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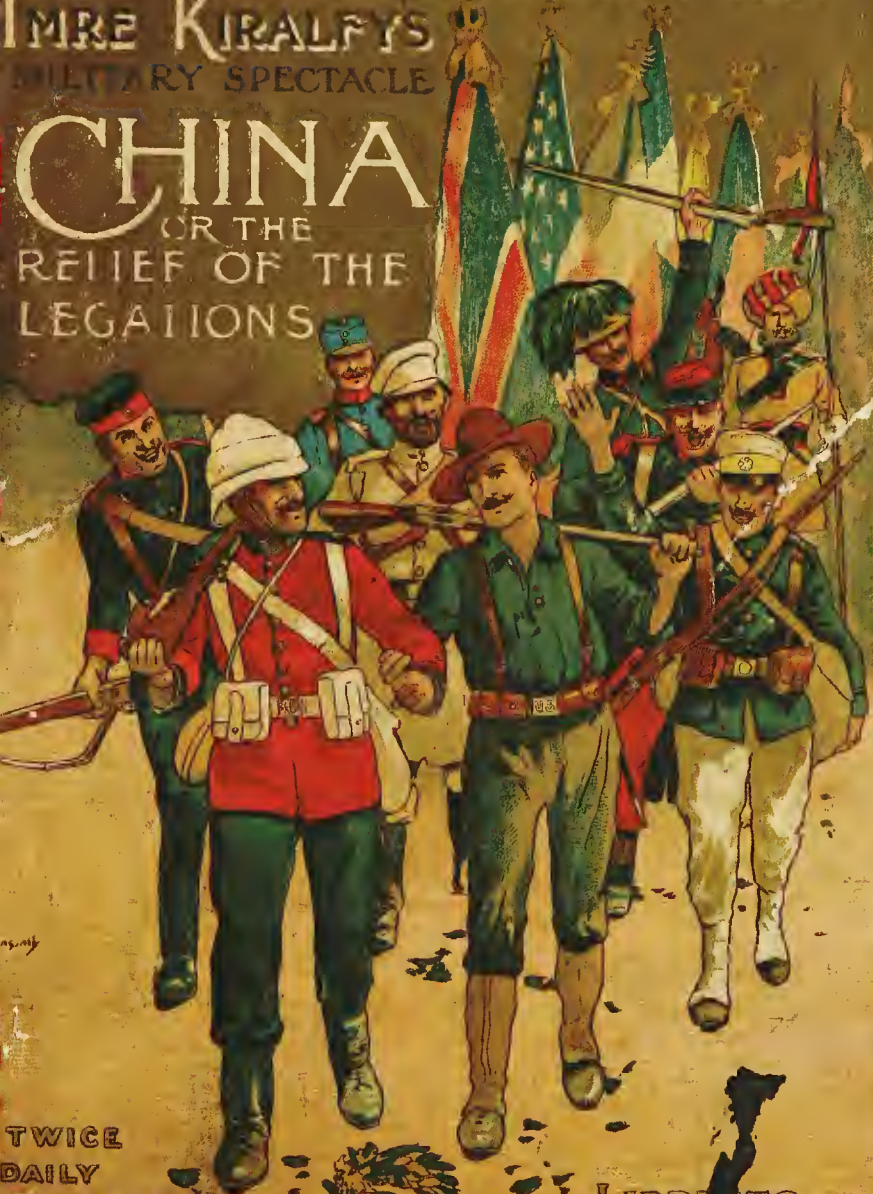
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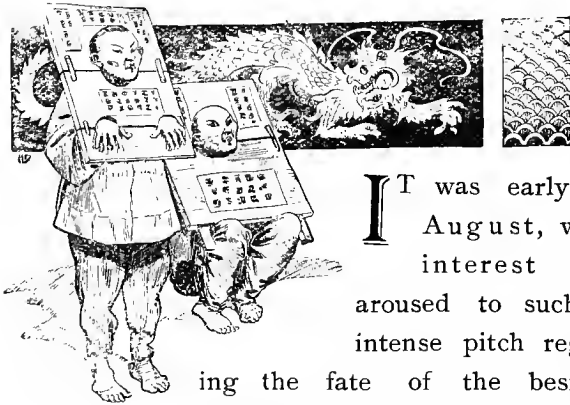
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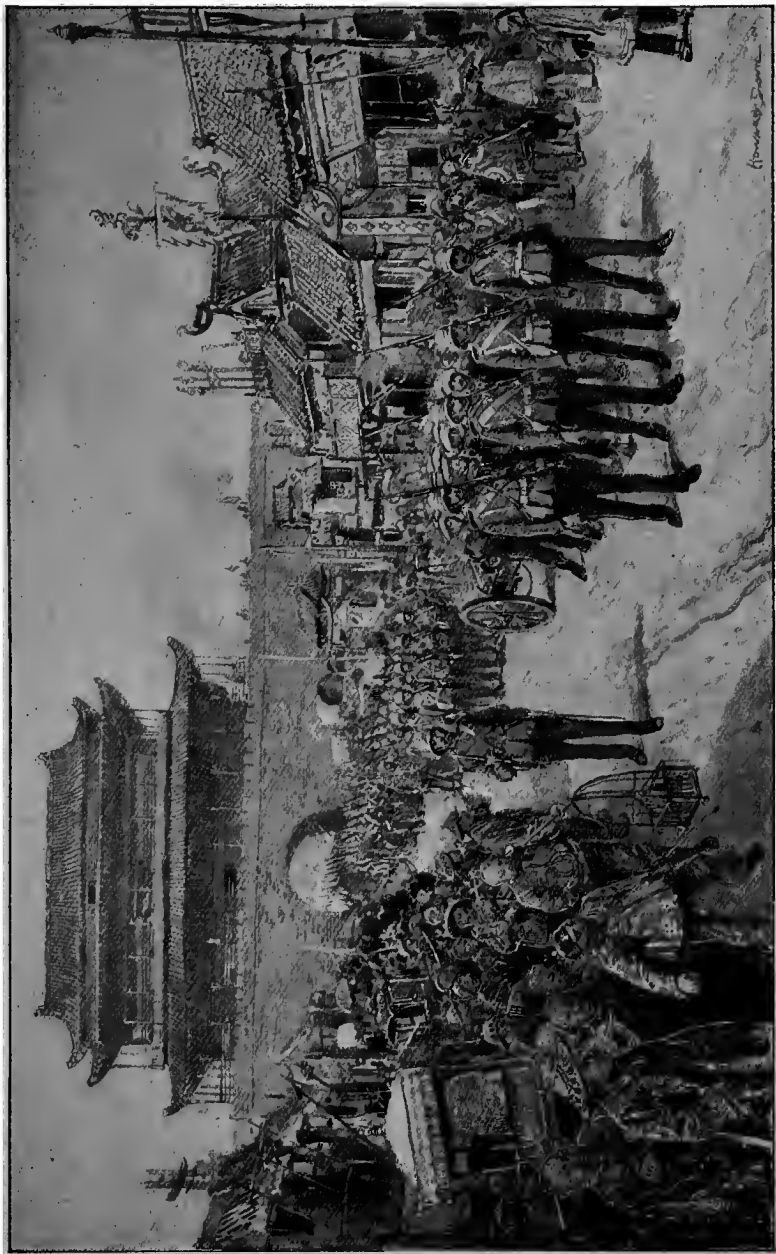


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INTRODUCTION.



IT was early last August, when interest was aroused to such an intense pitch regarding the fate of the besieged Legations in Peking—when the world awaited with bated breath the outcome of the Chinese rising—that I conceived the idea of producing the present spectacle. All eyes had been fixed on China as the theatre of a great tragedy, and it occurred to me that, provided the relief forces succeeded in pushing through in time, the intensely thrilling story of the siege—with its unparalleled situations, its international complexion, coupled with the picturesqueness of the scenes in which the subject was set—would lend itself admirably to the purposes of spectacular treatment.



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In this, as in my other productions, it has been my aim, not only to present the subject in an interesting manner, but to maintain, as far as practicable, the historical accuracy and sequence of the various episodes. It may be said that such labours are not necessary in the production of a melodramatic spectacle. But the gratifying reflection that I am affording the public a true representation of the actual historical incidents, with regard for accuracy in every detail, amply repays the work involved.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Morrison, whose interesting and graphic

narrative appeared in the *Times*; to Mr. W. A. P. Martin's admirable work on the siege; to Miss Cecile E. Payen's, Mr. Isaac Taylor Headland's and Sir Robert Hart's excellent magazine contributions; and to Sir Claude Macdonald's, and other official British, American, French, and German reports.

My sincere thanks are also due to Mr. Clive Bigham, who accompanied Admiral Seymour's expedition, for his special information concerning Chinese life and customs; to Mr. B. G. Tours, Secretary to Sir Claude Macdonald during the siege, for his invaluable advice and information relating to the British legation and its defences; to Mrs. Brent, who was one of the besieged, for esteemed suggestions; also to Mons. and Mme. D'Arc, who resided with Mons. and Mme. Chamot during the siege; to Professor Giles, of Cambridge, for loan of photographs, taken by his son in Peking; to Vice-Admiral Markham for his courteous assistance in regard to naval details; and to Col. Whetherley for his support and advice respecting all military matters.

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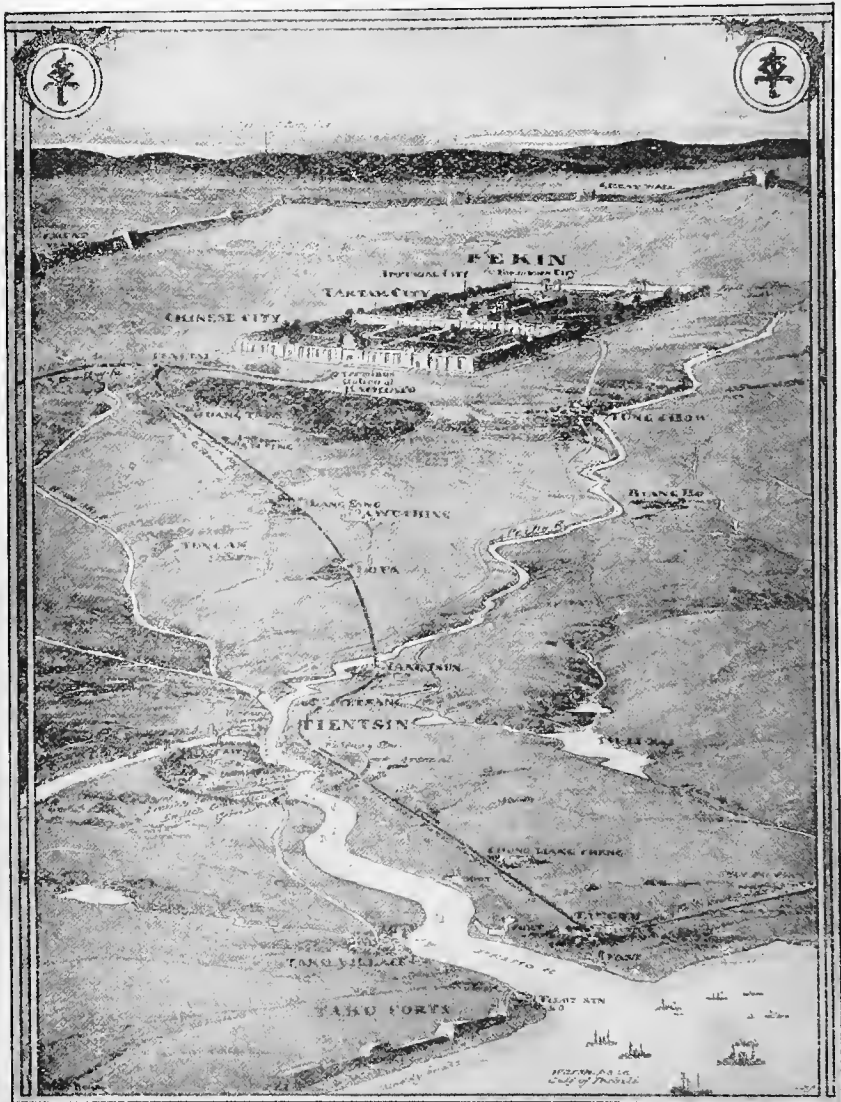
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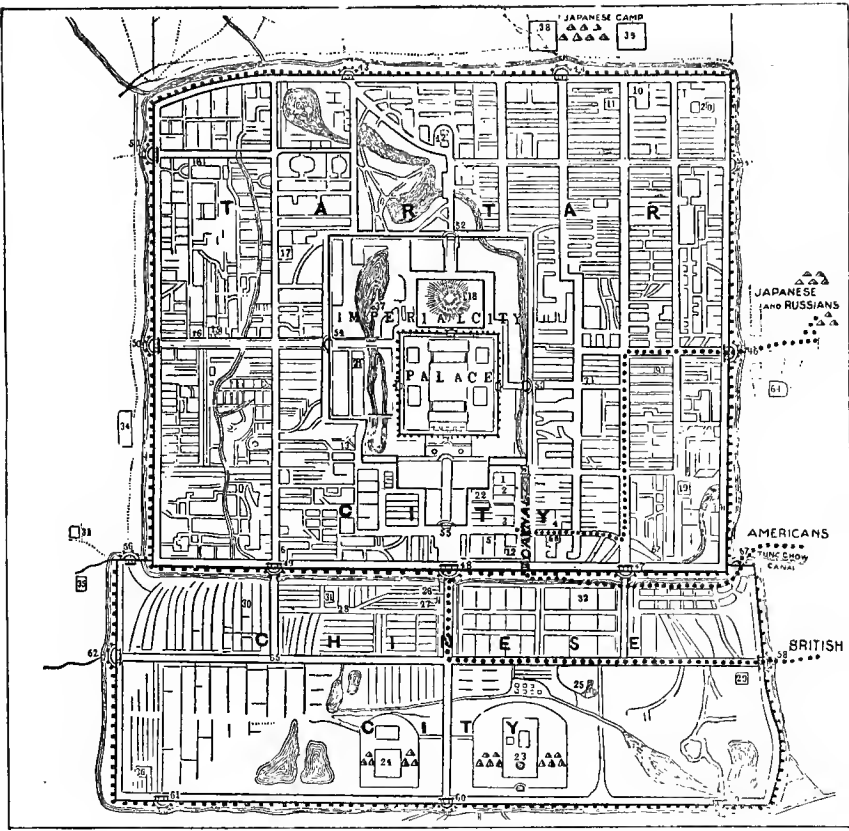




Reprinted from "The Siege in Peking," by
DR. W. A. P. MARTIN.

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW SHOWING THE ROUTE FROM TAKU TO PEKING.



THE END OF A FAMOUS MARCH.

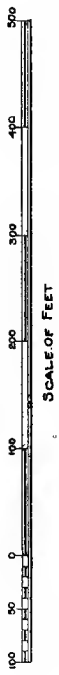
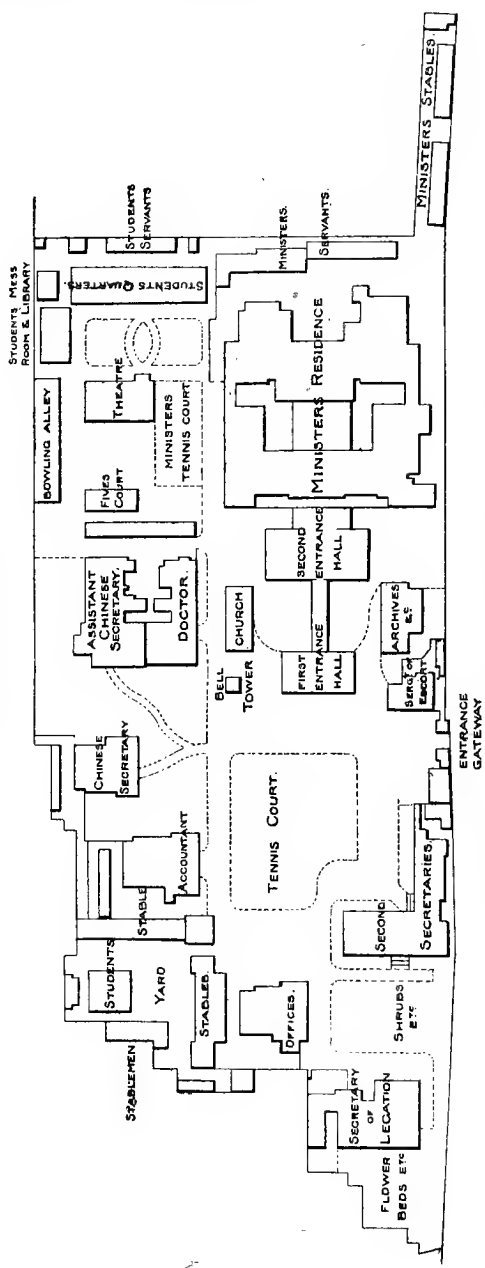
How the Allied Armies forced an entrance into the Chinese Capital and relieved the Imprisoned Legations.—Map of Peking, from Official Surveys made by the English Consular Service at Peking.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 } British Legation. | 34 Temple of the Moon. |
| 3 Russian Legation. | 35 Tien-ling-ssu (Temple). |
| 4 French Legation. | 36 Wan run-keng, Burial Place for Executed Criminals. |
| 5 American Legation. | 37 White Ming Pagoda. |
| 6 Nan-tang, } French Catholic Missions. | 38 Russian Cemetery. |
| 7 Tung-tang, } | 39 Jih-tau (Temple). |
| 8 Si-tang, } | 40 Hsi-ssu (Lama Temple). |
| 9 Imperial Customs. | 41 Huang-ssu (Yellow Temple). |
| 10 Tung-ho Kung, Lama Temple. | 42 Drum Tower. |
| 11 Wen-miao, Confucian Temple. | 43 T'eh-sheng-men |
| 12 Korean Embassy. | 44 An-ting-men |
| 13 Mohammedan Mosque. | 45 Tung-chi-men |
| 14 Kuang-sing-tai, Imperial Observatory. | 46 Che-ho-mea |
| 15 Ti-wang-miao, Imperial Temple. | 47 Ha-ta-men |
| 16 Pai-ta-ssu, Buddhist Temple. | 48 Chien-men |
| 17 Hu-po-ssu, Buddhist Temple. | 49 Shun-chi-men |
| 18 Mei-shan, Coal-hill. | 50 P'ing-tau men |
| 19 Kao chang, Examination Halls. | 51 Si-chi-men |
| 20 Russian Mission, Greek Church. | 52 How-men |
| 21 Pei-tang, Catholic Cathedral. | 53 Tung-hua-men |
| 22 Mongolian Market. | 54 Si-hua-men |
| 23 Temple of Heaven. | 55 Ta-ching-men |
| 24 Temple of Agriculture. | 56 Si-pien-mea |
| 25 Gold-fish Ponds. | 57 Tung-pien-men |
| 26 Si-ho-yen (Picture Street). | 58 Sha-ho-men |
| 27 Theatres in Picture Street. | 59 Cheang-tau-men |
| 28 Luli Chang (Book Street). | 60 Tung-ting-men |
| 29 Yu-ying-tang, Foundling Hospital. | 61 Nao-si-mea |
| 30 Yang-chi-yuan, Lock Hospital. | 62 Hang-ti-men |
| 31 Chou-chang } Soup-kitchens for Beggars. | 63 Jih-tau (Temple). |
| 32 Chou-chang } | 64 Execution Ground. |
| 33 Po-yung-kuan (Temple). | 65 German Legation. |
| | 67 Methodist Mission. |

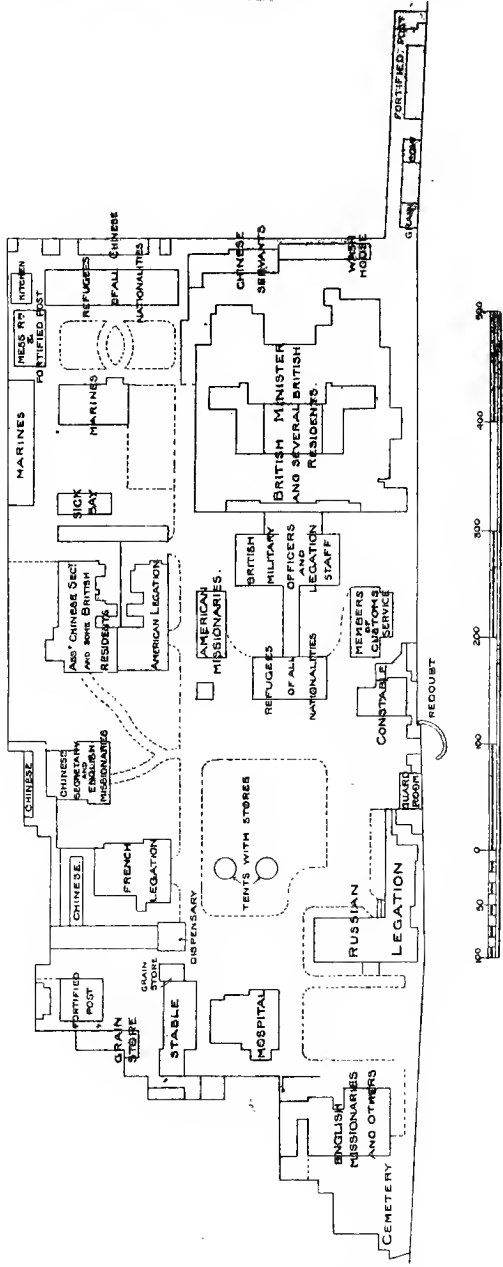
— THE BRITISH LEGATION —

— PEKING —

— BEFORE SIEGE. —



— THE BRITISH LEGATION —
— PEKING —
 — DURING SIEGE. —



SCALE OF FEET

GENERAL SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS.



SCENE I.

The Ha-Ta-Men Road, Peking.

The road skirting the inner gates, dividing the Tartar and the Chinese City. Facing the spectator is the Ha-Ta-Men Gate, and a view of the Legations.

Characteristic Street Life.

The Eve of the Boxer Eruption.

Reading the Imperial Proclamation.

Europeans Menaced and Insulted.

Arrival of Legation Reinforcements:—

American Marines.

British Marines and Bluejackets.

Japanese Bluejackets.

French Detachment.

The Italians.

Russian Naval Brigade.

The Austrians.

German Marines.

Death of the German Minister.

Boxers attack Europeans and Native Converts.

British Bluejackets Rescue Chinese Christians.

The Fanatics put to Flight.

SCENE II.

Defence of the Legations.

Showing the Northern half of the Legation Compound on the left, with the Main Gate, the Canal, Street, and the Central and North Bridges, and the Prince's Palace, known as the Fu, on the right of the spectator, thus forming a double scene.

Refugees of all Nationalities and Chinese converts seek refuge. **Professor Huberty James** is fired upon by Chinese soldiers—he falls mortally wounded over the parapet of the bridge.

Sandbags by the thousand are actively turned out by the ladies in the Legation.

At a Signal of General Retreat, the Guards of all nationalities rush into the Legation.

Sir Claude Macdonald assumes the chief command, and orders the re-occupation of the former posts, pointing out that there must be no question of surrender, for surrender means massacre.

Fire bursts forth in surrounding buildings. Besieged men, women, and children assist in carrying water for the engine.

Captain Poole, with a force of **Marines and Volunteers** makes a breach in the wall to fight the Chinese and he flames.

Another False Signal of Retreat is heard, and the Germans as well as the Americans, abandon their strongholds.

Captain Myers, with a few American and British Blue-jackets, and Russian Marines, re-take them.

A Chinese Flag is captured by **Gunner Mitchell**, under circumstances of great bravery.

Chamot and his plucky wife now bring bread and food-stuffs to the besieged.

The International Gun, improvised out of material found about the Legation.

A Messenger with a Flag of Truce brings a despatch to **Sir Claude Macdonald**, ordering the ministers, their wives and families, to leave the Legation unarmed, and to hand over the Chinese converts to the Chinese Government.

To Stand or Fall together is the unanimous decision of the besieged.

Good News is brought by a faithful messenger in the guise of a blind beggar. **General Fukushima**, with a large force of allied troops, has landed and taken Tien-Tsin.

Final and Desperate Efforts by the Defenders.

SCENE III.

Massing of the Boxers near the Gates of Yang-Tung.

Consecration of the Sacred Banners and Weapons. Proclamation and decision to exterminate the Europeans. Chinese Guards feign to attack the Boxers.

Rout of the Panic-Stricken Fanatics.
Meeting of the War Correspondents.

The Pig and the Cossack.

British Detachment on the March.

Indian Sikhs to the Fore.

The Bivouac of our American Brothers-in-Arms.

The Heroic Little Japs.

On to the Capture of Peking.

SCENE IV.

At the Walls of Peking.

Futile Resistance by the Chinese.

Dashing Advance by the Japanese and Russians.

Sikhs Capture the Sha-Wo Gates.

The Americans Scale the Walls.

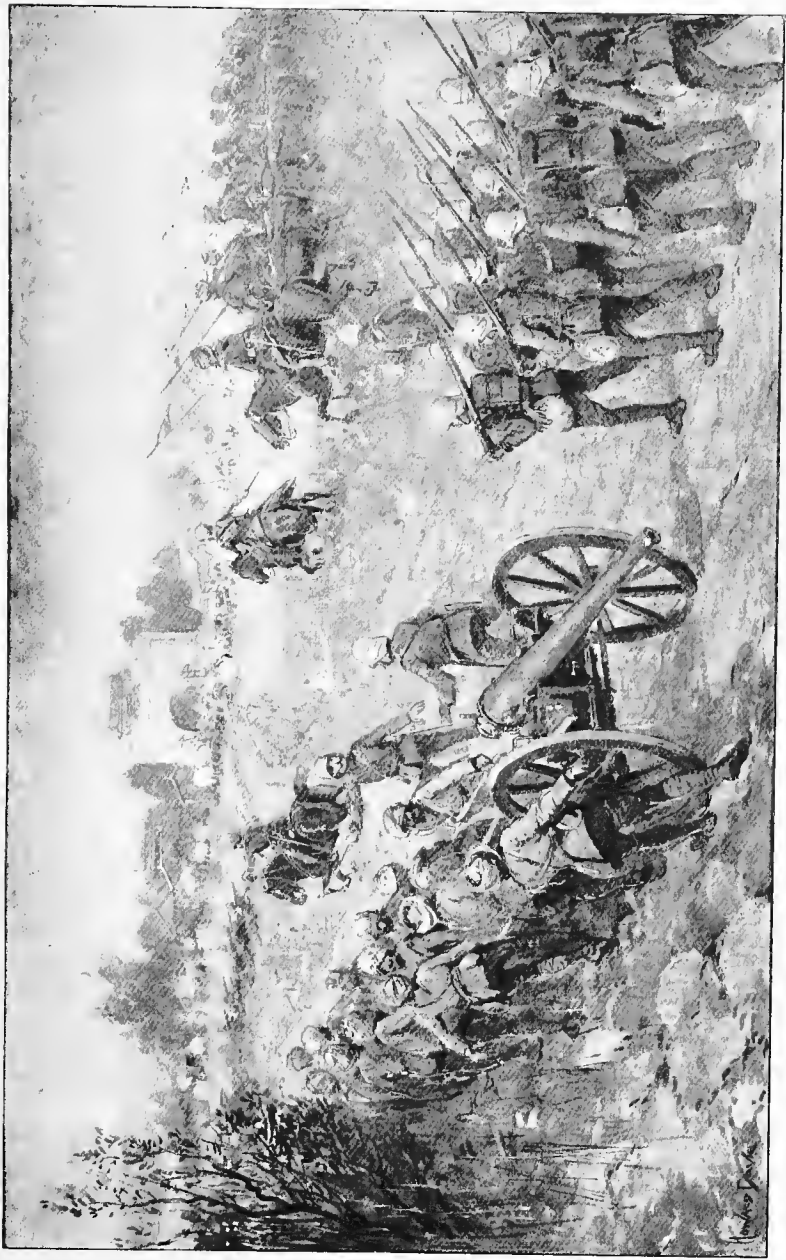
The Colt Gun in Action.

British Triumphantly Enter Peking.

Charge of the 1st Bengal Lancers.

Brilliant Dash of Russian Cossacks.

Japanese Blow up the Tse-Kwa Gate.



MARCH OF THE RELIEF FORCES.

SCENE V.

The British Legation.

Showing the British Legation to the South, with the Secretaries' Building in the rear. On the left is the Main Gate, which separates the Legation and the Canal. In the background are the Central and Southern Bridges, with a view of the Wall dividing the Chinese from the Eastern City, and another Water Gate.

Evening Hymn of Despondent Besieged.

The Last Two Legation Horses.

Victims of the Chinese Shells.

The Hour of Deliverance.

“They are Coming! They are Coming

Relief at Last.

Major Scott with the Sikhs and Punjabis.

Generals Gaselee and Chaffee.

Arrival of the American Deliverers. General Rejoicing.

SCENE VI.

The Forbidden City.

At the Gates of the Holy of Holies of the Chinese Emperors.

Triumphal Entrance of Allied Troops.

The mysterious Holy of Holies.

Russians and Japanese lead the March.

British and Americans side by side.

Germans and French in fraternal union.

The Italians and Austrians conclude the Pageant.

Heroes of the Legation Avenged.

EMPRESS THEATRE,
Twice Daily, at 3.30 and 8.30.

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Grand Historical Military Spectacle

"CHINA"

OR

"THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS."

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CHARACTERS

IN THE FIRST, SECOND, AND FIFTH SCENES.

Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD	...	British Minister in Peking.
Mr. EDWIN H. CONGER	...	United States Minister in Peking.
Mons. STEPHEN PICHON	...	French Minister in Peking.
Mons. DE GIERS	Russian Minister in Peking.
Baron NISSI	Japanese Minister in Peking.
The MARQUIS SALVAGO RAGGI		Italian Minister in Peking.
Mr. DON B. J. DE COLOGAN	...	Spanish Minister in Peking.
Mr. KNOBEL	Dutch Minister in Peking.

Dr. MORRISON	Correspondent of <i>The Times</i> .
Mons. AUGUSTE CHAMOT	Proprietor of the Peking Hotel.
Professor W. A. P. MARTIN	President of the Chinese University in Peking.
Dr. ARTHUR SMITH	Author of "Chinese Characteristics," etc.
The Rev. F. NORRIS	Chaplain to the British Legation in Peking.
Mr. HERBERT G. SQUIRES	Secretary to the American Legation.
Professor GAMEWELL	Of the Methodist Mission in Peking.
The Rev. W. S. AMENT	American Mission Board in Peking.
The Rev. E. G. TEWKESBURY	Missionary in Tang Chow.
Professor HUBERTY JAMES	Of the Peking University.
Mr. N. OLIPHANT	
Dr. VELDE	Surgeon to the German Legation.
Dr. POOLE	Assistant-Surgeon to the British Legation.
Mr. WARREN	Student Interpreter at the British Legation.
Mr. DERING	Attached to the British Legation.
DUKE LAN (brother to Prince Tuan)	...	}	Chinese Mandarins.
CHOACHU-CHIO	...		

BRITISH OFFICERS.

Captain B. M. STROUTS	...	H.M.S. "Orlando."
Captain Lewis S. T. HALLIDAY	...	H.M.S. "Orlando," R.M.L.I.
Captain WRAY	...	R.M.L.I.
Captain F. G. POOLE	...	East Yorkshire Regiment.

AMERICAN OFFICERS.

Captain John TWIGGS MYERS	...	U.S. Marine Infantry, s.s. "Newark."
Captain HALL	...	U.S. Marine Infantry s.s. "Newark."
Surgeon LIPPETT	...	U.S.S. "Newark."
Gunner MITCHELL	...	

RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

Lieut. Baron VON RHADEN	...	Imperial Russian s.s. "Sissoi Veliki."
Lieut. VROUBLEVSKY	...	9th Regiment East Siberian Rifles.
Lieut. VON DEHN	...	Imperial Russian s.s. "Navarin."

JAPANESE OFFICERS.

Colonel G. SHIBA	...	Artillery Officer attached to the Japanese Legation in Peking.
Lieutenant HARA	...	Japanese Navy.

GERMAN OFFICERS.

Lieut. GRAF VON SODEN ... 3rd Battalion Kiao-Chau.
 Herr VON STRAUCH ... Retired Officer of Imperial German Guard

FRENCH OFFICERS.

Captain D'ARCY ... Of the Warship "D'Entrecasteaux."
 Captain LABROUSSE ... French Marine Infantry.

ITALIAN OFFICERS.

Lieutenant PAOLINI ... Of the Battleship "Elba."

AUSTRIAN OFFICERS.

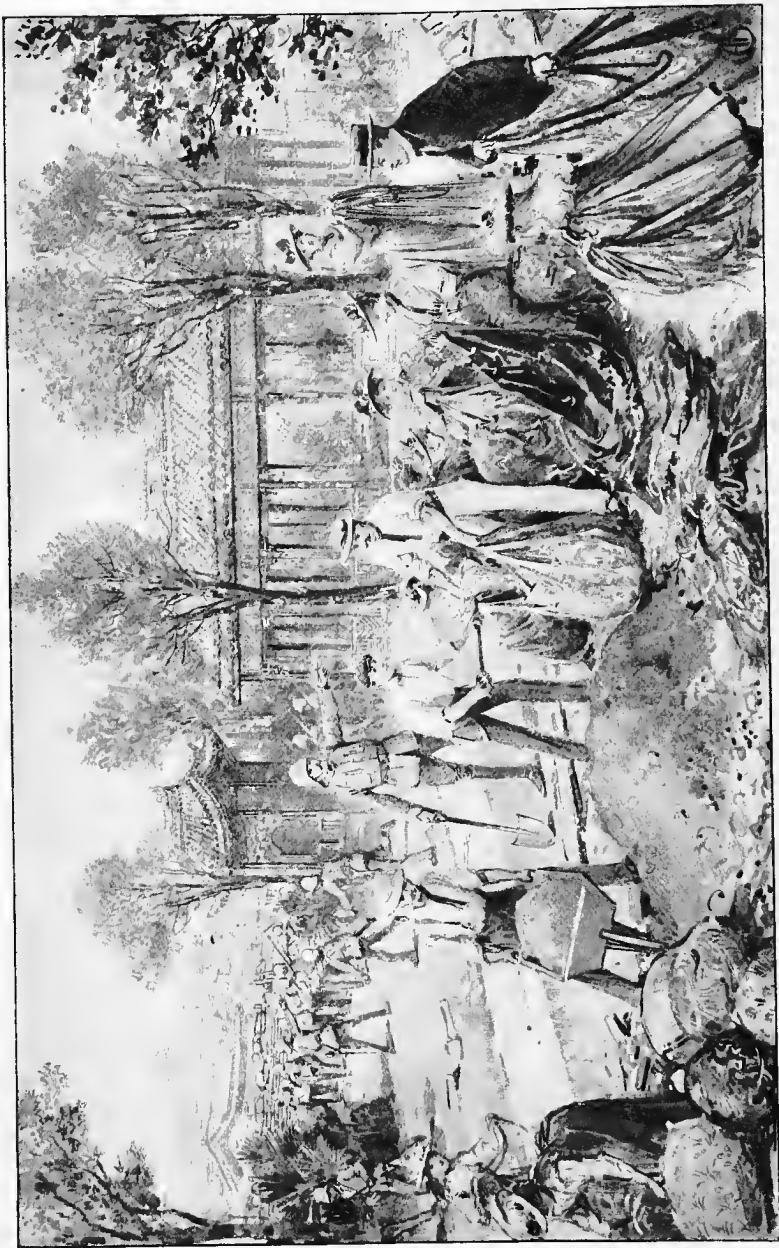
Captain THOMANN ... Of the Cruiser "Zenta"; senior Officer in Peking.
 Flag Lieut. WINTERHALTER ... Of the Cruiser "Zenta."

LADY CHARACTERS.

Lady MACDONALD ...
 Mrs. CONGER ...
 Miss Laura CONGER ...
 Madame PICHON ...
 Madame DE GIERS ...
 Baroness NISSI ...
 The Marquise RAGGI ...
 Miss ARMSTRONG ...
 Madame CHAMOT ...
 Mrs. SQUIRES ...
 Miss MYERS ...
 Miss BRAZIER ...
 Miss Mary PIERCE ... Niece of Mrs. Conger.
 Mrs. WOODWARD ...
 Miss Ione WOODWARD ...
 Miss Cecil E. PAYEN ...

} American Ladies ; Guests of the Conger family.

Missionaries, Refugees ; British, American, Russian, Japanese, French, German, Italian and Austrian Legation Guards and Relief Forces. Chinese Mandarins, Soldiers, Converts, Populace, and Boxers.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENCE.

CHARACTERS

IN THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND SIXTH SCENES.

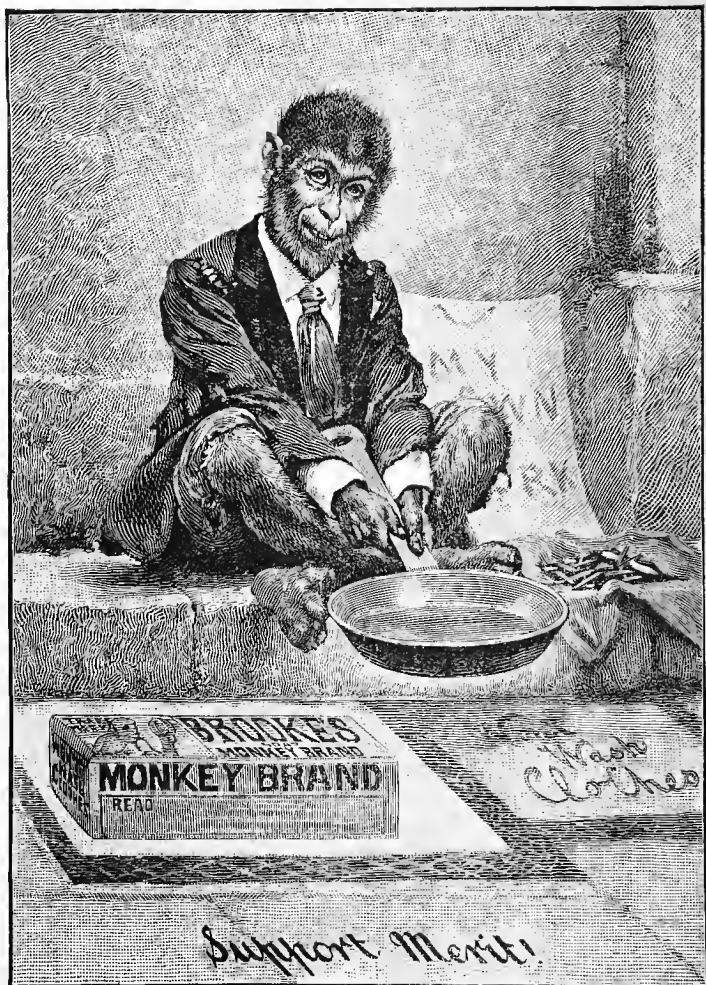
General GASELEE	Commanding the British Forces.
General CHAFFEE	Commanding the American Forces.
General LINEVITCH	Commanding the Russian Forces.
Commandant YAMAGUCHI	Commanding the Japanese Forces.
General FREY	Commanding the French Forces.

Also German, Italian and Austrian Generals and Officers.

GRATTAN WELLS	...	}	War Correspondents.
BELLAMY WINTER	...		
HENRY J. RICKS	...		
FREDERICK KENT	...		
HENRY O. WATERS	...		
ROBERT MCNAIRN	...		
HUGH CARRUTHERS	...		

Chinese Soldiers, Boxer Leaders and Boxers.





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Things.

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SOAP.**

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WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

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and Floors.

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IMRE KIRALFY'S
“CHINA”

OR

THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS.

—*—

DRAMATIC ACTION.

—*—

SCENE I.

The Ha-Ta-Men Road, Peking.

THE characteristic scene is laid in close proximity to the Legations, in that part of the city known as the Ha-Ta-Men Road, skirting the inner gates which divide the Tartar and the Chinese city. Facing the spectator is the Gate of the same name.

It is the eve of the eruption which is to culminate in the breaking down of the mysterious barrier which for ages successfully withstood the irresistible tide of Western civilisation.

It is a vividly realistic and faithful picture of life in Peking.

Whilst the quaint Chinese soldiery pass to and fro, the placid Mongolians are enjoying life in their own peculiar way. As a check upon the over-exuberance of the populace, the public stocks form a part and parcel of the street scene, and the evil-looking prisoners afford food for reflection, as well as a target for the gibes and the missiles of the rising generation of "Celestials."

The quaint attire of the Chinese men and women; the peculiar uniforms, the rich colouring of the architecture, all present a kaleidoscopic picture such as can be seen only in the Far East. All sorts of queer conveyances thread their way through the motley crowd — rickshas and carts, palanquins, and, strangest of all, men conveying their women-folk in wheelbarrows.

From the direction of the Legations a Chinese messenger is seen making his way in great haste; he is the precursor of coming troubles.

Now a Chinese official, escorted by mounted troops, makes his appearance at the City Gate. He proceeds to read

THE IMPERIAL PROCLAMATION,

which sets forth that the Government love equally the Boxers and the Christians, and will in no way discriminate between them. This is, in reality, a covert attack upon the foreigners.

There quickly follow, in their proper sequence, the ominous incidents preceding the open outbreak of hostilities. Every moment the anti-foreign movement gathers in volume; small missionary and mercantile outposts are in positions of great danger.



THE BIVOUAC.

The Rev. Ament is seen entering the gate from his perilous journey to Tung-Chan, with a convoy of refugee ladies and children whose lives had been endangered. He brings the gloomy tidings that the Chinese have attacked the Christians, and that thousands have already been slain.

Now, the return from the station of Mrs. Woodward and several other Europeans who had proposed to leave Peking, creates the greatest surprise and consternation. The news they bring, that the railway is cut and communication interrupted, arouses the Europeans in Peking to a sense of their danger.

That they are not idle is abundantly proved by the return of Monsieur Chamot and his brave wife, whose names are deservedly enrolled on the scroll of fame, they having heroically gone to the rescue, accompanied only by gallant young Dupree, an Australian, and four French residents, of a party of French engineers who are in a position of extreme danger. The rescuers hurry through the gate triumphantly from their perilous ride through a country seething with hostile Boxers.

The Chinese, incited by the edict of their Government, attack the foreign residents in the streets, and matters assume a serious aspect, when Baron von Ketteler opportunely appears, accompanied by his secretary. The German Minister falls upon the offending Chinese, armed only with his whip, and scatters them, Legation Cossacks, who dash on in the nick of time, succeeding in securing two prisoners who, by their consecrated headgear and other symbols, are recognised as Boxers.

A distant bugle heralds the approach of the long looked for and anxiously awaited detachment of Legation Guards, the first to arrive being

THE AMERICANS

under Captain Myers, Captain Hall, and Surgeon Lippott who are welcomed by the Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Squires, Mrs. Squires, and the American residents. Another bugle call announces the approach of

THE BRITISH DETACHMENT,

composed of Royal Marines and Bluejackets. The officers in charge are Captain Strouts, Captain Halliday, and Captain Wray. They are joyfully met by many of the British subjects in Peking.

THE JAPANESE BLUEJACKETS,

under Lieutenant Hara, are escorted into the city by Colonel Shiba and his staff, closely followed by the

FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS,

led by Captain D'Arcy, who is joined by Captain Labrousse and others of the French Legation.

ITALIAN SAILORS

with a one-pounder gun are met by the Marquis Raggi and other Italian officials.

THE RUSSIAN MARINES,

commanded by Lieutenant Baron von Rhaden, next follow.

The last forces to arrive ere the Chinese destroy communications with the outer world, are

THE GERMAN MARINES,

under the command of Graf von Soden, and the

AUSTRIAN REINFORCEMENTS,

under Captain Thomann and Lieutenant Winterhalter, with their quick-firing *Mitrailleuse*.

All these troops march to their several Legations.

They are scarcely out of sight, when a large number of Christian women are seen flying for their lives. They are pursued by Boxers. The unfortunate converts in their desire to escape, make for the temple, whither they are really driven for sacrifice by the maddened fanatics.

DEATH OF THE GERMAN MINISTER.

Realising the gravity of the situation, the courageous German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Cordes, wends his way, in a palanquin, to the Imperial Yamen in order to demand the instant suppression of the Boxer rising. By an undoubtedly pre-conceived plan a cart with some lance bearers passes in front of the Minister's chair, and the Secretary is horrified to see an Imperial officer in full uniform, step up to the Minister's-

palanquin and deliberately fire point-blank into it. Aghast with horror, he noticed—to use his own impressive



HIS LAST JOURNEY.

words—that “there was no life in the chair,” and fled, followed by a volley from the Manchu soldiery. Although seriously wounded, he succeeds in dragging himself to a place of safety.

As night draws on, shrieks arise from the temple. It is only too evident that the doom of the Christians is sealed. But Nemesis is at hand. Attracted by the cries, Captain Wray, with a force of British, American, and Japanese bluejackets, breaks down the gates of the temple, disclosing the Chinese converts bound and prepared for execution. Some few have already met their fate. The Boxers are, meanwhile, indulging in their weird

and grotesque incantations to their God of War, preparatory to carrying out their fell work. The Marines pour a deadly fire upon the barbarians, not one escaping. The Chinese Christians are then conveyed in safety to the Legation.

BOXERS ATTACK EUROPEANS AND NATIVE CONVERTS.

But these doings are merely the prelude to more serious troubles. For now there appears a larger and more turbulent crowd of Boxers, openly accompanied by Duke Lan, of the Imperial Household, and Chao Shu-Chiao, a high State official, who come to gloat over the infernal work of these miscreants. The bloodthirsty fanatics, armed with murderous weapons, and bearing flaming brands, are wrought up to a terrible pitch by their leaders. In their bloodthirsty frenzy they blindly kill and maim the populace, and while some drag unfortunate converts into the temple, others set fire to every building in their path. They rush for the European buildings, but are checked by a barricade of carts, sandbags and other materials hastily erected by the Europeans to meet just such a contingency.

It is an appalling sight. Flames shoot up simultaneously from various points, the lurid glare angrily reflected in the skies ; the demoniacal shrieks of the Boxers, " Kill the devils," are heard, only to be drowned again by the deafening uproar as the flames of the East Cathedral burst forth.

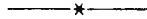
The Boxers, maddened and stimulated by the sight, now make a rush towards the Legations, but they are met

by the fire of the Austrian mitrailleuse, which checks their rush, and they turn and fly.



FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

SCENE II.

The Defence of the Legations.

Showing the Northern half of the Legation Compound on the left, with the Main Gate, the Canal, Street, and the Canal and North Bridges, and the Prince's Palace, known as the Fu, on the right of the spectator, thus forming a double scene.



THE scene presented is the Northern half of the Legation compound on the left, with the Main Gate, the Canal, Street, and the Central and North Bridges and the Prince's Palace, known as the Fu, on the right of the spectator. Coolies are hastening hither and thither with stores of all descriptions and materials for maintaining a siege. From the suppressed excitement, the nervous tension displayed on every hand, it is apparent that we are on the eve of important developments.

ARRIVAL OF REFUGEES AND STORES.

There is now a general influx of refugees of all sorts and conditions. They pour into the compound in picturesque confusion. Here are Europeans jostling pigtailed Mongolians; there are priests of ascetic mien hard pressed by the swarthy natives of Southern Europe; sisters of mercy and all, come in under the protection of the Legations. Chinese refugees arrive under an escort of American marines.

The peculiar antics of an unfortunate Swede leave no room for doubt that his mind has become unhinged.

Then from all directions there come to seek the protecting shelter of the British Legation, the French the Russian, the Spanish, Japanese, and Italian Ministers, who, with their wives and families, and numerous suite, and followers, form quite an imposing array. A large number of coolies carry the belongings of the various Ministers. Even Sir Robert Hart, the Chief of the Chinese



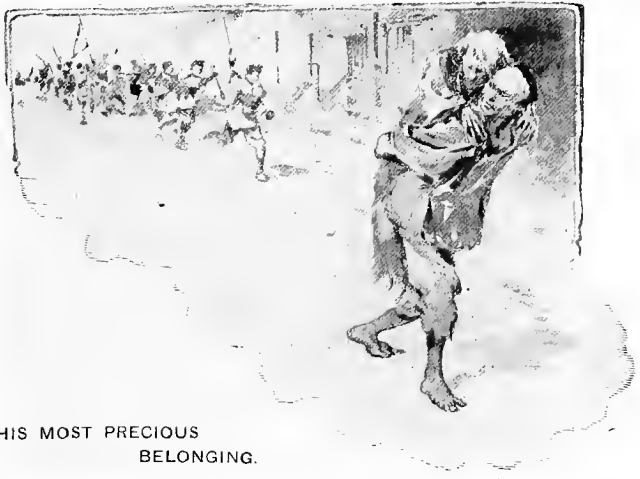
THE MAD MISSIONARY.

Customs Service, and himself an official of the Imperial Court, and his staff, enters the Legation for protection from the very people he has served so faithfully for nearly half a century. Now, in one moment, with the flames bursting forth from the Customs buildings there vanish the labours and hopes of a lifetime; even his home being destroyed and laid in ashes.

DEATH OF HUBERTY JAMES.

Professor Huberty James, professor of English in the Peking University, crosses the North Bridge. Relying

upon his intimacy with the Chinese, i.e. cannot even entertain any idea of harm befalling him at their hands. But his blind faith in the Chinese is misplaced, and leads to his destruction, for no sooner does the unfortunate man show himself upon the bridge than he is fired upon. In vain does he throw up his hands to show that he is unarmed. A fresh volley is fired by the Boxers and Chinese troops. Professor James staggers against the rail and falls over into the canal. As he falls, the Chinese soldiery, from the water-gate under the wall of the Imperial City, fire a volley into his body.



HIS MOST PRECIOUS
BELONGING.

The condition of the refugees is pitiful. Observing their distress, Sir Claude Macdonald places the native women and children under the especial care of the Europeans, who lose no time in attending to their immediate needs, relieving their thirst with every vessel they can press into the service—buckets and pans, dishes and bowls.

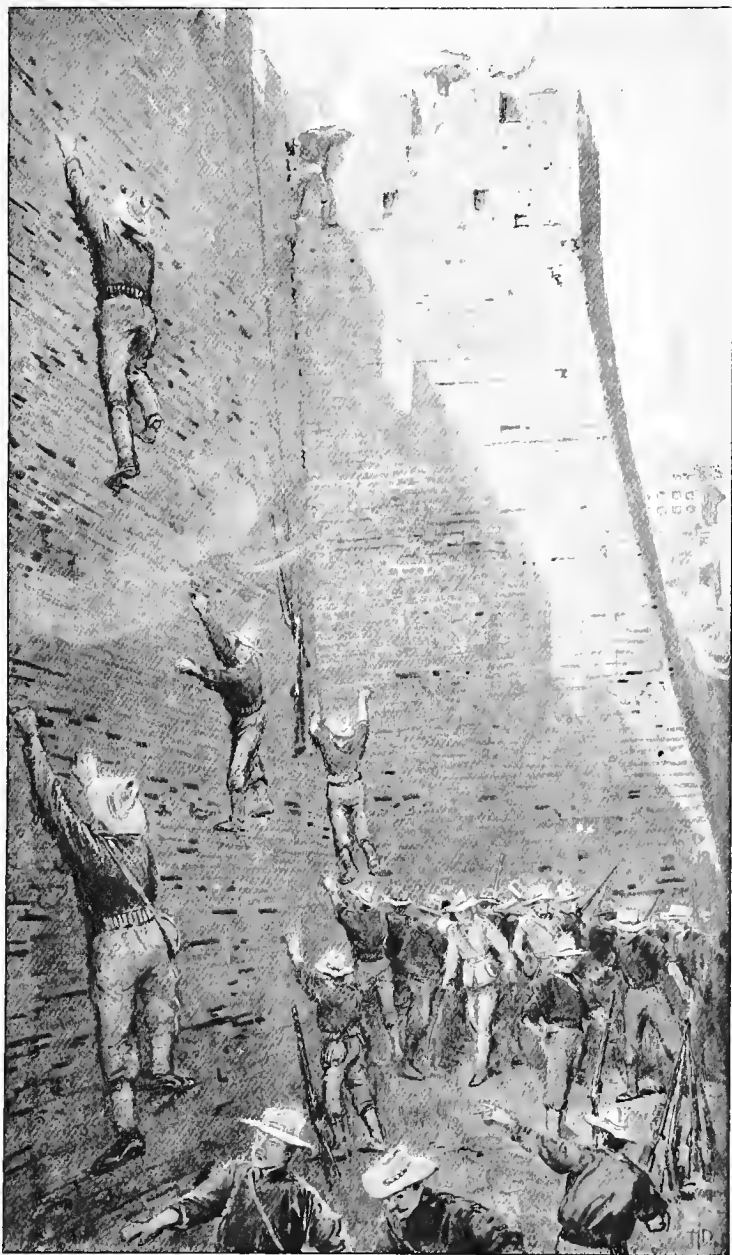
Some very pathetic incidents and touching episodes

are witnessed. A grey-haired man, for instance, bears upon his frail back his poor old mother—the most precious of all his belongings. Still another destitute refugee who is reduced to absolute penury by the siege is eventually recognised, to the no small astonishment of all present, as the mother of Ching Chang, a former Chinese Minister to France.



A HARMONIOUS TRIO.

Quantities of stores and supplies of every description are brought in. Whilst some of the carts and barrows return to be refilled, the others are taken by Professor Gamewell and the volunteer missionaries, with British and American marines and bluejackets, for defensive purposes. Work on entrenchments is hastily proceeded with, and



AMERICANS SCALING THE WALLS OF PEKING.

strong barricades are erected. The discovery being made that the French and German Legations, previously abandoned through an error of judgment, are important keys to the situation, the French and German forces march out to re-occupy them. They are soon followed by the Italians with their one-pounder.

Professor Gamewell, who had already displayed wonderful tact, courage, and resourcefulness in defending the Mission buildings, gallantly proffers his services as a leader, and to him is assigned the duty of defending the Legations proper.

The besieged unanimously proffer their services in various directions, some volunteering to go to the barricades, others to serve in the hospital and the commissariat. Sir Claude gratefully accepts these gallant offers, and proceeds to map out the delimitations of the area to be defended, which embraces all the Legations and the approaches thereto.

Captain Thomann, of the Austrian reinforcements, as senior officer of the forces, claims the command of the defence, which being conceded, he proceeds to dispose of the forces to the best advantage.

The British Bluejackets and Welsh Fusiliers, with their gun, take up a strong position at the gates of their Legation.

The Austrian machine gun is to sweep Customs Street leading to the North.

The Italians, under Captain Paolini, with their one-pounder, are to safeguard Legation Street to the East.

Upon the Russian Commander, Lieutenant von Rhaden, and his forces, devolves the duty of occupying the street in front of their Legation and of erecting a barricade against the enemy from the west.

Legation Street, as near as possible to the Imperial Palace, is entrusted in the hands of the American marines with their Colt gun.

The Germans are to take up a position under the wall to the east, beyond their Legation buildings.

The task of fortifying Wang-Tang Street to the North is left in the hands of the French, under Captain D'Arcy.

Colonel Shiba, of the Japanese forces, gallantly declares that the Japanese may be relied upon in any extremity, and his force proceeds to take up its assigned position for the

PROTECTION OF THE CONVERTS

in the Fu.

The beleaguered residents are seen to set to work in desperate earnest

TO PREPARE FOR THE CHINESE ATTACK.

All the non-combatants fall to, and strain every nerve to render assistance in the emergency. The ladies are particularly in evidence, and are in the front rank of willing



FIRE ENDANGERS THE LEGATION.

410

workers. Sand-bags are sorely needed. The ladies bring out table-cloths and sheets, curtains and hangings, to provide the necessary material. These being exhausted, the rich draperies, priceless tapestries, costly silks and satins, even the dresses, some of which had been brought from Europe—all are ruthlessly sacrificed. Sewing-machines are in great requisition. Sacks are turned out with surprising deftness. As fast as they are sewn, other willing hands are ready to fill them with sand.

SIGNAL OF GENERAL RETREAT.

The siege now commences in earnest. The desultory sniping gives way to a furious fusillade from all sides. It is returned by the marines posted on housetops and other coigns of vantage. Picked marksmen occupy positions on the walls—every shot of theirs finds a billet. The fighting has not long proceeded when the Austrian bugles are heard sounding the retreat, and, to the intense amazement of the defenders, the entire force of Italians, Austrians, and French precipitately fall back into the Legation.

SIR CLAUDE ASSUMES COMMAND.

They are soon followed by the Japanese and Germans, whose positions have, through the *débâcle*, become untenable. One of the immediate consequences of this extraordinary blunder is that, cut off from their support, the American and Russian pickets are left exposed to great danger, and a messenger is hurriedly despatched

to recall them. This grave error of judgment, to call it nothing worse, leads to the loss of two important positions, the Austrian and Italian Legations. A council of war is immediately held, and the Ministers unhesitatingly suspend Captain Thomann from his command, and unanimously urge Sir Claude Macdonald to take supreme command, which he does, declaring that there can be no question of surrender, for surrender means general massacre. By his orders, a dashing attempt is made by the French and Austrian detachments to retrieve their lost ground. Bullets are whistling through the trees whilst the troops are throwing out defence works and removing all obstructions that prevent clear action, and strengthening the walls with sandbags and other materials.

The American and Russian outposts make a sortie, and amidst a heavy fusillade re-occupy their stations, while the British retire to the Legation Gate and there build defence works and mount their gun.

The casualties amongst the defenders are becoming alarmingly numerous, the medical resources being taxed to their utmost, and the ladies working heroically in the relief of the wounded.

FIRE ENDANGERS THE LEGATIONS.

But the Chinese volleys are not the only danger. A new enemy now looms up in the shape of fire. The Hanlin Academy, the seat of Chinese learning, containing priceless literary treasures, has been fired by the ruthless vandals. As the thick volume of smoke, which tells the tale only too well, ascends from the doomed building,

the bell in the Legation Tower rings out the alarm. A small fire engine* from the Legation is quickly brought into requisition. It is run down as near to the blazing



THE BELL TOWER.

edifice as circumstances permit. The refugee women and children, the aged Chinese converts, the ladies and other non-combatants form a hand-to-hand bucket service, with which the engine is kept supplied with water.

* The fire engine, by Messrs. Merryweather & Sons, is identical with the one supplied by them to the British Legation in Peking.

Even at this critical juncture Sir Claude Macdonald has the foresight to despatch a messenger to the Imperial authorities urging them to save at least some of the precious archives and rare manuscripts.

A breach is made in the wall, and Marines, under the command of Captain Poolé, dash forth to fight the new enemy. Meanwhile, shells are bursting in the Legation grounds.

In a gallant sortie to inflict punishment upon the enemy, Captain Halliday is wounded, but does not retire until he has accounted for four of the enemy. And now a peculiar incident occurs, illustrating the craftiness of the foe. At the sound of a bugle from the Chinese quarters the firing ceases as if by magic, thus proving that the Chinese Imperial forces are engaged against the Legation. Then a Chinese official is seen to approach the bridge and affix to the parapet a board inscribed with Chinese characters. Interpreters on the house-tops translate it to Sir Claude Macdonald waiting below for the message. It runs :

**“ IMPERIAL COMMAND TO PROTECT
MINISTERS**

and stop firing. A dispatch will be handed at the Imperial Canal Bridge.” Another placard reads: “ Dispatch will be received.”

A Chinese clerk in the service of the British Legation is sent to the bridge for the dispatch. As he does so the Chinese rifles are quickly levelled at him and he beats a precipitate retreat.

Whatever artifice this may have been to lure away some of the defending force, the ruse has failed. In the lull, the besieged, fearing some treachery, redouble their vigilance. Positions are strengthened very materially, and everything is done to increase the effective defences of the Legation. As the firing had so suddenly ceased, so, at a signal from the Chinese horns, hostilities recommence simultaneously on all sides. But now another and far more ominous sound is heard. It is the heavy booming of a Krupp gun mounted upon the city wall. The walls and other defences could not withstand ten minutes of such a bombardment if once the range were found.

STORMING A CHINESE BARRICADE.

Again a serious blunder, that is unaccountable except on the theory that the Chinese had a knowledge of the various European bugle calls, is made. Whether the officers misunderstood a call or were intentionally misled, they receive orders to again fall back. Now the Chinese are constantly drawing their lines closer around their victims, and the barricade snatched from the German and American pickets is held by the enemy. The storming of the barricade becomes an imperative necessity. Captain Myers volunteers his services in the desperate enterprise. Calling for volunteers, who eagerly respond, he addresses them as follows: "My men! Yonder are 400 women and children whose lives are dependent upon our success. If we fail, they perish and we perish, too. When I say, 'Go!' then go, boys." They dash out and brilliantly storm and carry the position. Captain Myers, in jumping a wall, falls upon the uplifted spear of a Chinese. He is brought into the temporary hospital.

During the operations a British and an American trooper capture two Chinese flags. The British soldier is wounded, but the American succeeds in killing the Chinese, and mounts the barricade, throwing sandbags and handfuls of mortar and refuse on to the Chinese, who seek to pull him down. Eventually, with the timely assistance of an English and a German marine, he



STORMING THE BARRICADES.

carries off the trophies amidst the cheering of all the besieged. The Germans, supported by the Italians, re-occupy their stronghold.

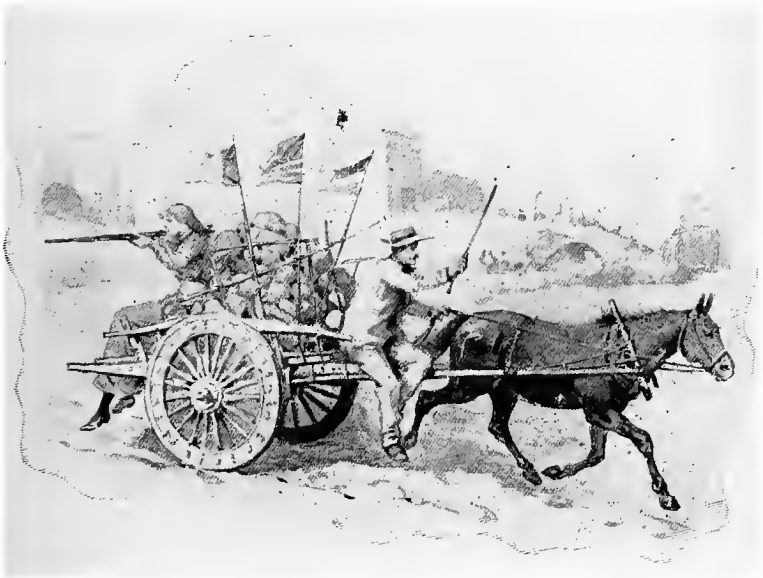
THE HEROIC CHAMOTS.

Monsieur Chamot, the proprietor of the Peking Hotel, who resolutely refused to leave it and come into the Legation for protection, is seen approaching, accompanied by his equally plucky wife. They drive a cart loaded with bread-stuffs and food cooked with their own



CAPTURE OF PEKING.

hands, nearly all their servants having fled in terror. They are on their daily errand of noble self-sacrifice in bringing food to the beleaguered residents. They have faced every obstacle and never spared themselves in their self-appointed task. When a shell burst in their kitchen, destroying everything, they calmly proceeded to turn the dining-room into a bakehouse.

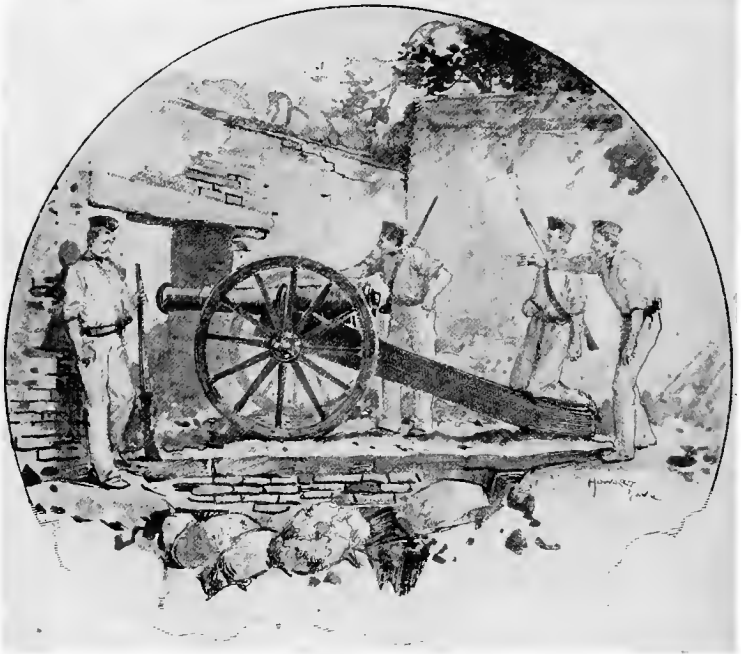


THE GALLANT CHAMOTS.*

Madame Chamot is seated in the cart, rifle in hand, and smiling as though this were a holiday jaunt instead of a ride for life

When they pull up in the enclosure, they proceed to make a counter out of packing cases and boxes, and distribute the much-needed food with the assistance of some coolies. The plucky couple are making their way back to the hotel, when one of the flags which float over

their cart is shot away by the enemy, and Madame Chamot takes deliberate aim at their assailant. There are exciting episodes and hair-breadth escapes without number. - The trite saying that necessity is the mother of invention is amply proved more than once, and in no case more clearly than when an old smooth bore gun is unearthed in the Legation and run out by British



AN "INTERNATIONAL" GUN.

and American bluejackets, who proceed to mount it on a pair of wheels from an Italian waggon, and a beam of American timber, which causes some amusement to the gunners, who declare that here is truly

AN "INTERNATIONAL" GUN.

A still more fortunate discovery is made. When the Russian contingent arrived they brought a gun and 25,000 rounds. The ammunition they brought with them, but the gun was left behind at the station. The gunners declare, with great glee, that the Russian ammunition fits the smooth bore gun.

Now an incident that, in the present state of nervous tension of the besieged, appears an omen of ill, occurs in the smashing, by a well-directed shell, of the flag-staff over the Legation. The flag tumbles down, and there is, for a moment, unutterable consternation, but the flag has scarcely reached the ground when marines instantly climb up and coolly repair the damage, and once more the flag flies proudly, the

SYMBOL OF UNCONQUERABLE DEFIANCE.

There is another interlude, caused by the arrival of a messenger, the first to come in since the beginning of hostilities.

The Chinese now press the garrison harder than ever, and brave defenders are falling fast. Henry Warren, a brave young student, is carried in desperately wounded. Captain Strouts is seen in conference with the Japanese Colonel Shiba and Dr. Morrison, when suddenly a furious fire is opened upon them. Dr. Morrison is shot through the leg. Colonel Shiba's coat is perforated by a bullet. But Captain Sprouts falls mortally wounded. Now, with Captain Halliday previously invalided, there is no military officer available, and Sir Claude Macdonald takes command of the forces, assigning the leadership of the regulars to Captain Wray and the charge of the volunteers to Captain Poole. Vexed at the failure of their subterfuges, the Chinese make more strenuous efforts to catch the Legation

defenders napping. Another Chinese Imperial messenger is brought into the lines under a flag of truce. Even the latter is not sacred to the elusive "Celestial," for scarcely has the messenger been brought in when a well-aimed shell bursts at his feet. He is the bearer of a letter from the Yamén. There is a cypher message for the American Minister; it is from his Government at Washington. Translated by Mr. Squiers it runs: "Communicate tidings, bearer." Mr. Conger requests his secretary to reply in the same secret cypher: "We are besieged in the British Legation under continued shot and shell fire from the Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre." Not being for one moment deluded as to the motives which prompted the Chinese to permit the free passage of this messenger, further treachery is suspected. The besieged push on defensive operations with renewed vigour. Walls and other barricades are rendered as shell-proof as possible, and every nook and corner is made ready for a resistance to the finish.

The anxiety of the garrison is now added to by the extraordinary re-appearance of the Swedish Missionary, brought in by a strong guard, who denounce him to Sir Claude Macdonald as a spy and a traitor.

They declare he has passed through the Chinese lines, and has held communication with the enemy.

Sir Claude Macdonald interrogates the man. He defiantly declares that he has been to the Yamen and betrayed the entire position and resources of the troops and the garrison. He describes in detail all the information he has given to the Chinese authorities. The listeners are horror-stricken. Cries of "Traitor," "Shoot him," "Hang him," are raised on all sides. They beg Sir Claude to allow them to punish the spy, but the British Minister points out that the man is insane, and not accountable

for his actions. Furthermore, he points out that the Chinese must have put down his utterances as the ravings of a madman, or they would not have allowed him to return to the Legation. He is removed in strong custody

A DISPATCH FROM THE CHINESE.

And now the Chinese play another move in their game of cunning. An imperial messenger is brought into the lines with a message signed "Prince Ching and others."

It contains an impertinent request that the British Minister and the members of all the foreign Legations, their wives, families, and suite, should leave Peking within 24 hours. The curious document promises to provide an efficient escort, but points out that the Ministers and their followers must come out unarmed. It further demands that the Christian refugees be handed over to the protection of the Chinese Government, and winds up by a veiled threat that the authorities cannot protect the Foreign Ministers in the positions which they occupy at present. To this hypocritical effusion only one answer could have been expected. Leaving themselves out of the question, Dr. Morrison, Sir Robert Hart, Mr. Conger, the French, Spanish, and, in fact, all present, declare that only by the faithful adherence of the Chinese Christians have they been able to withstand the Chinese onslaught, that they have sacrificed themselves for the cause, and that they shall stand or fall together. Sir Claude Macdonald who re-echoes these sentiments, sends a point-blank fusil to the Yamen.

The suspense of the garrison has reached an acute stage. Under constant fire, without proper food, and with ammunition greatly limited, the garrison, hopeful

the last, is becoming more and more anxious as to what is being done for them by those at home.

GOOD NEWS AT LAST.

But when night is darkest, dawn is nearest. A blind beggar, a common enough sight in China, is seen to climb over the wall, and, dropping into the compound, takes off his disguise, disclosing a trusty Chinese messenger who is the bearer of dispatches which he has carefully sewn in the soles of his boots.



The welcome news is at once posted on the bell tower. It conveys the glad tidings:—
“General Fuku-

GLAD TIDINGS.

shima with 4,000 Japanese,
General Linevitch with
4,000 Russians; further,
2,000 British, 1,500
French, 1,500 Americans



and 500 Germans landed and taken Tientsin City, and a relief force is to start for Peking immediately." There was news that fired the breasts of all the garrison. Short rations were forgotten, privations laughed at, hardships made light of, in the face of the news.

RELIEF WAS COMING!

Could they hold out? That was the question in every heart.

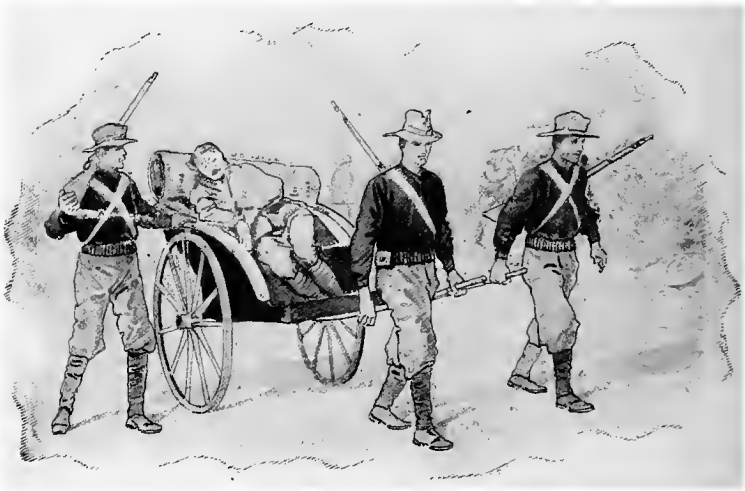
Another messenger, who had been absent some days, and who had volunteered to pass through the lines and get a dispatch through to the outer world, now returns successful. He produces a dispatch that he has secreted in his hat. The dispatch is immediately posted in a prominent position. It announces to the anxious garrison that the relief force is under way. At this cheering news there is great rejoicing, which is, however, brought to a speedy termination by a tremendous and sustained fire from the Chinese.

It is plain that they, too, are aware of the coming relief forces, and are determined to make one last desperate effort to wipe out the besieged Legations ere relief can arrive. They apparently entertain the idea that, as dead men tell no tales, it will be policy to exterminate everyone who could throw any light on the Chinese misdeeds.

The besieged forces are now in desperate straits. This is made plain by the fact that the wife of a Minister takes a revolver with the intention, at the last extremity, of shooting her daughter and self rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. The other ladies implore the invalided officers to perform a similar office for them before the Chinese finally break through.

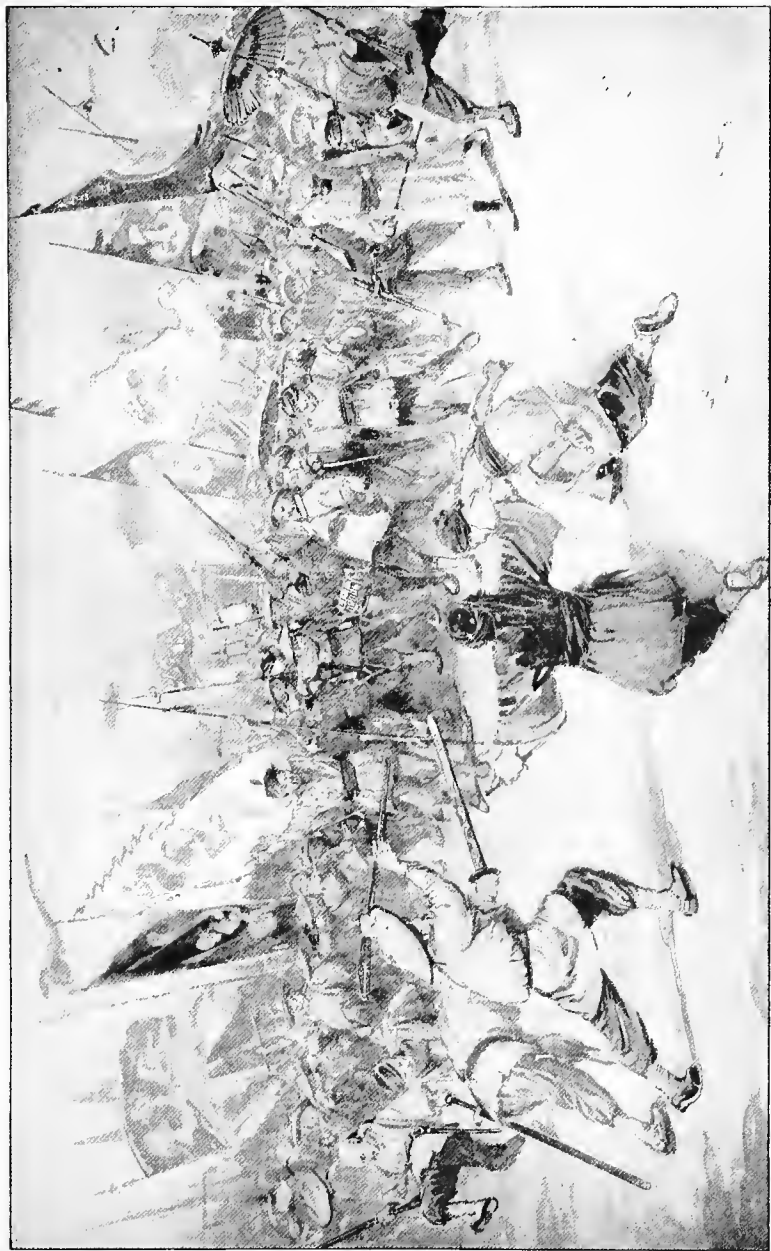
THE DEFENDERS' DESPERATE EFFORTS.

The Chinese are making herculean efforts to break through the stubbornly-held barricades, and a tremendous artillery and rifle duel is the result. The shrieks of the Chinese, the hoarse shouts of the European commanders, the sharp rattle of musketry, and the whistling of the messengers of death, are awful in their weird



BROTHERS IN ARMS.

impressiveness. Amidst it all fresh pickets dash out to relieve those at the firing line. The Chinese are straining every point. The firing of heavy guns is heard from the Chien-Men Gate and the Ha-Ta-Men Gate, proving that all the heavy Imperial artillery is combining to break down the frantic resistance of the Europeans.



BOXER RITES.

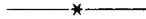
It is quite clear that, failing immediate relief, the garrison is doomed, and only the knowledge that relief is somewhere at hand sustains the over-taxed band of heroes to make renewed efforts. Even now, only the ignorance of the Chinese as to the insignificant number of the troops behind the barricades keeps them from swarming over in their thousands and putting the devoted little garrison to the sword.

Women and children fall upon their knees in silent supplication to Heaven. The casualties are increasing to an alarming extent. There will soon be no combatants left should the fighting continue at its present pace.

Matters are at their worst when a cloud passes over the scene, blotting out, as in a dream, the field of carnage.



SCENE III.

Near the Gates of Yang-Tung.

CHINESE fanatics, under the guidance of their chiefs, are seen to go through the weird incantations and the other mystic rites of the Society of "Boxers." The semi-barbaric classes, from which these latter are recruited, are worked into a hypnotic frenzy by the extraordinary proceedings of their leaders. Some of them indulge in imaginary pugilism and other queer practices

BOXER RITES AND CEREMONIES.

After lighting large bon-fires, they go through a remarkable ceremony of consecrating their banners and weapons to their god of war before the blaze, entertaining the belief that these weapons are now enchanted, and will slay all their enemies whilst protecting themselves from all harm.

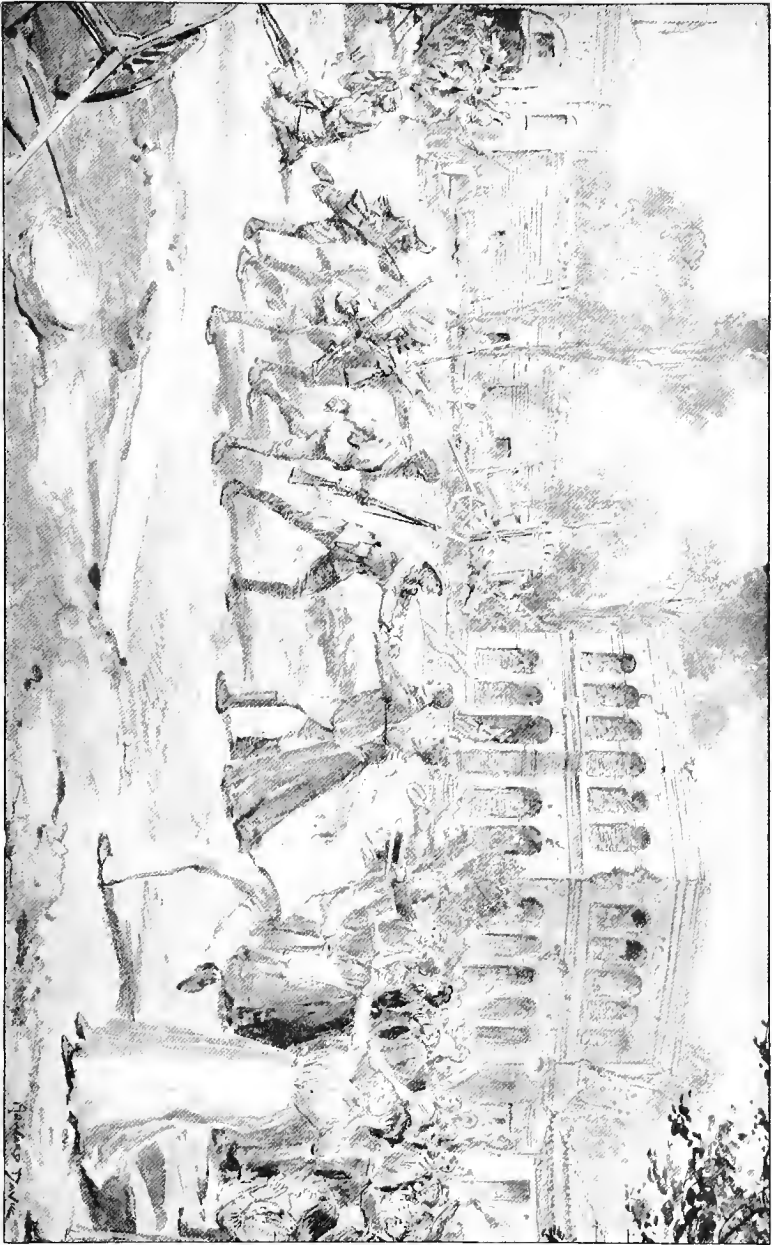
Anticipating an encounter with the foe, they invoke the protection of their gods. They now imagine themselves to be absolutely invulnerable, and believe that they bear a charmed life.

Their leaders incite them and work upon their already over-wrought feelings by reading to them the proclamations, which, translated, exhort the faithful followers of the sect to uphold the great pure dynasty, and destroy the ocean barbarians. Another denounces the foreigner in no



HOWARD DYCKE

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GASELEE.



RELIEF AT LAST I

unmeasured terms, saying that he has "turned the empire upside down for 40 years, taken our seaports, and despised our Gods and sages," and further intimates that, "when we have slaughtered them all, we shall tear up the railways, cut down the telegraphs, and then finish off by burning their steamboats."

The reading of these fiery documents is continually interrupted by fierce cries of "Sha-Sha," meaning "Kill, Kill." They then proceed to offer up sacrifices to their banners, and are just concluding their extraordinary devotions when a patrol of Chinese Imperial troops arrive from the Central Gate. The Boxers assume a menacing attitude, and prepare to repel the attack of their countrymen. The Chinese Officers, acting upon these instructions to subdue but in no way to harm the Boxers, command their men to fire over their heads, and retire. The Boxers hastily scan their ranks to see what harm has befallen them, and when, to their astonishment, they perceive that not a single member has been struck, they are elated and frantic with joy at this proof of their invulnerability. They dance and sing, and rejoice at the extraordinary turn of affairs, but their joy is destined to be short-lived, for firing being heard at some little distance, the Boxers arrogantly draw themselves up in battle array.

ROUT OF THE FANATICS.

The attacking party is drawing nearer, more volleys are heard, and, when the Boxers again scan their ranks, they discover to their great dismay and utter confusion, gaps where dead and wounded have fallen. They realise that what their own countrymen could not accomplish, foreign bullets have done. They are utterly demoralised

and thrown into confusion, when an advance guard of Cossacks appears, and, firing a volley at the wavering Chinese, charge and utterly rout them.

They are quickly followed by a detachment of Russian Infantry on the march, who take possession of the place.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS MEET.

The humorous side of grim war is illustrated by the arrival of several war correspondents, some on foot, others on horseback, and all tired from long marching and weary vigils. One who had lost his way is greatly relieved at meeting his confrères oncē more. All are hungry and weary. They discover some of the Proclamations which the Chinese have dropped in their hurried flight, but are unable to decipher them. They hasten to enquire for news, discovering to their great chagrin that the outposts speak only Russian. Baulked in this direction, they prepare to bivouac, and declare they will indulge themselves in a feast. They have scarcely arrived at this conclusion when in unpacking their impedimenta, they make the mortifying discovery that the combined resources run principally to condiments and biscuits. Their hunger being accentuated by the gloomy prospects, they are debating what to do, when a Cossack dashes past, carrying a live pig under his arm. The correspondents, as one man, make a rush for the fleeing Cossack, and succeed in intercepting him. They ply him in almost every language, except Russian, and make extravagant offers to purchase the pig; but the Cossack, misunderstanding their intentions, and in the belief that he is being charged with stealing the animal, vehemently declares that he has come by it honestly. At last, one the correspondents hits upon the brilliant idea of showing him some money, and then their meaning dawns

upon the Cossack, who, inspired by the sight of the preparations for the meal, drives a hard bargain, squeezing all he can out of the pockets of the hungry scribes. The new owners of the animal are jubilant and make elaborate preparations for the feast.

A LOST FEAST.

A fire is built, a cloth is spread, and vessels of every size, shape, and material, are produced. Now a difficulty arises. The pig must first be killed. Various methods are suggested and rejected, when the council of war sentences the pig to be shot. One correspondent points out that humane precedent in all such cases must be adhered to.

A handkerchief is tied over the pig's eyes, and the Cossack, for further reward, is induced to hold the animal while it is being shot. He places himself in position, and the firing party takes its place, but just when they are loading their pistols the Cossack suddenly awakens to his position, and, as the revolvers are cocked, he incontinently bolts for his life, releasing the pig, which regains its liberty after an exciting chase.

Their firing brings on a Chinese cavalry patrol, and the correspondents quickly take refuge behind their carts, just as a reconnoitring party of Cossacks arrive in the nick of time, and put the Chinese soldiers to flight.

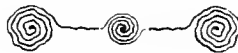
BIVOUAC OF THE ALLIES.

British troops, including Bengal Lancers and Sikhs, halt on the march and prepare to bivouac. The officers are immediately besieged by the war correspondents.

Soon after, the American troops arrive on the field, and they are followed by the Japanese. The correspondents who have vainly endeavoured to find someone conversant with Chinese to translate the proclamations, discover an officer of the forces of the Mikado conversant with Chinese, and he reads the precious documents to the astonishment, and the no small amusement, of all.

They exhort the people to "uphold the pure dynasty and destroy the ocean barbarians, who have derided their gods and sages." The Japanese General, with an intimate knowledge of the Chinese methods of warfare, declares that delay is dangerous, and that, having the Chinese on the run, they must be kept so, and not permitted to rally. This is regarded as sound advice by the British Commander, who points out that, otherwise, this expedition will be one of revenge not relief.

Now the troops resume their victorious march to Peking.



SCENE IV.

At the Walls of Peking.

*—

Showing the Tung Mien Gate, the Sha-Wo-Men and Tse-Kwa-Men, and the Tung-Chu-Men Gates.

THE Boxers, together with the Chinese Imperial troops, are offering a heroic but futile resistance to the advance of the International troops, who are sweeping onwards in their irresistible march—typical of the advance of civilisation and the overthrow of bigotry.

FUTILE CHINESE RESISTANCE.

The lack of military organisation amongst the Chinese renders their defence of the walls almost pathetic in its confiding simplicity. As well attempt to stem the tide of the ocean. They discharge their firearms in a wild, reckless manner, and, casting all discipline to the winds, the rabble Chinese soldiers and Boxers flee in inextricable confusion—a veritable *sauve qui peut*.

THE GALLANT LITTLE JAPANESE

arrive at the double with their three quick-firing guns, and quickly demonstrate their smart artillery practice by sending a hail of bullets after the retreating Chinese. With equal alacrity they turn and prepare to attack the Tsea-Kwa-Men Gate. Here the enemy, safe for a time at least, behind the stout walls which they imagine to be

impregnable meet the Japanese attack with a furious fusillade. The Mikado's troops are supported by Russian troops and Cossacks, who, under the command of General Linevitch, commence

A VIGOROUS BOMBARDMENT.

of the gates, pouring shot and shell into the Chinese stronghold. The defenders are unable to withstand the murderous well-directed fire, and their guns are gradually silenced. Whilst the Chinese attention is drawn to the Japanese and Russian bombardment, the Indian troops quietly work their way to the Tsa-Wo-Men Gate. As soon as their presence is observed they storm the walls with wonderful celerity. A rope is improvised, and by this means men who have already reached the summit are enabled to raise guns to the top. The British flag is also passed up, the Chinese meanwhile keeping up a heavy fire on the invaders. A sharp rifle duel is proceeding between the Indians and the Chinamen while

THE UNION JACK

is being hoisted, the latter being accomplished amidst cheering loud enough to disconcert the enemy. At the moment when the British colours are run up General Gaselee is leading his forces into the City Gate, which has just succumbed to the gallant attack of the Maxim guns. During the engagement of the British forces the Americans have not been idle, successfully scaling the wall in a magnificent manner, protected by their Colt guns.

The gate being opened by some of the Americans who pluckily climb down on the other side, General

Chaffee, at the head of the American troops, triumphantly enters the city without further opposition. At the Central Gate the Russians have in the meantime maintained a heavy bombardment with a field gun. The gate falls at last, and the

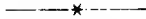
RUSSIANS STORM THE BREACH

with fixed bayonets. As they dash through the gates some of the Japanese follow them, the rest of the forces being actively engaged in breaking down the resistance at the Upper Gate; it is a herculean task, but eventually a tremendous explosion rends the air, and the gate is seen to fall.

The Japanese have successfully blown it up, the Bengal Lancers and other cavalry charge into the city. The smoke of the guns hangs heavy; it gradually obscures the view of the triumphant onward march of the allied forces



SCENE V.

The British Legation.

Showing the British Legation to the South, with the Secretaries' Building in the rear. On the left is the Main Gate, which separates the Legation and the Canal. In the background are the Central and Southern Bridges, with a view of the Wall dividing the Chinese from the Eastern City, and another water gate.



BEFORE US is the southern portion of the British Legation compound, with the Secretaries' building in the rear. On the left we see the Main Gate, which lies between the Legation and the Canal. In the background may be observed the Central and South Bridges, with a view of the Wall dividing the Chinese from the Eastern City and another water-gate.

Although it is night time, the clear bright August moonlight floods the compound with a brilliance almost rivalling daylight.

Europeans and Chinese women are seen gathered round the Bell Tower, whilst the missionaries and Christian converts are heard

SINGING THEIR EVENING HYMN.

All is suggestive of peace and calm, save for the sniping shots of the Chinese, which, however, fall wide of their mark. The wounded and the sick are out taking the air of the balmy night.

Mons. and Mme. Chamot, the ministering angels of the sorely-trying garrison, are seen to approach, their cart loaded as usual with bread and other food, which they continue to prepare daily in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties. It is impossible to imagine in what plight the imprisoned garrison would already have found itself but for these two self-sacrificing heroes. The food is distributed amongst the

DESPONDENT DEFENDERS.

The Europeans are gloomily discussing the situation, Sir Robert Hart declaring that their losses have been enormous—65 killed and 119 wounded. It is pointed out how gallantly the brave Japanese have shed their blood to protect the Legation; of a total of twenty-five not one has escaped unscathed. Mons. Pichon announces welcome news of the defenders shut in the cathedral, where Monseigneur Favier is still keeping the Chinese at bay, although worse off even than the besieged in the Legation. He declares that the Reverend Father will never surrender.

THE LAST HORSES.

The horses of the Legation have, one by one, been sacrificed to feed the beleaguered garrison, and there remain only two: the favourite horse of Mrs. Conger and a pet pony belonging to her niece, Miss Pierce. These have been saved to the very last in the hope that relief would arrive and avert their doom. There is no help for it, and they are being led across the compound by Mr. Dering, when, to his great confusion, he meets the two owners, who anxiously ask him whither he is taking them.

He sorrowfully breaks the news to the poor ladies that he has done all in his power to save them, the race horses belonging to Sir Claude Macdonald having already met their fate, and that these must be sacrificed this very night unless succour arrives. The ladies are overcome. They take a last farewell of their favourite steeds and tear themselves away from the sad scene.

An order is promulgated that all private stores of foods or other supplies must be delivered up to be shared with those who are destitute.

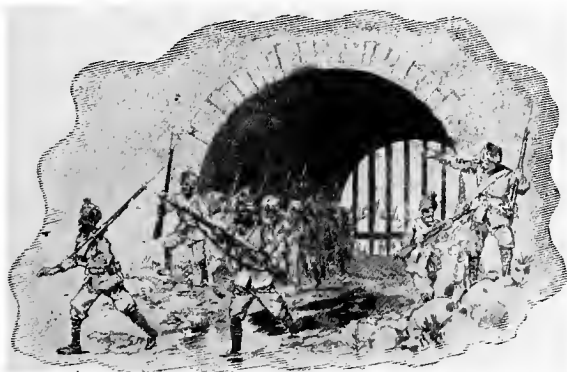
Despair seems to have claimed the unfortunate Europeans shut up in the Legation. Even the arrival of a messenger, an event that a few days before would have raised them to the seventh heaven of high hopes, now scarcely creates an impression. He brings tidings of the approach of the relief columns, and his message is posted on the Bell Tower. But their hopes have been dashed so frequently of late that they place little credence in this latest intelligence.

Miss Brazier, while on an errand of mercy to provide for the sick and wounded, is struck down by a fragment of a shell on the eve of deliverance, but happily only slightly wounded.

The news of the approach of the relief is, this time, verified. The American marine, Mitchell, the crack-shot of the defending forces, who has been assigned a prominent post on the wall, is the first to announce the gladsome news to the sorely-pressed Legation. "Hurrah," shouts the sentry, "the foreign troops are at the city wall and are shelling the East Gate." Scarcely has he uttered the words than the poor fellow falls badly wounded. "Now I shan't be able to see our boys come in after all," he

pathetically cries, as he is tenderly carried from the field. Now, another sentry with frantic gestures shouts the news that sets hearts beating wildly :

“THEY ARE COMING! THEY ARE COMING!”



AT THE WATER GATE.

It is an ominous coincidence that dawn is just breaking—the dawn of day, and the dawn of hope dispelling the dark clouds of despair!

The Europeans soon rush forth from their stronghold, and give welcome to their deliverers. Above the glad shouts of the besieged is heard the cry of “The British are coming!” and in less time than it takes to tell, a detachment of Indian troops, Sikhs and Rajputs, under Major Scott, enters the British Legation at the double.

RELIEF AT LAST.

Sir Claude Macdonald welcomes the relief forces,

who are also greeted with enthusiasm by the foreign Ministers and besieged residents. Soon there enter the main body of Indian troops with General Gaselee and his staff, and the American forces under General Chaffee.

The scene that follows is one of delirious joy. Hearts are full to bursting point, and throats are choked by emotion. Whilst the wants of the war-worn relief forces are being assiduously attended to, the rescued members of the garrison give themselves up to relieving their feelings in all sorts of remarkable and extravagant ways. Soldiers and civilians are rejoicing, when the scene is transformed into the entrance to the Imperial City.



SCENE VI.

The Forbidden City.

THE final and most impressive feature of the victorious march of the International troops. The foreign ministers decided to make a formal entry into the Forbidden City,

THE CHINESE HOLY OF HOLIES,

the sacred precincts of the Palace of the Son of Heaven, whose portals had never before been passed by a foreigner since its erection five centuries back. It is to be an object-lesson to the Chinese mind, this breaking down of the barrier of bigotry, this desecration of the palace—the innermost shrine of celestial exclusiveness.

Only a detachment of each of the eight military victorious Powers takes part in the historical procession, each nation represented by a number of men in proportion to the size of the force despatched by her to the capture of Peking.

THE PROCESSION OF TROOPS

through the Palace is conducted with great ceremonial on the part of the Chinese Court officials, and with the utmost decorum on the side of the International troops.

Three Chinese officials of the Palace, in their full

state robes, approach the Central Gate. They are deeply dejected as they bow and give the salutation of their



CAPTURED BOXER BANNERS.

country. The Russian General, Linevitch, is by seniority to enter the sacred Pink City first. The gates reluctantly

swing on their hinges, and General Linevitch and his staff officers pass in, closely followed by the foreign ministers to Peking, the members of the diplomatic body, and other officials connected with the Legation. Other Chinese officers of the Imperial Palace appear from within and anxiously watch the

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ALLIED FORCES.

The British artillery in the distance fire a salute of twenty-one guns to announce the memorable event. The spell is broken.

The Russian marines and infantry, headed by their fine band, now march through—a sturdy body of men, who elicit the cheers of the other troops by their discipline. The Russian officers order their band and a detachment of their troops to give a fitting reception to the other foreign contingents—a charming thought on the part of the Muscovites towards their allies.

The wonderfully smart little Japanese stepping out briskly to the sound of their own bugles come next; General Fukushima and staff ride proudly at their head. The sound of the bagpipes announces the

APPROACH OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.

Here they come, the stalwart, swarthy sons of the Indian Empire; the workmanlike bluejackets, the spick and span marines, and the well set-up Welsh Fusiliers. As Genera^l

Gaselee and his staff pass, the Russian band strikes up a patriotic air amidst wild enthusiasm.

The strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" usher in

THE AMERICAN CONTINGENT,

remarkable for their smart, intelligent appearance, and unassuming yet businesslike manner. They present arms with wonderful precision, being greeted with wild hurrahs.

The "Wacht am Rhein" strikes up as the

MAGNIFICENTLY TRAINED GERMAN TROOPS,

with their striking parade march, make their appearance.

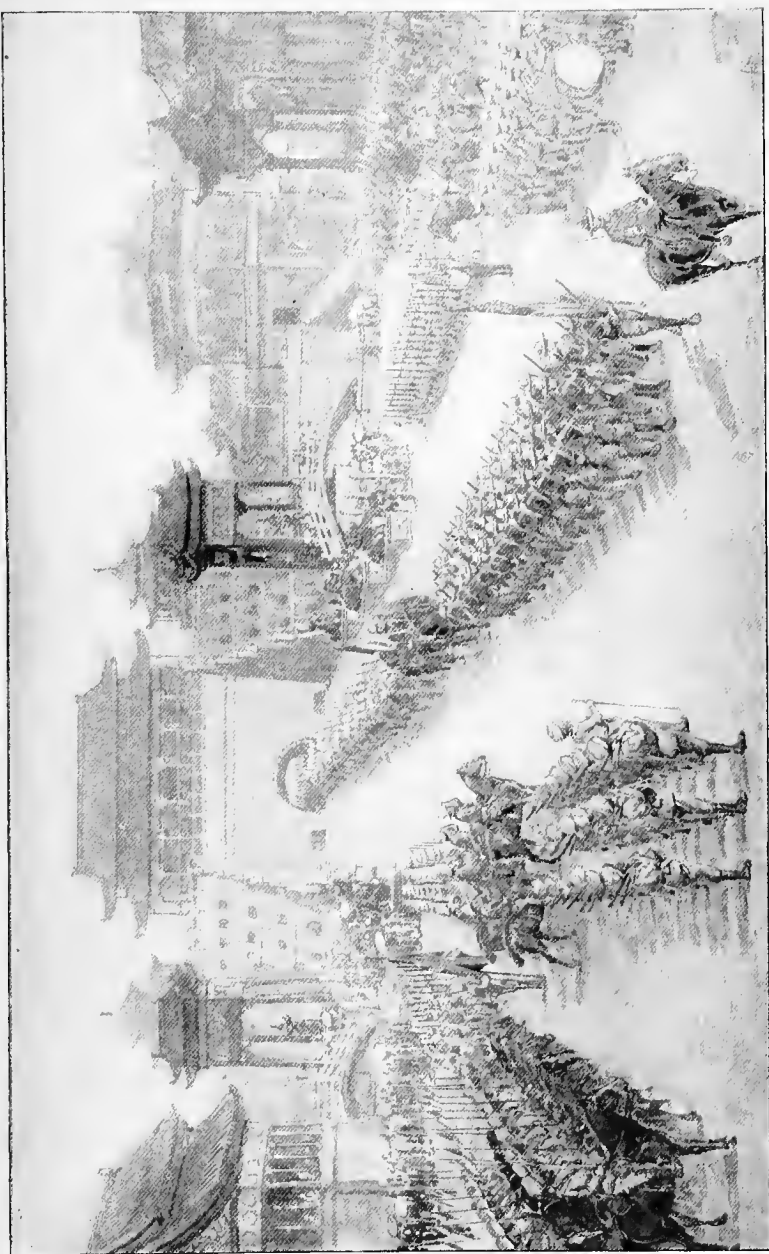
THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH TROOPS

is the signal for the "Marseillaise," which is joined in lustily by many of the foreign detachments, to the great delight of the French commander.

ITALY'S FORCES, MANLY AND NEAT,

are greatly admired as they quickly step out to the stirring strains of the "Inno Reale."

The triumphant procession is brought to a close by

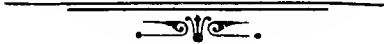


ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS.

THE AUSTRIANS,

played in to the inspiring strains of their National Anthem.

The British, Americans, and all other nations now unite in the onward march, symbolising the friendliness of the Allied Powers and

THE TRIUMPH OF CIVILIZATION

The Principal Participants

IN THE

Defence of the Peking Legations.



Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

The British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China, and also to the King of Corea, since 1896; was born 1852.

EDWIN H. CONGER.

United States Minister to China; was a gallant soldier through all the Civil War; a man of broad sympathies and deep insight into Chinese life and character.

Sir ROBERT HART.

Chief of the Customs of the Imperial Chinese Government. By his energy and capacity he had raised the Chinese revenues from three to thirty millions.

Dr. MORRISON,

The Correspondent of the *Times*, rendered most valuable service. Sir Claude Macdonald says: "Active, energetic, and cool, he volunteered for every service of danger, and was a pillar of strength when matters were going badly." He was severely wounded when Capt. Strouts was killed by his side.

Mons. and Madame CHAMOT.

Shortly before the Boxer outbreak Mons. Chamont had opened an hotel at Peking, which, aided by his brave wife, who carried a rifle and used it with effect, he fortified and defended. Mrs. Chamot is an American, and hails from the Golden Gate. Her gallantry, and her husband's pluck and resourcefulness, were the admiration of everybody. Their rescue from a position of great danger of a party of French engineers is beyond all praise.

Professor F. D. GAMEWELL,

Born in South Carolina, was educated as a civil engineer, but entered the Methodist ministry. His early training stood him in good stead in the construction of Mission defences.

Mr. Gamewell was selected as Chief of Staff to Sir Claude Macdonald, and placed in charge of the work of fortifying the position held by the besieged foreigners. The building and maintaining of the barricades and fortifications during the fifty-six days of the siege were directed and supervised by him.

Mr. SQUIRES,

Secretary of the United States Legation, served as Chief of Staff during the siege. His earlier military training was of great use in the defence.

Rev. F. NORRIS,

Chaplain to the British Legation, rendered invaluable service in working with pick and shovel, and in taking charge of and encouraging the Chinese Converts in their work on the defences.

Rev. W. S. AMENT,

An American Missionary, who penetrated a country seething with hostile Chinese, and brought back in safety the whole missionary body then in Tung-Chan.

Sir ALFRED GASELEE, K.C.B., A.D.C.

General Gaselee, in command of the British Relief Forces, supported by the Americans and Japanese, insisted on going forward without delay. He boldly turned aside the indecision of the other foreign commanders by declaring that even should all the others refuse to push on, he, with the British contingent, would proceed to Peking. But for his prompt action the Expedition would have been one, not of rescue, but of revenge.

General CHAFFEE,

The commander of the American Relief Expedition, nobly seconded Sir Alfred Gaselee in his resolution to reach Peking.

Captain HALLIDAY,

Of the British Force, while engaging a party of the enemy, was shot through the left shoulder, part of his lung being carried away. Notwithstanding the desperate nature of his wound, Captain Halliday killed three of his assailants, and bidding his men to "carry on and not mind him," walked back, unaided, to the hospital.

Captain MYERS,

United States Marines, displayed great ability and bravery in taking a strong barricade from the enemy.

Colonel SHIBA,

The Japanese commander, attracted general attention by his successful retention of the Western line, which was as brilliant an achievement as ever a handful of men accomplished. His endurance, readiness, coolness, courage, and courtesy, were the admiration of all who were near him.



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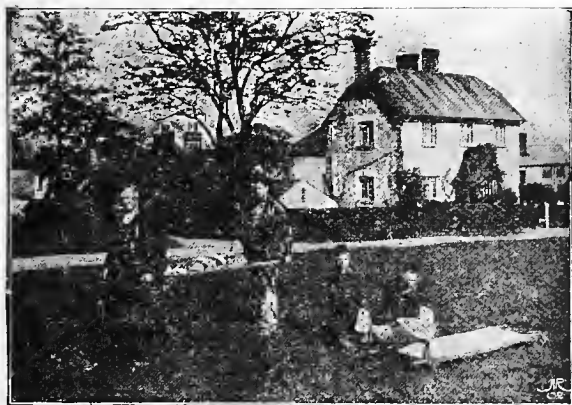
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JOHN TREVARTHEN, *Secretary.*

* * Some remarkable letters have been recently received from many of the old boys now fighting bravely in South Africa.

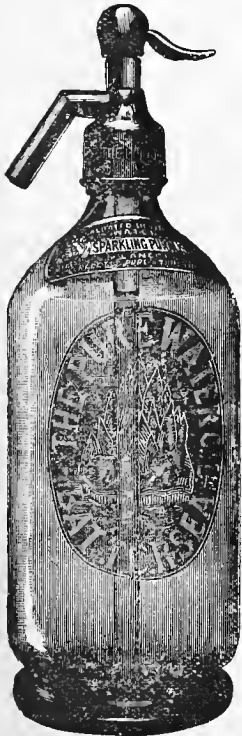
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Also made with 6-inch Barrel.

"MARK IV."

This Revolver has been adopted by a Joint War Office and Admiralty Committee for the exclusive use of His Majesty's Army, Navy, Indian, and Colonial Forces, and is described by the First Lord of the Admiralty as being "the most efficient weapon of the kind."



The lockwork is made on the interchangeable system, a matter of great importance, as a fresh limb can be supplied at any time.

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