

## THE PEKIN MASSACRES.

### DR. MORRISON'S REPORT.

#### A TERRIBLE TIME.

The following are extracts from the narrative of Dr. Morrison, the "Times" correspondent at Peking, of the massacre and the siege:—

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, had a meeting with the Tsung-li-Yamen. It was a very serious meeting, for it concerned the murder of two British missionaries. Four members were present. In the midst of the Minister's protest one member was found fast asleep. "There you have China," said the Minister; "what can you do with such a people." And in the mean time, while the crisis was impending, the Dowager Empress was giving a series of theatrical entertainments in the Summer Palace.

On June 12 news passed through Peking that Sugi Yama, Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, had been murdered. He was seized by soldiers of the Tung-fuh-Siang, dragged from his cart, and done to death in the presence of a crowd of Chinese, who witnessed his struggles with un pitying interest and unconcealed satisfaction. On June 12 a cry arose that the Boxers were coming, and the terrible scenes which followed are thus described:—As darkness came on the most awful scenes were being enacted in the city.

It was the work of Boxers. Adjoining buildings took fire; the flames spread to the booksellers' street, and the most interesting street in China, filled with priceless scrolls, manuscripts, and printed books, was gutted from end to end. The fire licked up house after house, and soon the conflagration was the most disastrous ever known in China, reducing to ashes the richest part of Peking — the pearl and jewel shops, the silk and fur, the satin and embroidery stores, the great curio shops, the gold and silver shops, the meeting houses, and nearly all that was of the highest value in the metropolis. Irreparable was the damage done. From the street below the fire spread to the central outer Chien Men Gate, which directly faces the Imperial Palace, and which is only thrown open for the passage of the Emperor. An imposing temple crowns this wall. It was engulfed in the conflagration. The great tiled roofs, with their ornamental gables, fell with the crash of falling worlds while great volumes of smoke spread like a pall over the Imperial Palace, foreboding the doom of the Imperial house. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Herr H. Cordes, secretary of the German Legation, when lying ill in hospital, made a statement to Dr. Morrison as to how Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was murdered. On June 19 the Tsung-li-Yamen sent the Ministers an ultimatum, giving them 24 hours' notice to leave Peking. Next

11th, eighteen prisoners were captured by the French in a temple near the Legation. They were soldiers, and a Chinese Christian gave information as to their whereabouts. Every one of them was put to death without mercy in the French Legation, bayoneted by a French corporal to save cartridges.

When the hopes of the besieged were at their lowest, there came the news that the Chinese had been defeated, and that relief was at hand. At three in the morning we were all awakened by the booming of guns in the east, and by the welcome sound of volley firing. At daylight most of us went on to the wall, and witnessed the shelling of the great East Gate. The hard luncheon of horseflesh came on, and we had just finished when the cry rung through the Legation. "The British are coming!" and there was a rush to the entrance, and up Canal-street towards the water gate. The soldiers from the General and his staff were entering by the water gate, followed by the 1st Regiment of Sikhs, and the Rajputs. They passed down Canal-street, and, amid a scene of indescribable emotion, marched to the British Legation. The siege had been raised.

The garrison was composed of 18 officers and 389 men, made up of eight different nationalities. There was a volunteer brigade of 75 men, made up of eight different nationalities, and in addition a highly irregular force of 50 gentlemen of many nationalities, who did garrison guard in the British Legation, and were most useful. They were

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Mr P. McM. Glynn, M.P., addressed a large audience in the town hall, Hindmarsh, lately on the subject of the fiscal policy under federation. He said that this was the most important question of all connected with the federation of the colonies. Some held that organization was the chief matter, but he asked them not to be misled. He advised them not to allow their feelings of gratitude to those who had done yeoman service in the cause of federation to carry them away from the issue of commercial freedom. This should be made the test. He was a consistent free trader, but it could be shown that under a protective tariff the workers could be benefited and the country grow prosperous he would allow of demerit opinions to go to the wall; but the reverse held good, and both facts and reason were in favor of a tariff on revenue lines. He quoted statistics to prove the contention that this policy was the best for any country. Fiscal restrictions would retard the growth of the Commonwealth. It would lead, as it had in America, to combinations and trusts, and it was not the workers who benefited by these. He quoted an American authority to the effect that free trade was the only cure for these evils. Victoria and New South Wales were cited and contrasted to show the results of the opposite

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roar. The Tung Tang or East Cathedral shot flames into the sky, the old Greek Church in the north-east of the city, the London Mission building, the handsome pile of the American Board of Missions, and the entire foreign buildings belonging to the Imperial Maritime Customs in the East City, burned throughout the night. It was an appalling sight. The East Cathedral having been burned, it was thought that Nang Tank, the South Cathedral, was in danger. This historic pile, the home of Verbiest and Schaal, with its memorial tablet given to the Cathedral by Emperor King Ysi, was ruthlessly sacrificed. It continued burning all day, the region round it, the chief Catholic centre of Peking, being also burned. Acres of houses were destroyed, and Christians in thousands put to the sword. On the 15th rescue parties were sent out and awful sights were witnessed. Women and children hacked to pieces, men trussed like fowls, with noses and ears cut off and eyes gouged out. All through the night the massacres had continued, and the Boxers were even now shot red-handed at their bloody work. But their work was still incomplete, and many hundreds of women and children had escaped. They came out of their hiding places, crossing themselves, and pleading for mercy. It was a most pitiful sight. Thousands of soldiers on the wall witnessed the rescue. They had, with callous hearts, witnessed the massacre without ever raising a hand to save. During the awful nights of the 13th and 14th, Duke Lan, the brother of Prince Tuan, and Chao Shu Chiao, of the Tsung-li-Yamen, had followed round in their carts to gloat over the spectacle. Yet the Chinese Government afterwards described this massacre, done under official supervision, under the very walls of the Imperial Palace, as the handiwork of local banditti. Refugees, however, from the East City had managed to escape miraculously, and find their way, many of them wounded, to the foreign legations, seeking that protection and humanity that was denied them by their own people. As the patrol was passing a Taoist temple on the

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Continuing his narrative of the siege of Peking, Dr. Morrison says that for the first time in the war what was a feature in the fortification was that the sandbags were of every color under the sun, and of every texture. Silks and satins, curtains and carpets, and embroidery were ruthlessly cut up into sandbags. In the Prince's Fu the sandbags were made of the richest silks and satins, the Imperial gifts and accumulated treasures of one of the eight princely families of China. Much property was destroyed, but, though the shells burst everywhere and escapes were marvellous, few people were hit. The enemy were working their way ever nearer to the refugee Christians. Their rage to reach the Christians was appalling. They cursed them from over the wall, hurled stones at them, and threw shells to explode overhead. Most of the shelling was now directed against the French and German Legations and Chamot's Hotel. Chamot fed the troops and a crowd of Christian refugees, killed his own mules and horses, ground his own wheat, and baked

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Mr P. McM. Glynn, M.P., addressed a large audience in the town hall, Hindmarsh, lately on the subject of the fiscal policy under federation. He said that this was the most important question of all connected with the federation of the colonies. Some held that organization was the chief matter, but he asked them not to allow their feelings of gratitude to those who had done yeoman service in the cause of federation to carry them away from the issue of commercial freedom. This should be made the test. He was a consistent freetrader, but it could be shown that under a protective tariff the workers could be benefited and the country grow prosperous he would allow of demic opinions to go to the wall; but the reverse held good, and both facts and reason were in favor of a tariff on revenue lines. He quoted statistics to prove the contention that this policy was the best for any country. Fiscal restrictions would retard the growth of the Commonwealth. It would lead, as it had in America, to combinations and trusts, and it was not the workers who benefited by these. He quoted an American authority to the effect that free trade was the only cure for these evils. Victoria and New South Wales were cited and contrasted to show the results of the opposite policies of freetrade and protection, and he quoted statistics to support his argument that unrestricted trade was the one under which a country was the most prosperous. In fact, he asserted that statistics proved that every colony had been most prosperous when taxed on revenue lines. Protection had been advocated to increase population and wages—but the reverse had been the result. On free trade lines the revenue of the States could readily be ascertained, but under a protective tariff it could not be gauged. Protection was supposed to make a country self-contained. High protective duties were combated, and caution should be exercised not to admit them into the fiscal policy of the Commonwealth. England, under free trade, was bearing her great weight of industry and militarism with comparative ease, and was the admiration of the world. Australia, sons of the motherland, should be in the van of progress on similar lines and not be weaklings. They had a splendid opening of federal life, if it were founded on free trade principles, and they could not do better than follow the glorious example of the old country.

## "A KISSING CARNIVAL"

Promiscuous kissing was carried to an even greater extent than in the recent carnivals and on Mafeking day. Groups of young volunteers and apprentices struggled about among the crowds, kissing every woman and girl they could get at, and passing the choicest prizes on to their companions. No unescorted lady had a chance of escape. Shouting would never have been of the slightest use, for in that maelstrom of yells and shrieks a hundred pigs might have had their noses ringed without any one noticing their protests. The mad carnival reached its height between 10 and 12, but was continued with diminishing force but greater wildness far into the early morning.—"Daily News."

## THE WAR'S AFTERMATH.

We are of those who believe that the rancour left by war will be the smallest of the evils to be assuaged. Statesmanship of the highest order will be required to preserve a due political balance of interests between a new community in the Transvaal overwhelming commercial, and the old pastoral inhabitants to whom the country is, after all, Fatherland. And that statesmanship we know to be that of Sir Alfred Milner.—"The Outlook."

## THEY FEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

England's legitimate and glorious Imperialism of former days has disappeared; that of to-day is founded on rancour. It has become peevish and aggressive, and Europe is forced to consider it as to be dreaded, because it is a continual menace to her. Mr Chamberlain has been the principal agent of this detestable transformation, and for this reason the entire Continent throws on him unceasing expressions of its anipathy. He counts for much in the insecurity of the present moment, and England need not be surprised that her "modern style" Imperialism, which has chosen so dangerous a godfather, should be received with reserve.—"Journal des Debats," Paris.

THE \* KALGOORLIE \*  
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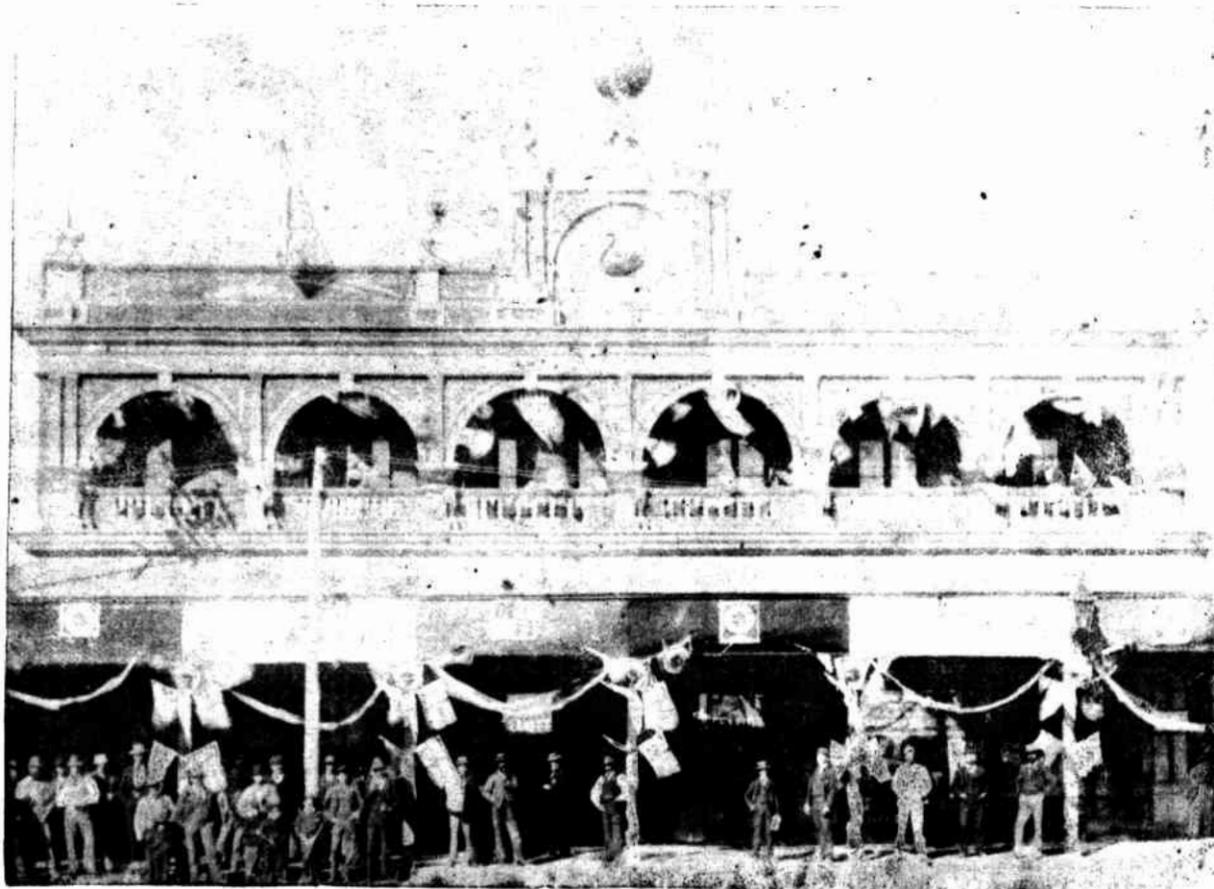
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THE PEKIN MASSACRES.

DR. MORRISON'S REPORT.

A TERRIBLE TIME.

The following are extracts from the narrative of Dr. Morrison, the "Times" correspondent at Peking, of the massacre and the siege:

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, had a meeting with the Tsung-li-Yamen. It was a very serious meeting, for it concerned the murder of two British missionaries. Four members were present. In the midst of the Minister's protest one member was found fast asleep.

"There you have China," said the Minister; "what can you do with such a people?" And in the meantime, while the crisis was im-pending, the Dowager Empress was giving a series of theatrical entertainments in the Summer Palace. On June 12 news passed through Peking that Sugi Yama, Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, had been murdered. He was seized by soldiers of the Tung-fuh-Siang, dragged from his cart, and done to death in the presence of a crowd of Chinese, who witnessed his struggles with un-pitying interest and unconcealed satisfaction. On June 12 a cry arose that the Boxers were coming, and the terrible scenes which followed are thus de-scribed:—As darkness came on the most awful cries were heard in the city, most demoniacal and unforgettable. The cries of the Boxers, "Shakweitze" ("Kill the devils"), mingled with the shrieks of victims and the groans of the dying, for the Boxers were sweeping through the city, murdering the native Chris-tians and burning them alive in their homes, The first building to be burned was the chapel of the Methodist Mission, in the Hatamen-street. Then flames sprang up in many quarters of the city amid the most deafening up-roar. The Tung Tang or East Cathedral shot flames into the sky, the old Greek Church in the north-east of the city, the London Mission building, the handsome pile of the American Board of Missions and the entire foreign buildings belonging to the Imperial Maritime Customs in the East City, burned throughout the night. It was an ap-palling sight. The East Cathedral having been burned, it was thought that Nang Tank, the South Cathedral, was in danger. This historic pile, the home Verbiest and Schaal, with its memo-ial tablet given to the Cathedral by Emperor King Ysi, was ruthlessly sacrificed. It continued burning all day, the region round it, the chief Catholic centre of Peking, being also burned. Acres of houses were destroyed, and Christians in thousands put to the sword. On the 15th rescue parties were sent out and awful sights were witnessed. Women and children hacked to pieces, men trussed like fowls, with noses and ears cut off and eyes gouged out. All through the night the massacres had continued, and the Boxers were even now shot red-handed at their bloody work. But their work was still incomplete, and many hundreds of women and children had escaped. They came out of their hiding places, crossing themselves, and pleading for mercy. It was a most pitiful sight. Thousands of soldiers on the wall witnessed the rescue. They had, with callous hearts, witnessed the massacre without ever raising a hand to save. During the awful nights of the 13th and 14th, Duke Lan, the brother of Prince Tuan, and Chao Shu Chiao, of the Tsung-li-Ya-men, had followed round in their cairts to gloat over the spectacle. Yet the Chinese Government afterwards de-scribed this massacre, done under official supervision, under the very walls of the Imperial Palace, as the handiwork of local banditti. Refugees, however, from the East City had man-aged to escape miraculously, and find their way, many of them wounded, to the foreign legations, seeking that protection and humanity that was denied them by their own people. As the patrol was passing a Taoist temple on the way to a noted Boxer meeting place, cries were heard within. The temple was forcibly entered, and native Chris-tians were found there, their hands tied behind their backs, awaiting execution and torture. Some had already been put to death, and their bodies were still warm and bleeding. All were shockingly mutilated. Their fiendish murderers were at their incantations, burning incense before their gods; offering Christians in sacrifice to their angered deities. They shut themselves within the temple, but their defense availed them nothing. Every one of them, 46 in all, was in Boxer uniform, armed with sword and lance.

Retribution was swift. Every man was shot to death without mercy. In the afternoon a fire broke out in the foreign drugstore in the native city. It was the work of Boxers. Ad-joining buildings took fire; the flames spread to the booksellers' street, and the most interesting street in China, filled with priceless scrolls, manuscripts, and printed books, was gutted from end to end. The fire licked up house after house, and soon the conflagration was the most disastrous ever known in China, reducing to ashes the richest part of Peking—the pearl and jewel shops, the silk and fur, the satin and embroidery stores, the great curio shops, the gold and silver shops, the meeting houses, and nearly all that was of the highest value in the metropolis. Irreparable was the damage done. From the street below the fire spread to the central outer Chien Men Gate, which directly faces the Imperial Palace, and which is only thrown open for the pas-sage of the Emperor. An imposing temple crowns this wall. It was en-gulfed in the conflagration. The great tiled roofs, with its upturned gables, fell with the crash of falling worlds while great volumes of smoke spread like a pall over the Imperial Palace, foreboding the doom of the Imperial house. It was a sight never to be for-gotten. Herr H. Cordes, secretary of the German Legation, when lying ill in hospital, made a statement to Dr. Morrison as to how Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was murdered. On June 19 the Tsung-li-Yamen sent the Ministers an ultimatum, giving them 24 hours' notice to leave Peking. Next morning the German Minister and Herr Cordes set out in two chairs for the Yamen, unarmed and without escort. Herr Cordes, describing what followed, said he suddenly saw a Banner soldier, apparently a Manchurian, in full uniform, with a mandarin's hat, with a button and a blue feather, step forward, present his rifle within a yard of the chair window, level at the Minister's head, and fire. At the same moment the shot rang out the chairs were thrown down. Herr Cordes was him-self wounded, but managed to reach the American Mission.

Continuing his narrative of the siege of Peking, Dr. Morrison says that for the first time in the war what was a feature in the fortification was that the sandbags were of every color under the sun, and of every texture. Silks and satins, curtains and carpets, and embroidery were ruthlessly cut up into sandbags. In the Prince's Fu the sand--bags were made of the richest silks and satins, the Imperial gifts and accumulated treasures of one of the eight princely families of China. Much property was destroyed, but, though the shells burst everywhere and escapes were marvelous, few people were hit. The enemy were working their way ever nearer to the refugee Christians. Their rage to reach the Christians was appalling. They cursed them from over the wall, hurled stones at them, and threw shells to explode overhead. Most of the shelling was now directed against the French and German Legations and Chamot's Hotel. Chamot fed the troops and a crowd of Christian refugees, killed his own mules and horses, ground his own wheat, and baked 300 loaves per day. Shelled out of the kitchen, he baked in the parlor. His courage inspired the Chinese, and they followed him under fire with an amazing confidence. Then suddenly a new attempt was made to reduce the British Legation, the guns firing round shot. Eight-pounders and four-pounders were mounted upon the Imperial City wall overlooking from the north the Hanlin and the British Legation. With glasses—the distance was only 350 yards— one could clearly see the officers and distinguish their Imperial peacock feathers and mandarin hats. Shells were hurled into the Hanlin, and crashed through the roofs of the British Legation. One pierced both walls of the dining-room, passing behind the portrait of the Queen; two came crashing through the walls of a student's room, where a few minutes before Sir Claude Macdonald had been standing. The batteries, in all carrying five guns, were mounted on the Imperial City wall, where the bombardment could be witnessed by the Empress-Dowager and her counsellors, and day after day round shot was thrown from them into the British Legation, into a compound crowded with women and children. This is what his Excellency Le Feng Luh was describing to Lord Salisbury as giving effective protection to the British Legation. Chinese banners hung temptingly close to every outpost. One morning we awoke to find one waving from a sand-bag shelter in the carriage walk over the very wall of the British Legations. No

marine could suffer such an affront, and during the day Sergeant Preston, of the Orlando, with two volunteers, mounted the wall and shot two soldiers who were on guard behind the sand-bags, while his mate seized the flag and hauled it into the compound. On the 11th, eighteen prisoners were captured by the French in a temple near the Legation. They were soldiers, and a Chinese Christian gave information as to their whereabouts. Every one of them was put to death without mercy in the French Legation, bayoneted by a French corporal to save cartridges.

When the hopes of the besieged were at their lowest, there came the news that the Chinese had been defeated, and that relief was at hand. At three in the morning we were all awakened by the booming of guns in the east, and by the welcome sound of volley firing. At daylight most of us went on to the wall, and witnessed the shelling of the great East Gate. The hard luncheon of horseflesh came on, and we had just finished when the cry rung through the Legation. "The British are coming!" and there was a rush to the entrance, and up Canal-street towards the water gate. The stalwart form of the General and his staff were entering by the water gate, followed by the 1st Regiment of Sikhs, and the Rajputs. They passed down Canal-street, and, amid a scene of indescribable emotion, marched to the British Legation. The siege had been raised.

The garrison was composed of 18 officers and 389 men, made up of eight different nationalities. There was a volunteer brigade of 75 men, made up of eight different nationalities, and in addition a highly irregular force of 50 gentlemen of many nationalities, who did garrison guard in the British Legation, and were most useful. They were known from the gentlemen who enrolled them as Thornhill's Roughs, and they bore themselves as the legitimate successors on foot of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Armed with a variety of weapons, from an elephant rifle to the fusil de chasse, with a picture of the grand prix, to, all of which carving knives had been lashed as bayonets, they were known as the Carving Knife Brigade. At the opening of the siege Captain Thomann, the Austrian commander, as senior officer, assumed chief command. He retained his position two days only, as one of his first acts was to abandon valuable positions in the defense without adequate reason. Captain Thomann was relieved of his command, and Sir Claude Macdonald, at the urgent instance of the French and Russian Ministers, subsequently confirmed by all their colleagues, assumed the chief command.

Early on the morning of August 25, the day after the siege of the Legation was raised, General Chaffee advanced his men from the Chienmen, and drove the Chinese from gateway to gateway, back along the wide paved approach to the far-famed Forbidden City. The French took their mountain guns to the top of the wall opposite the Legation, and began blazing away in the di-rection of the approaches to the Palace. General Chaffee rode down to where the guns were placed on the wall, and from below conducted a spirited conversation with the French General and M. Pi-chon. "Stop firing those guns!" the General shouted from 60 ft. below. "You are killing my men!" Not understanding, the French General replied to the effect that he was firing for the honor of France; and M. Pichon joined in with similar protestations. General Chaffee's protests increased in vigor, and the force, perhaps, rather than the lucidity of them, eventually induced the French General to desist from firing. General Chaffee had to speak forcibly to persuade the Russians to re-tire. A game of general grab followed the success of the relief expedition. The Japanese siezed the Board of Revenue, and must have found a huge amount of money there, to judge by the length of line of pack mules it took to carry it away. Through a mistake it is said on the part of the Americans, the French got possession of the palace of Prince Li, said to contain treasure to the extent of many million dollars. The Russians also got some treasure, seizing on a large bank. The Russians succeeded in winning the last large prize, the Wan-shen-shan, or new Summer Palace, seven miles out, near the western hills, racing for it against a body of Japanese, and coming in a quarter of an hour ahead, having had a long start. Alongside this official looting private looting on the part of the foreign soldiers was freely permitted during

the first few days; in fact, the city was abandoned for the most part to the soldiers. To save themselves from the rough Russian soldiers and their following of French, many Chinese women committed suicide. A British officer saw seven hanging from the same beam in the house of a well-to-do Chinaman.

"These stories," says Dr. Morrison, reflected credit upon Chinese woman-hood, and something very different upon the armies of Europe, which are supposed to be the forerunners and up-holders of civilization in this particular campaign."

DIE MASSAKER VON PEKIN.

DR. MORRISONS BERICHT.

EINE SCHRECKLICHE ZEIT.

Es folgen Auszüge aus dem Bericht von Dr. Morrison, dem "Times"-Korrespondenten in Peking, über das Massaker und die Belagerung:

Sir Claude Macdonald, der britische Minister, hatte ein Treffen mit den Tsung-li-Yamen. Es war ein sehr ernstes Treffen, denn es ging um die Ermordung von zwei britischen Missionaren. Vier Mitglieder waren anwesend. Inmitten des Protestes des Ministers wurde ein Mitglied schlafend aufgefunden. "Da haben Sie China", sagte der Minister, "was können Sie mit einem solchen Volk anfangen?" In der Zwischenzeit gab die Kaiserinwitwe im Sommerpalast eine Reihe von Theateraufführungen, während die Krise noch andauerte. Am 12. Juni verbreitete sich in Peking die Nachricht, dass Sugi Yama, der Kanzler der japanischen Gesandtschaft, ermordet worden war. Er wurde von Soldaten der Tung-fuh-Siang ergriffen, aus seinem Wagen gezerrt und vor den Augen einer Menge von Chinesen, die seine Kämpfe mit mitleidlosem Interesse und unverhohlener Befriedigung verfolgten, zu Tode gebracht. Am 12. Juni ertönte der Ruf, dass die Boxer kämen, und die schrecklichen Szenen, die sich daraufhin abspielten, lassen sich folgendermaßen beschreiben: Bei Einbruch der Dunkelheit waren in der Stadt die schrecklichsten Schreie zu hören, die dämonischsten und unvergesslichsten. Die Schreie der Boxer, "Shakweitze" ("Tötet die Teufel"), vermischten sich mit den Schreien der Opfer und dem Stöhnen der Sterbenden, denn die Boxer feigten durch die Stadt, ermordeten die einheimischen Christen und verbrannten sie bei lebendigem Leibe in ihren Häusern, Das erste Gebäude, das verbrannt wurde, war die Kapelle der Methodistenmission in der Hatamenstraße. Dann züngelten die Flammen in vielen Vierteln der Stadt in ohrenbetäubendem Lärm empor. Die Tung-Tang- oder Ost-Kathedrale schoss in den Himmel, die alte griechische Kirche im Nordosten der Stadt, das Gebäude der Londoner Mission, das stattliche Gebäude des American Board of Missions und die gesamten ausländischen Gebäude des kaiserlichen Seezollamtes in der Oststadt brannten die ganze Nacht hindurch. Es war ein entsetzlicher Anblick. Nachdem die Ostkathedrale abgebrannt war, dachte man, dass auch Nang Tank, die Südkathedrale, in Gefahr sei. Dieses historische Gebäude, das Haus von Verbiest und Schaal, mit seiner Gedenktafel, die Kaiser König Ysi der Kathedrale geschenkt hatte, wurde rücksichtslos geopfert. Die Kathedrale brannte den ganzen Tag, und auch die Umgebung, das wichtigste katholische Zentrum Pekings, wurde in Brand gesteckt. Hektarweise wurden Häuser zerstört und Tausende von Christen mit dem Schwert erschlagen. Am 15. wurden Rettungstrupps ausgesandt, und es bot sich ein schrecklicher Anblick. Frauen und Kinder wurden in Stücke gehackt, Männer wie Hühner gefesselt, mit abgeschnittenen Nasen und Ohren und ausgestochenen Augen. Die ganze Nacht hindurch waren die Massaker fortgesetzt worden, und die Boxer wurden sogar auf frischer Tat bei ihrer blutigen Arbeit erschossen. Aber ihr Werk war noch nicht vollendet, und viele Hunderte von Frauen und Kindern waren geflohen. Sie kamen aus ihren Verstecken hervor, bekreuzigten sich und flehten um Gnade. Es war ein höchst erbärmlicher Anblick. Tausende von Soldaten auf der Mauer waren Zeugen dieser Rettung. Sie hatten das Massaker gefühllos mitangesehen, ohne jemals die Hand zur Rettung zu erheben. In den schrecklichen Nächten des 13. und 14. waren Herzog Lan, der Bruder von Prinz Tuan, und Chao Shu Chiao von den Tsung-li-Ya-men in ihren Kutschen gefolgt, um sich an dem Spektakel zu ergötzen. Dennoch bezeichnete die chinesische Regierung dieses Massaker, das unter offizieller Aufsicht und direkt vor den Mauern des Kaiserpalastes stattfand, später als das Werk lokaler Banditen. Die Flüchtlinge aus der Oststadt konnten jedoch wie durch ein Wunder entkommen und fanden ihren Weg, viele von ihnen verwundet, zu den ausländischen Gesandtschaften, wo sie den Schutz und die Menschlichkeit suchten, die ihnen von ihrem eigenen Volk verweigert wurde. Als die

Patrouille auf dem Weg zu einem bekannten Boxer-Treffpunkt an einem taoistischen Tempel vorbeikam, hörte man Schreie aus dem Inneren. Man drang gewaltsam in den Tempel ein und fand dort einheimische Christen vor, deren Hände auf dem Rücken gefesselt waren und die auf Hinrichtung und Folter warteten. Einige waren bereits hingerichtet worden, und ihre Körper waren noch warm und bluteten. Alle waren schockierend verstümmelt. Ihre teuflischen Mörder waren bei ihren Beschwörungen, verbrannten Weihrauch vor ihren Göttern und opferten die Christen ihren zornigen Göttern. Sie schlossen sich im Tempel ein, aber ihre Verteidigung nützte ihnen nichts. Jeder von ihnen, insgesamt 46, trug die Uniform der Boxer und war mit Schwert und Lanze bewaffnet. Die Vergeltung erfolgte schnell. Jeder Mann wurde ohne Gnade erschossen. Am Nachmittag brach in der ausländischen Drogerie in der Heimatstadt ein Feuer aus. Es war das Werk von Boxern. Die Flammen griffen auf die Straße der Buchhändler über, und die interessanteste Straße Chinas, die mit unschätzbaren Schriftrollen, Manuskripten und gedruckten Büchern gefüllt ist, wurde von einem Ende zum anderen ausgebrannt. Das Feuer leckte ein Haus nach dem anderen auf, und bald war die Feuersbrunst die verheerendste, die es je in China gegeben hatte, und legte den reichsten Teil von Peking in Schutt und Asche - die Perlen- und Juwelengeschäfte, die Seiden- und Pelzgeschäfte, die Satin- und Stickereigeschäfte, die großen Kuriositätenläden, die Gold- und Silbergeschäfte, die Versammlungshäuser und fast alles, was in der Metropole von höchstem Wert war. Der angerichtete Schaden war irreparabel. Von der unteren Straße aus griff das Feuer auf das zentrale äußere Chien-Men-Tor über, das direkt auf den Kaiserpalast gerichtet ist und nur für die Durchreise des Kaisers geöffnet wird. Ein imposanter Tempel krönt diese Mauer. Er wurde von der Feuersbrunst verschlungen. Die großen Ziegeldächer mit ihren umgedrehten Giebeln stürzten mit dem Krachen fallender Welten ein, während sich große Rauchschwaden wie eine Wolke über dem Kaiserpalast ausbreiteten und den Untergang des kaiserlichen Hauses ankündigten. Es war ein Anblick, den man nie vergessen wird.

Herr H. Cordes, Sekretär der deutschen Gesandtschaft, machte, als er krank im Krankenhaus lag, gegenüber Dr. Morrison eine Aussage darüber, wie Baron von Ketteler, der deutsche Minister, ermordet wurde. Am 19. Juni stellte der Tsung-li-Yamen den Ministern ein Ultimatum und forderte sie auf, Peking innerhalb von 24 Stunden zu verlassen. Am nächsten Morgen machten sich der deutsche Minister und Herr Cordes in zwei Sesseln auf den Weg zum Yamen, unbewaffnet und ohne Eskorte. Herr Cordes schilderte, was dann geschah, und sagte, er habe plötzlich gesehen, wie ein Bannersoldat, offenbar ein Mandschu, in voller Uniform, mit einem Mandarinenhut, mit einem Knopf und einer blauen Feder, vortrat, sein Gewehr bis auf einen Meter an das Stuhlfenster heranreichte, auf den Kopf des Ministers zielte und schoss. Im selben Moment, als der Schuss ertönte, wurden die Stühle umgeworfen. Herr Cordes wurde selbst verwundet, konnte aber die amerikanische Mission erreichen.

Im weiteren Verlauf seiner Erzählung über die Belagerung von Peking berichtet Dr. Morrison, dass zum ersten Mal im Krieg die Sandsäcke in allen Farben der Sonne und von jeder Beschaffenheit waren. Seide und Satin, Vorhänge und Teppiche sowie Stickereien wurden rücksichtslos in Sandsäcke zerschnitten. Im Fu des Prinzen waren die Sandsäcke aus den reichsten Seiden und Satinen gefertigt, den kaiserlichen Geschenken und den angesammelten Schätzen einer der acht Fürstenfamilien Chinas. Es wurde viel Eigentum zerstört, aber obwohl die Granaten überall einschlugen und man auf wundersame Weise entkam, wurden nur wenige Menschen getroffen. Die Feinde arbeiteten sich immer näher an die flüchtenden Christen heran. Ihre Wut, die Christen zu erreichen, war entsetzlich. Sie verfluchten sie von der Mauer aus, bewarfen sie mit Steinen und warfen Granaten, die über ihnen explodierten. Der größte Teil des Beschusses richtete sich nun gegen die französische und deutsche Gesandtschaft und Chamots Hotel. Chamot versorgte die Truppen und eine Menge christlicher Flüchtlinge, tötete seine eigenen Maultiere und Pferde, mahlte seinen eigenen Weizen und backte 300 Brote pro Tag. Da er aus der Küche vertrieben wurde,

backte er in der Stube. Sein Mut inspirierte die Chinesen, und sie folgten ihm unter Beschuss mit einer erstaunlichen Zuversicht. Dann wurde plötzlich ein neuer Versuch unternommen, die britische Gesandtschaft zu zerstören, und die Kanonen feuerten Rundschüsse ab. Acht- und Vierpfünder waren auf der Mauer der Kaiserstadt montiert und überblickten von Norden her den Hanlin und die britische Gesandtschaft. Mit einer Brille - die Entfernung betrug nur 350 Meter - konnte man die Offiziere deutlich sehen und ihre kaiserlichen Pfauenfedern und Mandarinenhüte erkennen. Granaten wurden in das Hanlin geschleudert und krachten durch die Dächer der britischen Gesandtschaft. Eine durchschlug beide Wände des Speisesaals hinter dem Porträt der Königin; zwei durchschlugen die Wände eines Studentenzimmers, in dem wenige Minuten zuvor noch Sir Claude Macdonald gestanden hatte. Die Batterien mit insgesamt fünf Geschützen waren auf der Stadtmauer der Kaiserstadt aufgestellt, wo die Kaiserin-Witwe und ihre Berater das Bombardement beobachten konnten, und Tag für Tag wurde von ihnen aus ein Schuss auf die britische Gesandtschaft abgefeuert, auf ein Gelände, das mit Frauen und Kindern überfüllt war. Dies beschrieb seine Exzellenz Le Feng Luh gegenüber Lord Salisbury als wirksamen Schutz für die britische Gesandtschaft. Chinesische Fahnen hingen verlockend nahe an jedem Außenposten. Eines Morgens wachten wir auf und sahen, dass eine Fahne von einem Sandsackunterstand auf dem Kutschenweg über der Mauer der britischen Gesandtschaft wehte. Kein Marinesoldat konnte einen solchen Affront dulden, und im Laufe des Tages kletterte Sergeant Preston von der Orlando mit zwei Freiwilligen auf die Mauer und erschoss zwei Soldaten, die hinter den Sandsäcken Wache hielten, während sein Kamerad die Fahne ergriff und sie in das Gelände schleppte. Am

11. wurden achtzehn Gefangene von den Franzosen in einem Tempel in der Nähe der Gesandtschaft gefangen genommen. Es waren Soldaten, und ein chinesischer Christ gab Auskunft über ihren Aufenthaltsort. Jeder von ihnen wurde in der französischen Gesandtschaft ohne Gnade hingerichtet und von einem französischen Korporal mit dem Bajonett aufgespießt, um Patronen zu sparen.

Als die Hoffnungen der Belagerten auf dem Tiefpunkt waren, kam die Nachricht, dass die Chinesen besiegt waren und die Befreiung nahte. Um drei Uhr morgens wurden wir alle durch das Dröhnen von Kanonen im Osten und durch den willkommenen Klang von Salven geweckt. Bei Tagesanbruch begaben sich die meisten von uns auf die Mauer und wurden Zeuge des Beschusses des großen Osttors. Das harte Mittagessen aus Pferdefleisch wurde eingenommen, und wir waren gerade fertig, als der Ruf durch die Gesandtschaft schallte. "Die Briten kommen", und wir eilten zum Eingang und die Kanalstraße hinauf zum Wassertor. Die stämmige Gestalt des Generals und sein Stab kamen durch das Wassertor, gefolgt vom 1. Regiment der Sikhs und den Rajputen. Sie gingen die Canalstreet hinunter und marschierten unter unbeschreiblichen Gefühlen zur britischen Gesandtschaft. Die Belagerung war aufgehoben worden.

Die Garnison bestand aus 18 Offizieren und 389 Mann, die sich aus acht verschiedenen Nationalitäten zusammensetzten. Es gab eine Freiwilligenbrigade von 75 Mann, die sich aus acht verschiedenen Nationalitäten zusammensetzte, und zusätzlich eine höchst unregelmäßige Truppe von 50 Herren vieler Nationalitäten, die in der britischen Gesandtschaft Garnisonswache hielten und sehr nützlich waren. Sie wurden von den Herren, die sie rekrutiert hatten, als Thornhill's Roughs bezeichnet und sahen sich selbst als die legitimen Nachfolger von Roosevelts Rough Riders. Bewaffnet mit einer Vielzahl von Waffen, vom Elefantengewehr bis zum fusil de chasse, mit einem Bild des Grand Prix, an dem Schnitzmesser als Bajonette befestigt waren, waren sie als Carving Knife Brigade bekannt. Zu Beginn der Belagerung übernahm Hauptmann Thomann, der österreichische Kommandant, als ranghöchster Offizier das Oberkommando. Er behielt seine Position nur zwei Tage, da eine seiner ersten Handlungen darin bestand, wertvolle Positionen in der Verteidigung ohne ausreichenden Grund aufzugeben. Hauptmann Thomann wurde seines Kommandos enthoben, und Sir Claude Macdonald übernahm auf dringendes Ersuchen des

französischen und des russischen Ministers, das anschließend von allen Kollegen bestätigt wurde, das Hauptkommando.

Am frühen Morgen des 25. August, dem Tag nach der Aufhebung der Belagerung der Gesandtschaft, rückte General Chaffee mit seinen Männern vom Chienmen aus vor und trieb die Chinesen von Tor zu Tor über den breiten gepflasterten Zugang zur berühmten Verbotenen Stadt zurück. Die Franzosen brachten ihre Gebirgsgeschütze auf die Spitze der Mauer gegenüber der Gesandtschaft und begannen, in Richtung der Zugänge zum Palast zu feuern. General Chaffee ritt zu der Stelle, an der die Geschütze auf der Mauer standen, und führte von unten ein lebhaftes Gespräch mit dem französischen General und M. Pi-Chon. "Hört auf, diese Kanonen abzufeuern!", rief der General aus 60 Fuß Höhe. "Ihr tötet meine Männer!" Da der französische General dies nicht verstand, antwortete er, dass er für die Ehre Frankreichs schieße, und M. Pichon schloss sich mit ähnlichen Beteuerungen an. Die Proteste von General Chaffee wurden immer lauter, und vielleicht war es mehr die Wucht als die Klarheit der Proteste, die den französischen General schließlich dazu brachte, das Schießen einzustellen. General Chaffee musste mit Nachdruck sprechen, um die Russen zum Rückzug zu bewegen. Auf den Erfolg der Hilfsexpedition folgte ein allgemeines Greifspiel. Die Japaner belagerten das Finanzamt und müssen dort eine riesige Menge Geld gefunden haben, wenn man nach der Länge der Maultierkolonne urteilt, die nötig war, um es wegzutragen. Durch einen Irrtum der Amerikaner sollen die Franzosen in den Besitz des Palastes von Prinz Li gelangt sein, der Schätze im Wert von mehreren Millionen Dollar enthalten soll. Die Russen erbeuteten ebenfalls einige Schätze, indem sie eine große Bank beschlagnahmten. Den Russen gelang es, die letzte große Beute, den Wan-shen-shan, den neuen Sommerpalast, sieben Meilen vor der Küste in der Nähe der westlichen Hügel zu erobern, indem sie gegen eine Gruppe von Japanern antraten und nach einem langen Start eine Viertelstunde Vorsprung hatten. Neben diesen offiziellen Plünderungen waren in den ersten Tagen auch private Plünderungen durch die ausländischen Soldaten erlaubt, und die Stadt wurde größtenteils den Soldaten überlassen. Um sich vor den rauen russischen Soldaten und ihrem französischen Gefolge zu schützen, begingen viele chinesische Frauen Selbstmord. Ein britischer Offizier sah sieben von einem Balken im Haus eines wohlhabenden Chinesen hängen.

"Diese Geschichten", sagt Dr. Morrison, "werfen ein schlechtes Licht auf die chinesische Frauenwelt und etwas ganz anderes auf die europäischen Armeen, die in diesem besonderen Feldzug die Vorreiter und Erhalter der Zivilisation sein sollen."