on the west of the river, while the Russians and French were to take the east. Said an officer, “I have seen fighting in many parts of the world, but never saw harder than we had with these untutored Chinese. We just got over the wall or barrier, when the Chinese opened fire. Our men dropped like flies, and were obliged to take shelter.” They lay and fought for nearly ten hours. The Chinese shot so well that it was with difficulty the hospital corps could get out to do its work.

It was here that the American colonel (Liscomb) was hit, while talking with a wounded man. The soldiers went almost wild when they knew their commanding officer had been killed, but they were taken over by the second in command, and made a charge by the side of the Japanese. The way these Japanese fought was a revelation. A regiment acted like one man. The Chinese might shoot them down by the dozen, but those left did not even waver. They were resolved on victory all through.

It was a picturesque sight to see the Allies attacking a trench together. They seemed to understand each other's methods of fighting, and they were superbly brave. They were invincible from the start. As fighters, the trained Chinese showed remarkable ability. They are utterly fearless of death, are good shots, and their artillery was well served. Still, the men will run in the face of disaster. Let one or more become panic-stricken and start a stampede, and the others will follow.

Brave deeds could be recounted of all the nations. I will relate one. General Dorward, the British commander, mentioned it in his despatches referring to the American 9th Infantry. "They were fighting about twelve hours, almost alone, and never giving back a foot of ground, until directed to retire under cover of night and the fire of the naval guns. The incident I refer to was the bringing back to me by Adjutant-Lieutenant Lawton of the account of the position of the

regiment, across a wide and fire-swept space, and returning with reinforcements to guide them to his regiment, when he was severely wounded."

Now for an example of Japanese bravery. The forcing of the south gate of Tientsin having been allotted to the Japanese, their commander directed that the outer gate should be blown up. Two tins of gun-cotton were placed in position, and a fuse was attached and ignited; but the heavy fire of the Chinese either cut the fuse or blew out the light. Three times it was lighted, and as often went out. At last a Japanese engineer took a box of matches, ran forward, and touched the powder. Immediately there was an explosion, which blew man and gate to atoms. Others pressed forward, the inner gate was opened, and the main body ran in, driving back the Chinese and punishing them severely. The officer called his buglers, sent them on the wall, and there they played the Japanese National Anthem.

There were 8,000 allied troops engaged that day, and the total loss was 775, a larger proportion than at Spion Kop. The Chinese losses were enormous—probably not less than 3,000. When the battle was over, the British secured guns and boats, the Japanese took guns and sycee, the Russians guns, and the Americans captured the Mint, from which they took silver sufficient to cover all the expenses of the expedition. There was one fort which the Russians had decided to take on the morrow, but before they could get to it the Japanese had captured it.

The heaps of the Chinese dead told how dearly they had sold their lives, and that, farther north, there would be more fighting. But now over this city the guns were no longer heard, and it was again possible to sleep at nights without having to crawl into a bomb-proof cellar. Once more you might walk the street without fear of being hit by snipers. These are a few of the blessings one can appreciate after a successful battle, and those who had the responsibility of hundreds of Chinese refugees sang with heartfelt thankfulness:

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

After the battle, you see the grim, cruel side of warfare. On the right were the trenches occupied by the Chinese on the eventful night on which they tried to rush the settlement in obedience to the imperial decree. The assault was a failure. These trenches were cleared by our British tars; but the Chinese, with their wonderful strategy, had already flooded them, so that our men stood up to their knees in water.

During the siege of Tientsin there was so much treachery about that some of the foreigners demanded that all Chinese should be put out of the settlement. If this had been done, of course the Christians would not have been exempt. It was well that the plan was not put into practice, for the work of the native Christians was of the greatest possible service in saving the settlement from falling into the hands of the enemy. Under the directions of the troops, they in one night raised a

barricade of bales of camel-wool two miles long and two bales high all along the river front. This side of the settlement had to be held by our men, and, until the erection of this barricade, was open to a deadly fire from the Chinese troops on the opposite bank, from which they kept up an incessant shower of bullets, which fell for days into the compounds all along the river-bank. After that, every street was barricaded, so that every approach to the settlement was blocked against any sudden rush or attack. Upwards of £15,000 worth of camels' hair was put upon the streets for this purpose, and, in addition, vast quantities of hides, bags of rice and beans, and boxes of condensed milk and soap. These were either carted or carried on the shoulders from the storehouses by the native preachers, teachers, and scholars who had fled from the horrors of the surrounding country to Tientsin, only to find themselves in no safer place. Most of them were not accustomed to this kind of labour, and did their work under heavy fire. They worked day and night until their arduous task was accomplished, returning from it with blistered hands and aching bodies. They carried water, provisions, and ammunition, dug graves, and performed every kind of labour usually executed by the large coolie class in peaceful times.

At one time, when the settlement was in desperate straits, and shells were coming from a gun which could not be located because of the smokeless powder used, two men—one an old preacher and the other his son—

offered to go up into the native city and report the position of the gun. Two others went through the Boxer lines to the Admirals at Taku, to tell them of our dire need. One was captured and thrown into the river; the other never returned. Fifty of the Christian converts carried loads of ammunition for the British



A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

twelve-pounder naval gun, which they dragged from one position to another whence it might be used to greater advantage. Twice they dragged it into the open under a heavy fire from the enemy, and, while shells whizzed close to their heads and bullets sang all around them, they continued their work bravely, following directions calmly, like men who were not afraid to die.

They well earned their protection and the unstinted commendation they received.

Men and women who had no regard or sympathy for Christian work admitted that they had been an untold blessing to the settlement. The lives of many soldiers were saved through the work of these native Christians, and the health and comfort of the sick and wounded were augmented greatly by the work of others who did the immense washings for the hospitals, comprising about four hundred articles per day.

The women and girls were as useful as the men. They made shirts for the sick and wounded, pillows and pillow-slips for the hospitals, and grey caps to cover the British blue-jackets' straw hats which made such excellent marks for the enemy. Our Christian women and girls sat doing this work in the broiling sun in the courtyard while shells screeched over their heads and bullets dropped at their feet. One morning the shells came more than usually near, and were very numerous; and between the demoralising whizzing and swishing from the native city would come the answering roar of the Allies' big gun from Ladysmith, not a hundred yards away. The natives being asked whether they were not afraid, replied, "Oh, these pillows are wanted in a great hurry at the hospital for those good men who were injured for us."

Such as these are the men and women who make up the remnant of Christ's Church in China; and such as these have died for Christ, by the thousand, rather than

live and prove false to Him. Churches and chapels, hospitals and schools, which stood as symbols in a dark land for all that was good and true and helpful, are destroyed, but temples of the living God still stand—the hearts of believers. What they had to undergo is well described in Hebrews xi. 36, 37.

Away over the plain and in the city were hundreds of dead and dying. Our hearts mourned over many a mother's son who had shed his blood to bear witness to the world that, where helpless women and children are being butchered, shelled, and shot, Christianity is not a dead letter, but an impelling force, urging men to face even death, if thereby the helpless can be saved. All honour to the allied armies and their brave dead left on the battlefield!

In and around the city heaps of dead Chinese lay awaiting arrangements for cremation. Prisoners were told off to gather them in heaps, to cover them with doors and windows taken from houses, and then to burn them. We turned away from these sickening sights and smells; but the horrible visions remained still pictured before our eyes, and even now in dreams disturb us. Back to our home we went. What a change had taken place in this mission house! Upstairs and downstairs wounded men were being treated by the doctors—legs and arms were being amputated, bullets being extracted. Sighs went up for dear ones far away—a wife, a mother, a child; yet even here we could lighten the cares of

the poor fellows by telling them of the great Burden-bearer who has made provision for every need.

To remain longer in this atmosphere was too painful, so we sought out a quiet spot across the road, with the two hundred Christian refugees saved from the fury of their own people. To these we turned for a quiet hour, and with them, on bended knee, joined in



REMAINS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TIENTSIN.

prayer, as we had rarely prayed before, thanking God, in the Chinese language—with heartfelt assents from a large congregation—that He, the King of kings and Lord of lords, had given victory to our arms, and had spared so many to go forth and bear witness in the future to His transcendent power to preserve His people.

CHAPTER IV

SIR ROBERT HART'S MESSAGE

MAKE haste! make haste! Ah! list the frenzied cry
We fling across the world. Will none reply?
While powers pause, while armies vacillate,
We vainly pray for help. Come not too late!

Make haste! make haste! Once more that broken cry;
Once more we shriek it forth before we die.
Women and children fail, children and wives;
Save them, great God! We yield instead our lives.

Make haste! make haste! Feeble, yet frantic cry!
Will no one hear? Say, is not rescue nigh?
We slowly perish. Powers, nations, hear
Thy countrymen's appeal! thy people's prayer!

Make haste! make haste! The plunderers at our gate
Announce with raging roar our speedy fate;
How long can we withstand bullet and ball,
Starvation, parching heat, before we fall?

Make haste! make haste! Cold is our colleague's brow;
He whom we loved lies bleeding, butchered, low;
While round our walls his murderers scream and yell,
Drunk with the blood they shed when Ketteler fell.

Make haste! make haste! Oh, what is that we hear?
The tramp of allied armies drawing near.
Delusive dream! 'Tis Chinese pillage—waste;
Our strength is well-nigh spent. Brothers, make haste!

E. M. D'A.

Sentiments such as these were ringing in the ears of soldier and civilian alike after the fall of the native city at Tientsin, where no fewer than seven hundred and seventy-five of our men had been killed or wounded, and the gallant Colonel Liscomb had lost his life. And at last there came the message from Sir Robert Hart in Peking: "The situation is desperate. Make haste!" It was stitched between the soles of a sham beggar's shoe. He had been let down in a basket outside the sixty-foot-high wall which runs round the city, had begged his way through the Boxer lines, and at last had reached us in Tientsin.

Then all became excitement. Through the ruins of the foreign settlement an eager cosmopolitan crowd was jostling shoulders—Indians, Cossacks, Americans, English, Germans, and French. After having been so long confined to cellars, resident civilians welcomed with delight the luxury of walking about and the immunity from bullets. The capture of the native city by the allied troops on 15th July had been so unexpected by the Chinese, that the officials of the various treasuries, yamens, and mints had not had time to hide their treasure or destroy incriminating documents before beating a retreat. I, with a cavalry captain, had orders to visit the Viceroy's yamen, under the "pass" of the Russian general, who was in possession of the place, to bring away valuable papers left there by the Viceroy. These showed beyond a doubt that he was the recognised head of the Boxer movement in the district. We

found the Viceroy's day-book, in which many entries were made of money paid to the Boxers for help received; and also several Boxer proclamations, all demanding the extermination of foreigners. Black and compromising as these were in face of the imperial memorandum drawn up for the Chinese Ministers in London and Washington, they are almost mild when compared with some of earlier date found in the same book. Petty foreign loot was frequently referred to in this record. Its possession seemed to have been regarded as proof of foreign defeat, and as such was rewarded. No monetary expenditure was to be spared if it could hasten the fulfilment of the object sought.

The first news of the massacre of missionaries was found in a letter written from Pao-ting-fu on 6th July by the Provincial Treasurer to the Viceroy. The four officials implicated were condemned—partly on their own letters, found at this time—and executed by the allied troops. One of the officials executed had written to the Viceroy that the Catholic village of Tung-liu had defied the Boxers for nearly three months. The people had thrown up a rampart and bought a few Mauser rifles; the Catholic priests had taken command, and so far they had withstood the Boxer attacks. He added that three thousand taels¹ had been offered as a reward to any man who would devise a scheme to capture or annihilate the people, and destroy the village; but so far without avail.

¹ Tael, worth about three shillings or seventy-five gold cents.

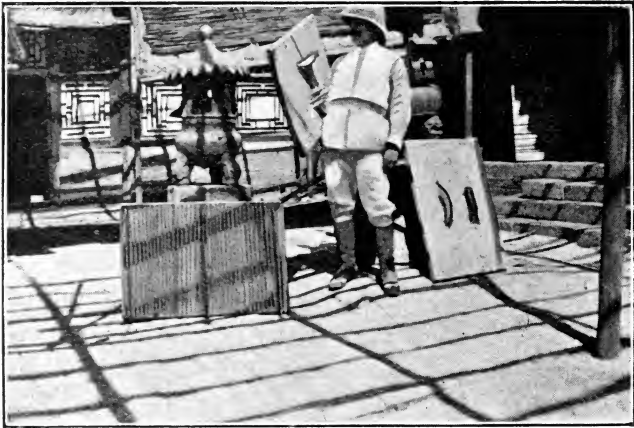
The commanders of forts along the coast and on the river were responsible to the Viceroy, and many of their reports and despatches were not only useful but amusing. The fort of Hsin-cheng was taken early in July by the allied forces ; but, to the surprise of the officer commanding the attacking force, few guns were to be found, and they were obsolete. A despatch from the Chinese commander to the Viceroy informs him of the disaster ; but he adds, "The 'foreign devils' will never find my guns ; they are under the floor of the powder magazine" !

A despatch from the Chinese officer commanding the fort at Pei-tsang told of his anxiety when he saw the "foreigners coming in and out of the mouth of the Taku River like bees." "My torpedoes are few, ammunition scarce, soldiers are deserting, and, in fact, I live a year in one day." The allied troops delayed visiting this fort till October, when they found it deserted ; but the Chinese had laid powder-mines all round, and no fewer than eighty allied soldiers were killed while walking over these hidden instruments of destruction. Thus the time given to the Chinese was a mistake for which we dearly paid.

Inside the yamen we found a cage, about fifteen feet square, made of timbers four inches thick. We also found a proclamation, clearly showing that the cage was meant for the captured foreigners, and the people were exhorted to turn all such over to the tender mercies of the Viceroy till they could be otherwise disposed of. In the yamen yard were two bomb-proof cellars, besides

one under the floor of the yamen, about twelve feet square, the tops being level with the ground. A large quantity of shields, rifles, swords, and ammunition were lying about the yard in great profusion.

It was on 4th June, the day I left it, that Peking could first be called a besieged city. On that day the last



BOXERS' SHIELDS FOUND IN THE VICEROY'S YAMEN.

passengers came out. Travelling over burning bridges and through the Boxer lines, we reached Tientsin in safety. Immediately afterwards the line was destroyed, bridges and stations were burned, and none of our friends who said they "would come down by the next train" escaped, but remained immured in Peking throughout the siege.

On 8th June the American Congregational station

at Tung-chow, thirteen miles east of Peking, was attacked, and men, women, and children were obliged to seek shelter in the Methodist Episcopal mission house at Peking. When all had reached the compound, there were about seventy-five missionaries, twenty-five American marines, and six hundred native Christians — with small-pox and scarlet fever rife. After Baron Von Ketteler had been killed, it was to this compound that his secretary made his escape; he fell, bleeding and unconscious, at the gate. Taken into the beautiful Asbury Church, he received every attention it was possible to give under the circumstances. Asbury Church was built three years ago by the Rev. Frank Gamewell, and by common consent was recognised as the largest and most beautiful Protestant church for Chinese in China. This building was loopholed, doors were built up, and a barbed wire fence was put round it, in preparation for the coming siege. Stocks of rice and bitter water were laid in.

This was the condition of affairs on 20th June, the day Baron Von Ketteler was killed. At this time the regular soldiers were camping on the top of the city wall, which is forty feet wide, and in close proximity to Asbury Church. The place was as strong as it could be made; but it was declared untenable, owing to its nearness to the wall. While there was time, it was thought wise to vacate the place, form a procession, and march for concentration and mutual protection to the British Legation, about one mile away. There were old men, delicate

ladies, and little children, carrying all they could closely packed in a small bag or box. Many high-souled, devoted men took part in this procession—Chauncey Goodrich, George Davis, the senior men of the largest missions in North China ; also Hobart, Verity, Walker, the noble band of lady missionaries, and all the little children. Some had laboured for the Chinese for thirty years. Their literary work at this time was perishing in the flames. Not so the fruit of their labour in the hearts of men, for at that very moment there were those of their spiritual children who were losing their heads rather than deny their Lord and Master. On this memorable occasion they were all driven by circumstances, like a flock of sheep, from American-owned property, leaving all their earthly possessions—their home, and all that means in an alien land like China—not because they were Christians especially, but because they were foreigners. Strange in the nineteenth century, and in spite of a treaty with a supposed civilised country, that in the capital of that country the subjects of the other parties to the treaty not only received no protection, but that more than one hundred of them should lose their lives at the hands of those who were bound to afford it.

On their arrival at the Legation, there was some hesitation about finding accommodation for the native Christian refugees, and Professor James, of the Imperial University, lost his life that day while seeking for quarters for the poor helpless converts who had accepted

Christianity as their faith and were now in danger of finding "no room in the inn." Yet this is what happened to their Lord and Master. To Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, belongs not a little of the credit of saving the native Christians from being turned loose into the Boxer lines to be murdered. A place was found for them at last; and it is well that this was so, for all the barricades here, as in Tientsin, were built by the native Christians, under the supervision of the missionaries.

Out of fifty-six days not one was free from shot and shell, and for thirty days there was a perfect storm of lead, while fires raged all around; the enemy meanwhile pouring shell over the wall like demons. This siege was more desperate than that of either Ladysmith or Kimberley. If these places had succumbed to the Boers, some mercy would have been shown towards women and children; but not so by the Boxers. No quarter, no mercy; the same fate which overtook the poor people at Pao-ting-fu and Tai-yeun-fu awaited them. This was the dread of all the foreigners in Peking, and, while hoping for the best, they determined that neither women nor children should fall alive into the hands of the enemy, but that each man should perform for those dependent on him that pittance of a merciful deed like that of the soldier who shoots his lame war-horse to put him out of his misery.

At this juncture, and when hope was almost gone,

there appeared a ray of light. One of the faithful messengers from Tientsin had succeeded in evading the vigilance of Chinese watchfulness, and had squeezed himself between the bars of the sluice-gate of the Tartar city, and, with a despatch stitched between the double lining of his hat, had brought word that "Tientsin native city had fallen, that Seymour had returned, and that efforts would be made as early as possible to relieve Peking." It may be imagined how that news flew through the Legation, and from that moment the faith of the despondent began to rise. The Christian men and women were those who did not despair; and those who made no profession of Christianity, but who knew of the prayers offered on their behalf, were encouraged to believe that those petitions and prayers would be heard and answered. Only by one—and he an atheist—did I hear it said that "there was not a ray of hope."

The sufferings of the besieged were increased by the fact that the siege began in the summer, many of the children dying from the intense heat and the inability of their parents to secure proper food for them. As for meat, horse and mule had to be the staple diet. There was a little mutton, but that was reserved for invalids. There was one cow, but what was she to eight hundred claimants for her milk? No milk, little butter, sugar scarce, rice musty. Many of the people starved themselves rather than eat what many a dog would refuse. This is no imaginary picture, but a statement of facts



GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE.

learned from the lips of those best able to speak. The Chinese bugles, with their hoarse cry, which sounds like "Mur-Der," could be heard incessantly. The nerves of the poor people in the Legation were shattered by the revelation of ravening hate manifested in the wild-beast yells of the foul yellow wretches outside the walls; and, humanly speaking, they were powerless. The Boxers had no rifles, but the regulars had. The former had the most dreadful weapon in the world—Fire!—and what human power can combat it?

From 15th July, when the native city of Tientsin fell, till 4th August, when the march to Peking began, not a day was wasted. All was hurry and bustle, in preparation for the coming ninety-miles march through an enemy's country. The generals who were in command before Chaffee, Gaselee, and Barrow arrived, had decided that 14th August was the earliest possible moment at which the march could be commenced. But we owe it to General Gaselee, the British commander, that we started exactly ten days earlier than that date. The difficulties of the situation were enormous. It was the "rainy season," when no one dreams of taking a wheeled vehicle along the road to Peking; there was a determined enemy to oppose us, with millions of men to draw upon; and, while Admiral Seymour had said that it would be utterly impossible with fewer than fifty thousand men to reach Peking, the Allies could muster no more than twenty-five thousand.

General Gaselee came to us on 25th July fresh from shipboard, with his mind and heart full of the deeds of Havelock and the famous march of Roberts. Of his ability to relieve Peking he was convinced, and we must "make haste." All must bend to the urgency of the situation. He had not seen Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla setting out with two thousand men and without a single gun, determined to relieve Peking by rail within twenty-four hours, and then returning, some limping, some carried back to Tientsin—after a loss of 62 killed and 362 sick and wounded—under the escort of the force which had gone to rescue them. He had not seen the battle of Tientsin or the accurate firing which cost us so dearly. It was well that he had not, or he might have hesitated to march so soon. General Chaffee had just arrived, and gladly fell in with the British general's suggestions; while the Japanese general, Yamagutchi, with more soldiers than any other commander, was also pleased to join in an early march on the besieged city.

The American, English, and Japanese generals, having decided to march at once, went to consult the Russian and French commanders. Many and varied were the objections urged against an early move; but these were over-ruled by the combined three, and the Russian and French generals were informed that "they would be given the alternative of going with us now, or alone at their own pleasure." After further discussion the Russian general consented to join forces with us on

one condition, namely, "That the British do not lead the column and carry off all honours." The honour of getting there first was more to him than was the saving of the lives of the eight hundred besieged. The assurance was given by Gaselee; but, notwithstanding, this did not prevent the Anglo-Saxons from being the first to enter the Legation, and that, too, about seven hours before the Russians. "God's in heaven, and all's well."

At a conference of Generals, held on 3rd August, it was decided to commence the advance on the following day, with approximately 20,000 men, namely:

10,000 Japanese, with 24 guns.

4,000 Russians, with 16 guns.

3,000 British, with 12 guns.

2,000 Americans, with 6 guns.

800 French, with 12 guns.

300 Germans and Italians.

This decision was no surprise to us who knew that preparations were nearing completion, though these preparations had assumed importance to myself only since 20th July, when I was requested to join the staff of the Intelligence Department. Probably the reasons for my appointment were—first, my long residence in and intimate knowledge of this part of China; second, my having found valuable papers in the Viceroy's yamen; third, Mr. Kinder, K.C.M.G., and others having strongly recommended me for the post.

It had been suggested that a consular or government official should be appointed, and my selection was a

great surprise to me, and for family reasons I preferred not to go. To overcome my scruples, I was offered liberal pay; but, after thought and prayer, I informed General Gaselee that "If I go to Peking, it will be for



MR. LOH-CHI-MING.

humanity's sake, and not for the money." In the end I agreed to take the post. A pension in case of accident, and provision for my family in case of need, were arranged satisfactorily; so that, at the appointed time, I was ready to march with the column. Mr. Loh-chi-

ming, graduate of the Peking University, was engaged as Chinese assistant, and several Christian students were to accompany us as scouts.

The following copy of "General Orders" will be interesting to the reader, as showing the form in which such orders are issued to an army about to move :

CHINA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ORDERS, TIENTSIN.

4th August, 1900.

140. Movements.

- (1) The enemy is in position in the direction of Pei-tsang on both banks of the Pei-ho. The position is believed to be entrenched with outposts thrown forward.
- (2) The Russian, French, and German forces will operate on the left bank of the river Pei-ho; the British, Americans, and Japanese on the right bank.
- (3) The British forces will march to Hsi-ku to-day, where they will bivouac for the night.
- (4) The British forces will march in the order given below—
Royal Welsh Fusiliers with advance guard of one company.
Detachment Royal Engineers.
One field troop 1st Bengal Lancers.

Headquarters Staff of Division.

One-half company 1st Sikhs (general officer commanding's escort).

12th Battery Royal Field Artillery.

R. 7 Ammunition Column Unit.

Hong-kong Royal Artillery.

1st Brigade Staff.

7th Rajputs, less one company.

1st Sikhs.

Chinese Regiment.

1st Bengal Lancers.

Divisional and Brigade Headquarters Transport.

Commissariat and Transport.

Field Hospitals.

Rear-guard, one company 7th Rajputs.

- (5) The route will be by the Temperance Hall on the Taku road, through the Chinese city, entering by the south gate and over the iron bridge to Hsi-ku. The road to be followed will be shown by the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General for Intelligence, who will head the column.
- (6) The troops will keep closed up as much as possible; water-bottles will be filled with boiled water or tea, and all mussocks filled with good water.
- (7) The head of the column will leave the Temperance Hall at 2.30 p.m. Officers commanding

units will hold their units in readiness to join the line of march in the order detailed above. No interval between units.

- (8) Camp colour men of all units and one officer or non-commissioned officer per unit will accompany the advance guard.
- (9) No fires or cooking will be allowed in bivouac to-night.

(*Note.*—All units not mentioned in paragraph 4 had marched to Hsi-ku the previous evening.)

By Order,

E. G. BARROW, Major-General,
Chief of the Staff,
China Expeditionary Force.

CHAPTER V

BATTLES OF PEI-TSANG AND YANG-TSUN

THE Intelligence Department was responsible for the preparation of a map of each day's march, and that on the scale of one inch to a mile. This gave every village and road, with as much further information as the scouts had been able to secure, the number of guns and their positions, the trenches of the enemy ; in fact, the map became as important to the officer as a chart is to a captain at sea. Besides the map, a written description of the morrow's march, the probable number of the enemy and their positions, with roads and their condition, was prepared. Each staff officer being provided with both map and description, the column is ready to march.

Two Christian students had acted as scouts five days before we marched. They had gone a round-about way towards Tang-shan, and had met twenty Chinese coolies, who had been working on the Russian railway in Manchuria, but had decided to return to their homes, south of Tientsin, owing to the unsettled state of the country. Our young men were glad to tack themselves on to this

party, the more so since they had decided to pass through the Chinese camp at Pei-tsang, which was the first place at which we expected to meet the Chinese in battle on our march to Peking. On entering the place, they noticed that the east bank of the river had been cut, and a low-lying section of the country, about twenty miles in extent, had been flooded. The bed of the river at this point is higher than the surrounding country, so that flooding was easily accomplished, and proved an effectual barrier against the Russian and French troops' advance on the east of the river. The scouts looked round, and took note of the size and number of the guns. They noticed a ditch by the side of the railway embankment, six feet deep and about thirty wide. The coolies tried to hire a boat, but were refused, being informed that "many torpedoes were laid in the river." Then they proposed to take the main road and walk; but from that also they were debarred: "there were many powder-mines along the road." Finally, they were informed that they could go round by the powder magazine on the west, which would bring them to a branch of the Grand Canal, and in this way they might reach their homes. This route they took, and a wide detour brought them to the south of Tientsin, when our scouts made for us as speedily as they could. When they had reported themselves to me, I took them to the headquarters office, where the Indian surveyors, with Captain Ryder at their head, entered all their information on the maps.

The next morning at daylight two officers rode out as far as possible, mounted the top of a Chinese house, and, with the aid of their field-glasses, verified, so far as they could, the rough draft made. Before they had finished, a Chinese outpost discovered them, and they had to beat a hasty retreat with bullets flying all round. On their returning to camp, the maps were printed and distributed to the staff officers. This routine was followed daily, and the information thus received could not have been obtained but by the help of these native Christian scouts, who went about facing great danger, even death, to make the rescue of the Legations possible.

Very few of the men sent out ever returned. Many were shot; one saved his life by swallowing his message. In Peking soldiers were told off specially to shoot anyone attempting to communicate with the Legations. One of our men went to Peking, but was obliged to return to us, being unable to communicate with the besieged. The last message sent in was sewn between the double lining of a man's hat.

Immense sums of money were offered to men who would carry messages. Before the relief of Peking had been effected, so much as £1,000 was offered and refused, so many men having been killed in the attempt. In this instance the money was offered by the Italian Government, who wished to communicate with its Minister.

On 4th August general orders read: "Take one day's rations; no fires or cooking will be allowed in

bivouac to-night." As the hour for departure approached, all was bustle, but there was little noise and no music. Five armies about to take the field, resolute, despite all opposition, to raise the siege of Peking! How many men will live to return? When shall we reach Peking? Shall we find them alive in the Legation? These and a score of similar questions coursed through one's mind at such a time. Alas! many a fine healthy fellow went out, light-hearted and gay, that Saturday afternoon, whose bones now lie whitening under China's sun, while many more returned crippled and maimed for life.

To the minute, the Generals with their staffs took their places each at the head of his army. First, General Gaselee with his force, mostly composed of Indians. Then followed General Chaffee, with the brave 14th Infantry and Reilly's battery; and next the Japanese general, Yamagutchi, with his brave little men. Leaving the settlement, we marched out west, on to the plain, taking a wide sweep to the south gate of the native city, which had been so well defended by the Chinese a few days before. Entering the city through the south gate and leaving it by the north, we slowly marched towards Hsi-ku, where Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla had entrenched themselves in the arsenal, in which they were fortunate in discovering immense stores of guns and ammunition, most of which they were obliged to destroy, being unable to bring them away.

To look back on the column was to see a long, narrow

line of khaki-dressed human beings moving slowly; from its winding form, it gave one the idea of a serpent wriggling its way along. At its head were the picturesque uniforms of the Generals and staff, followed by the fine Indian soldiers, mounted on their beautiful horses. Then came the gallant Welsh Fusiliers; while the well-set, business-like United States infantrymen marched next, burning to avenge the slaughter the 9th Infantry had suffered ten days before. Then came the Japanese general, with his soldiers in white clothes; they seemed fitted to run in where the others were too big to pass. The rear-guard of the column did not arrive till the early hours of the morning. A snack of "bully beef" and biscuit and a drink of cold tea made up the sum total of the evening meal; while bed was found on mother earth, with a blanket and oilcloth as protection from the damp.

At 2 a.m. the next morning (Sunday) the order was given to march. No bugle calls were sounded, and every movement was performed almost in silence. The three armies advanced in three columns: Japanese on the left, Americans in the centre, British on the right next to the river-bank, and on the old road to Peking. At 3 a.m. the Chinese guns began to boom at us, and continued without ceasing until 10 a.m. It was late before the assault on the enemy was made. This work was entrusted to the Japanese; it was the post of honour, it being believed that the left wing held the key to the Chinese position. They moved up as closely

as if on parade, and being in close order were shot down with great rapidity. But, when one fell, there were three to take his place. Military critics said their formation was defective, and their white clothing was too good a target for the enemy. However this might be, they took the powder magazine at considerable loss to themselves. Upwards of one hundred of their men were killed; but the Krupp guns were secured, and this more than compensated to the Japanese for the losses they had sustained. The Chinese retreated in good order across a pontoon bridge; but they were not sharp enough to destroy it, and it served us well on the morrow, when it became necessary to cross to the east bank of the river.

I here quote from General Gaselee's report to the Secretary for War:

"As arranged, in the early hours of the 5th the turning movement commenced. At daybreak the column came under a heavy fire, and the action began by a vigorous forward movement of the Japanese against the entrenchments, supported on the right by the British. The brunt of the action fell on the Japanese, who attacked and stormed line after line in the most gallant manner. I readily accord to the Japanese the whole credit for the victory. Their loss was three hundred killed and wounded, while the British was twenty-five. The Chinese rout was complete, and before noon they had entirely disappeared, having fled to the left bank of the river. The other allied forces

were scarcely engaged, and practically had no loss. After the victory at Pei-tsang we pushed on for a mile or two along the west bank, but, being stopped by inundation, were compelled to return to Pei-tsang and cross over to the east bank, where we bivouacked for the night, covered by an outpost two or three miles in advance."

The long-range naval guns did good service. They were the self-same guns that had been used in South Africa, whence they came, labelled "From Ladysmith to Tientsin direct." Here at Pei-tsang they knocked the Chinese guns out of action just as easily as they had at Tientsin, sending the Chinese to the right-about, shouting, "No likee lyddite."

To walk over a battlefield is an interesting though sad experience. The British general had asked me to act as chaplain on the march; for, as the good man said, "A British soldier always feels better on the battlefield if he realises that he is within reach of a Christian burial." Glad I was that my services in this direction were so little needed. Most of the British soldiers who fell had been hit by the Chinese artillery fire. Far away they had found the range, and shells would fall both behind and in front of us. Close by was the field hospital, and to this came a stream of wounded men on stretchers, hit by shell, torn by shrapnel; yet there was not a murmur, a sigh, or even a moan. "They bore the surgeon's rough tenderness as they bore their wounds—stoical, silent, soldier-like."

Dead Japanese and Chinese were lying around the trenches, showing how severe had been the battle on the Japanese line of march. I stood and gazed on the form of many a poor fellow who had started out with us that Sabbath morning full of life and hope, but whose spirit had now flown. Many a dearly beloved son of a far-away mother lay full length in the broiling sun, awaiting his grave on the great Chili Plain.

The battle of Pei-tsang had been fought and won, and that night we slept in the Chinese camp, almost before their camp-fires had gone out. The town was in flames, and ammunition was exploding in all directions, making a terrific din; but this did not interfere with our sleeping the sleep of the weary, if not of the just.

It will be remembered that the Russians, French, Germans, and Italians had marched on the east of the river, but, owing to the flooded state of the country, had been unable to proceed farther than about five miles. They returned and crossed the river to the west, following on our line of march; all except the Germans, who, not being prepared for the forward movement, retired on Tientsin after the battle of Pei-tsang. The Russians and French were the first to march. Passing our camp, they crossed the pontoon bridge, left by the Chinese, to the east of the river, where there are two roads running parallel. The Americans and British followed, while the Japanese continued to march on the west bank of the river. Before resuming our

advance, I went round to examine the position we had taken, and was gratified to note here, as elsewhere, the correctness of the information brought in by our scouts.

The march for the day was about fifteen miles, and the heat was so terrific that twenty per cent. of our men had fallen out before the next battle began, ten miles from our starting-point. On coming into contact with the enemy at Yang-tsun, the American infantry and battery were placed on the right, the British in the centre, and the Russians on the left, with their flank on the river embankment. The Chinese had taken up a very strong position on the railway embankment, which at this point is about thirty feet high. We were down on the plain, and they poured in a deadly fire from above. At last the charge was ordered by the General. The 14th U.S. Infantry was led by fine old Major Quinton, and their attack and capture of the position was a gallant piece of work. The 1st Sikhs and 24th Punjabis shared with the Americans the honour of capturing the enemy's strong position at Yang-tsun.

A very unfortunate accident occurred here during the artillery duel and while the charge was being made. By some means the Russian guns swept the American infantry while they were assaulting the position, their shrapnel tearing many of the poor men to pieces. If American regiments cherish the memory of their deeds of bravery as do English ones, the 14th U.S.

Infantry might have the words of one of its sergeants inscribed on its colours. When the battle began, he exclaimed, "Let us have the day's work over before dark." And it was done.

The report of General Gaselee to the Secretary for War was as follows :

"On the 6th the whole of the allied forces marched on Yang-tsun by the river-bank, with the exception of about six thousand Japanese, who continued to advance by the left bank. The enemy's main position was along the railway embankment, with one flank resting on a village close to the bridge. It was at once arranged to attack this position with one Russian battalion on the left, British in the centre, Americans on the right, while the Bengal Lancers covered the extreme right flank. The advance to attack was made in beautiful order over about five thousand yards of level plain covered with high crops. At about half this distance the troops came under a hot shell and musketry fire. Nevertheless, owing to the open order in which we worked, our loss was comparatively small. The advance was a rapid one. The enemy's guns were in a retired position, and thus escaped capture. I would also like to mention the names of two American officers who gallantly supported our fighting line, namely, Major William Quinton, 14th United States Infantry ; Captain T. R. M. Taylor, 14th United States Infantry."

The allied forces lost many killed on this occasion. The hospital was set up under the trees, and here

sixty or seventy men were bandaged and otherwise surgically treated. The Chinese held their position bravely until they saw the line of cold steel coming nearer and nearer the railway embankment. Then they retired, taking most of their wounded and their guns with them. If the Japanese had been ready on the other side of the river to prevent their crossing the two pontoons, the slaughter of the Chinese would have been appalling. But the Japanese had had to bridge several breaks in the river-bank on their line of march, and were thus delayed till most of the Chinese army had crossed to the west bank and made good their escape.

Only on our ascending the embankment could we realise the extremely strong position the enemy had held. At intervals small holes had been dug; in these the Chinamen had sat and fired till they had been hit or ordered to retire. Round each hole were scattered ammunition and empty cartridges. The former was gathered together and thrown into the river close by. As already stated, most of their guns they had taken away, but many shells had been left behind. Later, a few daring soldiers returned to our position in the hope of carrying some away; but they were either shot, or caught and made to work as coolies.

Yang-tsun is a large market town, where a Chinese camp has been established, to my knowledge, for fifteen years. The railroad crosses the Pei-ho River at this point, and it was here that Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla were obliged to leave it and take to the

river on their return from Lang-fang. Still standing on the embankment were the boilers and wheels of the engines used in that fruitless attempt to reach Peking. How the Boxers must have gloated in their hate when they rushed upon these inventions of the "foreign devils"! They had burned the woodwork of the carriages, looted the brasses, nuts, and bolts, and had even torn up and buried the rails and sleepers. But the wheels and boilers remained there in defiance; the white man's forgings had proved too unyielding for the Boxers.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE MARCH

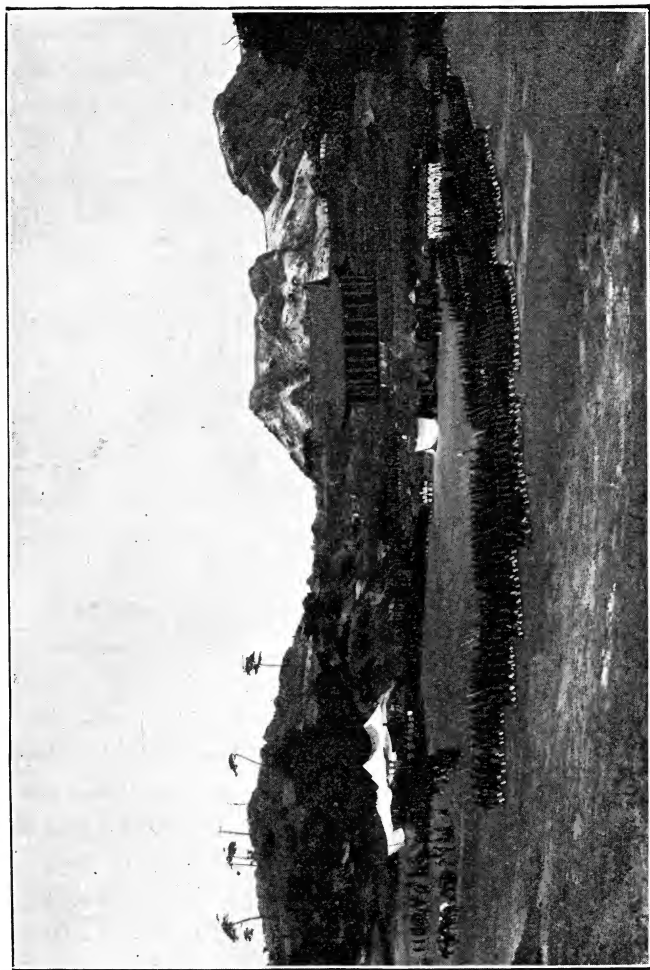
SO far we had marched twenty-five miles in forty-eight hours. That was two hard days' work for an army of twenty thousand men, even if the fighting, sun, and dust be not taken into account. The men were exhausted and the Chinese had fled, so it was decided to give the soldiers a day's rest.

This did not mean that there was no work for the scouts and Intelligence Department. It seemed as though the river were being drained of water farther up, for our transport boats were nearly aground. Years ago we know that the tide was perceptible as far north as Yang-tsun, but we did not think the river could ever fall to the extent now noticed. Our fears were that the Chinese had cut the river-banks north of us, to prevent our boats from getting up the river. This seemed the most probable explanation of the condition of the river; the more so that the Chinese had cut the line in front of and behind Admiral Seymour, and had in that way barred his progress towards Peking. What more likely, then, than that they should cut the river-

banks and let the water out over the low-lying country? This would have been a very serious obstacle, for we could not have marched without our transport. The naval guns had been placed in boats, and already these were aground. A ride along the river-bank and an examination of the probable rise and fall of the water led me to the conclusion that the fall of the river was owing to the tide from the coast, fifty miles away. Fortunately I proved correct, it being found later that the Chinese had not cut the banks higher up.

With the cry of "Make haste!" ringing in our ears, the fact that the Chinese had been driven from their second line of defence acted as a salve for wounds and lame limbs, and all were ready for Wednesday's forward movement. The British force consisted of Sikhs, Rajputs, Pataans, Bengal Lancers, and Punjabis—all Indians, in turbans—the only white men being three hundred Welsh Fusiliers, three hundred marines, the Naval Brigade, and one battery of Field Artillery. Then there was that most interesting individual, the Chinese-British soldier, from Wei-hai-wei, who seemed to be in his element most when he was following Chinese prisoners with a fixed bayonet in his hands; though I believe the regiment did valiant service in the attack on Tientsin. This cavalcade was doubtless the most picturesque-looking that ever went on to a battlefield. In addition, there were Americans, Japanese, Russians, and French, all in distinctive garb.

On 8th August, at daylight, the heterogeneous army



ON THE MARCH.

began to move across the pontoon bridges to the west of the river, and, from the point at which we left the line of march taken by Admiral Seymour, our road was that followed by the British in 1860. In fact, the survey made at that time formed the basis of our map for this march. We had four surveyors attached to the expedition, but they were none too numerous for the work to be performed; for each village, road, well, path, and name had to be entered.

In 1860 the French marched on the east of the river, and the British, their allies, on the west. On that march the French must have paid for nothing that they took, for during the forty intervening years every foreigner travelling on the east of the river has had to suffer reviling, and worse, in consequence of their proceedings. Now, forty years later, five armies were marching to Peking on the west of the river.

At eleven o'clock a halt was called, and we dismounted near a well. I was taking a drink and watering my horse, when I espied a Chinaman hiding behind a hedge. After I had addressed him in his own language, he came out and said to me, "I am not afraid of the British"; adding, "I was here forty years ago, when the English came, and they did not injure me; so I thought I would trust them now and not run away." All other inhabitants had fled. Entering into conversation, he gave me information concerning the retreating Chinese army, its guns and condition. Generals Sung-ching and Li-ping-hêng, with General Ma, were the men

in command at Yang-tsun. Li-ping-hêng had brought up his army of "Honan Braves," but they had been hopelessly cut up and were demoralised. After the battle, Yü-lu, the Viceroy at Tientsin, had shot himself, and his body was being taken north. The Empress Dowager had ordered him to retake Taku and Tientsin; but this being beyond his power, and finding himself being driven back rapidly on Peking, he knew his head would be in danger, so, to save the Empress Dowager the trouble of removing it, he had taken his own life.

The conversation was so interesting that I had not noticed the column marching, though I had heard the bugle sound. The Bengal Lancers were the rear-guard for the day and the only soldiers still on the spot. I experienced a "rude awakening" when the Indian officer in command called out, "Come long, sir; Chinee catchee you." This was the first time I had felt afraid of being caught. There was now no time for delay, so with a hasty wave of the hand I left my friend the Chinaman, and galloped into position. This ride cost me much aching of heart, for it was pitiable to see our weary, footsore soldiers trudging along under a sun of intense power, the thermometer standing at 102° in the shade.

Till the rains begin, the heat of North China is dry and not very trying, but at this time the air was damp and the heat most relaxing. In ordinary circumstances the residents of North China would carry—umbrellas; but this of course was out of the question now, and so

we rode or marched on foot, and made the best of our discomfort. I felt the heat all down the middle of my back, and, dismounting under a tree, sat down to cool and rest. One of the many doctors rode up and inquired as to my condition. I assured him that I was well; and not wishing to be "counted out," I remounted and rode to my place.

By 4 p.m. we had reached Tsai-tsun, and found that the advance guard had pitched the camp. A hasty wash and a cup of tea refreshed us greatly, and many of the men took a bathe in the Pei-ho. Several of the senior officers improvised drawers and joined in the fun. My work, however, was not yet finished, for the yamen must be visited and the papers examined. Some were of value and were preserved, though the Japanese had mixed them up so that they were difficult to find.

Many prisoners had been caught by this time. Some were regulars, and others were Boxers wearing uniform. The British and Americans dealt with prisoners according to the rules of warfare among civilised peoples, though we knew we were fighting an enemy who neither gave nor expected quarter. The usual mode of disposing of them was to send them in gangs of a dozen or twenty to pull the boats or push the transport barrows. They were guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets ready to shoot any daring to escape. Many prisoners had been caught red-handed, and to deal with such men according to the rules of warfare was distasteful to some of our men, especially to those who had had comrades

beheaded while they were in the hands of the Chinese as prisoners. We had reason to believe that some prisoners were never turned over to us "officially," but were handed over to the tender mercies of the Japanese, Russian, or French soldiers, who, as a rule, had no such conscientious scruples on the subject as bound the Anglo-Saxon. Part of my duty consisted in examining the prisoners and reporting to the Intelligence Department information received from them.

The Wei-hai-wei regiment took charge of the prisoners captured by the British. Strange was the sight of this Chinese regiment of British soldiers fighting against their own countrymen. They might have refused to fight them had they been men from the same province; but they were Shantung men, and had nothing in common with our enemies in the metropolitan province.

Thursday's march was noticeable chiefly for its excessive heat and its cavalry battle. Five armies were marching together, the Japanese first, over roads not more than six feet wide in many places and indented with deep ruts. Progress was terribly slow and arduous. We had hardly started this morning when a halt was called. At this point the road ran down a narrow ravine, and this was blocked by the large American waggons; not for long, however, for "many hands make light work," and soon there was an onward move, though this march, which ought to have been done in five hours, actually took eight for its accomplishment. The heat became well-nigh insufferable, and it

was reported that three hundred men had fallen out, while ten horses succumbed to sunstroke. The advance guard for the day was the Bengal Lancers. As we neared the end of the day's march we found the road obstructed by Chinese troops. Two miles outside Ho-hsi-wu the Chinese cavalry came out to oppose our progress. The Lancers formed up, and for a time there was a desperate encounter. The Chinese infantry were ordered out, but, being busy with their dinner at the time, they became confused, fired a few rounds, and fled. It was well that our infantry regiments were not called upon on this occasion. The mounted men had not suffered from the heat as had the infantry, who were quite prostrated by the time they had made their way into camp. We had several horses killed, but the Chinese lost heavily. They left a number of dead on the field, and the standards of Generals Sung and Ma were captured.

The fighting over and the Chinese having retired, we occupied their camp. Their fires were burning, and there was plenty of hot, steaming rice left. We found a smelting-pot, in which the lead for bullets had been fused, showing that ammunition had been getting scarce. The Chinese had dug entrenchments, thirty feet wide and twelve feet deep, down to the bank of the river on one side, and round the town on the other, facing an elevated piece of ground, which they had intended to utilise as a fort. Unfortunately for them we came too soon, and their guns were not in position; in fact, the trenches

had not been completed. The baskets, spades, and picks were lying round in confusion, just as they had been thrown away at the tidings of our approach. Another week's work would have made this a stronghold, but our policy throughout the march was to give the enemy no time to entrench. To maintain the pace at which we were proceeding meant a severe strain on our troops ;



A TYPICAL CAMPING-GROUND.

but they stood it well, inspired as they were with the desire to relieve the poor distressed people in Peking.

We had now reached the half-way point, and here we found, placed as a convenient centre, a powder magazine, estimated to contain from eighty to a hundred tons of powder. We camped close by, and a sentry was posted to watch over it. At the council of war held on the

pitching of our camp, the Generals decided that in consequence of the heat, which was working such havoc with the troops, we should halt until 4 p.m. on the morrow, and then take a night march, when the weather would be cooler. Thus we had a long halt, but little rest; for with so many thousands about, it was impossible to find a quiet corner.

I had taken a walk towards the powder magazine; and finding a shady tree with some soft grass beneath it, I threw myself down for a rest. Only one thing disturbed me, and that was the squealing of pigs at the rear of some deserted huts. A soldier, who was looking round, made his way to where the squealing came from, and found four pigs shut up in a sty without food—hence the noise. He let them loose, and I settled myself down for a quiet half-hour. But this was not to be. A sharp voice rang out my name, and I looked up, to see General Barrow, Chief of the Staff, before me. He asked me how I was; and after being assured that I was well, though tired, he said, "Living so many years in China as you have, I want to ask you what you think we should do when we get to Peking. Supposing we find the Emperor—who is said to be dead—alive, don't you think we had better have him put back on the throne, if possible?" Answering, I said, "It seems to me that would be a good thing." "And what do you think of Li-hung-chang as Prime Minister?" he went on. "Well," said I, "it seems to me that would hardly do. Li, to my mind, does not

deserve the confidence of the Allied Powers. Besides, he is too old."

At this moment an orderly stepped up to the General and informed him that by some means one of the deserted huts near the magazine had been ignited and was all ablaze. The General rode away at once to the place, and a party of soldiers was called out, and with buckets of water fought the fire, which at last was got under. The fire was too near to the magazine to make my retreat a safe resting-place, so I deferred my siesta *sine die*, and made my way back to camp.

This excitement and lunch over, it was soon 4 p.m. and time to march. A night march seemed fraught with many dangers, though under the circumstances it seemed to be the right course to take. General Barrōw led the column, with Mr. Bois Kup of Tientsin as interpreter. The band of the Gourkas played a lively air, and we marched off with a swing. The road lay along the dried-up bed of a river deep with sand. The sun had poured down all day on this sand, till it was like molten metal and almost unbearable. During the first two miles two hundred men fell out, and there were some cases of actual sunstroke. It seemed strange to me that the Indians should suffer so severely; yet it was evident that they stood this kind of heat no better than did the Americans and British. Many horses had to be abandoned; yet, despite the fact that most of them were invalided past recovery, numbers made attempts to rejoin the ranks.

The strain on man and beast was so severe that a halt was called at a village at which there were two wells. The wells here are like those in Palestine. They are deep, and every person drawing water must carry his own vessel with a rope attached. Of the Indian soldiers, each carries his own vessel, made of brass. Each also had provided himself with a rope. Thus at every well they could get a drink ; whereas the Japanese, British, and American soldiers carried no vessel, and had to rely on the bounty of others.

At one of these wells I was witness to an amusing incident. A parched, exhausted Japanese soldier, seemingly ready to drop, begged a drink from a Sikh soldier. The Sikh motioned that this was not permissible. Notwithstanding, the Japanese laid hold of the vessel. The Indian wrested it from him. Then he showed him, by example, how to place his hands together in the shape of a cup, into which the water could be poured. No sooner said than done. The Jap held his hands up to his mouth, the Sikh poured the water from his vessel, and the Jap's thirst was quenched ; thus the Sikh's caste was saved. If the Sikh had allowed the Jap to drink out of his vessel, he would have lost his caste.

Each Indian regiment had its own war-cry. Even while the men were suffering badly from the heat a sudden shout would ascend from one of them, and the whole force would respond with a most hideous yell, which seemed to give heart and energy to them all.

After a few minutes at the wells, the " fall in " was

sounded, and the march was recommenced. Suddenly a terrific explosion took place. Some of the men fell to the ground, and others shouted, "A mine!" A few of us were in the secret; we knew that Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, commanding officer of the Royal Engineers, had been left behind for the express purpose of exploding the powder magazine at Ho-hsi-wu, last night's camp, and that this was to be done at six o'clock. The shock was tremendous, even at a distance of two miles. Looking back we saw a dense black cloud of smoke ascend and develop like a huge tree, till it covered the sky. Then there descended a shower of dust which stuck to our khaki clothing for hours afterwards. We supposed that the detonation would be heard in Peking, but were informed that explosions were so common that this one excited no surprise.

When the Colonel came into camp he had a remarkable tale to tell. With his assistants, he had laid a long fuse from the magazine. This was ignited, and he was running away when he noticed a Russian soldier walking directly for the magazine, oblivious of the fact that it would immediately be exploded. The Colonel ran towards him and made gestures, not being able to speak Russian. Nor could the Russian understand English. So by physical force the Colonel had to stop the man. The Russian resented this interference with his liberty, and insisted on an explanation. At that moment the flame reached the magazine, the explosion took place, and both were thrown violently to the ground. Then,

and only then, did the Russian understand the meaning of the conduct of this excited British officer.

This was our first night march, and a new experience. Our line of march led us through the market town of An-ping, where we rested for about half an hour. At nine o'clock some of us half wished we might camp here, but it was not to be. So many of the men lagged behind, that a few stray Chinese scouts could have picked off many of them. The cavalry kept a good look-out, yet we knew not where an ambush might be laid for us. The *kao-liang*, or "tall millet," was on both sides, between ten and twelve feet in height, and a whole army might easily have been concealed within it.

An edict had been issued by the Empress Dowager, ordering the Boxers to concentrate in large force at Tung-an-hsien, a city but a few miles on our left. If they obeyed the edict, they kept quiet, for we had little trouble and hindrance to our progress.

The road was not wide enough to admit of more than two or three men's marching abreast; consequently our column was miles in length. At about eleven o'clock, when we were two miles from our destination and were turning a sharp corner, a voice rang out, "Who goes?" In an instant the gleam of bayonets showed that business was on hand. But "Friend," as an answer, satisfied the sentry of the 14th Infantry which had pushed ahead and lost their baggage in the dark. We were able to put them right, and we marched together into camp at Ma-tao. The baggage train did

not turn up until the morrow, and many of the men spent an uncomfortable night in consequence. The midnight hour had struck before we took up our quarters in a large kao-liang field, with grain at least ten feet high. This had to be broken down ere we could secure a six-feet length of mother earth whereon to spread our scanty bedding. Officers and men alike took their blankets and, without more of a supper than a drink of cold water, lay down anywhere, to indulge in "nature's sweet restorer." A "rude awakening" was our portion when, two hours later, a thunderstorm, with heavy rain, wet us through; and most of us had to wait till daylight before the khaki clothing dried on our backs.

My contact with military officers at mess and in tent, in camp and on march, only increased my deep sympathy and regard for them—at least for the Anglo-Saxon portion of them, and it is these I know most about. Most of them are gentlemen by birth and education, yet they never grumble at their surroundings, but take everything as it comes. In fact, many a time I felt sorry that they had to work so hard on such poor food. The luxury of a tent was seldom indulged in while on the march. Two blankets and an oilskin were considered a necessity—all else were luxuries. Had I not witnessed it, I could hardly have believed it possible that men would march from 4 p.m. till after midnight, and then turn in without anything stronger than a drink of cold water.

One day I was invited by Major Quinton to dine with the officers of the 14th U.S. Infantry. It was a great honour, for they have won the envy and esteem of all who have witnessed their brave deeds. Two empty boxes on end did duty as a table, while a newspaper was the tablecloth. There was a metal knife, fork, and spoon for each, and each had but one enamelled plate for all the courses. Captains Taylor and Leonard were present, and I suppose that by this time their daring deeds have brought them into contact with the "upper ten," and that luxuries will have been heaped upon them. They deserve it. What a change!—the drudgery of war, then honour.

And then the British Indians—the polo-players, the aimers at "looking smart" and making a dash through the "beggars"—what a change now, again! At noon one day I saw General Sir Alfred Gaselee, with his Chief of the Staff, General Barrow, who had called a halt, squatting on the *ti*, or outer bank, of the Peiho River, and lunching contentedly on the contents of a tin box. The sun was pouring down his midday heat, and all were panting for breath. A thoughtful officer had galloped to the well of a neighbouring village, and, returning, handed his bottle of water to the General. The General was only too glad to get a draught of cool, refreshing water. Close by was a melon patch, carefully tended by a poor countryman; but, on the approach of the troops, he took to his heels, and the soldiers took his melons. Melons are grand for slaking

one's thirst, and so generals and privates alike found out.

Colonel Scott-Moncrieff I saw much of. He is a sincere Christian, and a late member of the Church Missionary Society Committee in London. Often on the march he would ride up and say, "I have faith ;



CAPTAIN (NOW MAJOR) WINGATE, CHIEF INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

Peking will hold out till we get there." His faith was not misplaced. Would that we had more Christian warriors ! Others I was thrown into contact with were Captain E. W. N. Norie, Quartermaster-General for Intelligence, every inch a gentleman ; Captain Wingate, who rode at the head of the column and knew no fear,

though frequently in great danger ; Captain Ryder, who had charge of the surveyors ; Major Luke, of the Chinese regiment ; and Captain Coe, of the transport. All are gallant soldiers and gentlemen.

From the beginning of the march I had been unfortunate in losing my horses. Fasten them as I would, they broke loose. In consequence I had to apply to the transport officer for remounts. He usually sent me to the captured pony lines to "take the best you can find." This was not an easy matter where there were scores to choose from ; so, not being a horsey man, I used to secure the help of a friendly cavalryman, who was always ready to oblige me. To one and all of the officers and men I owe a debt of gratitude for their kindness and attention to a novice in the field.

The next march was to Chang-chia-wan, and we were to move at two o'clock in the afternoon. This is where the Chinese fought the allied troops in 1860, and we expected they would make a stubborn stand again, so were prepared.

Having the morning at liberty, Captain Kemp, the Russian interpreter to General Gaselee, and I went for a walk outside the camp. Hard by a small temple, on an elevated piece of land, we sat down to rest, choosing a spot from which we could obtain a good view of the river. We had not been seated long when—whiz ! whiz !—and two bullets flew past us, much too close for our comfort. The Captain jumped up and called out, but there was no reply. Then, revolver in hand, we

went round the hill in search of foes. Presently we came across the shooter. He proved to be an infantryman who was amusing himself during his leisure hours with shooting dogs; he had mistaken the head of one of us for a fine China pup! Explanations followed and apologies were offered, and the soldier went back to camp a wiser man. The carelessness with which some of the men handle their weapons surprised me. On the battlefield, in case of accident, there is neither inquest nor jury, and this begets a recklessness which is inexcusable.

This march to Chang-chia-wan was unique, because the road was so narrow and our column so long. Orders were given by bugle and lanterns in the hands of signallers, under Captain Rigby, and in this way the long, serpent-like army was kept in touch with the Generals. The Japanese had taken another road, and had struck the Chinese rear-guard before we came up. For some reason the Chinese had refused to fight, and, throwing away most of their surplus baggage, had made good their escape. The Japanese fired the town, and by the time we came up it was enveloped in flames and clouds of smoke. The effect of this at night was to strike terror into the retreating Chinese troops.

The decision to march at night was a wise one, and in future wars with China it should be remembered that the Chinese have a strong dislike to being out after dark; they retire early, and never travel at night without a lantern. Owing to the number of lanterns

carried by the retreating army, the Japanese were able to place many shells accurately, and they proved very destructive. The Japanese captured ten guns, but we arrived too late for what the officers called "the fun."

We pitched camp near the burning town, the heavens seeming all ablaze. A threshing-floor served as a bed. The night was fine; we were without tents, but, for all that, we slept till the bugle sounded at 5 a.m. The morning sun broke over us very hot, and we knew we were in for another of those scorching days. We had come our last night march, and, on looking back, it seems very strange that with all the natural advantages on the side of the Chinese, they did not make better use of their opportunities to harass and bar our progress. Perhaps they thought it was a hopeless task.

On more than one occasion we had reason to be grateful to the Japanese, who had engaged the Chinese before we arrived. They are brave men, and will in future have to be reckoned with, when international affairs are being discussed. Bishop Fowler has made a comparative statement of the inhabitants of the Far East. He says:

"The Chinese crowd into every door. They do most of the business of Japan. The Chinese are solemnly in earnest, the objective point sought by their energy and industry being 'another cash.' The Japanese is a clerk, the Corean is a coolie, and the Chinese is the proprietor in the Far East. In architecture, Japan is a match-box, Corea a straw-stack, and China a quarry.

In character, Japan is a squirrel, Corea a pig, and China a tortoise. In courage, the Japanese is a bantam, Korean a rat, and Chinese a cur ; while, in social habits, Japan smiles, Corea groans, and China meditates. In the great campaign for the capture of Asia, to take Japan is to take the outer forts, to take Corea is to capture the ambulances, but to take China is to take Asia."

In justice to the Chinese, it should be stated that they invariably carried off their wounded with them ; it was reported that when they reached Tung-chow they had forty boat-loads.

CHAPTER VII

THE ASSAULT OF PEKING

OUR next move was to Tung-chow, the port for Peking, on the Pei-ho River. The city is one of considerable importance and wealth. Forty years ago the Chinese officials invited commissioners from the allied armies to enter this place under a flag of truce. Sir Harry Parkes and six others were sent in; but the Chinese soldiers closed on them, bound them with ropes, threw them into carts, and rattled them over the great stone road to Peking, thirteen miles away, and put them into prison. Several succumbed to the hard treatment they received. It was within the range of possibility for the Chinese to try the same tactics now, and we should not have been surprised at the appearance of a white flag at this point. But not so. The imperial army evidently meant to fight to the bitter end. As we followed the retreating army, we came across pots, pans, umbrellas, and fans, the necessary paraphernalia of a Chinese army, scattered about in all directions. Here and there a deserting soldier had thrown away his coat and rifle rather than

face the enemy. It seemed, therefore, that there would be no serious stand till Peking should be reached.

Before marching, I had gone into the burning town to try to find somebody who would give us information of the plans of the retreating generals. After a long search I found a Taoist priest and his wife, crouching down in the corner of the temple. A friendly word or two in his own language drew the priest into conversation, in the course of which he reported that the soldiers were getting dissatisfied with the army, because they had not had pay for four weeks ; and, when it did come, the "squeezes" were so heavy that they had little heart to fight. Besides this, the supply of grain was short. Early in the campaign an expedition had been sent south of Tientsin, where it was known that a large quantity of grain was being landed from the Grand Canal and was being sent overland to the Chinese camp in the north. This expedition cut the supply at its source and intercepted the grain-junks coming from the southern provinces. With food and pay in arrears, it seemed evident that no serious opposition would be made till the Allies should reach Peking.

General Li-ping-hêng, with his "Honan Braves," was in full retreat before us, notwithstanding his boasting that he would rush all the "foreign devils" into the sea at the first battle. General Sung-ching of Shanghai-kuan, with General Ma, his chief of staff, were discouraged, and, with the body of the late Viceroy of the

province, Yü-lu, they were hurrying north, believing "discretion to be the better part of valour."

Sung had always shown himself friendly to the foreigners, till the magic wand of the Chinese "Jezebel" had stirred him up to be our stubborn enemy on this march. Ma was the man who had trained the guns so accurately on Tientsin settlement. Ten shells had entered the Temperance Hall in twenty minutes. British officers being quartered there, the Chinese had made a special target of it. Four shells had burst in my house, while forty had entered the garden. The guns were no obsolete ones, but modern Krupps, trained on the foreign settlement by men who had been drilled by Russian officers.

Generals Nieh and Hu had been killed at Tientsin. We learned this from despatches found in the yamen. Up to that time there had been a doubt as to the fate of those men. And now the remainder of China's best generals had been driven to within twenty miles of the capital!

On the march to Tung-chow we came on signs of a severe battle that had taken place near the west gate. The Japanese had been there early and finished the fighting before we arrived. They took ten guns and killed many Chinese, the remainder fleeing towards Peking.

Near the east gate, where the British were to camp, there met my eyes a ghastly sight. Hanging on a pole were the heads of four Chinamen, probably

Christians who had fallen into the hands of the Boxers.

We marched down to the river-bank, and took up quarters in the inns and houses which had been vacated by the inhabitants in expectation of our arrival. The Generals quartered themselves in a spacious upper storey, while the staff occupied rooms on the ground floor of a large inn. The American camp was on a level piece of land outside the west gate of the city, with plenty of trees for shade and a clear flowing stream in the valley below—an ideal spot for a camp. The Russian camp was farther to the north of the city ; while the Japanese, like the Americans, were encamped outside the west gate, with an outpost close to Pa-li Bridge, two miles nearer Peking. These were the several positions on the night of 12th August.

General Li, with his forty boats of ammunition and wounded, escaped, the morning we arrived, up a narrow branch of the river. He had left behind two boats of powder and ammunition, with a crew in each, they not having had time to escape. The latter we took prisoners, but the powder we destroyed and threw into the river. In a temple, not far from our camp, were stored fifty tons of powder ; there was a large stock also in one of the towers on the city wall. During my absence in Peking the latter exploded, destroying half the city and killing many people. Several Boxer prisoners were caught while sniping from the other side of the river.

Tung-chow contains some wealthy families. The east

suburb is a populous and well-to-do quarter. At this time, however, it was not easy to find people, for they had either fled or were shut up in their houses.

Looting soon began, and very early I was called to interpret in regard to it for General Gaselee. A wealthy old Chinaman had presented himself at headquarters with a plea the General could not understand. But I soon found out his errand. He complained that several Indian soldiers had broken into his house and were looting it; he wished the General to interfere on his behalf. At once the General asked me to accompany the old man home, and tell the soldiers that by the General's orders they were to desist at once and quit the house. It was quite a palatial residence we entered. The old man's story had been true enough; a number of Indian soldiers were helping themselves to anything they fancied. Some were walking away with arms full of skins, silks, and ornaments. I shouted at the top of my voice, "General orders retire." Whether or not they understood my language I cannot say, but they saw my uniform—I was dressed as an officer—and knew from that that I was "somebody." At once they dropped the loot and bolted. Having cleared the mansion of the intruders, I helped to barricade the door, and then took my leave. The old man was very unwilling that I should go; with tears in his eyes he begged me to stay. "If you remain," he said, "I am safe; but when you are gone, they will come again." Assuring him of help in case of further trouble, I left him.

Up to this time looting had not been prohibited; but it soon became so common that an order was issued forbidding the soldiers to enter any native houses, and Captain Low, provost marshal, informed us later that he had fifteen of one regiment under arrest for disobedience of this order. The officers did their utmost to reduce looting and outrages of every kind to a minimum, but there being five armies to control, it was impossible wholly to prevent them; for, when a complaint was made, it usually turned out that the culprit was a soldier from one of the other camps who had come into alien ground, and levanted as soon as he had completed his wrongdoing.

On 12th August I was sent for by General Barrow, Chief of the Staff. After a few preliminary remarks, he handed me a despatch from Sir Claude Macdonald to read. This had come to hand at Yang-tsun, but, it being in cipher and the staff not having the code at hand, we had to send to Tientsin before we could ascertain its purport. It contained advice as to the best point at which to enter the city of Peking, of which it gave a plan. After reading it through, I turned to the General and said, "I am sorry to disagree with Sir Claude Macdonald, but his advice to enter by the Yung-ting Gate is, to my mind, a mistake. First, it means three miles extra march for our men, and thus a waste of time. Second, the gate is stronger than the middle east gate of the south city (Sha-wo Gate); and I should advise that." My view was taken, and this gave the British a

march of fifteen miles to Peking, on a line parallel with the Americans and about two miles south of them.

At a council of war held on the 12th, it was decided to send forward strong reconnoitring parties on the 13th, to concentrate on a line about five miles from Peking on the 14th, and to attack on the 15th. The positions of the forces were thus assigned: The Russians to march on the extreme north, on a line from Tung-chow towards the Tung-chi Gate. This road runs parallel with the great stone road, about one mile north. The Japanese were to take the great stone road, which would bring them to the Chi-ho Gate, which is the most used, and was in their direct line of march. To have taken roads either north or south of this would have lengthened their march. The Americans were to march south of the stone road and along the bank of the canal, which would bring them to the Tung-pien Gate, the point at which the southern and Manchu cities join. The British were given the choice of roads on the extreme south. The one chosen was, as I have already stated, that about two miles south of the American line, and leading to the Sha-wo Gate.

Thus it was arranged that the Allies should march in four parallel columns between the two cities of Tung-chow and Peking. These lines of march were followed, but, "owing to the premature advance of the Russians, the intended concentration was abandoned, and the troops were all hurried forward to assault the city of Peking" (General Gaselee's report to the War Office).

At the council of war on the 13th, it was intimated that the Russians were tired and unable to march more than half the way to Peking on the 14th. Late on the evening of the 13th, however, there were signs that the Russians were preparing to march. The Japanese general understood the move to mean that the Russians were determined to be the first into Peking and have all the honour that would attach to it. He therefore ordered his men out at once, at the same time sending word to the American and British generals. General Chaffee had his men out by midnight, and already slowly marching on Peking. As soon as General Gaselee heard of the Russian move, he sent forward two guns, the 1st Bengal Lancers, and the 7th Bengal Infantry as an advance guard. This force was about five miles on the way to Peking before midnight on the 13th.

While in Tung-chow, in order to procure intelligence I rode on one occasion with Captain Norie, Q.M.G., over part of the road we had to travel. Our route lay directly past the site of what had been the headquarters of the American Board of Missions in North China. Their college had been established here, and a prosperous mission station had been in existence for many years; but in their place now we found only heaps of broken bricks. The foundations had been dug up and the good bricks stolen. A war correspondent had informed me of a hole crowded with dead bodies, probably those of converts; but this I did not see. We found on

the ground a Boxer flag, on which was the inscription :

“BY IMPERIAL SANCTION—LIEN-CHIN CONTINGENT.”

(Lien-chin is a town about forty miles south.)

On our return to camp, I was instructed to have a proclamation written and issued, inviting the populace to return to their homes and bring food for sale to the troops. Turning to General Gaselee, I said, “Certainly this would be lenient treatment, for this is the first place from which American women and children had to flee for their lives. I should propose rather the lighting of a huge bonfire to-night—one that will strike terror into the hearts of the people in Peking. If you do that, I think we shall have little fighting to-morrow.” In reply, he said, “Well, you know, we do not wish to antagonise the 350 millions of China.” This was characteristic of the man from beginning to end of the march. He was kindness itself.

During the night of the 13th a terrific thunderstorm came on, with heavy rain. This made hard work for the naval guns; but the “handy man” of Ladysmith was the same at Peking—always ready. H.M.S. *Terrible* had supplied guns and men. The latter had shared the trials of Ladysmith with the men of the *Powerful*; but while their more fortunate comrades were enjoying the Royal hospitality at Windsor, they were toiling on this stormy night to relieve those besieged in Peking, where there was

Shrinking and black despair,
And one dull, darksome dread—
Dread for the women dear,
Grief for the noble dead.

Still we with straining eyes
Gaze out in distance far—
Gaze where the bullet flies,
Gaze at our guiding star.

Pray for the help we need,
Pray for the armies' tramp ;
Tender the wounds that bleed,
Watching life's flickering lamp.

Then up again we rise,
Start from the bed of pain,
Listening to savage cries
Shrieking across the plain.

Up, men! and at them now!
Dearly our lives are bought!
Friends!—crush them! lay them low!
Steady!—your powder's short!

Up, men! they storm the wall!
Fight for the women brave!
Guard them with cannon-ball,
They—and the children—save!

“What if the bullets fly?
What if our number's few?”
Strive till you fall and die!
Do what you have to do!

After the advance guard had left camp, early on the night of the 13th, Colonel O'Sullivan came to my quarters with the message that the General wanted me

to ride with him at the head of the Infantry Brigade at 2 a.m. on the morrow. At midnight the camp began to stir. Fortunately most of us had been sheltered in Chinese houses from the storm; but the water was standing inches deep on the courtyard floor, and to step out was to get wet-shod. At this time of the year that did not matter, for it was quite warm. We took a cup of cocoa and a cracker—some of my brother officers liked whisky and soda better.

At 2 a.m. we were ready to march, and we set out in the darkness. The roads were very bad, and at first horses and men stumbled about in all directions, the soil being so slippery. But daylight soon dawned, and we were able to see and thus avoid many of the ruts and bogs. The road we were travelling was different from anything we had hitherto experienced; but, long before reaching here, I had suggested that the Chinese would find their advantage in the deep ravines, worn for centuries and never repaired, that did duty for roads. In places they are twenty feet below the surrounding country. These spots, with the high grain on the banks above on both sides, were well adapted for an ambush; but, until we came abreast of Pa-li Bridge, there was no fighting, except for the Japanese and Russian columns.

Early in the morning we could hear heavy firing, so marched in the direction of the sound. We came up with the advance guard at 7 a.m., and at once pushed on with such troops as were available, the main body

following after an hour's rest. Meantime the Russians and Japanese were nearing the walls of Peking; but they were not to reach their goal unchallenged, for the Chinese opened fire on them from guns placed to command the two northern roads—those travelled by the Russians and Japanese. These guns must be silenced before they could reach the city wall; but this was easily effected, and gradually the Chinese retired within the gates.

The walls of the Manchu city, by which the Japanese and Russians were faced, are sixty feet high and forty feet wide on the top—wide enough for four carriages to be driven abreast at full speed. They are in splendid condition, with massive gates on each side. From the top of this wall, crowded with soldiers, the two columns were kept in check all day. Many attempts were made to blow up the gates with gun-cotton, but every time a man approached to light the fuse he was shot down. This continued until Japanese and Russians had each lost about one hundred men killed. Then they gave up the attempt till after dark.

The early arrival of the two forces under the Manchu wall had had the effect of drawing off the soldiers placed to guard the south city. The belief of the Chinese generals seemed to be that the allied forces were advancing in two columns instead of four, the Americans and British being so much later in turning up at their respective gates. Consequently all their efforts were given to the defence of the Manchu wall.

At about 12 o'clock General Chaffee and his men prepared to attack the Tung-pien Gate of the south city. The wall is only about thirty feet high at this point and about nine feet wide. It juts out a quarter of a mile farther east than the Manchu wall, and was to that extent farther away from the fire of the Chinese soldiers. It was decided to scale the wall at the corner ; so up climbed a number of men of the 9th Infantry with the Stars and Stripes. But this was not the end of the day's work, though it was the first entry to the outer city of Peking. There was some hard work ahead, and the men braced themselves for whatever fate had in store for them. From the Manchu wall they were exposed to a galling fire, from which they could secure little shelter ; but they marched bravely on, in spite of the leaden hail poured on them by the thousands of Chinese on the wall.

As we British marched along the soft road to the south, we could see and hear that sharp fighting was proceeding to the north, but not a shot or shell came near us. No effort had been made to defend the road we traversed, except that there was an outpost in a timber-yard on our line of march ; that, however, was soon disposed of. But though there was no organised defence, there were snipers all around us, waiting to cut off stragglers and disabled soldiers.

On one occasion, while we were halting that the scouts might ascertain whether there were any obstacles to our advance, I was talking to one of the Indian sur-

veyors, who was busy drawing, a few yards from the main body, when—whiz! whiz!—and bullets fell around us. One hit his board, scattering his instruments and sending us both flying to our places. Nobody was hit—for a wonder.

At noon the Americans and the British were in touch, and the latter pushed on to the Sha-wo Gate. While the columns to the north were being kept in check, we marched on unopposed. From our left and south we had information that there was an army of twenty thousand men camped in the Emperor's hunting-ground; so we expected an attack from that quarter. But it never came. If we had marched to the Yung-ting Gate, as advised by Sir Claude Macdonald, we should probably have had this army on our rear and one in front, and the two together would have punished us severely. But the enemy seemed satisfied to expend their efforts on the other three columns, so that the British loss during the day was three men wounded only.

On and on we went, till at about one o'clock we could see the Sha-wo Gate looming in the distance. Steadily we advanced towards it, until within twelve hundred yards of it; then two guns of the 12th Field Battery were ordered up. (By a strange coincidence, it was the 12th Battery that accompanied the expedition of 1860.) Ten or twelve shells were fired, the gates flew open, and the tower trembled. A soldier climbed to the city wall and then to the tower, unfurling the Union Jack as he proceeded. Then he hoisted it in position, so that all

could see and salute it. The gate was undefended, for, though a few guns were found inside, the soldiers had gone elsewhere. We marched down the Sha-wo main street towards the Chang-i Gate, till we came to the Ha-ta Gate main street. We hardly attempted to reply to their desultory and ineffective fire, being disturbed by snipers.

The men were much exhausted by the long march of fifteen miles and the intense heat, and were scattered in groups; but they struggled gamely on. Down north, towards the Ha-ta Gate, we went, till we came to the city moat. This was a little too near the Manchu wall for our comfort. So we turned west, along a narrow alley, the houses on each side affording us protection. We pushed on towards the water-gate, which Sir Claude Macdonald had suggested, in a cipher message, would be the best and easiest way to the Legations. The allied flags were still flying on that portion of the Manchu city wall which we knew had been held by the Legations; but an ominous silence made us fear the worst had happened, and that the flags were only a ruse to lure us on. But suddenly, to our great relief, we saw a blue-jacket on the city wall. He signalled to us:

“Come up sluice street, by the water-gate.”

The General, with his staff and soldiers, rushed across the canal, and, with help from the inside, the bars of the sewer-gate were soon broken down. As they crossed a hail of bullets poured on them from the Ha-ta Gate, but not a man was touched, and in marched General

Gaselee and his staff, with the 1st Sikh regiment. I was detained outside, with Captain Low, who was in charge of the baggage caravan. The delight of being one of the first inside the Legations was denied me; but I was well employed for an hour, for the respectable business men were flitting from house to house. Our men could hardly resist the temptation of shooting at every passing Chinaman, not being able to distinguish between decent civilians and Boxers. I was able to save some lives, by keeping the officers informed as to who were peaceable inhabitants.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS

THE excitement inside the Legations was intense. Captain Pell, A.D.C., a Sikh officer, and four or five Indian soldiers were the first to get up the water-gate. The Indians shouted, while the rescued people ran, took them by the hands, shed tears of joy, and in many cases sent up thanksgiving to God for their deliverance. At last I too entered, over the ankles in sewage and covered with filth. The tunnel was only about seven feet high, so that I had to travel it on foot, leaving my coolie outside with my steed. We were a sorry-looking spectacle. A march of fifteen miles, some fighting, and the rescue of the Legations, all in one day, was not a bad day's work, and we had every reason to be thankful. A young man inside the Legations described the relief as follows :

“During the night of the 13th firing continued. At two o'clock we suddenly looked each other in the face. No one spoke. We listened carefully. There could be no doubt about it ! It was the sound of heavy

guns quite close! We simply rent the sky with our cheers. The Chinese could not understand what was the matter, and, after firing a few volleys, ceased for about ten minutes. Perhaps they too were listening. At four o'clock the sound was nearer, and, as the day wore on towards noon, the guns seemed to be coming closer and closer.

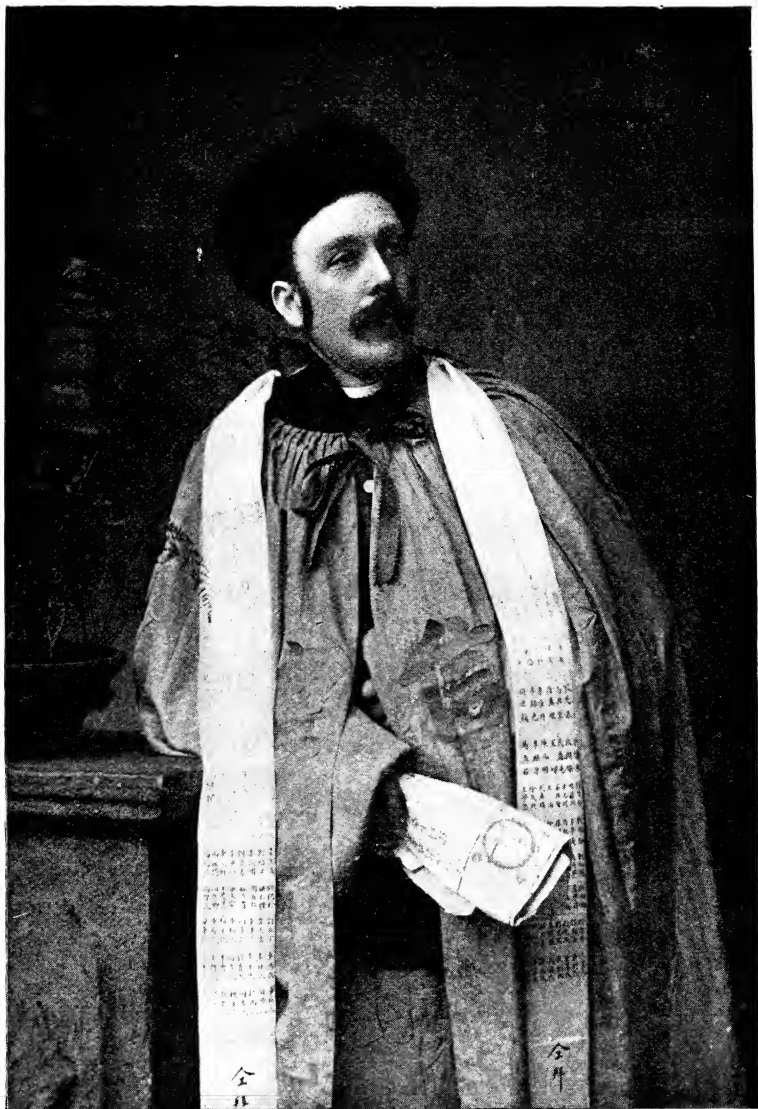
“I shall never forget the entrance of the Sikhs into the Legation. We were sitting in the Mongol Market, chatting and listening to the guns, when suddenly someone rushed in to say, ‘The troops are in the city!’ We could see no foreigner. It was an English-speaking Chinaman who brought the glad news. We simply went mad with excitement. We jumped in the air, knocked each other down, shouted and howled. Others ran to the loopholes and fired wildly at the Chinese. Then we all wanted to run to Legation Street to meet them; but Von Strauch, our commander, would not let us quit our posts. One man broke away, saying, ‘I’m not on duty,’ and in a few minutes rushed back: ‘The Sikhs are in Legation!’ Discipline restrained us no longer. We ran, yelling and howling with joy, to the Legation lawn; and the scene that followed is indescribable. Besieged Peking simply went mad with delight, and nothing could be done during the remainder of the day except run here and there and greet the soldiers as they came in, and ask foolish questions.

“Next morning we discovered two mines already laid, with powder and fuse all complete. If the troops

had come one day or one night later, God only knows what the result would have been."

Mr. Edward Lowry, the youngest son of the Rev. H. H. Lowry, D.D., the late superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in North China, had acted as interpreter to General Chaffee on the march. He had tried to reach Peking with Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla, but, like them, had had to return to Tientsin. Neither of these two was present when Peking was reached, but Mr. Lowry was there. The secret of his persistence lay in the fact that his dear wife had suffered the siege, and this had made him desperate. Mr. Lowry had marched, accompanied by Mr. Lewis of the Soldiers' Christian Association, with the U.S. 14th Infantry, and arrived at the Tung-pien Gate in time to see the wall scaled; but the heavy fire from the Manchu city wall hindered their progress, the more so that there was so little shelter to be had. At last the forward move was made, along the side of the moat to the Ha-ta Gate, and thence to the water-gate, which they entered at five o'clock, employing the same method as ourselves, but three and a half hours afterwards. Several of their men had been hit, and they had some sharp fighting.

The British race had relieved the Legations, notwithstanding that they had given an undertaking "not to lead the column"; but they had carried off the honours. "Honour to whom honour is due." While the British were pitching their tents, the Russians were fighting to get in; and not till nine o'clock at night—



THE REV. FREDERICK BROWN, IN ROBE OF HONOUR PRESENTED BY
NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN 1893.

six and a half hours after the British, and four hours after the Americans—did they enter the Legations.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

Generals, troopers, correspondents, scrambled up the banks through all the filth. The rescued were flushed with excitement; on the other hand, the rescuers were haggard and rough-bearded. They dragged themselves as if ready to drop, their khaki uniforms dripping with perspiration and black with mud.

On my entering, a crowd surrounded me, eager for the latest news from the outside world. Even to some of my missionary friends I had to introduce myself, since they had never looked for me, especially in uniform. Revs. Davis, Hobart, and Walker looked thin and pale, and the other sixteen Methodist Episcopal missionaries showed signs of the dreadful ordeal they had passed through; and, while the American Board and the London Mission missionaries were well and active, it was plain that they had suffered. The Rev. Gilbert Reid had been shot, and Mr. Gamewell, of whom Dr. Morrison of the *Times* spoke very highly, and about whom he sent a special report, was the centre of an admiring crowd.

As the flush of excitement left the faces of the besieged, it was seen that they were haggard and worn. They looked like a company of invalids. Every part of the enclosure testified to their tragic experiences. There

was a plot of land in the corner filled with graves. Several children, for whom no proper food could be procured, had died of starvation. Fifty-four of the defenders had been killed, while one hundred and twelve had been wounded.

I had scarcely entered the Legation when Mrs. Stonehouse, of the London Mission, handed me a cup of tea. Needless to say, it was most grateful. Then half a dozen of my friends invited me to share the evening meal with them. Naturally I was only too glad. But before the meal was through I had changed my mind. The first course was "*pony soup and brown bread.*" The second and last was "*mule steak and musty rice.*" I did more talking than eating, and, as soon as politeness would allow me, excused myself and went back to the Legation verandah, where the staff had taken up their quarters, and had a little "bully beef" and biscuit, which was more to my taste.

Even when we had effected the relief of the Legations, we were by no means safe, for bullets flew over the barriers from all quarters. A few moments' rest, and the 1st Sikhs were dispatched to put a stop to these proceedings. A terrible slaughter was the result; but in our part of the city there was quietness for the night.

Early the next morning the guns began to boom. A French battery was battering the palace; while the U.S. Battery, on the Chien-men Gate, was engaging a Chinese battery on the Shun-chie Gate. Here, sad to relate, Captain Reilly, commanding the former, was

killed, not many yards from where I stood. He was a brave officer, who was loved by his men—for “Reilly’s Battery” was the pride of the force. The evening of the same day his mortal remains were laid to rest in the Legation compound.

On riding to the Methodist compound, on our way to the Observatory, we met a sight that made our hearts ache. Here had stood the beautiful Asbury Chapel, in which we had worshipped on the 3rd of June; now, on the 16th of August, nothing but a heap of broken bricks was to be found. Every building in the compound—chapel, college, university, and residences—had been razed to the ground; even the very foundations had been dug up.

A ride along the city wall brought to view scores of antiquated cannons that the Chinese had used, while tents were dotted about in all directions—but all empty. While on duty in Peking I slept nightly in one of these tents. Looking over the wall, on the west of the city one could see the cemetery in which we deposited our “sacred dust”; but now only two heaps of ashes marked the spot, all the gravestones having been broken up. That such desecration could have been possible in a land in which ancestral worship is so strong a national characteristic, proves the intensity of the hatred of the Chinese for foreigners.

Let us turn back to the Legation, where those mourned as dead have been restored to us alive and well. There stands the gun the besieged had improvised and named

the "International," otherwise the "Betsy"—the latter because she kicked so badly when discharged. Left by the British in 1860, found in an old-iron shop in 1900, her wheels made by an Italian, loaded with Russian shot and Chinese powder, fired by an American gunner, truly had she earned the name of International.

Peking is relieved, the Legations are saved, but at the cost to the Allies of about a thousand men. We gratefully recognise God's mercy, and give Him the glory. God uses human agency in most of the manifestations of His power; and it was so on this occasion. Certainly the Legations must have fallen but for the native Christian refugees. A letter from the Hon. E. H. Conger, United States Minister to China, reads thus :

"To the besieged American missionaries, one and all of you, so providentially saved from certain massacre, I beg in this hour of our deliverance to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of our Diplomatic Corps—the sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you, and the native Christians under you, have rendered towards our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning, and the uncomplaining execution of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible. By your courteous consideration of me and your continued patience under most trying circum-

stances, I have been most deeply touched, and for it all I thank you most heartily. I hope and believe that somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and dangers will bear rich fruit in the material and spiritual welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and work. Assuring you of my personal respect and gratitude,

“(Signed) E. H. CONGER.”

This, coming from so unimpeachable an authority, is valuable and gratifying testimony to the success of the missionaries in inspiring some at least of the Chinese people with noble sentiments and high ideals of their duty towards the suffering and distressed; and this apart from the inestimable benefits they confer on them by bringing to them the gospel of our Lord and Saviour. Then to the missionary, despised for Jesus Christ's sake, Mr. Conger writes:

“DEAR MR. GAMEWELL,—You deserve and will receive the lasting gratitude of all the Peking besieged. But I cannot separate from you in this hour of providential deliverance without bearing testimony that to your intelligence and untiring effort, more than to that of any other man, do we owe our preservation. I beg you to accept the most hearty expression of my personal appreciation of your work and my sincerest gratitude therefor.

“(Signed) E. H. CONGER.”

The Rev. Frank Gamewell is a Methodist missionary, and to him was given the duty of fortifying the Legations. Trained as a civil engineer before his call to the mission-field, he proved of the highest usefulness during those nine long weeks. With a few old spades and picks, found round the place, and with cloth of every description, taken from shop and residence, for sand-bags, he engineered the construction of the earth-works which saved the besieged foreigners. To him more than to any other man, it is distinctly stated, the foreign community owe their escape from death. Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, wrote to him: "Personally I can only say that, should I ever be in a tight place again, I hope I may have as my right hand so intelligent, willing, and loyal a man as yourself."

On 7th January Lord Lansdowne instructed the British Minister at Washington to thank the Secretary of State for Mr. Gamewell's services.

Our missionaries all escaped, but the native Christians were far less fortunate. Thousands were slain. Most of them could have saved their lives, but would not, at the cost of giving up their faith. Offered an opportunity to recant, they, like the apostles and martyrs of New Testament times, preferred death to denial of Christ. Henceforth no man who is not a caviller can ask the question, "Are there any genuine Chinese Christians?" Some fair-minded persons have expressed doubt on the point, and have called for proof of it. A few "globe-trotters" have said, "The Chinese

never really renounce their ancient faith; those who are counted as Christians merely pretend to accept Christianity because they get a living thereby, as teachers, preachers, interpreters, and helpers; they are simply followers of Jesus for the sake of the loaves and fishes." Even were this so, they would not greatly differ from thousands in Christian lands. There are doubtless those numbered among Church members in China who are hypocrites; but false professors of Christ are found everywhere. They were found even among Christ's personal followers, and have always crept in among the saints. To prove that some Chinese Church members are "rice Christians" proves nothing against the genuineness of the majority of the conversions. The "rice Christians" are not the kind of stuff from which martyrs are made. When the test comes—death or denial—the convert who is a convert only in name quickly shows where his heart is.

Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* must fall into the background in presence of the history of the Christian Church in China during the year 1900. These converts stood by the foreigners, their sole inducement being a good conscience. All honour to the native Christian refugees!

But we must hasten to a close. The Legations were relieved only just in time. After we got in a mine was discovered reaching under the British Legation, with a fuse one hundred feet long attached. All that was needful was a match; the result would have been terrible to

contemplate. “Just in time.” Yes, the people were despairing of the future; but, on the historic night of 13th August, they heard the different-sounding guns and believed that relief was nigh. They remembered Jessie Brown’s dream at Cawnpore, when she thought she heard the bagpipes playing “The Campbells are coming” — and they did come. And the Allies were coming to the relief of Peking.

Hark! what is that we hear?
 List, friends!—and list again.
 Hark! Now ’tis drawing near—
 Tramping across the plain.

Men! that’s no Chinese crowd,
 Men! that’s no *heathen* roar!
 Hark! Now the tramping’s loud—
 Christ! They’re at our door!

List to the bugle’s blast!
 Rescued by armies brave!
 Thank God—they’re here—at last,
 Allies are here—to save!

It is not within the scope of this narrative to record events that succeeded the relief. To the brave Allies, officers and men, I must say “Adieu,” taking this opportunity to thank them for courtesy, help, and kindness shown to myself on numerous occasions. I shall ever have a sincere regard for the soldiers and sailors, remembering the words of our divine Master: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.” I never can forget good

General Sir Alfred Gaselee, who turned aside from the serious work of his office in Peking to inscribe a letter to myself, a letter I shall ever value for the generosity with which he recognised the slight services it was in my power to render.

“PEKING, 9th September, 1900.

“I am sorry I did not see you again before you left Peking. . . . I am very much obliged to you for your help during the march here. Your knowledge of the country was most useful.—With good wishes, believe me, yours sincerely,

“ALFRED GASELEE”

(Commander of the China Expeditionary Force).

Another letter I am pleased to place by the side of the General's is from Major Parsons, an Indian officer who was commanding at Pei-tai-ho before seventy-five of us were rescued by H.M.S. *Humber* on 18th June, 1900:

“I have to thank you for the great assistance received from you while the troops were holding Pei-tai-ho in June last. There were many ladies without their husbands, to whom you rendered great assistance; and, owing to your long and intimate knowledge of the people and language, I received valuable information I could not otherwise have obtained.

“T. D. PARSONS”

(Major Commanding).

Only time will show the full effects of the siege on the people who went through it. Many have already succumbed; some will be permanently affected; all have need to feel proud of the brave stand they made.

Ye who have nobly stood
Months of suspense and dread,
Tortures and want of food,
Dying, and sight of dead;

Ye who have nobly fought,
Struggled for women dear—
Surely ye've dearly bought
Bliss now to shed a tear.

Safe from the sword and ball,
Safe from grim, ghastly fears,
Now, men, your tears may fall,—
God knows they're blessed tears!

Weep o'er the victim's grave.
Praise God, ye noble band,—
Brothers are here to save.

E. M. D'A.

The glory for lives saved in Peking must be given to our heavenly Father. The Governments had planned carefully, and regardless of caste or cost. The allied armies set out on the march, in the face of human judgment, with twenty thousand men less than they ought to have had, and in the middle of the "rainy season." From beginning to end of the march to Peking, everything indicated providential interposition, and what was supposed would take fifty thousand men one month to accomplish was actually done by twenty

thousand men in ten days. God's hand was plainly manifest, in answer to the agonised cry of "help for the helpless" that went up from all countries. Peking has fallen; and should it again become necessary for allied armies to march to the help of the helpless, no finer feat will be performed than the historic march narrated in these pages, a march undertaken in the face of "China's millions," intoxicated, fanatical, and mad with the money and promises given by the Empress Dowager and her Ministers.

Again is proved the truth of the psalmist's words when he said:

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure" (Ps. ii. 4, 5).

BOOKS ABOUT CHINA.

DAVID HILL, MISSIONARY AND SAINT.

By Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, M.A., B.D., late Missionary in China. Sixth Thousand. Portraits and Maps. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Barber tells with simple directness the life's story of one whom he knew and loved, and in his hands it gains a graphic force that must attract the most casual reader. Mr. Barber has paid a worthy tribute to the memory of a noble life."—*Yorkshire Herald*.

A STRING OF CHINESE PEACH STONES.

Being a Collection of the Tales and Folk-Lore of the Hankow District, which eventually becomes a Story of the Taiping Rebellion in Central China. By W. ARTHUR CORNABY. With more than a Hundred original Illustrations. 496 pp. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 10s. 6d. **Offered at Five Shillings net.**

"There is scarcely a phase of Chinese life without its illustrative story in this collection."—*Daily News*.

"The book is of surpassing interest."—*Methodist Recorder*.

"As a small encyclopædia of Chinese stories about native habits, native character, native ideas—Mr. Cornaby's is the fullest we have ever come across."—*Echo*.

"This book is the revelation of a new world of thought and feeling, of literature, romance, and history. . . . The book is an education in the art as well as in the life and ideas of the Chinese."—*Scotsman*.

RAMBLES IN CENTRAL CHINA.

By Rev. W. ARTHUR CORNABY, Author of "A String of Chinese Peach Stones," etc. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo, 1s.

This is a useful Handbook for a Lantern Lecture. Contains a list of Slides that may be borrowed from the Wesleyan Mission House.

THE CHINAMAN IN HIS OWN STORIES.

Translated by T. G. SELBY. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"This is an admirable book, which deserves, and will doubtless receive, much attention at the present time."—*Sheffield Independent*.

"Exceedingly interesting for the information which they contain and the insight which they afford into the daily life, the peculiar habits, and the quaint customs of the Chinese."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE WILLOW PATTERN.

A Story Illustrative of Chinese Social Life. By Rev. HILDERIC FRIEND. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

THE FIRST YEAR OF MY LIFE.

A Story for Young People about China. By ROSE CATHAY FRIEND. Royal 16mo, 9d.

LONDON: CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;
AND 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

By EGERTON R. YOUNG.

By Canoe and Dog Train among the Cree and Salteaux Indians. By EGERTON R. YOUNG. With Photographic Portraits of the Rev. E. R. and Mrs. Young. Twenty-first Thousand. Map, and Thirty-two Illustrations. Imperial 16mo, 3s. 6d.

"As we turn page after page of this book, we meet with crisp and even humorous incidents, thrilling escapes, privations patiently borne, graphic sketches of native life and character, and, best of all, evidences on all hands of the power of the gospel."—*Illustrated Missionary News*.

Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp Fires.

By Rev. EGERTON R. YOUNG. Ninth Thousand. Forty-three Illustrations. Imperial 16mo, 3s. 6d.

"I regard it as one of the most fascinating, instructive, and stimulating of modern missionary books."—ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land.

By the Rev. EGERTON R. YOUNG. Second Thousand. Eighteen full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"Boys will revel in this book, and so will their fathers."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"A fascinating book for boys."—*Western Morning News*.

"A well-written, bracing book."—*Methodist Times*.

Companion Volume—Summer Adventures of

Three Boys in the Wild North Land. By the Rev. EGERTON R. YOUNG. Second Thousand. Twenty-eight full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Apostle of the North: Rev. James Evans. By the Rev. EGERTON R. YOUNG. Twenty-three Illustrations. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

A Powerful Story by a New American Writer.

Ulric the Jarl. A Story of the Penitent Thief. By W. O. STODDARD. Five full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, art linen, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

"For originality of conception, strength of the characters, and descriptive power, this is pre-eminently the story book of the year."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

"A well-told story. . . . There is not a dull line in the whole book."—*New Age*.

"Singularly interesting and impressive."—*Christian World*.

"A thrilling story."—*Hastings Times*.

Dwellers in Gotham. A Romance of New York. By ANNAN DALE (J. Wesley Johnston). Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, art linen, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

"It is incessantly interesting. . . . The meaning swings ahead without a pause, and carries the reader with it. . . . There are no dull pages in the book, and many sparkle with bright surprises of thought and expression. . . . It will catch and hold a large variety of readers. It is good for young people and old folks."—*Methodist Review*.

LONDON: CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;
AND 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



14 DAY USE

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

| LIBRARY USE | DEAD |
|-------------------|----------------|
| MAR 23 1959 | |
| REC'D LD | 4 27 1961 |
| MAR 23 1959 | |
| | RETURNED TO |
| 20 Apr '61 JJC | MAY 8 1971 |
| REC'D LD | LOAN AHC |
| MAY 29 1961 | |
| | MAR 11 1990 |
| FEB 17 1967 I | Apr. 11 94 |
| | May 11 |
| RECEIVED | AUTO DISC CIRC |
| FEB 3 '67 - 11 AM | MAY 12 '94 |
| LOAN DEPT. | |

LD 21A-50m-9,'58
(6889s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C046012864

747797

DS772

B7

* *

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

1974-1975

