

In Memoriam,

Walter Ewen Townsend.

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Frank L. Norris.



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Your very loving son.
Walter.

In Memoriam.

Walter Ewen Townsend.

Born at Yokobama, Japan, = = = 1879
Died there, = = = = = = 1900

“One crowded hour of a glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

—Scott.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is printed for private circulation, and for presentation to those who, holding WALTER EWEN TOWNSEND'S memory in affection and honor, may desire to possess some record of his brief but interesting career.

It consists chiefly of extracts from some of his "Home-Letters," which, although never written for publication, are now thus printed, partly because they seem accurately to reflect his bright, affectionate and manly disposition, and partly because, as concerning the dramatic events of China's recent history, they are deemed to be of sufficient interest for preservation in more permanent form.

INTRODUCTION.

WALTER EWEN TOWNSEND, son of Alfred Markham and Mary Alice Townsend, was born at Yokohama, Japan, on the 19th of February, 1879. The following year his parents moved to New York, U. S. A., where they have since lived and where he passed the earlier years of his life.

Walter, at ten years old, was sent for a short time to a school in Canada. In the intervals of the customary schoolboy education he became proficient in the characteristic games of the locality, and learned to swim and manage a canoe, and thus acquired that keen interest in manly sports of all kinds which he ever afterward maintained. In 1891 he joined the college at Inverness, Scotland, and in the following year entered Marlborough College, where he found very congenial surroundings. Here he made many warm and lasting friendships, and thoroughly entered into the life of the school, with which he was ever after proud to have been identified. He joined the school rifle

corps, of which he became a sergeant, and was also active in the sports and games of his time. Having always wished for a career in the Government employment in the East, he determined to try to obtain an appointment in H. B. M.'s China Consular service. As such appointments are much sought after and may be secured only through open competitive examinations, success in this effort was not to be expected except by most persevering study. Accordingly he seriously embarked in the work of preparation, and went to Germany for a year, and afterwards to France, to acquire the necessary knowledge of both French and German languages. Joining Mr. Scoones' classes in London for another year, Walter found in the Spring of 1899, somewhat to his surprise and great delight, that he was successful in the competition then recently held, for one of the five appointments in the China consular service, and was soon thereafter ordered to join the British Legation at Peking as a student interpreter.

By special permission of the Foreign Office he was allowed to proceed to Peking *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to spend six weeks incidentally, while *en route*, with his family at their Summer camp, on Stoney Lake in Canada.

After this happy reunion and holiday, Walter proceeded directly to his post in China, and the

following letters will show with what delight and appreciation he met the novel scenes and interests which presented themselves, whether in travel, or at the future home of his short remaining life.

When later, suddenly called on for military duty, he at once proved himself a brave and efficient soldier, and together with his young colleagues of the student-interpreter-volunteer corps, performed services in the memorable siege of the Peking Legations, which were an honor to his country and all connected with him.

Having received two serious bullet wounds during the siege, Walter, when Peking was relieved, was sent to Japan to recuperate, but after having been only two days in Yokohama he became very ill with typhoid fever, and was in consequence sent to the Royal Naval Hospital. There, in spite of the greatest possible care and kindness (his constitution being weakened by his wounds and long privations), he was unable to stand this severe strain, and died on the 23d September, 1900.

From Yokohama (by some strange fate, in a short lifetime spent in other far-off scenes), the place of both his birth and his death, his remains were conveyed to England, and now lie in the churchyard at the little village of Aisthorpe, near Lincoln, where his Grandfather and Great-grand-

parents are buried. The story of his short career in the "Far East" is told in the following pages.

It is the record of duty well performed, and in it may, perhaps, be found inspiration in the future for others who, like himself, may be called upon in early life, and under trying circumstances to serve their country.

HOTEL VANCOUVER,
VANCOUVER, B. C.,
20 August, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

Here I am at Vancouver, after the most comfortable and interesting journey I have ever had. We arrived here punctual to the minute this afternoon, but found that the steamer is not to sail till Tuesday, owing to some delay in the mails at Quebec. There is not a room to be had in this hotel here, so I am to be allowed to sleep in my cabin on the steamer, and have my meals here, which is a very comfortable arrangement. I enjoyed the journey from beginning to end, and was positively disappointed when it was over. Everything was as comfortable as it could be, and I did not feel one moment of boredom or discomfort the whole time. We entered British Columbia and the Rockies yesterday morning, and from then on, the scenery was positively indescribable. At Calgary you leave the prairies, and the ascent of the mountains is rather disappointing—everything is so bleak and rocky. But when once you reach the summit of the Kicking Horse Pass, and begin to descend, you pass through scenery which

is so magnificent that I could not begin to appreciate it, let alone describe it. At the top of this pass all the brakes are jammed down hard, the engine puts on full steam astern, and you begin to toboggan slowly down the tremendous valley of the Kicking Horse River, through miles of the most beautiful cedar forests, which run right up the mountains on each side to the snow line, with the beautiful snow peaks and glaciers above. All the way down you catch glimpses of other valleys to the right and the left, each one more beautiful than the last, and all on such a tremendous scale that it almost takes your breath away. We stopped at Field on the way down, for dinner, and then went on through the Kicking Horse Cañon, with almost perpendicular mountains of rock on each side, and the river rushing down between. We suddenly emerged out of this cañon at the foot of the Rockies into the broad valley which separates the Rockies from the Selkirks, and saw the whole magnificent Selkirk Range stretching away in an unbroken line as far as we could see, with its green slopes of forest and shining snow peaks lit up by the evening sun. It was indeed a wonderfully beautiful sight. After running along beside the Selkirk Range, we turned into it, and began to climb slowly up by the Beaver River through the Rogers Pass. Here the scenery beat

anything we had yet seen, and that is saying a good deal. At Glacier, just over the summit of the Rogers Pass, we stopped for supper. Just above us was the wonderful great Selkirk Glacier, which I believe is as large as all the glaciers of Switzerland put together. After this it was too dark to see anything, so I missed the "loops" of the railway. When I woke up this morning, we were running along the Fraser River, with most beautifully wooded mountains on each side, but I had seen so much wonderful scenery that I did not half appreciate it. These forest-clad mountains continue right to the coast, and Vancouver is shut in by them. The forests are mostly cedar, and the size of the trees is simply astounding. They run up as straight as a die, without a branch, for literally hundreds of feet, and then comes the most beautiful dark green foliage. The Fraser River was in some places positively black with salmon; we could see them simply rolling over each other, and I believe you can just go in and pick them out with your hands. We saw the Indians scooping them out with nets, and we saw them hanging up to dry by hundreds in the little Indian villages which we passed. We passed some bands of picturesque Indians with their gaudy blankets, all mounted on their scraggy Indian ponies, and also saw numbers of them at the prairie stations.

The prairies were by no means uninteresting, with the troops of horses, picturesque cowboys and “*rummy*” little wooden prairie towns. I hope I have not bored you with my attempt to describe the absolutely indescribable. When you come out to the East you must certainly come by the C. P. R., and you will see for yourself what it is like.

I had a very nice set of fellow-passengers in my carriage. There were several very nice young fellows who are going out to the East, mostly to Japan.

Vancouver is a funny new sort of place, on a beautiful bay which is shut in all round by high mountains. This afternoon I went for a walk round the park, which is really a sort of large island, about eight miles round, covered with the virgin forest, with nice roads through it. It is wonderfully pretty, and is covered with these tremendous cedars. * * *

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY Co.,
 R. M. S. *Empress of Japan*,
 TUESDAY MORNING,

5 September, 1899.

Here we are steaming along the beautiful coast of Japan at last. We got into Yokohama yesterday morning, and left at 6 o'clock this

morning, and I now have so much to tell you that I do not know how to begin. I suppose I must go back to the voyage first.

To begin with, the ship is, I am sure, the most comfortable vessel afloat in every possible way. The route lies right across the very north of the Pacific, just south of the Aleutian Islands, and is usually rough and always cold. It has been very cold this time, but fine and smooth all the way, with the exception of one stormy day. We have dropped straight out of Arctic cold into the beautiful balmy warmth of Japan. I soon got my sea legs, and have enjoyed the voyage more than any other I ever had. The passengers, who numbered about a hundred and thirty, were an exceptionally nice set, while the officers are all young, jolly fellows. There were a number of young people like myself on board, and we had no end of a good time. There were five or six Harvard graduates going round the world, who were some of the nicest young fellows I have ever met. * * *

We have had amusements of every sort all the way, under the direction of a committee elected for the purpose. Besides countless lectures, spelling-bees, etc., we had a most amusing nigger minstrel entertainment, chiefly by the officers, and the climax was reached on Saturday night, when we had a very jolly dance. The

deck, which is a very large and clear one, was draped in with flags, we had the piano up, and the floor polished, and fairly danced, with a grand supper afterwards.

Besides these frivolities, we had all sorts of tournaments in the many deck games, and various amusing races. My two partners, and I, were victorious in the "bowls" competition, and at the grand prize-giving received the sum of one dollar each. So you see that although you do not get a sight of a sail or land from Vancouver to Yokohama—about twelve days—we managed to pass the time very pleasantly.

Now we must get on to Japan.

We sighted land first on Sunday, and by the afternoon were coasting along quite near the most beautiful mountainous shores, with the wooded hills rising straight from the sea, the quaint little fishing villages on the shore, and the most picturesque little fleets of Japanese fishing junks all round us, on the bluest water. It was, indeed, a most beautiful sight to me after the long sea voyage, and one which I hope you will see again yourself before long.

On Monday morning we steamed up the beautiful Bay of Yedo, past the most wonderful sights, which I need not try to describe, as you, too, have seen them for the first time, as I did

yesterday, and anchored in Yokohama harbour at about eleven o'clock.

The harbour was full of warships, mostly British, and was a wonderful sight to me, with the beautiful background, and the "sam-pans" swarming round the ship.

We were detained a long time by the Japanese health doctors, and it was three o'clock before I got ashore.

When at last we were free, R—— and I took "rickshas" and spent the rest of the afternoon riding and strolling about the town.

It is no use my trying to describe to you what I saw. Everything was so absolutely strange and bewildering, that I wished I could stay a month to take it all in more.

At first we thoroughly explored the native town, beyond streets which sounded something like "Benten Dory" and "Honcho Dory"—at least that is as near as I can get.

We did the thing thoroughly, and I had many strange and novel experiences, but I cannot attempt to describe what I saw—it was all so bewildering.

I liked the Japanese very much, especially the jolly little "kids" in their pretty dresses. After we had been all over the town, we strolled into a beautiful old temple, half way up the bluff. The

wonderfully carved roofs, the fine doors, the old white priests, and the large shady trees that sheltered it, made a wonderful impression. We then went up into the Bluff, and strolled about the European residences. I expect this part has grown a good deal since your time. It is now very European, and what struck me most was the exquisite beauty of the gardens, with their luxuriant foliage and tremendous leafy hedges. We then went down the far side of the Bluff to have a bath, at a bathing place that R—— knew of. The Japanese have peculiar ideas about bathing. The dressing house was a sort of platform with a roof over it, open towards the sea, with the usual mat floor. This platform is for the use of ladies and gentlemen alike, and when we came up we found several young lady Japanese enjoying a tea-party there. Being in Japan, we did as the Japanese do, and undressed, bathed and dressed again, as if we had been used to that sort of thing all our lives, while the young lady attendant kept bringing us tea while we were dressing and undressing.

By this time it was about seven o'clock, so R—— and I went and had a jolly good dinner at the "Club Hotel"—the "Grand" was full—and at ten o'clock I came out to the ship and slept the sleep of the weary.

About forty new passengers have got on, and about eighty left. The Harvard fellows are going to look me up in Peking when they have done Japan.

We left Yokohama at six this morning, and are steaming along the beautiful coast towards Kobe, which we should reach early to-morrow, and will probably stay there till midday. We pass an "Empress" steamer there, on which this letter will go back. My only disappointment in Japan has been that I did not see Fusi-Yama, as it was too misty. Otherwise the weather yesterday was positively delightful, hot, but not too much so. (It is very funny that just as I was writing this I heard Mrs. L—— exclaim outside the window, and looking out saw Fusi-Yama rising grandly out of the clouds inland, so now you see I have not had a single disappointment.) * * *

"WAYFOONG," SHANGHAI,

10 September, 1899.

I arrived in Shanghai yesterday afternoon, and, as you see, am staying with the G——'s. I have so much to tell you that I hardly dare to begin a letter. I have just sent off a wire to Father, telling you as emphatically as the code permits that I have had the jolliest voyage possible, enjoying

every bit of it, from first to last, and am having no end of a time here. I wrote my last letter to you just after leaving Yokohama, so I will take up the thread there. We got into Kobe early on Wednesday morning, and Mrs. G—— came out to the steamer to meet the D——'s. She was "fairly" astonished to see me, and took us all ashore for the morning. We only had about three hours in Kobe, but we had no end of fun strolling and ricksha-ing about the pretty streets. * * *

We left Kobe about midday, and for the rest of the day, and all Thursday, passed through the most enchanting scenery I ever hope to see. I only hope you saw it under as favorable conditions as I did. We coasted along between the mainland and the most beautiful wooded islands, through narrow passages and past picturesque little Japanese villages. I am getting tired of trying to describe to you the wonders I am seeing, as every day has been more wonderful than the last, so I must simply "chuck it." You must bring the "kiddies" out by the C. P. R. route this time next year, and then, like me, they will cry, "Wonderful! wonderful!!" and then, "Wonderful past all whooping" (not original; cribbed from Kingsley). We got to Nagasaki at about four on Thursday, and some of us made up a party and went for an expedition to a fine temple on a high hill overlook-

ing Nagasaki. We got back to Nagasaki about 7.30, and went to the hotel, where —— had ordered a most sumptuous dinner for us.

We got back to the ship at about eleven o'clock, after a most delightful outing, and left Nagasaki early next morning.

On Friday we had it very rough in the China Sea, and we got into Wusung at about two on Saturday. I was quite sorry to leave the ship, which I had begun to regard quite as my home. I made very good friends among the officers, and never want to have a pleasanter trip.

The launch got us up to Shanghai at about four o'clock, and I first took a riksha, and ricksha-ed all over the place, by way of having a look 'round. I then called on Mr. G——, and he insisted on keeping me, so here I am, living like a prince in their gorgeous house, having no end of a good time. On Saturday evening Mr. G—— and I strolled 'round to the Recreation Ground and the Country Club. Yesterday (Sunday) morning I went for a most delightful bike ride to a little village called Jessfield. * * * Of course I need not tell you how wonderfully interesting and strange everything here is, especially the native part of the town.

I think Shanghai is a delightful place, but doubt if I would care to be stationed here ; it seems a bit

too gay and expensive. I am just going 'round to the British Consulate to report myself to Mr. Warren and receive instructions. I expect I shall have to stay here till the other students arrive. I have not been able to write nearly as much as I wanted to, as the launch will be leaving soon for the *City of Peking*, so I must get this off now. * * *

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

18 September, 1899.

Here I am fairly settled at Peking. When last I wrote to you I had just arrived at Shanghai, and did not know when I would have to go on. I called at the Consulate and was told I might go on when I liked, so I decided to start the next day (Tuesday).

At the Consulate I met a Mr. S——, who had just done his Interpretership here. He told me that the furniture of our quarters consisted of a bed, two chairs and a table, and that we had to do all the furnishing ourselves. He took me off to a good furniture shop and I invested in a complete outfit, the chief things in it being a very good second-hand writing desk (\$20), an arm-chair (\$33), three ordinary chairs, two pair curtains (\$22), table-cloth, napkins, sheets, blankets, etc., etc. * * * We put into Wei-hai-wei where

I had a bath off the steamer, and Chifu, where I had a stroll. * * *

We got to Taku early on Friday morning, where we had to take the train to Tientsin, about an hour's journey. The launch landed us some way from Taku station, and I was mobbed by coolies, all eager to carry my fourteen packages.

Of course, none of them speak English, but I managed to form a solemn procession of about ten coolies, and marched off to the station. I found a train waiting, had my things thrown into a truck, paid off the "howling multitude," and arrived in triumph at Tientsin at about 2.30. Here I left most of my things at the station, rode in a ricksha across a most perilous and bone-shaking bridge of boats to the hotel. * * *

I left Tientsin at 11.30 on Saturday morning, travelling in the postal car of the train, which is luxuriously fitted, and specially reserved for Europeans. Peking station is about two miles from the outer wall, and you have to go through about a mile and a half of town before you get to the Legation, after you get into the outer gate.

We arrived at the station at about 2.30, and I was met by half a dozen students with ponies, so we had a grand ride back to the Legation. We passed through the huge outer gate, and through the Chinese city, till we came to another

tremendous wall and gate, and went through that into the Manchu city, in which is the newly paved Legation street, where the Legations are. I cannot tell you how pleased I am with everything here. The streets are awfully interesting, though, of course, narrow and crowded with mules, donkeys, camels and Peking carts. The town does not smell nearly as bad as I expected, and the Legation Compound, where we live, is a delightful spot. It stands a bit back from Legation street, is surrounded by a high wall, with a huge gate, and is full of fine old trees. No smell or noise penetrates in here, and you might think you were hundreds of miles from the city. It contains, besides the Chief's and Secretaries' houses, our quarters, stables, etc., theatre, fives-courts, several tennis-courts, chapel, picturesque old sort of temple, and so on.

There are fifteen students up here already, all awfully nice fellows, who received me very kindly. Our quarters are very comfortable indeed. I have three rooms—a very nice sitting-room, a bedroom and a bathroom. I am very lucky to get these, as, there being so many students now, it is the last suite in the regular quarters, and the other fellows, when they arrive, will have to be put up somewhere else in the Legation.

I have a "Boy," who looks after me in a wonderful way, though I find some difficulty in giving my orders, as he does not know a word of English. I engaged him soon after I arrived, gave him the keys of my boxes, and left him. When I came back to my room, my furniture was all unpacked and arranged, my clothes were all in the drawers, my bed made up, and my evening clothes laid out.

We have a students' Mess, and tiffin and dine altogether, but have breakfast and tea in our own rooms. I have hardly got my stores in yet, and the other fellows have been awfully good in asking me to breakfast, etc., with them. My "Boy" buys everything I need, and I pay his bill at the end of the month. Yesterday I went for a long walk on the Wall with one of the students. It is a tremendous thing, about seventy feet high and fifty feet broad on top, and runs right round the city. From the top you get a splendid view over Peking, which from above looks like a forest of trees, though from below you do not notice the trees so much.

I have not got a pony yet, but am looking out for a good one. I set out with a friend this afternoon to go to the market where "griffins" are sold, but after walking for an hour and a half, through interminable streets, it began to get dark,

and we had to get into a Pekin cart and make for home.

The Peking carts are the most bone-shaking contrivances yet invented. They have to be made very strong and heavy, as the roads are so hopelessly bad. You have to worm backwards into a sort of square box, the driver sitting in front, and the old mule charges along over boulders, and through pitch-holes, while you are rattled about inside, against all the sides at once.

The mules up here are splendid animals. I believe they are far the best mules in the world. A good way of getting about is on the excellent donkeys that stand about in the streets. You leap on to one, and charge off at break-neck pace, while the donkey-man "bucks" along behind as best he can.

There are very few Europeans up here now; outside Legation street you hardly ever see one. There is one foreign hotel, and a foreign "Stores," where you get anything but what you want, if you care to pay about three times the value for it.

On the whole, I am awfully pleased with everything here, and think I will like the life immensely. I have only been able to give you the merest outline of all I have to tell, but will fill in the details each mail. * * *

H. B. M.'s LEGATION, PEKING,
25 September, 1899.

* * * I have so much to tell you about Peking that I really do not know where to begin. The least I can say is that I am simply delighted with everything * * * Three of our students are still out in a temple in the hills; one of them, B——, an old chum of mine at Scoones', and an awfully nice fellow, has asked me to ride out to his temple, about fifteen miles, on Saturday, and stay over Sunday, so a friend and I started off on our ponies at about four on Saturday afternoon, and got out to the hills about seven.

This temple is a most delightful spot. Several of the students club together, as a rule, and hire a temple in the hills for the summer. They half furnish the rooms they want to use, and the old priests stick to their quarters and do their little "Joss-business," and everybody is happy.

This one is delightfully situated in a kind of gully, several hundred feet up the mountain-side, and is built in terraced courtyards, one above the other; the courts are full of fine old trees and beautiful flowers. The priests are jolly old chaps, the temple most picturesque and comfortable, and the whole thing is simply charming, especially at this time of year, when the weather is perfect.

We spent a very jolly day out there and

started off about seven this morning to ride home, reaching Peking at about nine o'clock, in good time for a second breakfast.

R—— started to go a short way with us, and ended by accompanying us back to Peking, and spending the day here, while I in turn saw him half-way back.

Now I have another exciting yarn to tell you, about my first deal in horse-flesh. As you will understand, I am very keen to have a pony as soon as possible, and am most anxious to get a raw "griffin" and take my chance. It is a very risky game to buy these rough griffins, as they come in here straight from Manchuria. As a rule they will not let Europeans go near them at first. Most of the fellows advised me not to go in for a griffin, recommending me to get an old tried pony from somebody else, but I preferred the sporting chances, and persisted in my "griffin" scheme.

Last Tuesday, being some great Chinese festival, was a general holiday, so I borrowed a pony, and with two friends, sent my "Boy" on to a famous temple about six miles away, with tea, and we rode over ourselves and picnicked there.

On the way we went to the North Gate of the city, where the ponies are brought in, and there we found a herd newly brought down, in a sort of inn-yard.

We went in, surrounded, of course, by the usual crowd of astonished Celestials, and looked over some ponies, and had some likely looking ones trotted up and down.

I fixed on one that I liked the look of very much. It was a strong-looking beast, with good points, as far as I could see, and fairly quiet.

The fellow demanded one hundred dollars and I foolishly offered him fifty—which was too much to begin with.

We haggled for some time—my friends interpreting for me—and then I had my saddle put on, and mounted and charged him up and down the yard, and liked his gait very much and increased my offer to fifty-five dollars, and the bargain was immediately struck.

I had him brought round to the Legation the next day, and had him clipped and shod, and must confess to being rather disappointed in him when I got him home. He did not look nearly so well as he had done in the dealers' yard, and the other fellows were rather inclined to jeer at my "old moke."

I let him stand for a day in the stable and then took him out for a turn. He went well enough, but very quietly. This rather disappointed me, as, though I do not want a crack racer, yet I do want a pony that will make a decent show across country.

I let him rest, however, a day or two and have some decent food, and when I got back to-day, took him out again, and was simply astonished at the change that had come over him. He was as keen as mustard all the way. I was riding with two fellows who had two of the best ponies in the Legation, and my beast could get along with them with the greatest ease, and when I did let him out, he stretched himself like a "Derby winner," and I believe he is going to make a rattling good pony.

I tried him over one or two low jumps and he took them as neatly as possible.

The favorite ride here is out to the Race-course, about six miles, and back.

We have very good stables in the Legation, and we have one groom (*mafoo*) between every two fellows.

The Sergeant gate-keeper looks after the feeding and general health of the stable, and does it very well. Now you know the entire history of my "moke" up to the present.

The picnic at the Yellow Temple was great sport. There is a tremendous and exquisitely carved white marble pagoda in the middle of it, and my "Boy" had spread tea for us up on the pagoda.

While we were enjoying it we were sur-

rounded by a most inquisitive crowd of priests, who persisted in feeling the material of our coats, and asking how much our boots cost.

We gave them a biscuit thickly spread with strawberry jam, and their antics with it were most amusing.

One of them looked at it suspiciously, took a lick of the jam, and passed it on to another, who in turn took a lick and passed it on.

Afterwards we went into the Joss-house and gazed on the three huge, awe-inspiring Buddhas.

My "Boy," though a pudding-faced specimen, is a most excellent and useful youth. I don't know what I shall do without a "Boy" when I go home, after getting used to the luxury out here.

I began Chinese last Wednesday, and have been pegging away hard at the "tones."

It is monotonous at first, but will soon get interesting. My teacher is rather an ass, but I hope to be able to pass him on to some one else, when the new men turn up next week.

My Chinese name is pronounced Tow-sen-dor. I will send you my official Chinese calling card, when I have had some printed off.

I am generally known among the Chinese as Tow-li, which literally translated means Mr. Polish, the Chinese for "polish" being as near as they can get to the sound of "Townsend." * * *

H. B. M.'S LEGATION, PEKING,

6 October, 1899.

* * * Every one tells me that our two years up here are the jolliest we are likely to have in the service, and from what I have seen of the students' life here, I don't think any one could have a jollier time than we do. Personally, I am most awfully happy up here. * * * Peking is more interesting than I can say.

I am getting on with the Chinese, though of course it is a grind at first. I can already talk quite a little, and understand a bit. I have my regular teacher for four or five hours a day, and am actually energetic enough to have an extra teacher for an hour a day at my own expense. * * * More important still, I hope to blossom out at the races as a great jockey, as my weight, 136 lbs., is just right for racing. * * * Last Sunday the B——'s asked me to a donkey picnic, which was great sport. We all started on donkeys at 10 A. M., and rode out about six miles to a very interesting old Llama temple, where we had a very elaborate tiffin, and spent a very happy day. We got home again about 6 o'clock. * * *

SUNDAY EVENING.

I rode out and breakfasted at the race course and got back in time for church. A large bell

and bell-tower—very gorgeous—have been put up in the Legation Chapel, and were consecrated this morning by Bishop Scott, before the service.

Mrs. G—— and Sir Robert Hart came, and Sir Robert asked me to tiffin with him. He is a nice old chap. He has a Chinese band which plays exceedingly well, and which is one of his chief hobbies. It plays in his garden every Wednesday through the summer, and every one goes to promenade there and hear it. * * *

H. B. M. LEGATION, PEKING,

October 15, 1899.

To His Brother:

* * * The life up here seems just about as jolly as it can be. Peking is very interesting indeed. Of course, you cannot blind your eyes and nose to the fact that everything is dust, filth and smells. There is absolutely no system of drainage at all, and all the filth is just thrown into the street. I wonder that Peking has not years ago had some fearful plague, which would certainly sweep off three-fourths of the people. I believe the dust acts as a great disinfectant. A dust-storm is something to see—once. The whole place is swept by thick clouds of dust, which permeates your clothes and fills your eyes and ears, and makes the place like a London fog. Several

times when I have been riding under the wall, where there are great stretches of sandy waste, I have ridden through dust so thick that you literally could not see a foot in front of you. But in spite of all these minor drawbacks, our life up here is most awfully jolly. I do about five hours' work a day, which is as much as is expected from anybody, and after half-past three, am free for the day. The British Legation is a very jolly place, and our quarters are excellent. * * *

The chief amusements now are riding and tennis. I go in vigorously for the former. The Peking Autumn Race Meeting comes off in a month, and by great good luck I am going to make my *début* then as a jockey. I did not think I would have the remotest chance of getting a mount this meeting. The race ponies are now being vigorously trained, out at the course. * * *

The weather is now turning fearfully cold, and it is a struggle to get up at 5.30 in the morning. I leave the Legation at about six as a rule, when I go to the Course, get there about seven, leave again at eight, back for breakfast at nine, and to work at 9.30.

The dances have hardly begun yet. The great difficulty here in that line is the want of ladies. * * *

Mrs. G—— has been up, staying with Sir Robert Hart, lately, and two of the Misses D—— also came up from Tientsin to stay with him for a day or two. He gave a dance in their honor, to which I was invited, and which I enjoyed very much. I asked Mrs. G—— and the Misses D—— to tea with me in my rooms the next day, and we had what is known up here as a “skirt-tea.”

I am getting on finely with Chinese. You simply have to talk it, as up here there is no such thing as “Pidgin English,” and nobody knows any English. The people, though filthy, are very interesting, and seem really peaceful and friendly, in spite of occasional rows. I do not think it will be necessary to have a Legation guard of Marines this year, as it was last.

In a short time the river will freeze up at Tientsin and Taku, and ships will not be able to get anywhere near the shore at the latter place. We are then cut off from the outer world, though letters can be sent overland to Chifu.

A railway, practically the only one in China, now runs from Tientsin to within a few miles of Peking, which is a great boon. Moreover, one street—“Legation street”—has been lately decently paved, and is quite presentable. The other roads are simply wastes of knee-deep dust, with huge boulders and awesome pitch-holes *ad lib.*

The only vehicle which can be used here is the Peking cart, which is a very strong sort of box on two thick iron-studded wheels, drawn by a strapping mule. There is absolutely no attempt at springs of any sort, and you just have to sit on the floor and be hurled now against the sides, now against the roof, as the cart plunges in and out of the holes and over the rocks. * * *

I fear it is not much use for me to try to give you any idea of the wonders of this strange land. I only wish you could come up here and see them for yourself.

H. B. M.'S LEGATION, PEKING,

14 November, 1899.

This is to wish you all the very jolliest Christmas together, and brightest and happiest New Year. I fear these wishes may come a little late, but they are none the less sincere for that. I only wish I could be with you for Christmas, but as that is not to be for the present, I suppose I must not grumble.

Our winter gaieties are just beginning here. The races came off last Friday and Saturday, and were great sport. I got a mount in the Jockey cup, but failed to distinguish myself. The race meeting up here is more like a picnic on a large scale than a real race meeting, and is very great

fun. Everyone rides out in the morning; the Races begin at 11; at about 12.30 there is an elaborate tiffin. The Races are over at about 5, and we ride home. The Races themselves are not exceptionally exciting, except that nearly everybody is interested as owner, rider or friends of either. The betting is practically limited to the "Parimutuel," and everything is very sporting and jolly.

On Saturday night we students gave a dance which went off very well. We have a very nice theatre in the Legation, which serves admirably as a ballroom, and which was made to look very nice indeed. Several ladies came up from Tientsin for the Races, so we managed to get together about twenty-five ladies. The "Customs" are giving something of the same sort to-morrow. * * *

I am sending you some photographs of street scenes, taken by one of the students, which will give you some idea of what it is like, within the walls of this weird city. One is a photograph of the "Coal-hill" with its temples, within the Forbidden City. The story of the "Coal-hill" is, that some centuries ago an Emperor, fearing that the supply of coal would give out, had a tremendous heap of it piled up in his garden, which heap has remained there ever since, and is now overgrown with trees and grass. * * *

28 NOVEMBER, 1899.

To One of His Sisters:

* * * On Guy Fawkes night we decided to celebrate the occasion fittingly, so we deputed a "Boy" to buy about \$10 worth of fireworks, and rigged up a splendid "Oom Paul," of which the component parts were straw, a suit of pajamas and a battered top-hat. We adjourned to the wall at ten o'clock, but the gate-keepers, alarmed at the formidable crowd of "Yang kwei-tzu" (Foreign devils) bearing a motionless, indescribable thing in a top-hat, refused to let us up on the wall. Whereupon the gate was promptly battered in, and we bore "Oom Paul" triumphantly up. We then gave Peking the benefit of a "classy" display of fireworks, culminating in the conflagration of President Krüger in the eyes of all China. When I went to the wall on Sunday for my walk 'round, we found that the gate had been walled with huge stones and we had to climb over the top of it to get on to the wall. * * *

 H. B. M.'S LEGATION, PEKING,

December 11, 1899.

To His Brother:

* * * We have begun football up here, though as yet we only play "Association." We hope to begin "Rugby" soon. I have developed

into a "classy" goal keeper, and very often manage to stop a ball by mistake! We play in the Legation compound, on the tennis courts, but the ground is very small. Last Saturday a team from our mess took on "the world," mostly "Customs" men, and were badly beaten. I played outside right wing, and failed to shine. Afterwards we had a grand "Skirt tea" in our mess-room.

I nearly scored a record in the first cross-country race the other day. The course was about six miles, point to point, and I would have been second, had not the pony I was riding—which had a bad reputation for swerving off a jump—refused a big ditch just at the finish.

* * * Next Saturday we are to have a Gymkhana, the events of which are to be a "Steeplechase," a "Sack race," and "Donkey polo" on barebacked donkeys. I shall enter for the Steeplechase if I can get a good pony. It is getting very cold here now, and the river may be frozen up any day. There has been ice for some time; skating will begin soon. We cannot skate outside here, as the dust absolutely spoils the ice. The tennis courts at the Club are flooded and covered over with a large mat shed to keep the dust off.

There are all sorts of rumors afloat about imminent revolutions, and vast *Corps d'etats* in the imperial palace, but, curiously enough, they all

seem to come from Shanghai! The city is supposed to be "in a state of great unrest," though everything seems quiet enough. Some Germans were badly mobbed the other day, but there is some excuse for that. We have no Legation guards yet, but twenty-five Marines have been landed at Tientsin before the closing of the river, and can be sent up if necessary.

PEKING, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1899.

This is Christmas Day, and I wonder what you have been doing to celebrate the occasion. I have been wishing you all a very merry Christmas all day, and only hope my wishes are being fulfilled. It seems very strange to be spending Christmas out here, away from everyone, for the first time.

So far Christmas has been like Sunday; we had early communion service at the Chapel, and another service at 11 o'clock, and a sort of Chinese apology for plum-pudding at tiffin. That "orgy" is just over, and I am now going round to skate in the mat shed at the Club, which is now ready.

The great Christmas "spree" comes off this evening, when every one in the Legation and a few others—about forty in all—dine with the MacDonalds. I will tell you all about that to-morrow.

I hope there are some "home-made" Christmas cards for me. I shall be very much disappointed if I do not get any this year.

FRIDAY, December 29th.

I did not finish this before as there is no mail till to-morrow. We had a very jolly Christmas evening with the Chief, when we had no end of a romp. There were thirty-eight of us, nearly all Legation people.

After a gorgeous Christmas dinner we played all sorts of "rackety" games, in which the Chief joined with great vigor, danced and brewed punch till one o'clock. Unfortunately the Lady Chief was not well enough to be there, which was a great pity, as she is most awfully nice.

After we left the Chief's, I knew that some of the more humorously disposed students were going on the warpath, and as it is not much use resisting such a raid, I sat up chatting with a select few friends till 3.30 A. M. and then went to my abode to see what the damage was. As I expected, I found my mattress, bed-clothes, etc., all outside my door, so got hold of one of the witty one's "Boys" and set him to remaking my bed. "The Riggers" themselves then appeared on the scene and helped to put things to rights, so by 4 o'clock I was able to retire to rest.

31 DECEMBER (NEARLY 1900).

I hope to finish this letter in the course of the coming year.

It has now turned bitterly cold up here, though I really do not think we feel it so much as you do at home.

The air is so very dry and electrified, and every day is so bright and clear, that it is just as jolly as can be.

We are having a most awfully jolly time, and I fear my Chinese is suffering accordingly. During this last Christmas week I have had a teacher about one hour a day, and will probably have about the same next week. However, Christmas comes but once a year, and I do not think there is any harm in enjoying it when you get the chance.

On Wednesday the Peking Amateur Dramatic Society gave a most successful comedy, called "Uncle," in our theatre. I contributed to the success of the evening by taking the tickets at the door.

Last night we students gave our second dance, which was most successful. The Theatre looked very well indeed, while refreshments were served in our Messroom, which we connected with the Theatre by a covered way.

To-night our mat-shed skating rink is to be

open till 12.30, and the community will turn out to skate the New Year in—refreshments provided by the British students.

To-morrow being New Year's Day, we are to have a big Gymkhana out at the Race-course, beginning at 11, and lasting till 4 o'clock, including a big tiffin in the middle. I enclose the programme. If I survive the "Footer" match and the Wheelbarrow race, I shall try to win the Ladies' nomination race, and may even last till the Donkey race.

On Tuesday the Russian Minister and his wife are giving a dance, to which most of us have been invited.

On Thursday the big Masonic Ball comes off at Tientsin and I hope to get down and stay there perhaps till Sunday. Some Tientsin people are coming up to the Chief's Fancy Ball, so another big Gymkhana is to be arranged then, and there is also to be a bachelors' Ball, for which our Theatre and Mess-rooms will be used.

3 JANUARY, 1900.

The mail is really going to-morrow, so I must finish this now.

Our New Year's Day Gymkhana was a great success. I entered vigorously for most things, and won the Wheelbarrow race with another student

easily. In the Ladies' nomination race I had hard lines. I saddled and bridled my pony well, and did the first half in fine form, and got back first to the ladies, but drew a French lady, who I did not know, and could not find, and when at last I did find her, she had no beer, no corkscrew, and evidently did not understand the game. Finally somebody broke the neck off a soda water bottle and she gave it to me. I tried to drink it, but cut my mouth. She then lit the cigarette after some difficulty, and I went off again and came in fourth after all, so that if I had drawn a lady who was on the spot, I ought to have won. Last night we had a very grand ball at the Russian Legation, which was as interesting as it was elaborate.

Supper was at one—and the Cotillon began soon after two, and did not end till 4.30, so it was 5 o'clock this morning, before I got to bed. The Cotillon was great sport, and some of the figures very amusing. I got about five favors and have pinned them round the last photo of the "Kiddies" which I have had framed and hung as a center-piece over my mantel-piece. In the ordinary dances I only got about two, but I think a student is lucky to get anything in a big show like that, with all the Ministers and attendant Marquises, Counts, Barons, Comptes and so on.

To-morrow I am off to Tientsin for the Masonic Ball, as there is a good deal going on there, will stay till Sunday. When I get back I am really going to settle down to hard work, as by then I must consider Christmas well over.

On New Year's Day all our teachers left cards on us all, and I enclose a few specimens out of the twenty-five.

PEKING, 4 February 1900.

To his Brother and Sisters :

I have just got back from our athletic tour to Tientsin, and found a most gorgeous budget of letters from you all.

Our trip to Tientsin was most successful. The athletic programme was: Association match *v.* Tientsin on Wednesday, Hockey on the ice, on Friday, and "Rugby" on Saturday.

As I was not playing on the Association, I did not go down till Thursday. Tientsin was beaten by two goals to *nil*. In the hockey they had a very strong team, as they had been practising vigorously, whereas we have practically not played at all. Moreover, Friday was a beastly bleak, blowy day, and the ice was simply covered with dust. So the result was we were beaten badly by ten goals to three. Modesty forbids me to tell

you that our three humble goals were scored by your little brother, but such was the case. In the "Rugby" on Saturday we had a most ferocious game, out of which we emerged victorious by one goal to *nil*, and, fortunately, no bones broken. There was great keenness over the match, with the result that the play was fast and furious all through, and we all felt pretty "done up" afterwards. Every goal that was got for Peking in all three matches was scored by one of the five students of our year, so I consider that our lot have done their duty.

This morning I got up with difficulty, just in time to catch the train at 11.30. The journey between Peking and Tientsin is rather dull, but we always put a "Boy" in charge of the commissariat department, and he sees that we have a jolly good tiffin, which helps to pass the time. We always travel in the postal car, which is a small carriage, comfortably fitted up and reserved for foreigners only.

I do not care much for Tientsin. It is dreary and uninteresting, and I would a thousand times rather be posted up here in Peking.

The China New Year is no end of a "spree." No sort of work is done among the Chinese, who seem to spend several days in calling on every blessed friend they know, to leave one of their

great red "posters" as you call them, and wish each other "Hsin hsi" (new joy). They then spend a day at home banging most discordant gongs to frighten away the devils. The luckless devils must have a poor time of it in this part of the world. Besides this precaution, every Chinaman at New Year pastes on his door a fearful picture of some "God" or somebody of unprepossessing appearance, which is calculated to frighten off the veriest "Deevil" that ever snorted.

Our teachers have a week's clear holiday for the festivities and then another week to recover from them. So we score a whole fortnight's holiday.

6 FEBRUARY 1900.

* * * * *

Pei-tai-ho is a little place on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, which has lately become very popular as a Summer seaside resort for the Tientsinners. Some Peking people go there, too, but they mostly partake themselves to the hills for the hot months.

We students have already taken our temple for this Summer. This year we have rented a very big one, which will hold us all, about twenty-five miles from Peking.

The "Boxers" are still having it all their own way down in Shangtung. There were wonderful

rumors flying about a little while ago that Boxers were pouring into the city, and that at the China New Year there would be a wholesale massacre of foreigners. Our skins are, however, still fairly whole, and are likely to remain so for some time to come, so far as the wretched Chinese are concerned.

I thought of calling my new pony "Boxer," as he has such a neat trick of boxing at you with his fore legs. It is rather a nuisance when mounting or dismounting, as he tries in such a calm, contemplative way to fell me.

* * * * *

FA-YÜAN TEMPLE, PEKING,

2 March, 1900.

* * * Before I begin to answer your letter I must tell you that H—— and I cut ourselves off yesterday from all connection with civilization, and are now comfortably ensconced in our temple in the country, which is quite near the Race-course, about three miles from the city wall, and six miles from the Legation. We have four rooms, viz., two blocks of a large room, and small room, besides quarters for our "staff," kitchen, etc., etc.

Yesterday we piled our armchairs, camp beds, baths, pictures, curtains, carpets, table and every-

thing else on to carts, and dispatched them with our "Boys" from the Legation, riding out ourselves later.

When we got out everything was furnished in apple-pie order, and we have settled in most comfortably. We are both sleeping in one room, using the big room next it as our drawing and dining room. The other two are to be the guest-room and study. We put our camp beds on the "K'ang" and slept as comfortably as possible. The "K'ang" is a sort of raised platform of brick, which is the family bed in North China. There is a sort of stove inside in which a fire is lighted in the winter.

The windows, of course, are paper, like all Chinese houses up here, as are also the doors. Although we are away from all the temptations of civilization, I fear we will not be able to live much cheaper out here than we would in the Legation. Our teachers and staff want extra pay, and of course it is more expensive to keep our own cook, coolies, etc., than to live in a mess, where the expenses are divided among so many. However, we hope to manage it a bit cheaper than in town, and this in spite of the fact that our personal staff (I know you'll smile) consists of two teachers, a cook, two boys, two "Learn pidgins" (or budding "Boys," who work for us for practically nothing),

a coolie, a mafoo, my pony, and H——'s dog! I have only brought one pony out with me, as I will not want more than one out here.

I have lent the gray "griffin" to a fellow who has gone out to the Hills.

We had a most amusing time with our cook yesterday. A friend of ours got him for us, and the arrangement was that for \$36 a month he was to provide us with everything, giving us three meals a day, and finding everything but foreign stores, such as butter, jam, etc., etc. When we got out yesterday, we found a most pathetic looking old "Codger," who said he was our cook, but that the brick stove in the kitchen was "no good," the kitchen utensils that we had bought weren't right, and that he couldn't stay.

We argued with him for some time, and thought that we had convinced him that his presence was necessary, but soon afterwards we saw him sneaking round the corner of the temple and doing a "horrid buck" away. We did not intend to be left in the lurch, so I took a big hunting-crop, and "staggered" after him, and made it clear that it was all nonsense; that he was not going to leave us to starve in that way, and so on, emphasizing my argument by vigorously cracking the hunting crop, and drove the poor old fellow back in triumph. I then put my "Boy" to watch

over him, and set him to cooking the dinner. He now seems to have settled in well, and is hardly likely to try to do another "bunk," as he has had to buy all our meat and so on, and if he escapes now he will have to pay for it himself, as he will not get his \$36 till the end of the month.

The pursuit and capture of the fugitive cook was very comic; it is a great pity that you cannot employ the same methods in Western lands! Imagine you all sprinting round the corner in hot pursuit of a flying kitchen-maid, who had managed to escape over the back-yard wall!! The old priest is rather a surly old fellow, so I have not made friends with him yet. The training for the races will not begin for about a fortnight, so in the meantime I will have nothing to do but to work quietly. I think I told you that I have lately been indulging in the extravagance of two ponies, having got a little beauty from T——. He is really only a "griffin," and rejoices in the name of "Creggan." He has quite a turn for speed, and last Saturday I won a most magnificent cup on him.

The race was a paper-hunt, over a course of about nine miles; the first between the flags at the finish to win one cup, and the first heavy-weight, if within the first four, to win the heavy-weight cup; if no heavy-weight within the first four, the cup to go to the second man in.

Of course, we did not know where the finish was to be, though we could form a sort of idea of about where it was. The first few miles was through heavy going, and as "Creggan" is not very strong, I lay a long way behind the field, who were making the pace much too hot. On the way we had to ford four streams, in one of which "Creggan" and I got a fearful wetting in a hole. Soon the going got much better and I brought "Creggan" up a bit; when we came into a long level stretch of more than a mile, near which we knew the finish must be, there were four fellows going together in front of me, all "riding" their ponies with whips and heels, all they knew how, while I was hardly urging "Creggan." As this went on for some time without any signs of the finish, the pace began to tell on them, and when we went over a small rise, and saw the crowd round the flags about a quarter of a mile away, there were only two in front of me, though they were a good way ahead. Here I rode poor "Creggan" all I knew how, and he came up so splendidly that I had gained on them considerably when they got to the last jump, which was quite a big one, just in front of the flags. "Report" took it well; the little black swerved a little but got over before me. "Creggan" nipped over like a bird, and by "riding" vigorously I just managed by a short

head to win second place in the last few strides. It was a glorious race, and I only wish I had been able to get in first. There was no heavy-weight in the first four, so I got the heavy-weight cup, which is really a very handsome one.

In the evening we had my "coming of age" celebration. We asked about eight guests outside the Mess. The speeches were endless, and after them we adjourned upstairs, and held rather a boisterous "Sing-Song." I think I can take it as a great compliment that there were more speeches and more racket than I have ever seen on a "Mess-night" before. If you had heard all the nice things that were said about your small brother, you would have blushed with modest pride. Last Thursday we received the welcome news of the unconditional surrender of Cronje with all his men. We students promptly sent our teachers home, and assembled for a patriotic demonstration on the lawn; after three cheers for "Bobs," "Kitchener" and everyone else, and lustily singing "Soldiers of the Queen" we raided the Chancery, and drank to the health of all our men in South Africa. After that we got on to the roof of the gateway, and hoisted the old Union Jack, and then serenaded Sir Claude, insisting on his coming out and making a speech.

Yesterday some one who came out to the Race

course brought us the still more welcome news of the relief of Ladysmith, and as we hear that the students' Mess have a big dinner on to-night to celebrate the occasion, H —— and I are going in for it, and will come out again to morrow.

This afternoon there is a point-to-point steeplechase over a course of about five miles and I am going to ride my pony "Creggan." * * *

FA YUAN TSU,

6 March, 1900.

* * * I am having a great time out here at our temple. It is quite near the race-course, on one of the big stone roads, which run from some of the gates of the City, for miles through the country. These stone roads are wonderful pieces of work, and must, centuries ago, have been very fine ways. They are as broad as a narrow street at home, and are composed of really tremendous slabs of stone, several feet thick, laid most symmetrically for miles across the plain.

Now, these huge blocks have got displaced and wedged apart, and the many centuries of traffic that has passed over them, has worn deep wheel-ruts in the hard rock, just as if it was mud,

so that now most of the traffic has to pass along the side of the road.

But still it is quite a sight to see one of these roads winding like a river over the plain, and it seems typical of what Chinese patience can accomplish, and of the ruin and decay into which they are willing to let everything fall.

The magnificent city walls and fine canals and bridges, which centuries ago must have been such as would pass for splendid pieces of work, now-a-days, all point the same way.

H—— and I are most comfortably fixed up for the next two months. I have a teacher out with me, and get through a good deal of work, as there is nothing much to distract me. In the afternoon I usually go for a short ride in the country on "Creggan," and in the evening sometimes stroll out with my gun. There are good places round here for snipe, duck and geese, but it is a bit too early for them yet.

The latest addition to the Peking sports is a most enthusiastic golf club. They have fixed up quite good links over the race-course, and some one comes out to play almost every day. Mr. Squiers has even given a cup, which is to be competed for next week. * * *

FA YUAN TSU, PEKING,

15 March.

* * * Our latest excitement up here has been the burning out of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, which happened yesterday. The bank building was only just finished when I first came out, and was by far the finest house in Peking. Last night a fellow rode out to us with the startling news that it caught fire in the morning, and had been absolutely gutted. I rode in to town to-day to see the ruins, and, sure enough, there was nothing left of our fine new building, but the bare walls.

The fire began in a coolie's room upstairs, and soon spread over the whole place. I believe it was a very fine sight, and I wish I had been there to see it. We do not know yet if it was done on purpose or by accident. There are several rumours about, but I don't think there is much in them.

Some people think that it may have been done because it was over 100 feet high, which was against the law, as it overtopped the Imperial Palace buildings. The Dowager Empress is a bit on the "ramp" against foreigners just now, and it may possibly have been something of that sort, but if it was done on purpose at all, I think the more probable, though less romantic, perpetrator,

was a coolie, who had been "sacked" the day before, but who was still in the house.

He and the other coolie, in whose room the fire began, both "did a bolt," but have been collared to-day and taken to the Yamen. * * * The weather has turned very cold again lately, which is rather awkward for us out here, as we live more or less "al fresco," and only have the Chinese "White Stoves" to warm our rooms, which are a sort of clay bowl, full of red hot coal embers. * * *

FA YUAN TSU, PEKING,

25 March, 1900.

To his Sisters :

* * * The training is now in full swing with us, and I am in clover. Under my charge in the temple are five of D——'s ponies, all "griffins," and a "griffin" and an old pony of O——'s. Each one of these has to be ridden two or three times 'round the course in the morning before breakfast; we usually go two at a time, I and a *mafoo* together, so I have always ridden countless miles before you have "risen from your downy couch." * * * The "Chinese" gets on well out here, especially the colloquial. The country people are all very friendly, and we get on well with them.

I had rather an eye-opener as to the innate selfishness of the Chinese character the other day. I was riding past one of the gates of the city with another fellow, and saw, what is here a very common sight, a wretched skeleton of a young fellow, lying on the ground, dying from starvation, pure and simple. There were one or two people casually watching the poor chap, and when I asked them why he was dying, they simply said that he "mei tung-hsi chih"—had nothing to eat. When we asked them why *they* did not give him something, they were mildly surprised and said that it was none of their business. The fellow was lying just by a sort of hawker's stand, who sold cakes, and so on. The price of these cakes would be a cash or so each, equivalent in our money to about, perhaps, half a farthing. I asked the cake-man to give the poor wretch a cake, but he said he could not unless he was paid for it. I, of course, had no money on me, but told him that I would pay him the next day, when I would be passing that way. That fellow must have seen me pass, on an average, about three times a week, but he flatly refused to give the poor dying wretch a single thing on my credit. He said that he did not know me, and he might not get his money, and, unless I paid him down, he would not give anything. He absolutely refused to risk the

minute fraction of a penny, even to save the starving man's life, and we simply could not do anything, and had to leave him. The fact is that the people see such a lot of this suffering and want, that they get absolutely hardened to it, and seem to have no feeling of sympathy for suffering in others. It is no very uncommon sight to see a dead man or little baby lying under the wall, just where they died, and it is always some days before anybody takes the trouble even to remove them. However, Chinamen are certainly made different to us, and are indeed a puzzle.

Nothing further has transpired as to the cause of the Bank fire. There has been another tremendous fire since, at Tientsin. The Tientsin Trading Company, which had one of the largest buildings in the place, has been absolutely burnt out. They were, of course, insured, but there were several young fellows who had rooms at the top of the building who have lost everything.

* * *

FA YUAN TSU,

14 April, 1900.

* * * To-morrow is Easter-Sunday, so I am having a bit of a holiday, and am going to use my Saturday morning writing you a long letter. * * * I am going to ride into town

this afternoon and will stay in to-night, to go to church to morrow. This afternoon there is to be the official measuring of the race ponies, so a good many people will be out for that. The measuring is of course an important thing, as the ponies have to carry weight according to their height. * * * I have been having a little snipe shooting lately, which is good sport. Just by the race-course there is a large sort of artificial marsh, in which the Chinese grow rice, paddy and reeds, and I fear I have spent several mornings this week wading about in it after snipe, which are fairly plentiful just now. It does not of course exactly help my work in any way, but then I cannot very well do anything else, as anyone who comes out from the Legation to shoot naturally comes in for me to go with them, and on a jolly bright spring morning, when you are grinding away at Chinese, with a teacher, it would take a "number one" sized saint to refuse, when someone comes flouncing in with "Oh cut the 'Chinese,' and come and have a turn with the snipe." Then it is a case of *exit* teacher and "Chinese" for the day. * * * The senior year, of seven students are to be examined finally in about three weeks, just before the races, and after that will be scattered over the face of China. I only hope the rest of my time up here will not vanish as quickly as the

first six months have done. The Mess is giving them a tremendous send off on the last day of the races, which are to be May 4th and 5th. Seven of us students have taken two temples for the summer right away in the hills, about 25 miles from the city. Another party have taken one much nearer, about 15 miles away; I am going to the far one * * *.

EASTER SUNDAY EVENING.

I had no time to finish this off in town, so here I am out again at the temple. The measuring yesterday was rather amusing as the steward had some difficulty in getting up to the "bobbery" beasts with the measuring rod. I rode into town in the afternoon with O—— and a student, and slept in my own room last night. My present "boy" is simply invaluable. I just have to tell him that I am going into town to-day, to Tientsin to-morrow, or whatever it is, and just leave every single thing to him; he never forgets a single thing. He is an honest chap, too, and does not seem to "squeeze" me much; of course, it is incredible that a "boy" should not "squeeze" you at all, but as I say, mine does not do so perceptibly.

I went to early communion this morning, and

after morning service tiffined in the Chancery Mess.

This afternoon I went with a party of Legation fellows, to a big Chinese theatre, which was very interesting indeed. We sent a "boy" to keep good seats for us, and found them in a gallery just opposite the stage. The house was crowded, and the whole thing was quite an experience. When we got there, a comic piece was going on, which was very amusing. After this came, what looked like some sort of "'orrible tragedy," which was dragged out for hours, and was still going on when we left. It is difficult to understand much of what they say, and the tragedies pall a bit after the first few hours. The Stage arrangements would astonish a London Stage manager. The actors, in the most grotesque costumes, perform at the front of the stage, while at the back, besides the orchestra, which is on the go all the time, backing up everything that the actors say, there are a crowd of scene-shifters and spectators, who just stand about smoking behind the performers. These quasi scene-shifters move chairs, tables and so on, and generally attend to the actors, all through the play, strolling on and off the stage in the most off-hand way, in the most exciting parts. After an actor has made a long speech, or sung a song, he naturally feels a

bit dry, so he turns his back to the audience, and a scene-shifter brings on a cup of wine, which he holds to the lips of the actor, who drinks it with relish. The performer then turns his head aside, pulls his large false beard on one side, and expectorates profusely. This is, of course, a strict "aside," while the other man is saying his part.

Somewhat more too is left to the imagination of the audience, than is the case at Drury Lane. For instance, the actors are often meant to be on horseback, and to show this, they come in flourishing a riding-whip. When they lift one leg up in the air, then the other, and then drop the riding whip, you know that they have got off their ponies; when they want to ride out again, they pick up the riding whip, and again lift up their legs alternately.

When a scene-shifter comes on and turns a chair upside down, and puts a cushion on top of it, it is difficult for an outsider to know whether it is a pony or a steamboat, but the Chinese all seem to know. When the interest of the play flagged a bit, we became the centre of attraction to the audience, as the "Foreign Devil" is rather a strange sight in that part of the world. I left the theatre just in time to get out of the city before the gates closed. * * *

THE RACE-COURSE, PEKING,

18 April, 1900.

* * * * *

I rode over to Feng-Tai to-day, the junction of the Tientsin and Pao-ting-fu Railways, to tiffin with our engineer on the line.

After tiffin we went on a trolley down the Belgian line, which has got as far as Pao-ting-fu, to a little place called Lu-ko-chiao, on the Hun-ho River.

Here there is a very fine old stone bridge across the river, which is mentioned by Marco Polo in his travels. Beside it, is the great long new Railway bridge, which carries the line over, and which, though a fine piece of engineering, looks vulgar beside the old stone bridge.

Lu-ko-chiao itself is a most picturesque model little walled town, with a European population of two French engineers. The railway looks most out of place under its walls; it seems to run the twentieth century right into the middle ages.

It is great sport riding on the trolley. Four coolies work it pumpwise, and it moves along at a very fair pace; it has to be kicked off the line when a train comes along, which happens about once a day.

* * * * *

This is Saturday, and I am riding over to the

Western Hills this afternoon, to stay over Sunday at the Summer Legation, with two students who are staying out there. On Monday I am dining with Sir Robert Hart, and on Friday at the American Legation with the Congers.

* * * * *

THE RACE-COURSE, PEKING,

23 April, 1900.

* * * * *

On Sunday morning we went for a long expedition into the hills, to a wonderfully pretty temple perched up on the hill, known as Lien-tei-Shan, where they have got an old Emperor, the founder, I believe, of the last dynasty, mummified and fixed up as a Buddha.

The priests were at first inclined to be surly, and flatly refused to show us their old Emperor, but after much parleying, and the expenditure of one dollar, we managed to persuade them to let us in.

The "old Boy" looks very imposing in his gorgeous robes of state, sitting up on his altar, surrounded by burning joss-sticks, unquenchable lamps, false flowers and so on.

The temple, unlike most others, is very well kept and clean, and I believe there is also a most interesting state library, but this we could not see. It was a very jolly little trip.

Not far from the Summer Legation is the Emperor's Summer Palace. This is, of course, as strictly forbidden as the Forbidden City, and from the Legation, which looks right over it, is a most fascinating fairyland. There are little hills, covered with the pretty yellow-roofed Palaces and small Pagodas, a fine large lake, with islands and camel-backed bridges, lotus ponds, and all sorts of wonders.

The Emperor, or the old Empress (I don't know which), is very fond of modern toys, too, as there is a very nice little electric launch on the lake, and when the first big man-of-war that was made for China came out they stripped off all the search-light apparatus and had it rigged up in the grounds of the Summer Palace. For a long time, however, they could not make out how to work it at all, and now they only raise a dim sort of a flicker.

The Summer Legation consists of about seven sort of bungalow-villas, in a large walled compound, a little way up the bare side of the hill.

All round there are the most interesting old temples, Emperors' hunting parks, and so on, to be visited; but there is also a very large encampment of Manchu soldiers, who are apt to be obstreperous.

An edict has just been issued warning For-

eigners to keep clear of the Summer Palace walls, I expect on account of all the Emperor's guards who are out there just now.

* * * * *

H. B. M.'s LEGATION, PEKING,
6 May, 1900.

As you see I am back again in the Legation once more. The races are over and my jolly time out at the course has come to an end. However, it is very nice to get back to town again in many ways. The streets are certainly beginning to smell a bit, and all that sort of thing, but the Legation itself is simply delightful. All the trees are fresh and green, and the lilac and yellow China roses make the place look lovely. Tennis is in full swing too, and there is even a little grass trying to come up in some places.

It really is most delightfully homelike in our compound, and it is wonderful what a difference there is between the noisy, smelly, dusty streets outside, and our quiet, shady Legation.

The races were yesterday and the day before. Our stable did not do so badly: one "griffin" called "Battery Wheeler," belonging to a rival stable, turned out a regular flyer. He won every

race he went for with the greatest ease, including the "Maidens" and the "Champions."

I had three or four mounts and enjoyed riding very much, but had not a show on my "outsiders" against the Tientsin jockeys.

On the whole, the meeting could not have been more enjoyable; the weather was beautiful, all the trees were fresh and green, and the lilac and wisteria round the grand stand were in full bloom; so the course was looking very pretty indeed.

All the beauty and fashion of Peking of course turned up, and some of the Tientsinners. We had tiffin both days in a large mat-shed in the paddock, and generally had a "great time."

We turned my temple into a dormitory on Friday night and put up most of the jockeys.

I am very sorry that it is all over, as the training and the life out in the country was all so jolly, and I got on so smoothly with my work.

At the end of the month we go out to the Hills, so we will not have much time in Peking.

I am thinking of spending next week in a trip up country, to see various parts of the great wall; also the Ming Tombs, but will let you know about it next mail.

The senior year students have just done their final exam. and are leaving for their various

destinations this week, and last night we had a tremendous "jamboree" as a "send-off" to these fellows. We had over fifty people altogether and dined in the theatre.

Besides the usual "sing-song" we had blind-fold and horseback "boxing" bouts, "cock fighting" and so on.

Dr. Morrison, *Times* correspondent, made the speech of the evening and kept us in roars of laughter. He is an awfully good chap and very amusing. * * *

THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

11 May, 1900.

To-morrow I am starting off early on a fortnight's trip up country, beyond the wall, to an old town of the name of Jehol. We hope to be able to come back by another route by a pass called Nan-Kou and the Ming Tombs. We will probably be away a fortnight and come back very dirty.

We are going on ponies, and have chartered two mule carts to carry our provisions and bedding, taking with us one "Boy" and a "mafoo" and a large supply of Keating's powder.

We have just said good-bye to the Students who are leaving Peking. The whole mess turned

out and formed a mounted escort to the station. It is really very sad to say good-bye to those who are being scattered about all over the Empire.

THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,
27 May, 1900.

We got back safely from Jehol last Tuesday, and as the F. O. bag does not go till to-morrow I can write you a long letter all about it. I went as I told you with Warren. We were away eleven days and enjoyed ourselves tremendously. We went on our ponies and took double-muled carts to carry our bedding and provisions. Our suite consisting of my boy, a Mafoo and two carters. We took five days getting to Jehol, stayed there a day, and five days getting back again. We covered about 35 miles a day by regular stages, always trying to arrive at night at a place where there was a decent inn.

A Chinese inn, though it would not compare very favourably with the "Cecil" or the "Waldorf," is not really half such a bad place. They are built as a rule in a square, around a large court-yard. At the south end is the gate, and the large house on the left of the gate would generally be the public cook house, while the guest rooms are ranged all round the court. These are mostly

divided into three "Chien" or divisions of small stone-flagged rooms, and there is not much to choose between them, except that it is better, if possible, to secure one with a ceiling to it, and if you are fond of privacy, it is nicer not to have all the paper torn off the paper windows, which take up the whole side of the room facing into the compound. The big house opposite the kitchen usually contains the three most "swagger" guest rooms, and we usually managed to secure these if we arrived in fairly good time. If, however, some big official, traveling to his post in the province, or some other "blood" arrived before us, we would find ourselves "done in the eye," and would have to be content with a more humble abode. The most swagger apartments are not over luxurious, though they seemed like palaces of comfort to us, after our long day's journey. In the middle room there is usually a table and two chairs, while the two side rooms are mostly taken up by the "k'ang," or raised stone platform, which the Chinaman calls a bed. These beds are really large brick ovens, in which a charcoal fire is lighted in the winter, and the Chinaman of the North has never dreamt of any other sort of bed. Of other furniture there is absolutely none, and the stone floor is an inch or so deep in dust.

When you first arrive and engage your room,

the attendant goes in, takes a big mouthful of water and skillfully spurts it out all over the floor, in such a way as to lay the dust evenly; water-cans have evidently not penetrated as far as this, and his mouth is quite good enough for the eminently practical Chinaman.

We took our own stores of tinned meat, etc., with us, and the only things we had to buy were eggs, chickens, and so on. When we got to the inn, my boy would bring out his little stove and cook our dinner, which we "chowed" like starving wolves. After dinner we spread our bedding on the brick "k'ang," and slept like tops till five next morning, when we got up for the next day's journey.

The carts and mules of the various travelers all stood in the court-yard for the night, and if the inn happened to be crowded, a considerable disturbance went on among the various beasts all through the night, and we were sometimes disturbed by the late arrival or early departure of a caravan, but otherwise it was most comfortable. Warren suffered a good deal from "wee beasties" but I am glad to say that they did not seem to like me at all.

We got to the great wall at Ku-fei-K'ou in two-and-a-half days. This first part of the journey is not particularly interesting. The first day-and-

a-half is over the dreary flat sandy plain ; all the towns are walled and robbers abound. Every traveler and caravan was accompanied by a formidable armed guard, with a rifle, which would probably take some persuasion to make it go off, and every cart displayed a little pointed banner with the name of some insurance company on it.

These insurance companies insure the travelers against loss by thieves, and the system is this, you pay a fairly big premium to a large company to insure against thieves for a certain journey, and the company provides you with a little coloured flag with its name on it, which you stick up on your cart. The company has previously paid a large sum to the big bands of robbers, in consideration of which, they will not rob any carts bearing the said company's flag, so by insuring you are practically buying off thieves—Chinese to the back-bone. The day's journey before you get to the Wall is a most tedious one. You get more or less into the mountains, and have to travel the whole day up a dreary expanse of a stony dry river bed, several miles broad, with the hills on either side of it. When at last you do reach Kupei-K'ou (The old North Gate), it is glorious. This is not the part of the Great Wall which all the "Globe trotters" rush off to; that is only about a

day and a half out of Peking, and is not really the "pukka" wall, being an off-shoot which was built about 200 years ago. The wall at the Ku-pei-K'ou is the "pukka" Great Wall, which was finished in 200 B. C., and is a magnificent sight. It is not so high or broad as I expected, and is in many places "going to pot," but it is a wonderful sight to see it crawling, with its battlements and bastions, up the side of the steepest mountains, and along the top of what seem to be inaccessible ridges. You can't help thinking what "rotters" they must have been to have wasted such an amount of time and labour in building such a useless thing as a large wall in places that are barely accessible to anyone. You would have thought it would have been enough if they had fortified the valleys, instead of working away for 1,500 miles, slap over everything that came in their way. I wish I could take you up to Ku-Pei-K'ou when you come in the Spring, but fear the five days' journey would be too much for you. If we do Nau K'ou and the Ming Tombs I think we will find that more in our line. From Ku-pei-K'ou to Jehol took us another two and a half days, all through the mountains, through fine scenery in places and over high and steep passes. The road was mostly fairly good, but in the big river valleys the stones played "old Harry" with our ponies'

feet. The people about in the villages were all very friendly, and strangely enough, though most of them had not probably seen foreigners before, did not seem nearly so curious as one would have expected. I think they were too stupid and dull to notice us particularly.

Of every five people at least three had goître ; some to a most revolting extent.

Just outside Jehol, we had to cross a high pass, by the steepest bit of road I have ever seen. It looked absolutely impossible to get a cart safely either up or down, but our scraggy mules managed it in a wonderful way. On the Jehol side, there is a most impossibly steep bit, and at the bottom of it the road swerves round and leaves a small sort of crevasse at the bottom of the hill. On the way back our first cart got safely up, and then they started off the second with the weakest mules. By dint of yelling and flogging they got half way up, when the cart stopped, and then began to slide slowly backwards, dragging the wretched exhausted mules after it. I thought the whole concern could hardly help going to "Kingdom come," and stood ready with my revolver to finish off the mangled mass of mule jelly, if it still shewed any signs of life at the bottom, but most fortunately the cart swerved a bit to the side, and ran into the steep side of the rock through which the road

was cut, and stuck there. They afterwards managed to get the cart up by harnessing a third mule. Jehol is a very pretty and interesting place, the chief interest being a fine summer Palace to which the Emperors all came from Peking to spend the summer, till about 100 years ago.

The palace is a large collection of very picturesque buildings, built on the slope of a very pretty wooded hill, and quite near it, on the same hillside, there is a very fine Llama temple, which also covers the whole side of the hill. The Royal Llama—the sort of high priest—is an old boy of about 80, and, as we heard that some other Europeans had been in to see him, we went and asked if the old gentleman was at home. The Llamas seemed rather surprised, but went in rather reluctantly to ask if he would receive us. His personal attendant Llama came out and invited us in and soon the old gentleman came in himself and we had a very pleasant chat with him.

We mildly suggested that we would like to see over the temple, but he did not rise to the occasion, and we could not get him to give us leave. The Llamas are all Mongols, and were very nice fellows, indeed; they were most intelligent and friendly, and much nicer than Buddhists priests

usually are. We met a party of them at an inn on the way to Jehol, all going to Peking to do a "Ko t'ou," and they, too, were just the same, as nice and friendly as they could be. One of them wanted me to partake of his snuff, and another, when I produced my pipe, offered me some mangy-looking "baccy," informing me that he was a martyr to toothache, and smoked occasionally as a preventative.

We got to Jehol at rather a bad time, as there was a large Fair going on, and we could not go out into the town without being thronged by a crowd who were not over polite, as of course, a "foreign devil" is a rare sight in that part of the world, but as most of the interesting palaces and temples (of which there are numbers) are outside the town, this did not matter much. At one of the inns on the way up we met a French Roman Catholic missionary, all togged up in his Chinese togs, who was going to stay with his brother missionary, about a day and a half's journey from Jehol. He was very pleased to meet us, and asked us if we would not go and look him up at his friend's on the way back. We went to look for him, and had to go a day's journey out of our way across the mountains, north of the road. We found the little Mission hidden away in a small valley in the mountains, in the very last place

where you would expect to find Europeans or missions or anything else. The poor chaps seemed awfully glad to see us, cut off as they are from all the outer world, with the exception of a precarious fortnightly mail by special courier. They gave us a good tiffin and we had a jolly hour or so with them. They were both Lazarists and Belgians, and very nice little fellows. The host lives there all by himself, except for a native priest, all the year 'round, and will probably continue to do so all his life.

It is all very well for us to gibe and jeer at the missionaries, but when you see fellows gladly burying themselves alive to the world, as these were doing, it makes you think more seriously about things.

Outside the Mission there was a little compound with three European tombstones in it; they were the graves of the three last missionaries who had successively been in charge of the Mission.

We got back again, *via* Ku-pei-K'ou, without mishap, and we were glad to get back to civilization again, after our most enjoyable trip.

We had a day's shooting on a big river, about a day out of Peking, where duck were simply swarming like rooks in a rookery. Unfortunately the country was fearfully flat all round the river, and the ducks had much too much

“savey” to let us get within shot, so we had to content ourselves with a small bag of very fine snipe.

When we got back to Peking we found that people were exciting themselves somewhat about the “Boxers,” who are now supposed to be in great force in the city. I only hope they are not alarming you at home with stupid alarmists rumors—things are certainly in a most unsettled state up here at present, and there is a good deal of excitement among the foreigners, but I am sure there is very little cause for alarm. The “Boxers” are, as I daresay you know, a large secret, or rather open society, which has grown largely lately, who’s object is to drive the foreigners out of China. We were all to have been massacred yesterday (as indeed we were to have been several times since I have been up here), but you may be sure that we are all fairly safe in here; the poor chaps who may suffer are the poor missionaries, scattered about in lonely places, who are cut off entirely, and far from help in case of need. We younger members of the community rather look forward to a Row, though I can quite understand the older fellows with wives and children, thinking differently on the subject. Things I am quite sure will come to a crisis soon, and the “Boxers” with sufficient pressure from the Foreign Ministers, will be sat upon heavily.

The country is so unsettled that the Government do not seem to dare to jump on such a powerful organization, but every day the Ministers are going round to the Tsung-li-yamen, and if the old Mandarins do not "buck up," the Legations will be having guards up, which they do not like, and if that does not have the desired effect, I am sure the ministers are prepared to take steps, such as will. We all go out to the Hills next Saturday, and I am looking forward to going very much. The temple that I am going to is called the Chüeh Ssu, and is about 25 miles to the north of the city.

We had a grand show on last Thursday, the Queen's Birthday. The chief gave a huge dinner in our theatre to all the Britishers, sixty in all, including thirteen ladies. The whole Legation was beautifully lighted up, and after dinner we had the Inspector-General's band on the lawn, and dancing in the tennis court. It was a most jolly and successful evening and everyone enjoyed it immensely. * * *

H. B. M.'s LEGATION, PEKING,

28 May, 1900.

(This letter was addressed to his uncle, Sir Ewen Cameron.)

I have just got back from a trip to the Great Wall, which I enjoyed very much. I got back in time for the Queen's Birthday, which Sir Claude

and Lady MacDonald celebrated by giving a large dinner to all the Britishers in our theatre.

We are all a bit excited about the "Boxers," the "anti-foreign-devil" society, which has lately assumed such vast proportions. They are said to be encamped in various places all round the City, and the Government seem absolutely unable or unwilling to cope with them. Fierce Government proclamations are stuck up on the gates of the city, saying that anything in the shape of a "Boxer" is to be immediately seized and imprisoned, and so on; while next to it, on the Wall, will be a large blood-thirsty, "slay the foreign-devil" sort of Boxer's placard, putting down the present drought and everything else to the Foreigners, and exhorting the people with one accord to rise and wipe them out. As a matter of fact, the people of the North are very placid and friendly, and if there is to be any disturbance, I think it will be limited to such secret societies as these Boxers, and I don't think the ordinary "man in the street" will trouble himself about it, though he would probably vastly enjoy sitting by and watching the Foreigners being "ragged."

We were all to have been massacred yesterday, or to-day, but as we have been massacred several times, ever since I have been up here, we do not attach much importance to the event.

The ministers will, I think, bring the Tsung-li Yamen to their senses soon ; every day, I know, "snorters" go round from the Chief, and yesterday all the Ministers went round to the Yamen.

I suppose it is, as a result of this visit, that I see outside our gate to-day, a dozen seedy-looking Chinese soldiers, armed, not with Maxims and Mausers, but with cheap fans!! If the Tsung-li Yamen do not "buck up" and do something soon, the Legations will all be getting up Guards, and the Yamen don't like that. As a matter of fact, no one is really alarmed except the poor Missionaries who are scattered about over the country; they would be in terrible danger if there should happen to be a rising, but we all feel perfectly safe here, and do not have to think twice about going about anywhere alone as usual. * * *

A student has just come in to tell me that a bridge on the railway line between Feng-tai and Pao-ting-fu has been blown up by the "Boxers," and that to-day's train has not run between Peking and Tientsin. This sounds exciting, but I only hope they are not alarming you at home by making mountains out of molehills. We really have very little cause for alarm in here ; it is, as I say, the poor Roman Catholics who are frightened, and who, poor chaps, have some cause to be. * * *



THE STUDENT INTERPRETERS AT THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING.—Before the Siege. Back Row.—Hewlett, Peachey, Kirke, Rose, Bristow, Porter, Flaherty, Hancock. Second Row.—Phillips, Craham, Tebbit, Thomas, Russell, Pearson, Pratt. Front Row.—Drury, Barr, Warren, Giles, Townsend.

H. B. M.'S LEGATION, PEKING,

29 May, 1900.

To His Sisters :

Since writing my letter to Mother the other day, we have been having no end of a high old time up here. The "Boxers" are fairly "on the ramp," and things are quite exciting. The threat of the "Boxers" always was, that when they began to get on the loose, they would first destroy the railway between Tientsin and Peking, and cut the telegraph wires, and so cut off Peking entirely.

Feng-tai is a small place near Peking, where the Pao-ting-fu line joins that to Tientsin, where the railway works are, and where there is a small settlement of European engineers. Well, yesterday afternoon news came in that a bridge on the Pao-ting-fu line, near Lu-ko-chiao, had been blown up, that the Boxers held Feng-tai and were burning the workshops, and that all the Europeans had "skedaddled" from there to Tientsin. The line had been partially destroyed and the train did not run, so our mail was "left in the smear."

The telegraph wire, however, was not cut, so we are still able to communicate with Tientsin. The Chief at once wired to Wei-hai-wei for 100 Marines from one of the battle-ships, and all the men of the Legation were summoned to form a defence committee.

Fortunately, we happen to have a Captain with us just now, Captain Poole, brother of our Doctor, so he took the command and organized us into a most powerful force.

All those who had shot-guns and revolvers armed themselves with them, while those who hadn't were given Martini rifles, and all through the blessed night we patrolled the Legation by turns and guarded the weak points against an enemy who never came.

I was on patrol duty from 12 to 2, and after that had to do "sentry-go" at one of the doors of the Chief's house from 2 till 4, so was pretty tired by the time I was allowed to lie on the floor and go to sleep. I gained great *kudos* for having been a sergeant in the Corps at school, so, I suppose, got a double dose.

We were nearly all collected into the Chief's house for the night, as all the houses are scattered about the Legation, and the idea was, in case of a surprise, to get all the women and children into the Chief's house, while we defended the walls.

Messages were sent out in the evening to all the missionaries, telling them to come along to the Legation, if they liked, and crowds of them turned up at about 12 o'clock, and all had to be housed in the Chief's house, besides the Legation people. I went out at about 10 o'clock to convoy in the

H—s, who live not far off, and everything was as quiet as ever, and there were no signs of anything all through the night. To-day, too, everything seems quite quiet in here, but no one is allowed outside the Legation, so I cannot go out to see. To-day a special train got up from Tientsin, so the line cannot be much damaged, and another train is to go down to-morrow, which will take this.

The guards might get up by to-morrow or the day after, and in the meantime we will have to amuse ourselves by patrolling all night, and so on.

The Tsung-li-yamen will, you may be sure, be brought to their senses now, and they won't like it when our Marines come marching in. We are, as a matter of fact, quite safe in here; and all the Chief's little arrangements are only precautionary. Even if the Legation were attacked (which is most improbable), we could hold out with ease, at least until the guards arrive, and in the meantime it is rather "sport" being in a state of seige.

It is rather rough on our ladies and "kiddies," but for us youngsters it is great sport. There is not the slightest cause for you to be frightened at home, though I expect the papers have plenty alarming news to frighten you with. It is great fun for us all, except the poor people in authority, and we are having no end of a time. I thought

I would just let you know the latest Boxer news,
as this train is going down to-morrow.

Hope this won't be intercepted by our friends
on the way.

The following letter appeared in the London TIMES of July 16, 1900, and created a profound impression:

PEKING NEWS UP TO JUNE 11.

We have been favoured with a copy of the following private letter, written home by one of the student interpreters of Her Majesty's Legation at Peking, which reached England *via* Russia on Friday last. It is dated June 10 and 11 and brings, in a singularly graphic form, the story of the events in Peking, up to within three days of the last telegram which has reached us from our own correspondent:

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

1 A. M., Sunday Morning, June 10.

Things are stirring with us up here just now, and as everything will probably have quieted down again by the time you get this, there is no fear of my frightening you by telling you all about it. I have been writing home to you regularly by the Foreign Office bags lately, but as we are frequently cut off from railway communication with

Tien-tsin, and the mails can go only very irregularly, I am afraid that my letters may possibly have arrived very erratically, if at all. Well, the fact of the matter is this—the “Boxers” have been growing and getting more “cheeky” every day. They have massacred any amount of native Christians as well as two of our missionaries; they have cut off railway communication with Tien-tsin for the last two weeks, burnt down several large places quite near Peking, and the latest dastardly outrage is the burning of our race course “Grand stand,” which took place last night. Some of our fellows went out to the course this afternoon to see what was going on, and narrowly escaped being cut off by several bands of “Boxers.” They had to ride for it to get through, and a student had to “pot” one with his revolver to save himself from decapitation. This sort of thing has been going on with us for some time, and though rather fun for us safely in here, was not much of a joke for the scattered foreigners and missionaries. I told you in my last letter about the arrival of the Guards and so on, and how we felt safe enough from “Boxers” or any one else with them, but to-night we are looking out for something on a much larger scale. The Chinese troops have been doing nothing to squash these “Boxers,” who have simply been killing and burning at their will, with a view

finally to the wiping out of the foreigners. The foreign Ministers have, of course, been lately putting their great feet down heavily, and have probably spoken pretty plainly to the Tsung-li-Yamen. Missionaries have been flocking into our Legation yesterday and to-day, and are camped about anywhere, but to-night, most unexpectedly for those of us who were not "in the know," every lady in Peking, Customs and all, came in to see us, and most rigid precautions were taken against a surprise, and this is the reason thereof: A Minister of the Tsung-li-Yamen to-day told —— that the Empress-Dowager had come in this afternoon from the Summer Palace in a towering rage, at the high-handed way in which the foreigners had been "bossing" things up here, that she had taken the bit between her teeth, and was not going to "lump it" any longer, and with her nine or ten thousand soldiers at her back, had decreed that every foreigner in Peking was to be massacred to-night. That there must be some fairly solid foundation in the scare is evident from the fact that Sir Robert Hart, who probably knows the Chinamen, if any one does, has ordered every one of his Customs ladies straight off into our Legation, after most tearful farewells to their husbands and friends, and that nearly every unattached Britisher has been ordered in here, and we are all in a state of great

excitement. We have, of course, all had Martinis and ammunition served out to us, and have all had our posts assigned in case of attack, for the last fortnight, and to-night everybody is fairly on the *qui vive*. Our Legation ladies are AI, just as plucky as possible. We have a good many foreign Marines up here altogether, but the foreign Legations and so on, are too much scattered to be easily defended. If this scare is true, and there is an organized attack on us to-night, by 9,000 or 10,000 troops, we will, I fear, have a poor chance. We are all well armed, and, with our Marines and their Maxims, will be able to give them a jolly poor time, but I do not see how we can hold out for any time against a large force. Our wire to Tien-tsin is still working, and the ships at Ta-ku can land several thousands of men. I believe the Chief wired to the Admiral to-night to land as many men as he could, but I do not know if they had orders to march on Peking or not. It would take from three to four days at least to march up here, and if we are attacked to night it means that we will have to hold out for perhaps a week before any one can get at us. We are provisioned for a week's siege, but I think we would have some difficulty in keeping the beggars out in case of an organized attack. I wish we had not got all our ladies and kiddies up here; most of them were to

have been sent away some time ago, but have not been able to go down to Tien-tsin since the trains have been stopped. It is all jolly good fun for us young chaps, and we would none of us be out of it for worlds, but it is different for all the ladies and children. The only thing that I am unhappy about is that you must be so fearfully anxious at home about us up here. I expect that the reports that you get are most exaggerated and alarming. Stick to the *Times* and see what Dr. Morrison, their correspondent up here, has got to say. He is a first-class chap. However, you will know all about everything by the time this reaches you, and I think that things are sure to be calm and peaceful by then. Whatever happens, it seems to me that it is sure to end in the smash-up of China, and that really seems to be the very best thing for a country in such a hopeless state as this. However, it is just 2 o'clock, and I think I will get a little sleep now, so no more for the present. Will finish off to-morrow, with the kind permission of the Dowager Empress and her friends. Good-night.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Well, here we are, "beastly fit," thank you, as usual. Nothing exciting happened last night. I

heard the military horns tootling through the night up towards the Imperial City, so the troops must evidently have been mobilizing during the night. Everything is so uncertain and disturbed that goodness only knows what is going to happen next. The city is full of picturesque, wild-looking troops, who may be used only to suppress the "Boxers" or may be used against us. We hear to-day that another large detachment of guards, including 300 Britishers, are on their way from Tien-tsin by train, repairing the line as they come. The authorities seem to expect them to-day, but are so jolly reticent about it that we do not know much. The Chinese have mounted big guns on the Chien Mên gate, the main gate into the city, trained down the big street leading through it, and, if they intend to oppose our men, then by Jove! the fun will begin. Our fellows will certainly have their work cut out to get in at us then, as, if the gates are shut, the Chinese could easily keep out a large force for some time. The Chinese soldiers are, of course, wretched unpaid sort of creatures, who may mutiny, or do anything else at a minute's notice, but I have lately seen some very fairly smart-looking squadrons of cavalry, all armed with Mauser rifles, and really looking as if they had something in them. I have just heard that no more telegrams can be sent off, but do not

know if it is because the wires have been cut by the "Boxers" or somebody outside, or if the Dowager Empress has given orders that foreign telegrams are not to be sent. If such is the case it will be a serious matter, and would probably mean that a large force would march up from the fleets, possibly with a view to occupation. Great things are certainly in the air, and nobody knows what will happen next. I am so jolly glad that I got out here just when I did, or I would have missed all this fun. I am glad you sent me that revolver when you did—such things are greatly in demand just now, and it is always advisable to take one with you outside now. I lent it to Mrs. K—— last night and my shot gun to ——, a fellow who happens to be up here, and had to arm myself with a beastly Government Martini. My post in case of attack is at a corner of the Legation wall, just outside my bedroom windows. I believe that all the ladies are to be sent off as soon as possible, which will be a relief, as we will then be able to enjoy ourselves freely without having to think of them. I bet some of them will kick like fun at having to go. We had an open-air service to-day in one of the big *tinghrs*, or arches, in the compound and a jolly good sermon from Norris, one of the refugee missionaries.

MONDAY EVENING.

I really must finish this off now, and send it to take its chance of reaching you, which is, I fear, not very great. The mails are now being sent down to Tien-tsin by courier on a donkey, and I expect only about half the letters we send will reach their destination. The fun is by no means over yet. Last night we heard that the foreign troops had got through to Machia-pu, our railway station, so all of us students went down to the station, as soon as the gates of the city were opened, at 4 o'clock this morning, with a large convoy of carts and an escort of marines to bring them in in triumph. We got to the station, but found no sign of train or troops. We waited a bit and then returned with our convoy, and when we got back we found rumours floating about of a sharp engagement down the line about where it has been destroyed, and our men would be. The funny part of the joke is that there is absolutely no means of communication, and we have not the remotest idea of how far our men have got, or whether the reported engagement was between our men and the "Boxers," the "Boxers" and Chinese troops, the Chinese troops opposing our men, or what it was. It is a rummy situation, and no mistake. Well, soon after we got back this morning the gate-keeper of our new summer Legation, which has

just been finished, came in to report the rather interesting fact that the "whole show" was burnt to the ground this morning and his wife and family killed. He does not seem very certain whether the fellows who were doing it when he "bunked" were "Boxers," villagers, or soldiers; probably, I should think, a little combination. This is really rather fun, as Sir Claude had intimated to the Tsung-li-Yamên that he wished to hand over the protection of the summer Legation entirely to them, and would hold them directly responsible for anything that happened to it, so I don't know what this won't mean in the way of compensation. Again, another story comes in later this afternoon; some of the little Japs went down with us to the station this morning, to meet their troops, and had not come back with us, but waited on longer. One of them was apparently coming home alone in his cart, when just outside the Yun-ting Mên, the first big gate you go through and get into the Chinese city, some ruffians of soldiers spotted him, hauled him out, and, rumour says, sliced off his head. It is not, however, known for certain what happened to him, as since then what is perhaps the most serious thing of all, the big main gate has been closed, and no one can go out there. It must have been a most ruffianly thing, as when we went down earlier in the day, a strong party and all

armed, the soldiers and every one were as quiet and happy as possible. I only hope this last yarn may prove to be exaggerated, as it is such very rough luck on the poor little chap, if it is true. I think that is about all I can do for you to-day in the way of "gup"—not bad considering—and you can imagine what sport it is for us youngsters being up here at such a time. The gates leading on to the wall have nearly all been blocked and guarded lately, but I and R——, my chum in the "Students," found one where we could get up this afternoon and stroll along to the top of the big Chien-Mén, where we heard the guns had been mounted. When we got near we saw that the whole gate was covered with Manchu soldiers, and when they saw us coming about half a dozen officials came running to meet us, and, though just as nice as they could possibly be, asked us "how the dickens" we had got there, what we were doing, and would we make ourselves scarce jolly well as quickly as we could. They were really awfully decent fellows, and we chatted very amiably to them for a bit, but they were most pressing in their requests that we should clear out, which we proceeded to do. We have just got back and find that the chief has issued a *fat* that we are now to confine our "wanderings" strictly between here and the Club. We were stopped riding out some

time ago, and now we are limited to the Club. But *maskee* our "Tommies" will be up soon, and we may be allowed to meet them again, and things look as if they might possibly have some fun in getting into the city.

As I remarked before, oh, what a glorious time we're having! A glorious time, and no mistake. I only hope this letter reaches you safely through the "Boxers'" lines, as you will be interested to hear about our little games.

On the same day that the foregoing letter appeared, the following telegrams from China were published, and left little hope for the Legations at Peking:

[The London *Times*, 16 July, 1900.]

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

MASSACRE OF FOREIGNERS IN PEKING.

A DESPERATE SORTIE—CHINESE OFFICIAL TELEGRAM.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

SHANGHAI, July 13.

The Shanghai Taotai has communicated to the Consuls the substance of a message received to-day from Yuan Shih-kai to the effect that the Legation guards made a sortie on the night of July 6 and inflicted heavy losses on the investing force.

Tung-fuh-siang, enraged at the stubborn defense, issued orders on the following day to place heavy artillery in position and to bombard the Legations. Shéng states that Yuan Shih-kai considers the situation hopeless, and expresses the fear that the Palace will share in the general destruction.

It is reported that a considerable Russian force is marching on Peking from Petuna.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

SHANGHAI, July 13.

The following is from an official source :

The Governor of Shan-tung telegraphs under yesterday's date :

"The native soldiers and 'Boxers' have gathered together and have been attacking the Legations for some hours, but have not yet effected an entrance. They are now all bombarding with large cannon to make a breach for a heavy onslaught. I fear all the Ministers and the Government as well are in great danger. The Government is intensely anxious."

JULY 15, 7.45 P. M.

An official telegram to-night from the Governor of Shan-tung states that the breach in the defenses of the Legations in Peking has been made, and that after a gallant defense, during which the ammunition gave out, all the foreigners were killed.

A telegram was received on Saturday at the Foreign Office from the British Consul-General at Shanghai, repeating the telegram given above from the Governor of Shan-tung, and expressing his fear that there could be little doubt of the fate of the foreigners in Peking.

[*The Daily Mail*, 16 July, 1900.]

THE MASSACRE IN PEKING.

I learn that after June 25 the "Boxers" and the Imperial troops gradually increased in numbers, and massed themselves around the British Legation, camping in the streets and in places laid waste by the "Boxers." Daily sorties were made by the small body of defenders, who met the Chinese in the streets, inflicting severe punishment on them. These sorties, too, often took place at night.

So great was the courage and the energy of the little force that they gradually compelled the Chinese to retreat from the immediate vicinity of the British Legation. These reverses were having a disheartening effect, and there began to be open signs of disaffection and frequent desertions to the troops of Prince Ching, who was endeavoring to co-operate with the besieged. Ultimately Prince Tuan decided to make an organized night attack. Having secured a plentiful supply of ammunition for his heavy guns, a conference of Chinese leaders was held, and a regular plan of attack was agreed upon in three powerful columns with strong reserves.

At 6 P. M. on July 6, fire was opened with artillery upon the British Legation, where the allies, all Europeans, had concentrated. For two

hours the walls of the buildings were battered with shot and shell and huge breaches were made in them. Then a general advance was ordered, and the Chinese infantry, volleying constantly, moved towards the gaps.

The fire of the defenders, however, was so accurate and steady that the hordes of Chinese soldiers and "Boxers" broke and fled in the wildest confusion, leaving large numbers of dead and wounded around the Legation. They were not rallied until out of rifle range, and then Prince Tuan, making a desperate appeal, induced them to stand and return to the attack. Their artillery fire was resumed, and at the middle watch a second attack was attempted, but before the attackers could accomplish their object they were met by Prince Ching and General Wang Weng Shao with their troops, who were going to aid the foreigners.

A desperate battle ensued between the various forces of the Chinese and Manchus. Unfortunately, many of Prince Ching's troops deserted to Prince Tuan. Prince Ching fell—it was supposed at the time he was killed—but the search for his body the next morning was unsuccessful, and it is now believed that he was only wounded and carried off and secreted by his faithful retainers. Wang Weng Shao, although a grey-haired old

man, seventy years old, valiantly led his troops in person. He was killed, and his force, being completely outnumbered, was routed.

Throughout the night repeated attacks were made on the Legation, but were invariably repulsed with heavy losses. Towards the end of the third watch, about 5 A. M., the allies had practically defeated the besiegers, who were wavering and were gradually withdrawing when General Tung-fuh-siang arrived from the vicinity of Tien-tsin with a large force of Kansu braves.

By this time the walls of the Legation had been battered down, and most of the buildings were in ruins from the Chinese artillery fire.

Many of the allies had fallen at their posts, and the remaining small band who were still alive took refuge in the wrecked buildings, which they endeavoured to hastily fortify. Upon them the fire of the Chinese artillery was now directed.

Towards sunrise it was evident that the ammunition of the allies was running out and at 7 o'clock, as the advances of the Chinese in force failed to draw a response, it was at once clear that it was at length completely exhausted. A rush was determined upon.

Thus standing together, as the sun rose fully, the little remaining band, all Europeans, met death stubbornly. There was a desperate hand-

to-hand encounter. The Chinese lost heavily, but as one man fell others advanced, and finally, overcome by overwhelming odds, every one of the Europeans remaining was put to the sword in a most atrocious manner.

Walter's letter of 10th June drew forth the following comments:

The Editor of the TIMES in a leading article on the situation wrote as follows:

“There is one passage in the extraordinarily interesting private letter, dated June 10 and 11, from one of our student interpreters in the Peking Legation, published in our columns to-day, which throws some light on that side of the question. This genuine “human document,” bubbling over with boyish high spirits, is at the same time the only detailed narrative we have of the last days before communications with Peking were cut off. The writer incidentally mentions one piece of evidence against the Empress Dowager which may well be weighed now with the attention given to a dying deposition. “A Minister of the Tsung-li-Yamen,” he writes, “to-day told — that the Empress Dowager had come in this afternoon from the Summer Palace in a towering rage at the high-handed way in which the foreigners had been bossing things up here, that she had taken the bit between her teeth and was not going to lump it any longer, and with her nine or ten

thousand soldiers at her back had decreed that every foreigner in Peking was to be massacred to-night. That there must be some fairly solid foundation in this scare is evident from the fact that Sir Robert Hart, who probably knows the Chinaman, if any one does, has ordered every one of his Customs ladies straight off to our Legation." Here the responsibility for what followed is fixed in no uncertain way. It is indeed pathetic, and at the same time something to make Englishmen proud, to read the account given by this young student interpreter of the preparations made by the English colony and the way they faced what all must have seen to be a seriously alarming situation, though they knew that they only had provisions for a week's siege."

In the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of 22 September, 1900, L. F. Austin had the following—referring to this letter:

I suggest that so noble a spirit would be fitly commemorated by a simple emblem in schools.

At Marlborough the name of Walter Townsend ought to shine in Gold letters with a suitable inscription—not omitting the famous sentence that summed up the Peking crisis: "A rummy situation and no mistake."

Sir Wemyss Reid, in the NINETEENTH CENTURY MAGAZINE for August, wrote as follows (under the impression that all in the Legations had perished):

17 JULY.

To-day's *Times* furnishes one page, at least, of precious and not unconsoling reading. It is that in which are set forth side by side the memoirs of Sir Claude Macdonald, Sir Robert Hart and Dr. Morrison. They were but three of the many victims of the Peking slaughter-house; yet what other country in the world could have produced three such typical representatives of the most characteristic virtues of our race? It was difficult, indeed, to read these tributes to Macdonald's unswerving courage and devotion to duty, to Hart's splendid life's work in the service of an alien Power, with the loyalty and self-devotion which have been so ill requited, and to Morrison's heroic spirit of adventure and strenuous love of truth, without feeling the tears rise at the thought of all that we have lost through this one stroke of "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears." And then, to complete the picture of what our race is and will continue to be, there was that wonderful letter from the boy attached to the Legation at Peking which appeared in the *Times* of yesterday—a letter written under the impending shadow

of death, but full of the light-hearted courage and absolute unconsciousness of self where peril threatens which are so eminently characteristic of our English boys. It was only for the women and children that danger was to be deprecated. For the student interpreter and every other "man" in the Legation it came as part of the day's work, to be endured with cheerfulness accordingly. The muse of Sir Francis Doyle would surely have been invoked by such an outburst of frank courage and joyous steadfastness as this.

The following letters were not received until some time after the news of Walter's death had reached the family:

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING,

Wednesday, 15 August, 1900.

Here we are safe and sound, after our two months' siege.

The relief force bombarded the city gates and got into us yesterday, and oh! the joy of seeing the Sikhs, Bengal Lancers, Pathans, and Rajputs, who were the first in, was simply indescribable! To-day it is a treat to see the Chinese dancing to our music by way of a change.

The Imperial Palace and Forbidden City are being bombarded to smithereens and Peking *n'existe plus*.

I have been writing you a long account of it all for the last week or so, but as it is not quite ready yet, and as the chief has just told me that a mail will start in half an hour, I am just sending you this scribble for the present, and will send you the other to-morrow; they will probably arrive together. You will probably have seen in the

papers that I have been wounded ; I got a bullet through the thigh and another through the shoulder, but the latter healed up some time ago, and the leg is nearly all right, too—no damage done at all, though I cannot get about much yet. Am longing for letters from you, saying you are all fit and well. Time up now. Expect long epistle after this. This is only to say “ beastly fit, thank, you!”

THE SIEGE OF PEKING.

H. B. M. LEGATION (*what is left of it*),
PEKING, August 6, 1900.

Here's a nice little mess that we have been in during the last six weeks or so. Things look a bit brighter now, however, and I believe we are most of us going to come out of it "right end up" after all. We must not begin hurrahing yet, as we are by no means out of the wood, but I really think we will get out of it now. We have been besieged with shot, shell, fire, mines and every other deviltry the fiends could think of since June 20, and it is really nothing short of a miracle that we have stood it like we have. If some one had told us when the siege began that we would have to hold out against it for something like two months, and would be fairly fit at the end of that time, we simply would not have been able to believe it.

At the beginning of the siege Sir Robert Hart, after very careful calculations, told us that in his opinion the very earliest date at which relief could arrive was July 5, and we all jeered at him as a

pessimistic old croaker, yet here is August 6, and here are we still hanging on, and still hoping daily for relief. I do not consider that Ladysmith or Kimberley *is in it* with what we are going through. We are all penned up in a small quarter which is very difficult to defend, with hundreds of our women and children, and thousands of Christian convert refugees, fighting for our lives day and night for a month, with hardly a moment's peace, being shelled by Krupp guns, in some places at a distance of about forty yards, as well as from the city wall, and, worst of all, without any question of surrender even if we were thusly inclined; we know too well what it means to fall into the hands of the festive Chinese soldiers.

However, by a wonderful dispensation of a most merciful Providence, about a fortnight ago, just when things were looking particularly "blue," when our best men were being killed and wounded, and we were almost afraid that we would have to abandon a most important position, which was being most pluckily held by the Japs principally, all the firing suddenly ceased, we received tender messages from the Tsung-li-Yamen inquiring after our health and welfare, and stating that they hoped to check the attacks which the "lawless robbers and bandits" were making upon us, etc., and since then we have

been enjoying comparative peace, with the exception of occasional night attacks, though of course the siege is as strict as ever, and both sides are working away as hard as they can on the fortifications.

You must understand that, in spite of all the protestations of the Yamen to the contrary, the people who are attacking us are Imperial Chinese troops, acting under orders from the Government, and the "Boxers," who are now openly recognized and supported by the Government as a sort of militia. The Tsung-li-Yamen protests that the attackers are outlaws and bandits, knowing all the time that we know that they are regular Government troops, commanded by high princes and officials, and, if this were not enough in itself, we have managed, through messengers and spies, to get hold of most of the recent issues of the official *Peking Gazette*, which publishes all the Imperial edicts, and in it are many edicts encouraging and rewarding the soldiers and "Boxers" who are trying to get at us. But of this, more later.

We have good reason to believe that there is a large relief force now on its way up to us, and what we chiefly fear is a final determined attempt to "scupper" us when that force gets near. I sincerely hope this may not happen. I am sick and tired of war and its horrors, and as I got two

bullets through me on July 1 and have been laid up ever since, I have to be still and do nothing when there is fighting going on all around, which is simply terrible.

I was wounded in a sortie made to capture a gun which was playing "Old Harry" with us. The Italian officer who was leading us made a hopeless blunder, led us into a regular death trap, and we only got out with the loss of three killed and three wounded. I got two bullets through me, one through the fleshy part of the thigh and one through the shoulder, behind the shoulder blade. Luckily, no bones were touched, and I am getting on first class. The shoulder healed up quickly and is now quite right. The leg, which was rather a nasty big place, would not heal for some time, but is now getting on fine, and I am able to get about outside a little, with the aid of a pair of crutches. I have not suffered much pain from the wounds at all. It is the effect which it has on you rather than the wound itself which is so trying—the fever and the great weakness.

The sensation of being shot is a very peculiar one. I felt at the time as if I had received two heavy blows with a club or stone. There was no pain at all, and as I was able to go straight on I hardly realized that I had been shot, but thought

it must have been bricks or something of that sort that had struck me. I managed to walk some way back even, but as I was bleeding terribly I soon got faint and had to be carried in. However, of all this more, too, later on. I am going to bore you with a short daily account of the siege, but will give you a sort of sketch of how we stand first.

Personally, I am jolly sick of war and its horrors, and hope to goodness we can get away from it soon. I have seen my best friends hit, die, and be carried out and buried, all in the space of a few hours—poor old Oliphant, the very best chap there was, and everybody's friend, is buried in our little temporary cemetery by the First Secretary's house, beside poor Warren, of my year, with whom I went to Jehol. Strouts is there, too, the senior captain of our marines, one of the nicest fellows possible, and the smartest officer we had.

Our total casualties up to date, in our small garrison of marines and volunteers, amount to 60 killed and 92 wounded—152 in all—a large number out of so small a garrison when every available man is wanted. However, some of the wounded are coming out now, and are able to return to duty, but the proportion of killed to those hit is something tremendous. The British

have the greatest number of casualties, thirty-two killed and wounded, out of which, however, only six have been killed—Oliphant, Warren, Strouts, Dr. Huberty James and two marines—while the Germans have eleven killed, and the French eleven out of a total of twenty-five and twenty-one casualties, respectively.

Those who have done by far the most useful work are the Japanese, and I only wish they had brought up seventy-five instead of twenty-five. They are the pluckiest beggars we have got, and take to fighting like ducks to water. Out of their twenty-five sailors, nine have been killed, and there are only six whole men left who have not been hit. The hospital arrangements, considering where we are and the suddenness of everything, have been simply wonderful. We could not possibly have two better surgeons than our Dr. Poole, and Dr. Felde, of the German Legation. Among the women missionaries there are women doctors and nurses, who do all the nursing. We fortunately had a good supply of medical dressing and stuff, though I am afraid it is getting scarce now. Sheets, curtains, etc., make excellent bandages (those that are not wanted for bandages are used for sandbags for the defence). The Chancery forms the hospital, and, on the whole, up till now I really do not

think that the wounded could have been better cared for at a big hospital at home.

As I am now convalescent I have been moved up to the Chief's house, where the "Lady Chief" is just as kind to me as she can possibly be, and where I share a sort of convalescent ward with Captain Halliday, of our marines, who has made a wonderful recovery from a very bad wound through the shoulder, touching the lung, and Dr. Morrison, our renowned *Times* correspondent, who has a wound in the thigh. Three officers came up with our marines—Captains Strouts, Halliday and Wray—two of them, Strouts and Halliday, being simply first class officers, and it is very bad luck that one of them should be killed and the other put *hors de combat*. However, we are lucky in having one or two other military men, who were up here in various capacities, such as Captain Poole, the doctor's brother, who was here to learn Chinese, and Captain Percy Smith, a concession hunter. So much for our killed and wounded.

Our poor Legations are a sorry sight. All the Europeans are herded into the British Legation and are living just anywhere and everywhere—in passages, cupboards, carts, anywhere they can sleep. Most of the other Legations are being held by their respective marines, so as to form a sort

of square of the foreign quarter. The fine new Austrian Legation had to be abandoned the first day of the siege, and was immediately sacked and burned. This entailed the abandonment of the Inspector-General's house and the other Customs buildings, which it covered, and the Italian Legation, which were all likewise burned. The French and Austrian marines are holding the French Legation well, but have been driven out of half of it, the Chinese having got possession of the other half after undermining and blowing up one of the houses. In the explosion two French marines were buried and lost, while Von Rosthorn, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, and Destelan, a customs student, were also buried, but managed to get out all right.

The German Legation, which is hopelessly exposed to the city wall, is being very pluckily held by the German marines, who are sturdy useful chaps, but has been most unmercifully battered about by shells from the wall. Our Legation has not actually suffered as much as these, but one big house in the middle of the stables has been shelled to a fair pulp. Our students' quarters have been knocked about a good deal by old-fashioned cannon balls, which come crashing through the rooms in a most uncomfortable way, being fired from the Imperial city wall. One of these great

round shots came flying through the Chief's dining room, passing just behind a huge portrait of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which hangs at one end of the room.

Of course, the Legation is knocked about beyond recognition in the building of fortifications and so on. Every available brick has been pulled out and used; every available carpet, curtain, tablecloth, sheet and pair of trousers, have long since been made into sandbags, of which I should think we must now have used about fifteen thousand. Bombproof shelters have been dug all over the place. Kitchens, armories, commissariat tents are pitched in all sorts of weird places. Seventy missionaries are camped in the chapel. Families of all nations and races occupy our students' downstairs quarters. The two large entrance porches to the Chief's house are crowded, the first with French priests, Belgian engineers, Chinese Roman Catholic Sisters, etc.; the second is reserved as an officers' laager. On the whole, you would simply never recognize our poor, old, peaceful, quiet Legation in its present state. We have tried to guard against mining by digging a 10-foot trench all the way round, and I hope that may be effective.

All round the Legations is a scene of desolation such as is seldom seen, I should think. The

inhabitants, of course, all cleared out "chop-chop" when the siege began, and now there is scarcely a house left standing near us. During the first two or three days of the siege the wretches made the most determined attempts to burn us out, creeping up to houses that stood close to our walls and firing them with paraffin. They repeated this over and over again, and we had to turn out and work like very demons with our wretched little hand pumps to check the flames, while the Chinese would keep up a hot fire on us all the time from the houses round. Several times I thought they had done for us, and it seemed quite hopeless to keep the fire out of the Legation, but we always managed to get it under, and, after that, if possible, a sortie would be made, the Chinese "snipers" would be cleared out, and we would set to work to demolish the other houses around which might be set fire to.

These sorties from house to house were terribly dangerous, as you were liable to come round a corner suddenly on to several Chinese soldiers. It was in this way that Halliday was wounded. He was leading his men down a narrow passage, and, turning into a small court-yard, suddenly came upon five soldiers who were sniping at us while we were trying to put out a fire. The first one blazed at him point blank, the muzzle of his

rifle almost touching him, and the bullet going through his shoulder. Halliday proceeded to pot him and two others with his revolver, while the others escaped.

Demolishing houses was a novel experience to me. We would take a band of coolies and simply wreck the whole show. It is wonderful how easily a Chinese house comes down with a run. There was, of course, a good deal of valuable loot brought in, which the Chief ordained should be put into the common stock and afterward distributed; but I fear that this excellent rule is not being rigidly adhered to. The soldiers who are attacking us are armed with very serviceable Mauser rifles. We have fortunately been able to get hold of a good many of these from the soldiers we have slain, with their bandoliers of cartridges, and they have proved simply invaluable to the Italians and Japs, who have nearly run out of ammunition. I had one for some time, when I had mislaid my Martini, and a very handy weapon it was, too.

AUGUST 8.

You must not mind this epistle being spread out over several days. I fear we will have some time yet before relief comes and we can begin to think of sending off letters again. A native messenger from Tien-tsin managed to get in to us on

August 2 with letters saying that a strong relief force was on the point of starting, but since then we have passed a week without a vestige of news, and things are dull to a degree. Everything is fairly quiet, however, barring a good deal of sniping and an occasional night fusillade. Yesterday a Japanese got a bullet through his leg while passing a loophole, and they blazed at us a good deal last night. We are in a state of most delightful uncertainty as to how we stand. The Yamen pretend to be all anxiety to protect and guard us, but we have already had one or two examples of how far the Yamen can be relied upon, and if they have such friendly intentions, why are Imperial troops building most formidable barricades all round the Legations and across every little lane and alley? And why is it that we cannot show a little finger above our barricades in most places without getting a bullet through it?

On the other hand, if they really wanted to "scupper" us, why did they cease active hostilities just when we were getting it so hot, and give us about three weeks of comparative peace, unless, perhaps, through fear of an advancing relief force, or perhaps on receipt of the news of the capture of Tien-tsin? There is really nothing like a spice of uncertainty to give zest to life, and with us now goodness only knows the why, wherefore, or what

next, of anything. Dispatches have just come from the Tsung-li-Yamen to say that Li Hung Chang has been appointed to settle all questions with the Foreign Offices of the various countries. We suppose that this means an unconditional surrender on the part of China, probably after a jolly good hiding by our relief force, and also a speedy relief, I hope, for us poor beggars in here.

I only wish we could get some idea of what is going on outside. It is annoying to think that you at home, thousands of miles away, know a great deal better what is going on outside the very walls of Peking than we who are cooped up inside them. A coolie messenger whom we sent out into the city has just returned with the news that all the troops in the city, except five of Yung Lu's regiments, are ordered to go out with all haste to meet the advancing foreign troops, which also looks hopeful. However, more of all this in its right place. I must go on with my description of the present condition of things where I left off last Monday.

SATURDAY, August 11, 1900.

"Now, we shan't be long," to quote the little vulgar boy. A messenger whom we sent out last Sunday to look for the troops got back again last night with two letters, one from Lieutenant-

General Gaselee, in command of the British detachment of the relief force, and one from General Fukushima, in command of the Japanese detachment, or army rather, which appears to be very strong. General Gaselee's letter was dated from South Tsai-Tsung (a place not quite half way between here and Tien-tsin), August 8, 1900, and said:

“Strong force of allies advancing. Twice defeated enemy. Keep up your spirits.”

General Fukushima's, bearing the same date, was much longer, and such of it as the Chief has thought fit to publish to the outer world runs as follows:

“Japanese and American troops defeated the enemy on the 5th inst. at Pei-Tsung (near Tien-tsin), and occupied Yang-Tsun (about one-quarter of the way up) on the 6th. The allied forces, consisting of Americans, British and Russians, left Yang-Tsun this morning (August 8), and while marching north I received your letter at 8 A. M. at Nan-Tsai-Tsung. It is very gratifying to learn from your letter that the foreign community at Peking is holding out, and, believe me, it is the unanimous and earnest desire of the Lieutenant-General and all of us to arrive at Peking as soon as possible and deliver you from your perilous position.”

He then goes on to give the probable dates of arrival at various places on the route, according to which the troops should to-day be at Chang-Chia-Wan, about seventeen miles from here; to-morrow at Tung-Chou, where they evidently anticipate a battle, since they allow a whole day for the few miles between those two places, and, finally, the probable date of arrival at Peking August 13 or 14.

You can well imagine that after such a long time of monotonous suspense this good news caused great jubilation, and to-day every one is tremendously "bucked up," especially as our food supply is beginning to look rather small, and we will soon be on starvation rations, besides the fact that the night attacks are again becoming very heavy. However, I must once more try to get back to my tale of woe, where I left off before. I am sorry that I do not write this more regularly every day. It is not that I have not got time, as there is no lack of that for a wretched wounded " 'ero " with nothing to do; but the reason is that I am doing sort of private secretary work for Dr. Morrison, our *Times* correspondent, who, as I told you, was slightly wounded, and is in the convalescent ward with me. He is, of course, preparing his detailed account of the siege, to be wired and sent home as soon as we are re-

leased, and my duties consist in copying out all his various documents. Consequently, after writing away for him for several hours on end, I do not feel much inclined to sit down and go on writing on my own account. You must be sure to read carefully all that he has got to say in the *Times*, as his account is a very good one.

I was just going to tell you last Monday about our food supply and commissariat department. A good deal of fuss was made about it when the fellows in Ladysmith began eating their horses, but, *great Scott!* we have been living on nothing else since a few days after the siege began. Fortunately, we had several hundred at our disposal, but as we have been "chowing" the poor beasts at the rate of two a day, we have now very nearly come to the end of our supply, and there are only a few of the more valuable ones left. I do not think that poor old "Creggan" (my pony) ever graced the table. He stampeded out of the gate with a few others some time ago, and I think strayed away and was lost.

As soon as the siege began the two foreign stores in the quarter were looted, and all the tinned edibles brought into the British Legation, but, of course, they did not go far. Besides the ponies our salvation has been a most opportune mill, with a large stock of grain, right in the

middle of Legation street. This, of course, we immediately commandeered, and can turn out an ample supply of bread each day. At the beginning of the siege we also had a small flock of sheep, but the mutton was mostly reserved for the hospital, women and children. The supply of tinned milk ran low some time ago, and what was left was all commandeered for the hospital, so most of us have not seen milk for days. In fact, we have lived solely on porridge, horse flesh, bread and rice, and though this gets monotonous day after day, we cannot say that we ourselves are pinched in any way as yet.

In our mess now-a-days the daily and unvarying menu is :

Breakfast—Porridge (quite alone, no milk or any such luxuries) and bread.

Tiffin—Horse (also *tout simple*—no vegetables) and “yellow rice.”

Tea—Bread and butter (there is still a little butter left).

Dinner—Horse and “yellow rice.”

Next day :

Breakfast—Porridge, etc., and so on *ad nauseam*.

We who haunt the Lady's Chief table enjoy little extra luxuries, such as occasionally pudding for tiffin and a small ration of cheese for dinner,

but in spite of these delicacies the monotonous pony is apt to pall a bit. However, we must not complain, as we could not have believed at the beginning of the siege that we could possibly hold out nearly so long as we have done, and, as a matter of fact, it is exceedingly lucky for us that the troops are so near, as in about ten days a great crash would come—every pony would be “chowed,” all the grain and rice would be exhausted, and we would be in a nasty fix.

Wherefore, let us hope that the troops do not meet with any sort of reverse which may delay their advance. In that case, however, I think a determined attempt would be made to “scupper” us, as they are evidently only holding off through fear of the advancing force, and we might not survive, to feel hungry. We have been able sometimes to buy a good many eggs, sold to us surreptitiously at our barricades by the soldiers who are besieging us, and these have been a priceless boon to the sick babies and invalids. The Yamen, even, one day sent us in a present of ice, countless watermelons (ten times more deadly than their bullets and shells), and two hundred pounds of flour—a fat lot to be distributed among four thousand hungry people! The reason of this burst of generosity was evident later. One of the cipher telegrams from home which the Yamen have been

good enough to let us have, asked if it were true that the Chinese Government is "protecting and feeding us!" Feeding us, forsooth, when they decline to let us buy anything over our barricades even, and then send us in a few mangy water-melons, so as to be able to say when the day of reckoning comes, that they fed and cared for us all the time!

SUNDAY, August 12.

The glorious 12th! I wish we were chivying the festive grouse, instead of being potted at all round like rats in a hole. We had a very heavy attack last night, in which a Frenchman was killed and an Austrian and Russian wounded, and to-day the snipers are very busy. Very fortunately for us, the proportion of casualties to the number of rounds fired is most ridiculously small. The walls of most of the Legations make it difficult for the Chinese to fire right down into them, except from the city walls, but they seem to have an idea that if they only fire off a sufficient number of rounds, they are bound to exterminate the "foreign devils." Consequently, during the half hour or so which an ordinary attack lasts, they blaze away over our heads, without any exaggeration, quite ten thousand or fifteen thousand rounds. The result of this violent fusillade all

the way round us with the bullets whistling and buzzing overhead, is, of course, a beastly noise, but, as a rule, very little else.

When the siege began it used to be quite alarming, but it is wonderful how accustomed one gets to such things. The sentries just lie quietly behind their loop-holes through it all, very seldom going so far as to fire a shot in return. In the Legations commanded more directly by the city wall, it is, of course, more lively.

To return once more to the food question. I find that to-day there are about eleven ponies left, including "Battery Wheeler," the wonderful griffin that won everything at the last spring meeting, and one or two mules. A vague rumor has also drifted in that our troops gave the Chinese a good thrashing yesterday at Chang-Chia-Wan, seventeen miles away, so that I hope we may save "Battery Wheeler" after all. Our wretched Chinese convert refugees are in a very bad way, indeed; they are allowed a ration of a cupful of maoliang, or sorghum (cattle food) per man each day—absolutely insufficient to support life, and with this and leaves from the trees, they make a most revolting sort of cake, which is all they have to live on. Many are dying of starvation, and as many as seven or eight children are sometimes buried in one day. Some sportsmen are now strolling about

our Legation with shotguns, shooting dogs, cats, jackdaws, crows, and anything else that presents itself, all of which are sent over to the converts, and eagerly devoured by them.

Mrs. ——'s little boy has got scarlet fever, and she wanted a chicken badly for it the other day. The Russians have quite a number of them round about their temporary quarters in here, and I just then happened to meet a wounded marine with a shotgun, on the lookout for crows. So we sought out a stray hen out of sight of the Russians, and he managed to be so very unfortunate as to pot it by mistake. We wrapped it up in his red handkerchief, and bore it triumphantly past the Russian veranda to Mrs. ——.

Considering the circumstances, the health of the community so far has been wonderful. So many people cooped up in a small space, without any previous sanitary arrangements and with bad food, right in the middle of a Peking summer, would, one would think, be sure to suffer from all sorts of epidemics, but, as a matter of fact we have, thank goodness, had very little sickness, barring five or six cases of scarlet fever, a good many cases of typhoid, and many slight cases of dysentery—very fortunately not a severe form, though a Russian marine died of it yesterday. The poor little "kiddies" have suffered most from the want

of fresh air and decent food. I know of five that have died—none of our little Legation babies, I am glad to say—though all are very seedy and weak. I only hope that poor Mrs. ——— does not lose her poor little boy.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Once more I may remark, “Now we shan’t be long.” A message has just arrived from the Yamen, saying that they quite agree with the Foreign Ministers’ desire for peace, always did, in fact, and might they come round to-morrow to have a talk about things in general and peace in particular? This is just about what we expected, as the troops must be somewhere very near, indeed, just now; but what is rather inexplicable, in the face of this letter, is that they are blazing away at us more just now than they have done for some time past, are busy on barricades still all around us, and several guns are even reported to have been mounted opposite our barricades.

They have not fired a shell at us since the “armistice” on July 18, so it looks as if they meant to give us a hot time to-night. This we certainly expected when the troops got near and the Chinese soldiers began to come into the city, but imagined from the tone of the Yamen’s letter

that they had thought better of it. Of course, the great object of the Government will be to keep the foreign troops out of the city, and if they cannot do that by force, they will, of course, climb down and try to do it by peaceful negotiations. That is what the Yamen want to come around here and talk about, you may be sure. They asked if they might come in to-day, but the Chief said to-morrow at 11 would suit him best, hoping that our troops may storm the gates, and come in in the mean time. This, of course, may account for the lively fusillade which is going on just now, but it is rather absurd that our dear friends, the Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamen, who are, and always have been, so anxious to help and protect us in every way, should be writing around to say that they would like to call and discuss peace, while their beastly soldiers are doing their best to exterminate us.

Our Nordenfeldt is, however, talking away merrily on our west wall, and seems to have nearly silenced the firing from that quarter. A couple of hours ago they turned it on to an aggressive barricade, and after a few rounds knocked the whole thing over, exposing about thirty soldiers. Our men had time to get several volleys into them, "annihilated the clan," so to speak, which was a fine sweep.

A difficulty on the reception of the Yamen Ministers will be by what gate they are to enter. Our main gate is blocked up by a large shell proof shelter or redoubt, which projects out across the road, and in which the American Colt gun is mounted. It forms a little room about four feet high, and their Excellencies might not think it compatible with their dignity to crawl through here on their hands and knees. Another solution would be, that they worm in through the underground passage which we have opened up through an old drain, and by which we can cross in safety from here to the Fu. If neither of these entries is considered suitable, there remains only the side gate, through which they will probably make their triumphant entry, provided they are not all shot down by their own men when we let them into our lines.

Goodness only knows what is to happen to our Christian refugees, when all this is over. Before the siege began, when the Boxers were burning the missions all round us, rescue parties of marines went out to the larger ones and rescued all the Christians they could from the Boxers, who were massacring in the most brutal way every man, woman and child they could lay hands on. In this way about two thousand odd native converts were brought into our quarters, poor, desti-

tute creatures, many of them cut about and burned in a most fearful way, every one of them burned out of house and home, and most of them having lost their father, mother, children, or some part of their family. It will be impossible to leave them again to the tender mercies of their benevolent Government, which has decreed that they shall be all slaughtered unless they "recant and repent of their former ways," and as they will have no homes to go to, and no means of support, it will be a very difficult question to know how to dispose of them. If there are any charity funds got up for them at home, and if you are feeling charitably disposed, you cannot do better than to subscribe to them.

Though we have all been doing "coolie work" regularly on the barricades, trenches and other defences, I really believe (as many people say) that if it had not been for the men converts we could not hold out as we have done. During the "Boxer" alarms practically every servant we had, except those who happened to be Christians, bolted, and when the refugees came in we immediately turned them on to coolie work on the defences. Since then they have worked simply splendidly, building barricades under the heaviest fire, digging, sandbagging, carting and doing everything without a murmur, though many of

them have been shot down while at work on barricades ; five of them shot at one place one day, and living most of the time on starvation rations. When they first came in a great difficulty was where they were to be put.

On the side of the Imperial Canal, just opposite our Legation, is a large "Fu," or Palace, with extensive grounds, belonging to a royal prince of the name of Su, a sleek, disagreeable, anti-foreign sort of a nincompoop. When the ultimatum came in, we went over to call on this gentleman and told him that he had very nice grounds, that we would very much like to quarter the refugees in them, and that if he did not like, it he must "lump it," whereupon Prince Su evacuated, and left us in possession. Since then the "Fu" has been one of the most important points in the defence of the Legations, and the place where the fighting has been hottest.

MONDAY, August 13.

Things look rather puzzling to-day; not quite so cheerful, I am afraid. Last night they gave us a very lively time, attacking us heavily several times. This morning the snipers are very busy, and they are pounding away at the German Legation with an old-fashioned cannon. The Yamen Ministers, who were coming round to see us, have

just written in to say that they are really so very busy, and our men were firing on their soldiers so much last night, that they are afraid they cannot come around.

Those in authority seem to take this as a very bad sign. C—— has just been in, and told me that he thought it meant that they intended to try to make an end of us this afternoon. C—— is not often pessimistic, and it is rather depressing to hear him talk like that. I take a much brighter view of it. I think it means that our troops are very near, that the Yamen see that it is hopeless to try to save the city, and that even if they do try to get rid of us now, we will be able to hold out till relief comes. According to the programme of the Japanese General, he was to be here to-day or to-morrow. I must say it would be a relief to hear our guns pounding the gates this afternoon. Let us hope and trust that the generals do not delay or hesitate one moment for negotiations or anything of that sort; an hour may make all the difference to us poor beggars in here. Things are a bit too critical just now to be comfortable, and as I hear that numbers of Chinese troops are being seen to enter the city, our prospects do not look too bright. However, we have kept them off before, and there is no reason why we should not do so again. Our troops positively must be

very near now, and it seems out of the question that they should have any reverse. We have stood it for nearly two months now; if we can stand it for another two days at the very most we will be safe.

I have been trying to keep this letter more or less connected, and have forgotten to tell you that since I began to write it, a week ago, my leg has been mending splendidly, and I am now able to walk about quite well with only a small stick, though still, of course, quite lame. It should be quite all right in a week now, I think, and I will not be at all lame afterward.

I have not yet told you about the Pei-Tang (Northern Cathedral). In the north of the Imperial city there is a large Roman Catholic cathedral, in which a lot of converts congregated when the troubles began. When things got worse a guard of forty marines (thirty French and ten Austrians) were sent to them with one officer. Then the siege began, and from that day to this we have not been able to communicate with them in any way. They have been heavily attacked, just as we have, as we have heard the guns going continually, and as they had not a large supply of food, I believe, and with such a small guard, they must be in a very bad way, and must have held on like men.

TUESDAY, August 14, evening.

Thank God! We are all right. The gates are battered down, the troops are in, first into our Legation (thank goodness!) the Sikhs, Punjabis and Bengal Lancers, and I'm too thoroughly tired to write anything about it. We have had a time during the last twenty-four hours, and I will tell you all about it to-morrow. Oh, the blessed restfulness of a peaceful quiet evening! Good night!!!

SATURDAY, August 18, 1900.

Well, here we are, safe and sound again, after all, and my letter still unfinished. I cannot try to give you any sort of description of all that has been going on during the last three or four days, but the bald facts are something like this : On the night of Monday, August 13, the Chinese simply went for us all they knew how. They began fusillading at about 7 o'clock, and kept it up all through the night. There must have been thousands of men round us, and the musketry fire was, I should think, quite the heaviest on record. Besides this, the Chinese had mounted several good Krupp guns, and bombarded away gayly, putting three shells into one redoubt by the front gate, and wrecking the Chief's bedroom with

another. I really thought that this was the end at last, and that we probably would not see the night through. Captain Le Bruse, of the French marines, was shot dead through the head, as well as a German marine, while three marines were wounded.

I think most people were prepared for the last stand during the night, when—Oh! Unspeakable joy!—at about 2 o'clock, between the fusillades, we heard the dull boom of heavy cannon outside the Eastern gates. Then the deafening roar of our friends' rifles round us again drowned everything, but we knew that this could not be anything but our troops, and we were happy! Another lull, and we heard a Maxim, *phut-phut-phut-phuting*, evidently just outside the walls, as well as several volleys of musketry. This, we afterward found out, was a small Russian scouting party, which had got quite close up under the walls, but was driven back again.

Day broke and the bombardment of the Eastern Gate was begun in real earnest. From the part of the Tartar City wall that we held, you could see the shells knocking the large gatehouses to smithereens, and later we saw large bodies of Chinese troops flying across the city from east to west. We were all prepared for a final attack from the retreating soldiers, and what we dreaded

chiefly was that the troops would not get in that day, and that we would be left for another night to take care of ourselves.

I think if that had been the case the troops would have found nothing but a very big wreck when they got in here next morning. The snipers were still busy all round us, and there were no signs of the troops getting in at tiffin time, the bombardment being still as lively as ever, till at about 3 o'clock somebody came rushing down from the wall to say the troops were in the Chinese City.

I staggered off to the south gate of the Legation on my game leg, and got there just in time to see the great, stalwart Sikhs and Bengal Lancers come rushing up, utterly worn out, and dead beat. You can well imagine the joy of that moment, when we realized we were safe at last, after all that we had been through, and cannot blame people for going off their heads with joy, or the women for breaking down and weeping profusely.

It brought a big lump into my own throat, to see those great, strapping Sikhs and Lancers come in, and the joy of the whole thing was increased tenfold by the fact that the British were the first in.

We found out afterward that the advance had

been delayed all the way along by the petty jealousies of the Russians, French and Japanese, but more than all, just at last, when it was a question of who should be first into the city. It was arranged that the Japanese should storm the two East gates of the Tartar City, and get in perhaps on the night of the 14th, while the British were relegated to the background, being told off to come up last, take the gate of the Southern (Chinese) City, and get in on the 15th. General Gaselee, however, who is simply a "ripper," heard our bombarding in here in the early morning of the 14th, realized that we might be in a tight place, started off immediately on a forced march of fifteen miles, got into the Chinese City without much difficulty, came through into the Tartar City by a sort of water gate, and was in our Legation by 3 o'clock of the 14th, while the Japanese were still shelling the Tartar City gates.

The Japanese only got in late in the evening, with a loss of forty killed and I don't know how many wounded, while the Russians came in somehow in our tracks. As our Indians had come in quietly through the Chinese City, our friends the snipers, round here, did not seem to realize that they had come in, and still went on blazing away merrily; so we quietly sent out a few small parties of our "Hei kwei-tzus" (Black Devils) and

they gave them "beans," while a Maxim that we had run up on the Chien-Men simply decimated the brutes as they tried to scuttle off into the Forbidden City.

In the mean time the marine battalion and some of the Welsh Fusiliers had occupied the most sacred Temple of Heaven, and Temple of Agriculture (the "agricultural 'all," as a marine explained to me) in the South City, while the Russians encamped just outside the main gate of the Forbidden City. The strength of the relief force seems to be at present about ten thousand or twelve thousand men, out of which about three thousand only are British, under General Gaselee. The British force consists mainly of Indians, direct from India—fine men, who are worth all the rest put together, barring perhaps the Japanese, who do not seem to know what fear is. These Indians are mostly Sikhs, Bengal Lancers, Pathans (with some Afridis), Rajputs, and the Hong-Kong regiment, who are mostly Pathans. Besides these the British force is made up of the Welsh Fusiliers, from Hong-Kong, a small marine detachment, and Naval Brigade, and a few Chinese from our native regiment at Wei-Hai-Wei. Of the other forces, the Japanese are the strongest, and they, I believe, have borne the brunt of the fighting all the way through. They fight with

the pluck of bulldogs, going straight at anything and everything, losing heavily, of course, but coming straight through all the same. The few we have had up here seem to have been typical specimens of the breed.

As soon as the Sikhs got in here we occupied the big Imperial Carriage Park, next to our Legation, with its huge yellow roofed houses, full of the most gorgeous and gaudy wagons, carts, sedan chairs and other State paraphernalia. This Carriage Park makes a model camping ground for our men, while one of the large houses was cleared of the golden carts, and other rubbish, to be turned into a field hospital. Our Legation now presents a lively and strange spectacle, and you would think you were somewhere near a military post in India instead of in North China. The compound is full of the swarthy "black devils," with their fine, soldierly appearance, and splendid horses, while streams of Indian pack mules, Indian dhoolies, with their native bearers, guns and carts, are pouring in all the time. By the evening of the 14th the whole of the Chinese and Tartar cities were in our possession.

So sorry a mail is just closing and I must stop this short. I was going to tell you all about the looting and sacking of the city, the shelling of the Imperial City, and so on, and I have not yet

really told you anything about the Siege—our attacks and sorties, our captures, the treachery of the Yamen, the hopes of rescue, so hopelessly delayed, and so on. However, all this “gas” will be enough for the present, and by the time the next convoy leaves I will have another long yarn ready, beginning with the taking of Peking.



STUDENT INTERPRETERS AT THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING.

TAKEN DURING ONE OF THE LULLS OF THE SIEGE.

(W. E. Townsend on Crutches.)

This letter was found amongst Walter's papers after his death. He probably did not send it off, because his preceding account of the siege covered the same ground, but as it relates additional incidents and details it is also printed here.

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING.

Sunday, 24 June, 1900.

* * * * *

Here we are in the very deuce of a hole, and it looks as if we have jolly little chance of getting out of it——

Fire alarm again, just as I was beginning this, and we have been working away all the morning putting it out. The devils nearly did for us this time, but we have put it down all right.

Well, as I said before, we are in the very dickens of a hole, and goodness only knows how, when, and where, we are coming out of it.

The position is something like this : On Thursday last all the Powers, or some of them, seem to have declared war on China—or the other way about—but on this point we are not very clear. All we know is that on Wednesday the Tsung-li-

Yamen sent us an ultimatum telling every foreigner to clear out of Peking within the next 24 hours, or take the consequences. This was rather a grim sort of jest, considering that the country round is absolutely in the hands of Boxers and mutinous soldiers, and that a relief force of several thousand started from Tien-tsin to relieve us exactly a fortnight ago to-day, and has not shown any signs of appearing yet. A fine chance we poor beggars would have with all our women and children, and 400 or 500 marines, of reaching anywhere in safety. The Ministers decided to stay here and hold out as long as possible, and every foreigner in the district came into our Legation. Guards of marines were left——

FRIDAY, 29 June.

I was called away from this last Sunday, and have not settled down to it since. I am jolly pleased to be still here to go on with it, so will write you a real long letter to celebrate the occasion, always barring alarms and other nuisances.

Well, I was just beginning a short account of the siege of the foreign Legations of Peking, which is still going on with increased vigor, and from which there are still no signs of relief for us. I

suppose we will come through it all right—or most of us at any rate—but things look a bit blue certainly——

SUNDAY, 1 July.

Didn't get far with this last Friday after all, *Maskee*, we will have another try now. Things are really looking a bit brighter now, but I must begin at the beginning again, and try to tell you the whole yarn.

Well, the ultimatum was given to us on Tuesday, and was to expire at 4 o'clock on Wednesday. On Wednesday morning all the Europeans, Diplomats, Missionaries, Engineers, and all, came into our Legation, and we set about fortifying the place. On Wednesday morning Baron von Ketteler was going round to the Tsung-li-Yamen with his Secretary, and was shot down in the road by Chinese soldiers. His Secretary was shot in two places, but managed to run for half an hour, and got back to the Legation. The chief was going round to the Yamen, too, but thank goodness, he had not started when the news of this piece of vile treachery came in. It was decided that every one should live in the British Legation, and that the Austrian, French, German, Russian and American Legations should be held by their respective marines. Also that the Germans and Americans

should capture and hold the part of the city wall which commands our quarter. We worked like navies on Wednesday and ever since at fortifying, digging and sand-bagging, and at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the Siege began. About that time a very nice old missionary professor went out to a bridge, unarmed, just outside the Legation, with the idea of talking in a friendly way to a lot of Chinese soldiers who were out there. They shot him down, and then the attack began. Since then for the last ten days, they have not given us a moment's peace, and have tried every possible form of deviltry to get at us. All day long they blaze away at us with their rifles, and during the night they usually make about two heavy attacks, coming on yelling like demons, and firing, positively without exaggeration, about fifteen to twenty thousand rounds during the twenty minutes or so that the attack lasts. While there were any houses left standing near the Legation they did their best to burn us out, and several times we only managed to save ourselves by working away like demons, pulling down our own houses and using our wretched little hand pumps.

During the last two or three days they have been shelling us, fortunately without much effect, with 7-lb. and 1-lb. guns. Just now, as I am writing, the snipers are blazing away at us all

round, and every now and then a great shell comes hurtling over, nearly always much too high, but often bursting over us, and showering down into the Legation. Just now one of our younger customs students (Wagner) has had his head knocked off by a bit of one of the beastly things, poor old chap.

The piece of the city wall was taken as arranged, but our fellows are having a tough job, and no mistake, to hold it, and have had to abandon it for a short time to-day.

The Chinese rigged up a gun on top of the wall about 100 yards from our barricade up there, and have been simply shelling away at them all the time, giving them a very poor time. That is the hottest place of all, where many of our fellows have been killed and wounded, but it is most important that we should hold it as long as possible, as if we abandon it—

Just off on active service.

This last sentence was written in pencil, evidently just as he was starting in the "sortie" from which he was brought back severely wounded.

In the following extracts, the *sortie* in which Walter was wounded is referred to. Also, the general conduct of his fellow-Student Interpreters:

Extract from official despatch from Sir Claude MacDonald to the Marquis of Salisbury, dated Peking, 20th September, 1900.

“Of the British civilian volunteers under Captain Poole’s command, I cannot speak too highly. They were enrolled from the Diplomatic and Consular staff, from the Imperial Maritime Customs, and from gentlemen who were in Peking either on pleasure, or business, when the siege began. The British volunteers consisted of thirty-five capable of bearing arms. Of these, two were killed and seven wounded.

The two killed were both in the Consular Service—Mr. David Oliphant and Mr. H. Warren. Mr. Oliphant had been in Peking since 1897, and I had the very highest opinion of his abilities and worth; he was exceedingly cool and collected under fire, and, although he had no military training, showed so much military aptitude, that I specially selected him in sole charge of part of the defences. His death was a severe loss to me

and to the Consular Service. Mr. Warren had only been in Peking as Student Interpreter a few months. He had volunteered to assist the Japanese detachment in the Park of Prince Su, and was mortally wounded whilst pluckily repelling the enemy's attacks. He succumbed to his wounds in a few hours, and was buried in the same grave as Captain Strouts. * * *

Of the conduct of the Student Interpreters I cannot speak too highly. They behaved with a pluck and dash, yet steadiness under fire, worthy of veteran troops. On the occasion of a sortie made from the park of Prince Su under the command of Lieutenant Paolini of the Italian Navy, volunteers were called for, and Messrs. Russell, Townsend, Bristow, Hancock and Flaherty immediately came forward. The party, which consisted of Italian and British marines, as well as the Student volunteers, came suddenly upon a barricade eight feet high, which effectually barred all further advance, and from which a heavy fire was opened at a distance of a few yards. Lieutenant Paolini fell severely wounded, two Italian marines were shot dead; several of the marines, both British and Italian, were also wounded. The party was thrown into disorder, and crowded through a hole in the park wall. Mr. Russell, who was the senior student, with great coolness ordered the others to

take cover behind a projecting piece of wall on the north side of the lane, from which they opened a smart fire on the barricade, and when the marines had all got through, several being wounded in so doing, he ordered the party to dash across the lane two at a time. This they did under a withering fire. All got across in safety except Mr. Townsend, who was shot through the shoulder and thigh, but was pulled through the hole, still retaining hold of his rifle. Firearms had been served out to the volunteers, but there were more of the latter than of the former, so the loss of a rifle was a very serious matter. Mr. Bristow, in his dash across the lane, with great coolness stopped and picked up the rifle of one of the killed and brought it in. I venture to think that, but for the presence of mind displayed by Mr. Russell, very few of the students would have escaped being killed or wounded. The above is only a specimen of the spirit which actuated my entire staff throughout the siege. Amongst the remaining students I also noticed Messrs. Kirke, Barr and Hewlett, the latter acting as my private secretary and special orderly. The conduct of Mr. Townsend (above mentioned as wounded) and Mr. Russell was on several occasions brought to my notice by both Captain Strouts and Captain Poole. They were always foremost in volunteer-

ing for any service of danger, and they behaved, when under fire, with the greatest pluck and coolness. Mr. Townsend's wounds were of so severe a nature that he was incapacitated for the remainder of the siege. I specially selected Mr. Russell as one of my orderly officers. Mr. Rose, another of the Student-Interpreters, suffered from typhoid during the siege, and was only available for duty the last few days, on one of which he was wounded, though not seriously."

Extract from Dr. Morrison's account of the Siege of the Legations, which appeared in the London TIMES of 15 October, 1900.

“ A GALLANT SORTIE.”

JULY 1, 1900.

“It was a day of misfortunes. In the afternoon the most disastrous sortie of the siege was attempted. A Krupp gun, firing at short range into the Fu (*i. e.*, the Prince's Palace), was a serious menace to our communications. Captain Paolini, the Italian officer, conceived the idea that he could capture the gun if volunteers could be given him, and if the Japanese could assist. The Japanese under Colonel Shiba readily did so; they forced their way to a rendezvous agreed upon, losing one man killed and two wounded. Their sacrifice was fruitless; they waited, but, the position being untenable, retired.

Meanwhile, a party of sixteen Italians, four Austrians, two Frenchmen, seven British marines, and five British students, were led by Captain Paolini to the capture of the gun. He conceived that the gun was to the northeast of the Fu, to be reached by a lane running from Canal Street,

opposite the British Legation, eastward. No one knew that this was his conception. One hundred yards up this lane there was a high Chinese barricade ; the houses on the north side of the lane were held by the Chinese and loopholed. From a position occupied by Captain Poole's men, in the Hanlin the lane could be enfiladed.

They were therefore on watch, expecting that the Chinese were to be taken in the rear and driven down the lane into the canal. Close to the barricade there was a hole in the wall of the Fu, from which a previous attempt had been made to enter the lane. The Italian captain was ignorant of the existence of the hole.

Then, to the amazement of the British, who were watching it from the Hanlin, the men were lined up under the wall opposite, and, after waiting a little, Captain Paolini called his men and dashed up the lane. Wildly cheering, they followed him into the death-trap. By the rush, they were able to advance some distance before fire was opened upon them. Then rifles from behind the barricade, and from the loopholes broke forth. The column recoiled, the men fired wildly into the air, the captain's arm fell powerless, two Italians dropped dead. The men were turning to rush back when they saw the man-hole, and immediately the Italians and Austrians, who were leading, made a

frantic dash for it, and fought like wild beasts to burst their way through. One British marine, badly wounded, escaped back down the lane. The five British students, Russell, Bristow, Hancock, Flaherty and Townsend, acted with admirable self-possession. Projecting slightly into the lane on the opposite side from the man-hole was a house that gave just sufficient cover. There the men stood for shelter, for they were the last of the detachment. Then all the marines having got safely through, the students fired a volley into the barricade, and one man rushed across, then the four fired and another rushed across. In this way all passed unscathed, till the last man, Townsend, who was struck just as he entered the hole by two bullets, one through the back of the shoulder, another through the thigh. The five young men acted like veterans, Bristow showed conspicuous coolness, for in his dash across he picked up a Lee-Mitford rifle, which a marine had let fall."

H. B. M. LEGATION, PEKING,

21 August, 1900.

Just a short line, as there is a mail being made up to-night, closing in an hour. I am afraid I have put it off too late to write a letter this time. Things are still in the most hopeless confusion up here, and there does not seem much chance of restoring confidence and getting things straight for some time. The city is absolutely deserted, and has been systematically looted for the last week.

To-day we have posted proclamations all over the City, forbidding looting, telling the people that all food will be fairly paid for, and generally trying to calm the populace.

The City is divided up into spheres, which are controlled by the various different Nationalities. We have most of the Chinese City, and the west of the Tartar City. I cannot get about very far yet, and feel very much out of it, as our Students are getting all sorts of sporting billets as Interpreters with the military police, and so on, while I cannot even loot! I am ashamed to say that most of our men have been allowed to loot without any

restraint and bring in the most valuable things. I am collecting a few nice furs which I can get from them very cheap, to send home to you.

The sights and smells in the streets are simply revolting—it makes me sick to think of what one sees in places, and I could not try to describe it. We have found several magazines and barracks in the City, simply stocked with all sorts of modern cannon, shell, Maxims, rifles, swords and so on, and you can simply help yourself to all you want. I managed to get round to one near here and brought away a very good Mannlicher repeating rifle, and a Winchester repeater. That is all I have deigned to loot, as it goes against the grain somehow to break into the Princes' Palaces, shops, and ordinary houses, simply to take away all you can carry, even though they have been trying to "scupper" us for the last two months.

We now hold the Forbidden City, though the troops have not actually entered the Inner City proper itself yet. I believe we are waiting for instructions from all the Governments first or some "rot" of that sort. I went for a stroll well into the Forbidden City, up to the last American post at the Fourth Gate, this morning. There is really nothing to see as yet, and I hope that the inside will not turn out as great a "frost" as the four gates. However, time is nearly up ; I will write you a long

letter by next convoy, telling you about everything.

The first convoy of ladies, children and wounded, leaves for Tien-tsin to-morrow, by cart to Tung-chou, and boat down to Tien-tsin. I expect I will be sent down soon now, as soon as they have cleared out the ladies and children, though we have received no orders at all yet. I expect the Chief is awaiting instructions from home. I am sure to get a certain amount of sick-leave, though how much, or where I will be sent to, I don't know.

Our old Legation is beginning to get almost straightened out again, and I have got comfortably back again to my old rooms, which have been inhabited by countless families, mostly German. I have not lost many of my things, barring boots, which were evidently considered valuable, and all looted.

My wound is doing first class, and I will soon be off the sick-list altogether, I hope. I have got as far as being dressed by a native Hindu assistant only, so it must be doing well. My old "Boy" has come back, and very glad I am to have him again. The "Boys," cooks, etc., are all beginning to come crawling back again now, such of them, at least, that have not been murdered, with all their families, by the Boxers.

The Bengal Lancers had a small brush with

some Boxers outside the Chinese City yesterday, and I think managed to dispose of them all.

No sign of any mail for us poor beggars yet, though the officers seem to be getting letters. I only hope they will condescend to send us up some soon. I must post this now, so no more for the present. * * *

H. B. M.'S LEGATION, PEKING.

26 August, 1900.

Early to-morrow morning I start for Wei-hai-wei *en route* probably for Japan, where I will be sure to "buck up" and be as "fit as a fiddle" in no time. Things went muddling on here, all turned topsy-turvy by the military occupation, the Chief and Authorities being much too busy to think about Students' leave or minor details of that sort, so as I am still useless for gadding about or "Interpreter pidgin" with the "Tommies," I put in for two months' leave to go to Japan, and they were only too pleased to give it to me. Our Doctor Poole is down with a bad *bout* of African fever, and they say he positively must get away, so he is to have a convoy and start off to-morrow for Wei-hai-wei, and I am to go with him so far, to look after him. A naval "Sick boy steward," who has been here with us during the siege, is coming down too to nurse him, and we three are to start off early to-morrow in dhoolies to Tung-chou, the river port, 15 miles from here, and from there we will go by boat to Tien-tsin and Taku, where we will probably be picked up by a

Man-of-War and taken across to Wei-hai-wei. I will see the doctor safely installed in the hospital there, and if I can find quarters for myself—which is very doubtful—will probably stay on there for a week or so. * * *

I hope that all the students will get some sort of leave before long, but everything is so fearfully confused that even the Chief does not know what will happen to him for two consecutive hours. We might even all be sent home, or every available China hand might be wanted for some time to come, goodness only knows. I am afraid you will be rather angry when I tell you that when I was talking to Mr. C. about my going away on leave he gave me to understand that if I applied for six months' home leave now I would have no difficulty in getting it, but he at the same time strongly advised me, as a friend, and not of course officially, not to go home now, as after being out such a short time I would certainly forget all the Chinese I know, in six months, and would have to begin the two years all over again, when I came back, and he also said that the set back it would give me would probably handicap me all through my career. Though I would like above all things else to get back to you for a short time just now, I think that I did what was right in taking his advice, and only putting in for short leave, especially as I am

perfectly "fit" again now, and have not even the excuse of being *seedy*, for home leave. However, if everyone is sent home by any chance I would, of course, come too, and lose nothing by it. However, I have a sort of feeling that this is a leave wasted, as I am not a bit keen on knocking about by myself, and if you could only have met me in Japan, I could not have asked for anything jollier. * * *

I have just heard that the F. O. bag is closed, so I can take this with me and finish it at my leisure on the way down. It is now late, and as I must be up at 4.30 to-morrow I must turn in, so good night now.

TUESDAY, August 28.

I am now fairly on my way to Tien-tsin in an improvised house-boat. The doctor, steward and I left Peking early yesterday morning in two dhoolies, and a cart. I started off in a dhoolie, but changed into F.'s cart as he was rather *seedy*. The dhoolie is a most comfortable way of traveling; you lie in a sort of hammock and the six Hindu bearers take you along at a fine pace. The country is a sorry sight now, all the ripe crops are simply rotting, with no one to harvest them, and in the villages there is nothing to be seen but a few

decomposing dead Chinamen, and the dogs that eat them. We got to Tungchou at about two, and of all the stinking places I have yet smelt, it is the worst. The river is full of the bodies of men, horses and dogs, and the smell is naturally something appalling. How the officers and men who are posted there can stand it, I'm sure I don't know.

The wretched Chinese have had a lesson that they are not likely to forget. Such of the villagers who have not been killed, are now the abject and bullied slaves of the foreign troops, and all have to work like Trojans, for the bare privilege of living. They are a miserable lot at the best of times, and now their cowed abjectness is pitiful. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, in view of the fact that a Chinaman's life is not worth "tuppence" now, unless he is grinding as a slave for foreign soldiers, and in that case he is treated much more like a dog than a man. I think it is a lucky thing for them that they have absolutely no "spirit" among them. The worst of it is, that the people who are suffering are the harmless, inoffensive country people, who know nothing except that the "foreign soldiers" have come, and that they are being treated like dogs, or shot down at sight by Russians. Nearly all the "deaders" along the roads and river, seem to be only wretched villagers of the most harmless kind.

The Russians and French are the most inhuman brutes, and are responsible for most of this sort of work, while the Japanese, though plucky little beggars, are about as cruel as they make them. The Chinese soldiers and Boxers, who are responsible for everything, were never really "got at" by the Allies, but practically retreated before them all the way, and finally scattered, disappearing to goodness only knows where,

That they are thoroughly cowed is evident from the fact that small convoys like mine can travel up and down in safety, where nothing would be easier than for a small band to cut us off. Though we are passing transports and convoys of soldiers, mostly Japanese, all the time, there is no sort of regular patrol on road or river, and with the thick crops of sorghum standing eight feet high, and quite impenetrable along each side of the river, my small house-boat, with my little guard of three Rajputs, would be in a bad way if any sort of ambush were laid for us.

At Tungchou we found two boats waiting for us, one decent big house-boat and one sort of small barge, with a mat shed rigged up in it. We put the Doctor, F——, and their cook in the house-boat, while I and my "Boy" took possession of the young barge, which is manned by half-a-dozen men, and is either hauled along by three of them

or rowed by a crazy pair of oars, somewhere in the bows.

The pace is not absolutely reckless ; yesterday we did a " horrid buck " and managed to accomplish a bare three miles an hour, having to keep on long after dark, in order to come up with the Doctor's boat, which had been moored comfortably for a long time, when we found it.

I did not bring much bedding with me, and I find that the loose planks at the bottom of the boat, with only a rug spread over them, have remarkably little give in them. Just now it is raining a bit, and, the matting being hardly water-proof, the rain is pouring in, but in spite of these petty drawbacks, it is very jolly indeed, after being cooped up for three months in Peking, to be drifting peacefully down the river doing nothing, and I am enjoying it very much. I have my five days' military rations, my " Boy " to look after me, and my guard of three Rajputs are the three nicest fellows I could possibly want.

When they heard that I had been wounded, they said they would take jolly good care of me, and their anxiety for the comfort of the " Sahib " is most amusing. They give me their " chupatees," which I have to pretend to eat, arrange my mosquito curtains, brush away the flies, and yarn away to me by the hour in their unintelligible lingo.

Yesterday, two of them asked if they might go ashore for a minute, and we put them off and went on down the river expecting that they would pick us up again before we had gone a hundred yards. They did not appear again till we had got about a quarter of a mile away, and then came staggering after us as fast as they could. When they came up to us, I found that besides their rifles, one was carrying a large Chinese chair, and the other a Chinese table, which they had "looted" for me to use on board, as they saw that I had nothing to sit on.

Last night we anchored at a place called Matou, about 25 miles from Tung-chow, and to-night we hope to get to Yang-tsun, but I don't think we will do it. The big boat is miles ahead, as usual—went out of sight as soon as we started this morning. The country is, of course, very flat and uninteresting, and the river winds in the most annoying way, at one moment you are heading south for Tien-tsin, and the next minute due north, straight back to Tung-chow with variations in favor of Shan-hai-kuan, or Central Asia.

The crops of American corn are ripe now, and my "Boy" cooks that very nicely; there are also plenty of melons of all sorts. One advantage of a state of war is that you simply help yourself to

anything you fancy, but otherwise I shall be glad to get back to peace—and Bills.

We have just passed a large British convoy going up stream. I shouted to an Officer to ask if he had any mail for Peking, and he said he had the Legation mails,—whereupon I said things! I have waited anxiously for my accumulation of letters all this time, and hoped at last to pick them up at Tien-tsin, but now, just as I am on my way down, it is like my luck to pass the Mails on the way up. Goodness knows when I will get them now, as I don't know where I will next have a permanent address. However, when everything is muddle and confusion, I suppose we must get on without "home comforts."

THURSDAY, 30 August.

In sight of Tien-tsin at last! I am afraid the Doctor's boat must have got there some time ago, as I have not seen anything of it since the day before yesterday. I then arrived at Ho-ksi-wu just half-way, and found there a detachment of Bengal Lancers and Marines under a Captain Mullins, who had with him a Naval Doctor Hall. It was raining hard, so they asked me to dine and put up with them for the night, which I was very glad to do, as my mat-shed was leaking violently. They

were very good fellows, and we dined off a hot round of beef and real potatoes (unknown treat). The earth floor of their Chinese room was a bit damp, so I slept like a top on one of the Doctor's stretchers. Yesterday the rain had stopped more or less, and I did a "buck" to try to catch the Doctor. The river is now broader and deeper, so I kept my boatmen working away nearly all night, but here is Tien-tsin, and no Doctor in sight. I picked up two little Japanese "Tommies" this morning, who asked to be taken to Tien-tsin.

They are great sport. I can converse with them by writing what I want in Chinese, as their characters are the same, though the sounds are quite different to the Chinese. It is very comic to hear my "Boy," my "Rajputs" and the "Japs" all yarning away to one another in their different languages.

I don't know what I will do now, exactly. If the Doctor has already been taken on, I may stay a day or two in Tien-tsin, but if I catch him here, I will probably go on with him to Wei-hai-wei. I expect to find Tien-tsin very much knocked about, as I hear they got "fair beans."

S. S. *Ballarat*, SOUTH OF COREA,

4 September, 1900.

To his Sisters :

As you see, I am now being tossed once more on the "briny." There is nothing particularly wonderful in this, but when I tell you that I am feeling unusually well, you will at once realize what a fine chap your brother is. This may be partly due to the fact that the sea has been like a mill-pond ever since we left Tien-tsin, and we are having a glorious voyage, but it is nevertheless something to be proud of. When I got to Tien-tsin, I found that the P. and O. steamer *Ballarat*, which has been hired as a transport, was just about to proceed to Shanghai, *via* Wei-hai-wei, and that a free passage would be provided for Peking heroes. This seemed to me cheap and reasonable, so I booked a saloon passage, and proceeded to Taku, where I boarded the lugger with my gallant little band (*i. e.*, self and "Boy"). There are about fifty of us on board, practically all Pekin-ites, which is very jolly. When we arrived on board, we found to our surprise that, after Wei-hai, the trusty barque intended to go to Nagasaki, and from there to Shanghai.

Whereupon, I decided to disembark at Nagasaki, and *moon* about there for a bit. We put in at Wei-hai yesterday and should be at Nagasaki about midday to-morrow, where I and my gallant little band will attempt to effect a landing.

The *Ballarat* is quite a decent little tub—considering the price,—really first class. We have of course to pay for our “chow,” but as they do us well, and only charge at the rate of 4 rupees a day, we have not much to complain of.

At Tien-tsin, I saw home papers up to July 20th, with shocking details of the massacre in Peking, photos, and obituary notices of the victims—and so on. It was amusing for us to read all about the “last stand,” but the jest is rather a grim one, when we think of what you poor people at home must have thought of it all. As for that Memorial Service—which they were considerate enough to postpone—I certainly think that they might have waited for more authentic news before they went so far as that. I can only hope and trust, that you were not among the hopeless ones, and were not in such a hurry to give up your gallant brother as “scuppered” on unreliable Chinese information.

It is certainly true that by all recognized rules and regulations we ought to have been wiped out long ago, and over and over again we seemed

to be saved by little short of a miracle ; but here we are still—to quote a remarkably clever letter, which I noticed in the *Times* the other day—“ beastly fit, thank you,” as usual. I am rather disappointed at finding that I have not got three columns of “ obituary ” in the *Times*, like the “ bloods,” and am thinking of rectifying the omission by writing a special autobiographical posthumous obituary notice of myself, with special “ ’orrible details ” of the “ shockin’ tragedy ” by fellow massacrees.

No, really, it is no joking matter, and I cannot tell you how cut up I was to find what a fearfully anxious time you all must have had at home, and my only consolation is that you must have been so jolly pleased when you found out it was all “ bunkum.” I have been meaning for days to write you a detailed account of the Siege, but it really is such a fearful undertaking, and I hear so much “ gas ” about it now, and it is so hard to settle down to a real long letter when on the move, that I really have not yet screwed up my courage to the requisite pitch.

I don’t believe I have ever told you that I got wounded ; never mind, I will let it all off in Japan.

As for the aforesaid brilliant letter which I read in the *Times*, it was rather inconsiderate

of you to plank it in, wholesale like that. I should not mind the letter itself appearing, but when the *Mail* proceeds to write a leader on it, and talks of the "bubbling ballyrot of boyish bunkum," it is rather too much! I have not been able to get hold of the *Mail* as yet, and I am very anxious to see what the other papers have to say. I want you to be sure to get hold of all the papers for me, daily, weekly, and illustrated, between the dates of about July 10th and 30th, as I want to make a scrap-book of all the yarns of the massacre and so on. Get me the *Times*, *Graphic* and other good ones, and also a supply of "cheesy" ones like the *Daily Mail*, with "shockin' detayles." Above all, get the *Mail* of the 16th July, with the leader on the "Bubbling bunkum."

5 SEPTEMBER, 1900.

This morning we are off the fairyland coast of the Southern Islands of Japan. It is rather a beastly dull day, so we cannot see very much. I do not know yet what I will do when I get to Nagasaki, but think I will probably put up there for a day or two, and then go on to a place in the hills called Unsin, about which I hear people talking a good deal. Eventually I expect I will

make my way by slow marchings, up to Yokohama, from where I will probably sail for Peking again.

Though it is very jolly being on the loose for a couple of months, I cannot help feeling that it is a jolly holiday wasted, as it would have been such an opportunity for some of you to have met me in Japan, and we could have had a "high old time." * * *

As a matter of fact, I think it highly improbable that I will go to Peking at all. If they do not now blow up the Imperial Palace and generally complete the desolation, and then abandon it, a ruined city—the military occupation will probably have to be continued for a year at least, but I should think that it is highly probable that the Legations will all be moved to Nankin or Shanghai.

Besides the general ruin and desolation, and the vile unhealthiness caused by the putrid "dead-ers"—men, horses, mules and dogs, all over the streets, there is sure to be a fearful famine in the North this winter, coal will probably give out, foreign stores will not be available, and generally things will be in rather a mess; so I should think that the Legations will probably clear out.

However, out here everything at present is

absolutely indefinite and uncertain, and goodness only knows what is going to happen; you might even see us all turning up at home one of these fine days—there's no knowing at all. I only wish to goodness I could get some sort of news from you. It is most annoying to think that I passed all your letters on the river, and now goodness only knows when I will get them; if at all. Of course all our postal arrangements have gone to the "dickens," and as I am just knocking about where chance takes me, it will be very hard for my wretched mail to catch me up.

When I get ashore, I know I shall be jolly sick at not being able to get about much in these jolly hills. My leg is doing splendidly and is now practically healed and all right, but it is not very strong yet, and I cannot walk far without tiring it. The shoulder, too, aches a bit occasionally, so I have to be careful still.

I only wish to goodness that I could get home to you all now with a clear conscience, and at times feel very sick with myself for not having put in for home leave, but think that, looking at it in a cold-blooded way, I did the right thing, in staying on the spot, or near it, just now. Well, I will finish this off when I get to Nagasaki this afternoon.

NAGASAKI, 6 September.

All the hotels in this place are chuck full so am going straight on to Yokohama by the P. & O. S. S. *Rohilla*, if I can get a berth in her. Raining in buckets-full, and, on the whole, very jolly. No more now.

CONCLUSION.

The foregoing was the last letter from Walter, with the exception of a short note written in his usual cheery way, in pencil, from Yokohama, saying that he was keeping his bed by the Doctor's orders, but hoped to be quite well again in a day or two.

In the meantime, however, telegrams had been received by his family reporting his serious illness, and subsequent death.

The feeling with which the news of his death was received is partly indicated by the following Letters and Obituary notices.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE, LONDON,

13 October, 1900.

SIR :

I am directed by the Marquess of Salisbury to inform you that Sir Claude MacDonald—who had evidently just heard of your son's death—has telegraphed a request that his sincere sympathy may be expressed to you and your family.

Sir Claude adds that Mr. W. E. Townsend

OBITUARY NOTICES.

[From the London *Times* of 25 September, 1900.]

MR. W. E. TOWNSEND.

The siege of the Peking Legation has claimed yet another victim. Our readers will doubtless remember a private letter from one of the Student Interpreters at Peking which we published on July 16, giving a full and most graphic account of the events which immediately preceded the investment of the Legation. Commenting at the time on "this genuine human document bubbling over with boyish spirits, which is at the same time the only detailed narrative we have of the last days before communications with Peking were cut off," we remarked that "it is pathetic and at the same time something to make Englishmen proud to read the account given by this young student of the preparations made by the English colony and the way they faced so alarming a situation." Mr. Walter Ewen Townsend, who was the author of this letter, which was read a few weeks ago with such intense interest in all parts of the world, died of typhoid fever on Sunday last at Yokohama. He had been wounded in the early

part of the siege, but the wound was not a dangerous one, and he quickly recovered from it, only to succumb, however, to the insidious disease of which the germs were doubtless contracted during the hardships of the long investment. He was the son of Mr. Alfred Townsend, agent for the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank in New York. Born in 1879, he was educated at Marlborough College, and passed only last year into the China Consular service, which will mourn with mingled feelings of pride and regret this premature addition to its honoured death-roll.

[From the Shanghai *North China Herald* of 3 October, 1900.]

We hear with deep regret that news has been received of the death at Yokohama from fever of Mr. W. E. Townsend, of the British Legation, Peking, the author of the brilliant and cheery letter, written just before the siege began, which we reprinted lately from the *Times*. Mr. Townsend was the son of Mr. A. M. Townsend, New York Agent of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. He was wounded during the siege of the Legations, and no doubt his wound, with the privations he underwent, weakened him so much that he could not overcome the fever which attacked him in Yokohama. He was very popular with all

who knew him, and his untimely death is a serious blow to all his friends, and the friends of his father and mother, old and much-cherished residents of Shanghai.

[From the *Yokohama Japan Herald* of 4 October, 1900.]

Mr. Walter Ewen Townsend, of H. B. M.'s Consular Service, China, who only recently arrived in Japan to recuperate, after passing through the siege of the Legation in Peking, died on Sunday morning at the British Naval Hospital from typhoid fever, which he contracted soon after landing. No doubt the trying experience he had passed through in Peking had helped to weaken his powers of resistance, so that he succumbed more rapidly than under normal conditions he would probably have done. The deceased was only 21 years of age. He was the son of Mr. A. M. Townsend, the well-known manager of the New York branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, and formerly manager of the Yokohama branch. The funeral service will take place tomorrow afternoon at 4.30, at the Royal Naval Hospital.

[From the *Marlburian*, 31 October, 1900.]

By the death of Walter Ewen Townsend, two weeks ago, on the 23d September at Yokohama, Marlborough College has lost a son whose exceed-

ing promise foretold a great career for himself, and a place of honour on the long list of famous men who have passed their school days under the shadow of Savernake Forest. Coming to the School in 1892, and staying for the best part of five years, he began early to develop the forces of his character, a character which was later on to stand in such stead amongst circumstances which he and all the world little dreamt of picturing. His ambition was the China Consular Service, and for this end he worked with that steadfastness of purpose which had always marked his labours at School, and with such happy results that he was successful in an examination, the competition for which is probably greater than for any other branch of the public services. In due course he was despatched to begin his career at Peking, and here, as elsewhere, he seems to have endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. Then, a few months later, as all the world now knows, the storm burst, and he, along with the others in that brave band, was hemmed in, in that city over which for so many weary weeks an impenetrable cloud of mystery seemed to hover. The last news which the world had of the doings in Peking, up to the moment when the Legations were besieged in deadly earnest, was contained in that now famous letter by a Student Interpreter,

The following is the official account of the service held at the Royal Naval Hospital, at Yokohama:

H. B. M.'S LEGATION, TOKIO, JAPAN,
September 29, 1900.

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G., etc.,

MY LORD,—I have the honor to transmit to your Lordship, with sincere regret, copy of a despatch which I have received from the Acting British Consul at Yokohama, announcing the death of Mr. Walter Ewen Townsend, late Student Interpreter attached to Her Majesty's Legation at Peking, which occurred at the British Naval Hospital on the 23d instant.

Mr. Chalmers encloses a copy of the entry of his death in the consulate death register, which I have the honor to forward herewith.

I understand that at the wish of Mr. Townsend's relatives, the remains are to be cremated and forwarded to England for interment.

Meanwhile, on the 25th instant, a portion of the funeral service was read over the remains by the Reverend E. C. Irwine, of Yokohama, in one of the wards of the hospital. The ceremony was

attended by Mr. T. Yegi and Mr. T. Rinoiye, Councillor and Secretary respectively of the Kanagawa Prefecture, and by Mr. T. Kuroiwa, Inspector-in-Chief of Police, on behalf of the Japanese local authorities. I was myself present with the staff of Her Majesty's Legation and the members of Her Majesty's Consulate at Yokohama, the latter in uniform. Among other persons present, I may mention Mr. Jackson and several other members of the Yokohama branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, with which Mr. Townsend's father is connected, Dr. Doyne, of the British, and Dr. Anderson, of the American Naval Hospital, the two last in uniform.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) J. B. WHITEHEAD.

After cremation in Japan, the remains were sent to England, and finally deposited by loving hands in the churchyard, in the Village of Aisthorpe, near Lincoln, where his Grandfather and his Great-Grandparents were also buried.

Walter's name is also added to that honored Roll,—in the chapel at Marlborough, of those sons of the College, who have died, and whose memories are cherished there ; and a brass tablet will shortly be placed in the church at Aisthorpe, bearing the following inscription :

In Memory of

Walter Ewen Townsend,

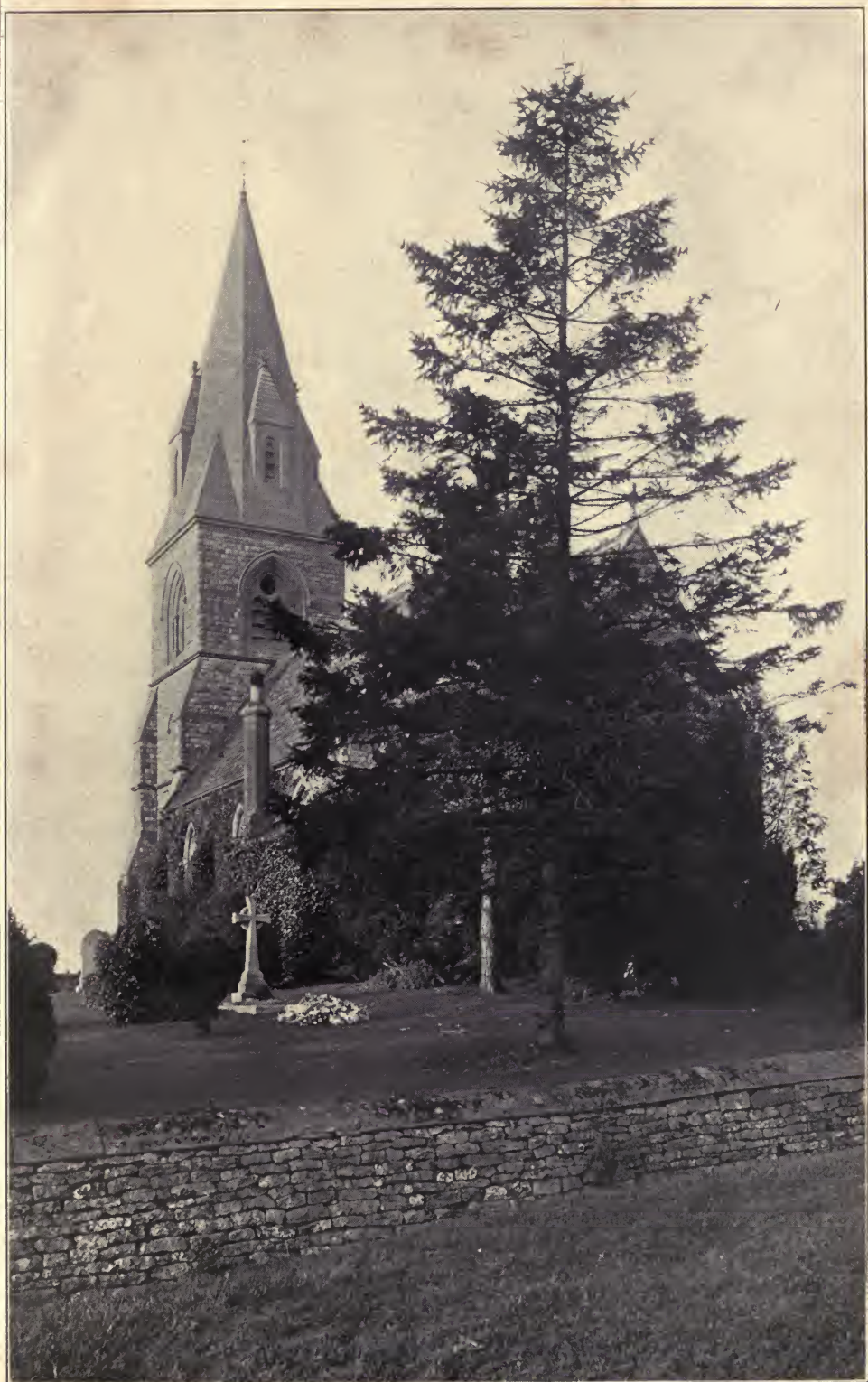
Student Interpreter in H. B. M.'s China
Consular Service.

Severely Wounded at the Siege of the Legations, at Peking, China, in the defence of which he took an active and distinguished part ; he subsequently died of typhoid fever, at the Royal Naval Hospital, at Yokohama, Japan, on the 23d of September, 1900, aged 21 years and 7 months.

His Remains lie buried in the adjoining Churchyard.

Jesus saith : " Go thy way ; thy son Liveth."

—St. John iv., 50.



AISTHORPE CHURCH - SHOWING THE GRAVE COVERED WITH WREATHS.

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