# The Boxer Uprising

CHEEFOO, TAKU, TIEN-TSIN

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE


UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

NEW YORK AND LONDON

# THE BOXER UPRISING

## CHEEFOO, TAKU, TIEN-TSIN

A Part of Underwood & Underwood's Stereoscopic Tour through China

*Personally conducted by*
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MAP SYSTEM

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## WHERE ARE WE GOING?

The ancient empires of Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylon and Greece, all passed away. One venerable contemporary of those old empires alone remains to connect the present with the hoary dawn of history; and this solitary antique among the nations of to-day we are now to visit through the stereoscope. Exaggerated claims to the antiquity of Chinese history, identifies the first dynasty, that of Fohi, with Noah of the Bible; but more reliable native historians do not attempt to place authentic records earlier than 1100 B. C. This was during what is known as the Chow dynasty, covering the period when Homer, Hesiod, Zoroaster, David and Solomon lived and when the pyramids of Egypt were built. At this time Roman history was mythical and fabulous, and yet Pa-out-she, a Chinese scholar, had completed a dictionary containing forty thousand characters.

The mariner's compass was known to the Chinese at this early period. History also records that Fong, a ruler of this time, built a Tartar city in five days; that permanent political institutions were established as early as 800 B. C.

When we remember that one of the oldest and most progressive among those ancient empires exists to-day not essentially altered in her customs, laws and institutions, what an interesting study is therein offered to us!

We can see Egypt under the Khedive, but not under Rameses; we have seen Italy under Victor Emmanuel;

but we cannot see Rome under Julius Cæsar, nor Greece in the time of Pericles. We know Palestine under the Sultan; but we cannot behold Judea under Solomon. It is now possible for us to look upon the dreary plains of the Euphrates; but we can only read of the splendor of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar and the world-encompassing Macedonian Empire under Alexander the Great. To see life as it existed in any part of the world three thousand years ago is a rare privilege. Yet to see China is to turn back the wheels of time and gaze into the dawn of human history. We delight to stroll through a museum of antiquities and look at isolated objects that carry us back to former ages. In China, a veritable world of antiquities, relatively associated, moral, social, literary, political and industrial, are offered for our inspection. The word change was not in Pa-out-she's dictionary, and China under the Manchus is China under Chow.

Nor is it altogether her antiquity that offers so interesting a subject for study; she is at this time a puzzle among the nations, and promises to be, in the future, a gigantic and mysterious force. During the recent Boxer uprising, we have witnessed this oldest of the world's empires, proud of her history and tenacious of her time-honored civilization, hurling back the encroachments of modernism. None of the nations of this age are so little known—so misunderstood, yet so relentlessly assailed; but when she learns her own latent strength and how to use it, the aggressive cupidity of the Occident may hesitate to assail her.

It has been my privilege to visit many countries in different parts of the world; twice I have wandered over portions of the "Flowery Kingdom," and I do not hesitate to assure those who are to follow me on this jour-

ney of observation that nowhere over the whole world could we see so much of the past which is still in the present, and so many differences in conditions of life from what we are accustomed to see in our home surroundings.

### *How Are We Going?*

In previous journeys I have seen China with my natural eyes; during this itinerary we shall see, so to speak, with our stereoscopic eyes; and having used both these media of sightseeing, I wish to state to those not already familiar with the genuine realism of the stereograph, that its power to produce vivid and permanent impressions on the mind is scarcely less than that of one's natural vision; that it gives accuracy in size, proportion, distance and perspective; and, besides these things, it gives a vivid and fascinating effect that almost equals reality in producing pleasurable sensations and in giving a sort of mental emphasis which fixes all impressions.

The stereograph tells no lies; it is binocular—it gives the impression that each eye would receive on the ground, affording essentially perfect vision and giving the most realistic ocular perception attainable in the photographic art. The telescope brings distant objects apparently near; the microscope magnifies the appearance of objects; the stereopticon or magic lantern magnifies images that have been produced by monocular vision (a single lens)—all more or less deceptive, and showing objects only on a single plane, while the stereograph virtually projects solid figures into space before us.

Furthermore, sight is our cleverest sense in the acquisition of knowledge; to see is to know. All princi-

ples of instruction are being more and more based on a recognition of this truism. Any art, device, or principle best calculated to bring objects clearly and truthfully before the eyes is, therefore, surely the best means of imparting instruction.

If you cannot visit a country and see it as the traveller does, do the next best thing and see it through that miracle of realism, the stereograph. To make this possible I have spent a year in the land through which you are now to accompany me.

It might be of interest to you to know that the beginning of my itinerary in China follows the conclusion of a year spent in the Philippine Islands, which was marked by all the vicissitudes and experiences of our flag-planting in the Orient. When I reached Manila, scarcely had the clanking of the anchor chains ceased when all on board our ship were startled by the sharp popping of Krags and Mausers only a few miles away. This was soon after the first conflict between the Americans and the insurgents; so that the year following embraced the most important events of our war in the Philippines, during which time I was at the front, not only in Luzon, but also in the southern islands of Panay and Cebu, and made during that time nearly nineteen hundred negatives representing war, life and industrial scenes.

Then I proceeded to China, where I stereographed many hundreds of places, though time and space will permit us to visit through the stereoscope only a single hundred, and these will take us to some of the more important treaty ports, some of the interior cities of China, and then into the midst of the Boxer uprising, or the war of China against the world; and this, it is hoped, will stimulate a desire to more fully understand this peculiar country and her people.

### *How to Use Stereographs.*

*a.* Experiment with the sliding-rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance that suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

*b.* Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with the back toward window or lamp, letting the light fall over one's shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

*c.* Hold the stereograph with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

*d.* Make constant use of the special patented maps in the back of this book. First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the appropriate maps*, of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind, when you look at a given scene, just where you are and what is before you. After looking at the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory comments on it. You will like to read portions of the text again after once looking at the stereograph, and then return to the view. Repeated returns to the text may be desirable where there are many details to be discovered. But read through once the text that bears on the location of each stereograph before taking up the stereograph in question; in this way you will know just where you are, and the feeling of actual presence on the ground will be much more real and satisfactory. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive standpoint (at the apex of the red V in most cases) and the exact range of the view obtained from that standpoint

(shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the V). The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, giving an accurate idea of the progress of the journey and really making one feel, after a little, quite at home among the streets of Canton and Pekin.

*e.* Go slowly. Tourists are often reproached for their nervously hurried and superficial ways of glancing at sights in foreign lands. Travel by means of stereographs encourages leisurely and thoughtful enjoyment of whatever is worth enjoying. You may linger as long as you like in any particularly interesting spot, without fear of being left behind by train or steamboat. Indeed, you may return to the same spot as many times as you like without any thought of repeated expense! Herein lies one of the chief delights of China-in-stereographs—its easy accessibility.

# CHINA THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE.

" I felt I was right on the spot," said a man, as he leaned back in his chair and took his head from the stereoscope in which he had been looking along the crowded wharves of Canton. Though one might not at first think so, this remark was descriptive of the *facts* of this man's experience. Let us see if we cannot show in a few minutes that this is true.

It is now being recognized that with the proper attention and the appropriate helps, maps, etc., a person can obtain in the stereoscope a definite sense or experience of geographical location in that part of the earth he sees represented before him. Moreover, it is recognized that to get this sense of location means that we have gained not merely the same visual impressions in all essential respects that we would gain if there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we would experience there; the only difference in the feelings being one of quantity or intensity, not of *kind*.

But some one objects probably that this man's experience in connection with the stereoscope could not have been a real experience of being in Canton, because it was not the real Canton before him.

But what would be this man's object in going as a traveller to Canton? As a traveller he certainly does not

go to possess himself of that city's material buildings and streets. No traveller brings any material houses or fields back with him. No, the object of the traveller in going so far, at the cost of so much time and trouble, is to get *certain experiences of being in China.* It is not the land, but the experiences he is after.

This makes it clear, then, that in whatever place he stands he is concerned with *two kinds* of realities. First the earth, people, trees, the realities of the physical world; second, the states of his consciousness, made up of thoughts, emotions, desires, the *realities* of his mental or soul life. The physical realities which are so often thought of as the only realities, serve simply as the means of inducing the states of consciousness, the mental reality, the end sought.

Now it will be easier to understand how it is possible for us to be dealing with *genuine experiences of travel* in the stereoscope. For we can see that proving there is no real Canton before a man in the stereoscope does not prove there is no real soul state within him, no genuine experience of being in Canton. "In the stereoscope *we are dealing with realities,* but they are the realities of *soul states,* not the realities of outward physical things." We cannot see too clearly, then, that on this stereoscopic tour, we may have real experiences of being in China.*

But to get these experiences in connection with the rep-

Send for our booklets, "Light on Stereographs" and "The Stereoscope and Stereoscopic Photographs," by Oliver Wendel Holmes. See article, "Extraordinary Results from Stereoscopic Photographs," in the magazine *The Stereoscopic Photograph*, March, 1902.

resentation of a place in the stereoscope, certain conditions must be observed. We must look intently and with some thought, not only of the location of what is before us, but also of what exists, though we do not see it, on our right or left or behind us. We certainly could not expect to gain a definite consciousness or experience of location in any place, unless we knew where that place was and what were its surroundings.

To give people this knowledge in connection with the stereographs, a new patent map system has been devised and patented. There are eight maps and plans made according to this system which are used with the complete China tour. Three of these maps, Nos. 2, 6 and 7, are given in the back of this booklet for this special tour from Cheefoo to Taku and Tien-tsin.

Opening now Map No. 2, we find in outline the eastern part of China, from French or Indo-China on the south to Russian Siberia on the north. Here we can get in mind the route of the complete tour through China. The first place visited is Hongkong, found on the seacoast in the most southern part of the Empire. The red line which starts from this city and extends toward the north along the seacoast, and into the country at several points, indicates the route to be followed. Noting this route more carefully now, we see that a person proceeds inland nearly a hundred miles from Hongkong to Canton; returning, he goes along the coast nearly a thousand miles to Shanghai. From Shanghai he takes a special trip to Ningpo, over one hundred miles south; to Soo-chow, fifty miles northeast;

then to Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang. From that great inland tea port of China he goes one hundred miles south into the country to Matin. On the return trip down the Yang-tse-Kiang, stops are made at Kinkow and Nankin. Reaching the coast again the next stop is at Cheefoo, nearly five hundred miles north. After Cheefoo, he proceeds directly to the seat of war operations of the allied nations against China, at Taku, Tien-tsin and Pekin. The rectangles in red on this Map No. 2 indicate the sections of the country given on a larger scale on special maps.

In this booklet we have to do with the Tour through Cheefoo, Taku and Tien-tsin, which is based upon twenty-six stereographs.

OUR COMPLETE

## CHINA "TOUR"

consists of One Hundred Original Stereoscopic Photographs of the more important places in Switzerland, arranged in the same order a tourist might visit them. M. S. Emery acts as a personal guide in an accompanying book of 358 pages. In this book are also given Ten Maps of our new patented system, specially devised for the purpose of showing the route and definitely locating the stereographs. Educators say that by the proper use of stereographs, with these maps, people may gain genuine experiences of travel.

## THIS SECTION

is taken in full and without alteration from the larger book, and is to accompany twenty-six stereographs.

## THE BOXER UPRISING: JOURNEY TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

Even before we set out on our itinerary at Hongkong, in January, a slight agitation in the political world was caused by the abdication of Emperor Kwangsu. Early in the following May an uprising in the northern provinces of Shansi and Pichili began to create alarm. Secret societies were organized, or rather, orders which had had a long previous existence were revived. Chief among these were the I-Ho-Chuan, or, "Fist of Righteous Harmony," and the Ta-Tao-Hui—"Sword Society." All members of these organizations became known as Boxers, which is a free interpretation of the literal—"Fist of Righteous Harmony." And now we must change our field of observation from peaceful aspects of Chinese life to that latest Chinese crisis widely known as the Boxer uprising. During the time we have been up the Yang-tse many stirring events have transpired; seventy native Christians have been massacred at Paoting-fu. On May 29, 1900, the very day on which we started from Hankow in the house-boat, the Boxers attacked the railway station near Pekin and cut off communication with Tien-tsin and the outside world. The Ministers at Pekin had asked for a dispatch of guards,

and four hundred and fifty had arrived on the 4th of June. Boxers were reported marching on Pekin. On the 12th of June an additional international force, two thousand strong, had started from Tien-tsin under Admiral Seymour. This force was driven back with three hundred and twelve killed or wounded. Tien-tsin was surrounded by large numbers. The different nations were hurriedly preparing to dispatch ships and troops to the scene of action. These were the exciting messages on the lips of every one when we returned to Shanghai. Next, word came that the forts at Taku had been captured with a loss to the Chinese of four hundred, and of twenty-one to the fleet. I hurried to the post for mail and then to the Consulate, where I found awaiting me a dispatch directing me to proceed at once to Taku. I readily understood it was urgent to be at once at the front. I hastened to the different steamship offices, and, fortunately, found a boat which was to sail for Cheefoo on the following morning. Two and a half days was required to reach that port, which is only about twelve hours from Taku (see map of Eastern China, Map No. 2).

In the meantime, permit me to offer some opinions on this last demonstration of agitators in China. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about Boxers and the Boxer movement, it is very difficult to determine the cause and object of this uprising. It is generally admitted, as I have elsewhere stated, that the Chinese are a docile and peace-loving people, and yet, social agi-

tations are not infrequent, and the great Taiping Rebellion, in which over twenty million lives were sacrificed, occurred only forty years ago. An old proverb says: "Beware of the wrath of the patient man." The most peace-loving sometimes become rebellious, and when such is the case desperation marks the conflict. It will scarcely be denied that want sows the seeds of revolution and rebellion, and when the struggle for existence becomes general and prolonged, suffering humanity will organize into protective unions, or into I-Ho-Chuan Societies. China's great fertility and her vast territorial area are sometimes insufficient for her teeming millions, especially in the North, where whole provinces are often famine-stricken by reason of flood or drought or pestilence. An empty stomach does not make for peace, either in the home or in the State. The Taiping Rebellion, the most bloody, disastrous and long-continued that has occurred in China in modern times, was inaugurated by a secret organization of insurrectionaries with the usual high-sounding name, Taipings, which signifies "*grand peace*," with the ostensible purpose of overthrowing the Manchu dynasty, whose corrupt and oppressive administration of affairs had exhausted the patience as well as the earnings of the people; in other words, it was hunger that brought about that bloody revolution. Want and peace cannot dwell together. A few years ago about ten millions are said to have died of starvation in the northern provinces bordering on the Hoang Ho, a river which has been called "China's Sor-

row," because of the loss of life caused by flood, famine and pestilence. This same poverty-stricken region has been the nursery of Boxers. While, then, I regard stress of environment as the primal cause of nearly all insurrectionary uprisings, the immediate causes often appear to be something quite different to the ignorant and unreasoning insurgent. The Boxer, in his struggle for existence, sees the cause in commercial encroachments; he sees the railway driving his wheelbarrow and carry-pole out of business; he sees the steamboat supplanting the house-boat and the sampan; he sees the modern carriage and bicycle relegating the sedan chair; he sees all kinds of machinery interfering with his manual labor. His Confucian classics never taught him how it is possible for a missionary to do a benevolent work. He looks upon him as the emissary and forerunner of foreign commercialism. Altruism is not in the Confucian code. I believe that any of us with a mind cast in the same mould and with the same training for generations, would be little, if any, different. An illiterate and superstitious populace will never discover first causes; struggle and stress of circumstances, then, sets the Boxer to looking around for the immediate cause of his ill conditions; he may turn against the ruling dynasty, or against the introduction of railroads, or against coercive land-grabs, or against the beneficent hand which has come from distant lands to lift him into better conditions. Then there are Boxer leaders and Boxer followers—the more intelligent and the ignorant horde who will play the Boxer

for plunder. But it is well to remind ourselves again that after all human nature is much the same the world over. When times are dull and distress prevails, a popular howl goes up against the government administration, or an army of malcontents marches on Washington, or a wailing and lamentation is heard about unrestricted immigration. Western countries are full of Boxers; but efficient military forces keep them in check. It has always been so, and will probably always remain so. Throughout all nature there must always be a certain amount of imperfection; the consequence is distress; the attempted remedy is I-Ho-Chuan Societies, under many different names. I use the words "must always be" advisedly; some I know will not agree with this; but I mean, of course, until the millennial days when the rose shall be thornless and the bee shall be without sting and when "the lamb and the lion shall lie down together." Until then human nature will continue to be human nature, or, in other words, there shall continue to be "wars and rumors of wars," and Boxers of many sorts.

As I entered the harbor of Cheefoo (see map of Eastern China, Map No. 2) two grim men-of-war anchored in the offing emphasized the fact to me that I was nearing the theater of impending war. Two forts, one on either side of the city, bristling with heavy ordnance, command the harbor and the town. The guns of the warships and those of the forts were trained one on the other. Big guns are always grim visaged, but when

loaded and trained on an enemy there is mortal gravity in their sullen muzzles. These forts are on high bluffs, one a mile east and the other about the same distance west of the city; with glasses all the movements of the men at the forts could be seen. A part of the time the guns were trained on the European settlement and at other times on the warships in the roadstead. On going ashore I found the Europeans in a state of nervous anxiety bordering on panic. Cheefoo is a large city, and while no overt acts of hostility had thus far occurred, large numbers of Boxers were reported to be in the vicinity, and the most trifling affair would be sufficient to turn the treacherous hordes of the city into a fiendish mob. The giant English cruiser "Terrible" lay at anchor a mile off shore, with her decks cleared for action and her monstrous black broadside grim with vengeful guns trained on the forts. Several hundred marines were held in readiness to land at the shortest notice. This gave a slight feeling of security; yet it was well known that the forts could lay waste the city in a few hours. We will ascend a hill overlooking the harbor, the settlement, and the native city. This eminence is sometimes called Consulate Hill, because several of the foreign consulates are located on it. On this hill also is the signal-station on which we take our stand.

*43. Cheefoo, One of China's Important Seaports, from Signal Tower, Looking East.*

We are looking slightly south of east toward the

rocky, barren hills which encircle the bay at some distance. The harbor is to the north, that is, to our right. Those hills extend on the left to the sea and terminate in a promontory on which is located one of the forts mentioned. Several Europeans have their homes at the foot of those hills; you can faintly distinguish one near the center of our field of vision a trifle to the right. The family from that home I found quartered at one of the hotels. Fearing an attack from the Boxers, they gathered a few more valuable articles and hastened to the security of the settlement, leaving their home in the care of native servants. The Foreign Concession includes all that flat land lying near the water, and the French Consulate lies midway between the little English church near the beach and the farthest limit of our vision. The first building on this side of the small church, with shrubbery in front, is a hotel; a second hotel stands next to the one just designated and on the opposite side of a narrow street leading out to the beach between them. The nearer building with four windows in a line toward us is the Club House, before which on the beach several modern row-boats are drawn out. And notice those sampans beyond; I will soon tell you how suddenly those were requisitioned. The English Consulate is below at our left; the American and German behind us. We are here looking southeast, and Taku is toward the northwest, and nearly half-way between us and Taku, at the time I was here, lay the U. S. battleship "Oregon" fast upon the rocks. You see the English flag on the yard

of the signal-staff; this, with the one black ball, indicates the movement of an English ship, probably the arrival or departure of a warship. Those hotels were filled with missionaries and other refugees; bedding, boxes and bundles filled the courts of the hotels; some had come from stations in the interior, some from Tien-tsin, others from Pekin by the last train before the railway was destroyed. They were all fleeing to places of safety—some were awaiting a ship for Chemulpo in Corea, some were bound for Japan, others for Shanghai and ports southward, and many for their homes in Europe and America. There were all kinds and orders of men, women and children; there were arrivals and departures of refugees daily and hourly; the Consuls were busy, each looking after his own people. The American Consul had chartered a ship and sent it to bring some seventy-five missionaries from a remote station. Let us go down and see them land.

### *44. Missionary Refugees Fleeing from the Boxers. Landing at Cheefoo.*

The missionaries are here landing from sampans, carrying their children and portable belongings; they lined timidly from the boats to the hotels—a matron leading a child, a father carrying a babe, a band of coolies carrying baggage, a man with a tennis set, another mournfully pushing a disabled bicycle—all with the same dual expression on their countenances, that of long anxiety and final deliverance. I was surprised to see

so many children among the missionaries, but my surprise was quite moderated when I learned that there is a premium on progeny in the mission fields; and that for each child born an annuity is added to the income of the lucky parents. I could not but wish that this benign principle were applied to other vocations. The ship chartered by the Consul lies out at anchor; some are landing here, others on the beach near the hotels we saw from our last position. You see the sun-hats worn by the missionaries of both sexes. Even these northern points in China for two or three months in summer are intensely hot.

To be prepared for an unexpected attack, many of the Europeans kept sampans in readiness by which they could, on a moment's warning, make for the warships. Taku is two hundred miles distant, and all merchant ships stop at Cheefoo. Yet I found it next to impossible to obtain passage to the former place. Warships proceeded only to the allied fleet, which lay ten miles off shore at Taku. Correspondents from all parts were arriving and hounding consuls and naval commanders for transportation to the front, or at least to some point nearer the scene of activities. War conditions were everywhere manifest; it was every one for himself; no reliable information could be obtained about anything; all kinds of rumors were afloat. Several times a day I visited all the shipping offices and the consulates seeking for transportation. Europeans who had homes in the vicinity of Cheefoo moved into the settlement, bringing their more valuable portables.

Every one sought information, but could fine none; there was a perplexing mystery about all movements, and mystery always increases apprehension. After I had been in Cheefoo three days, this apprehensiveness reached a climax. Russian agents had engaged several hundred coolies to work on the Siberian Railway; they were placed on board a ship for transportation to Vladivostok when some misunderstanding about pay arose; then a suspicion was aroused among them that they were to become conscripts for military service in the Russian army. They left the ship in rage and consternation, came ashore in sampans, when thousands of coolies and the rabble of the city gathered around them until the streets near the landing were blocked by a mob of many thousands. This was at once construed as a Boxer uprising; the people of the settlement were thrown into a frenzy of terror; women fled to the small boats on the beach and were soon well out toward the warships; a small band of volunteers which had been organized for protection and composed of clerks and shopkeepers instantly donned their cartridge belts, seized their guns and formed across the street, at the farther end of which was a solid mass of infuriated coolies held back by a cordon of native police. Missionaries with Winchesters and citizens with shot-guns joined the volunteers. Every man's face showed an expression of fight "to the death." Messengers had been sent to the Taotai (mayor) of the native city to call out the native troops. He soon arrived in his official chair, accompanied by his usual retinue of subordinate functionaries, followed by a

band of soldiers armed, not with their guns, but with bamboo flagellators. After a conference between the Taotai and the European officials, the former harangued the mob, but it refused to disperse, whereupon he ordered the troops to charge with bamboos. Then followed the funniest onslaught I have ever seen. It was a spectacle that was suddenly changed from impending horror to the irresistibly ludicrous; a band of imperial soldiers, backed by a line of native police, rushed upon this impenetrable mass of bareheaded coolies, pelting heads and barebacks with relentless fury; the cracks of the bamboos resounded through the streets; they laid on heavy and fast; the front lines of the mob took the brunt, as the great mass was too solid to be quickly moved. Those in the forefront howled with pain. The Taotai sat in his chair and urged on the attack; the vigorously laid on strokes rang like pistol shots; after several minutes the dense black crowd began to fall asunder, when the soldiers could better distribute their blows; soon the wilderness of black heads was a pell-mell of ignominious flight, and what might have proved a bloody uprising was averted. The small plucky band of shopkeepers and missionaries returned to their several places of abode, the terrified women who were in sampans off shore were rowed back, and the consternation gradually subsided; but it was a baptismal scene in the Boxer war not to be forgotten, and showed, moreover, the magical efficacy of the bamboo as an arbitrator. After five days a German merchant ship arrived, bound for Taku; I secured passage and on the following day

reached the naval fleet lying ten miles off the mouth of the Pei-ho, in the bay of Pichili.

It was a magnificent array of warships and capable of inflicting punishment upon the Boxers if they could have been placed within range. Our ship anchored with the fleet over night; on the following morning we entered the mouth of the river amidst the ships and forts whose deadly conflicts only a few days before had sent a thrill of horror over the civilized world. We landed on the south bank of the Pei-ho, proceeded a few hundred yards back from the river, and ascended a pilot tower, from which we obtained a panoramic view in the very center of the scene of action which resulted in the capture of the Taku forts.

Turn with me now to Map No. 6. This map gives us a sketch of the Pei-ho River from the Pichili Bay to a point about six miles inland, including the sites of the forts at Taku and the town of Tongku. Find the number 45 in red, inclosed in a circle, and the two red lines which branch from this circle toward the north. We are to stand at the point from which these lines start, and shall look out over the territory the lines inclose.

### *45. From Pilot's Tower, Looking North across the Pei-ho River to Northwest Fort, Taku.*

From where we stand the mouth of the river and open bay is but a short distance to our right. On both sides of the river, at its mouth, are mud forts similar to the one we see on the opposite side of the river. The latter is known as the Northwest Fort. It is the one which was nearest

to the warships which are anchored in the river some distance toward the left. It is the one first attacked and captured by a mixed force from the combined fleet. Almost directly behind us are several other forts, little more than a half mile distant; these, with the North Fort and the Northwest Fort before us, at one o'clock on Sunday morning on June 17, 1900, opened fire with all their guns on the small warships which were lying in that narrow stream off to the left. The contest was hot, but of short duration, as by 7 o'clock in the morning two of the forts had been blown up and all the others carried by assault. The particulars of that battle are familiar to every one, but no written description can ever convey to you so vivid an idea of the appearance of the now famous mud forts at Taku, the river, and the surrounding country, as this opportunity to view them for yourself. You see the level mud flats extending to the horizon; the view is the same in every direction, except toward the sea. Now you can tell exactly how those forts appear; you can even distinguish the patches of clay detached by the impact of shell. You can almost see the guns on the wall; you can see the flag-poles and flags; indeed, that near pole is not only a flag-pole, it is also used for sending dispatches to the fleet by wireless telegraphy. These mud forts are not so crude and defenseless as many are led to suppose from the term mud. They consist of vast masses of well-put-up clay, which offers more effective resistance to shell than solid masonry; but how they are built, and how mounted with the most improved ordnance, you will see better when we

take our next position on the top of the wall of the North-west Fort, at the left-hand corner, in line with that war-ship. From that position we shall look down the river toward its mouth and the North Fort. Let me call your attention briefly to the buildings near us, that you may know how the houses in Taku are built, and not only in Taku, but throughout the whole valley of the Pei-ho to Pekin—I mean of mud, though what you see here are well-made houses and occupied by Europeans. The two buildings at our feet are portions of the Taku Hotel, which I occupied on three different occasions. The near building on the left is the dining-room of the hotel. These so-called mudhouses have walls and roof built up of bundles of reeds coated with the universal clay of these alluvial plains. The countless villages and towns scattered over these vast northern tracts are constructed largely of mud or clay; they have a miserable appearance, but they are warm and inexpensive. A mudhouse to accommodate a small family does not cost half the sum required to build a well-to-do farmer's pighouse in Western countries. This part of Taku is known as Pilot-Town, because it is the home of many pilots whose services are in great demand on account of the difficulties in navigating the shallow and tortuous river. Our position here is on the top of a pilot's lookout; you may see another lookout beyond the line of buildings on our left. Some small dry-docks are located here; also repair shops that give employment to a few Europeans. Before leaving this pilot's lookout, I must call your attention to a causeway which begins at

the right-hand side of that Northwest Fort; it extends to the North Fort on the same side of the river and which we can see better from our next position.

Now we are to descend, cross the river in a sampan and enter that Northwest Fort at the gateway at the southeast angle; we shall ascend the wall at the southwest angle and stand beside a modern gun which did its share of damage to the fleet of the allies and still remains intact.

On the map of Taku our position is given by the red lines which branch toward the southeast from the encircled number 46.

### *46. Looking down the Pei-ho River toward the North Fort and Bay, from Northwest Fort, Taku.*

How many things you may learn from this one prospect! Again you can see the character of the surrounding country; you can see the bay of Pichili and almost descry some of the nearer ships of the fleet ten miles away. In that stretch of water, near the mouth of the river, lies the great obstruction to ships entering the river; I mean a sand-bar lying only a mile or two out from the mouth of the river, and on which often may be seen several ships entrapped by low water and awaiting high tide. You can see shipping on the river, the width of the Pei-ho, and almost the muddy character of the water; you can see the North Fort with the flag of the victor flying over it; you can see the long causeway, leading from the fort on which we stand to the North Fort. Along that causeway the attacking allies advanced from this Northwest Fort. You

can see how exposed they were; they could not advance over the level ground in open order, as it is covered with mud and water so that the daring sally was made in close order over that long distance. The causeway was a little Thermopylæ. This sentinel told me that a handful of old women (Western) in yonder fort with the guns trained on the causeway could have held it against ten thousand men; but John Chinaman is no warrior. These have been called mud-forts. The term mud always conveys a significance of meanness which naturally leads one to consider them as crude heaps of dirt; now that we see them, we find they are well-built forts with bastions, ramparts, moat and armament which probably could be tagged "made in Germany." That long breech-loading rifle was not made in China; that steel shield for protecting the gunners is up to date. It will protect the gunner from rifle shot, but not from larger projectiles. The shield of the gun next to this, on our left, was penetrated by a three-inch shell, and the brains and blood of the gunner remained spattered on the breach of the gun. This guard you see to our right, neatly dressed in white with his Lee-Metford rifle at his side, is a British Marine. A few English and a few Italians are left to guard this fort, while the other forts are held by guards from other allies.

I must remind you that Taku is not a stopping place for travellers; it is little more than a pilot station. All steamers with cargo and passengers for Tien-tsin and Pekin proceed five miles beyond Taku to Tongku. We shall now follow the narrow, winding Pei-ho to the latter

place and from the deck of our steamer at the landing look out upon the ravages of war. On the Map No. 6 we find our position given by the red lines connected with the number 47.

*47. Burning of Tongku—U. S. S. "Monocacy" at Landing with Hole through Bow made by Chinese Shell.*

This scene shows Tongku a few days after the capture of the forts at Taku. The relief expedition under Admiral Seymour had failed to reach Pekin, and after great loss and privation had returned to Tien-tsin. It was supposed by every one that all within the legations had been massacred. The war was on, and every nation was rushing forward troops with all the hurried bustle of desperation. I reached this place on the Fourth of July; you see the flags out on the "Monocacy." Notwithstanding the gloomy news from every quarter, every foreign warship flung out the Stars and Stripes in honor of the American nation's birthday. There was no jubilant popping of firecrackers, which we are wont to hear on this festal day, but there was the crackling of destructive flames which were everywhere devouring the vacated homes of the terrified inhabitants. On the following day, news came that the relieving force which had been dispatched to Tien-tsin had been driven back and might have to retreat to the seacoast. There were encampments of French soldiers, Russian soldiers and Japanese soldiers. Army stores were heaped up in every space near the docks. The crippled

ships which had been in conflict at Taku were strung along the river in different stages of convalescence. Refugees were hourly arriving from Tien-tsin; some, finding passage in departing steamers, while others found temporary shelter on the "Monocacy." At low tide the opposite shore is lined with bloated human forms which have floated down from villages up the river where the Boxers have done their bloody work or where the Russian relief force slaughtered everything before it on its march to Tien-tsin.

This town was rapidly becoming the rendezvous of the armies of the world; it was universal chaos come again,

> "And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

Every one felt that the fleet-winged hours were clipping life threads at Pekin. The difficulty was now to reach Tien-tsin and, in the meantime, to find a lodging place at Tongku. All railway communication was cut off, and the military at Tien-tsin were driving civilians away, and no hotel or lodging place could be found in Tongku. During the first night I was permitted to sleep on board the boat on which I had arrived. On the second day I asked for permission to sleep on the bare deck of the "Monocacy," but my modest request was roughly refused by the Captain, who, with the officious consequence of a man commanding nothing better than an old-

fashioned side-wheel tub that had been thirty years poking her prow into the mud banks along the Yang-tse, said he was reserving all space for missionaries. Accompanied by a young Swiss gentleman, I trudged several times the length of the slough-bound town to obtain only space in which to sleep for one night, hoping the following day to find some way of reaching Tien-tsin. Fortunately we fell in with a Russian officer, who, learning of our straits for a lodging place, in the blandest and most hospitable manner told us to follow him to the railway station and he would find us a room where he and his fellow officers were temporarily quartered. A Russian servant was turned out of a small hot room which was furnished with two small benches; on these we slept, each wrapping his coat about his head as a protection against myriads of flies—army flies, I suppose. I have often had occasion to entertain very high opinions of Russian gentility and politeness, while my opinions of the government are quite otherwise. The charming manner of a Russian gentleman is remarked by every one; and if there is one fault more conspicuous than another in our own country, I should name it national lack of courtesy. We made a slender morning repast from articles we bought from the steward of the German ship, and then I left my companion and set out to find transportation to Tien-tsin.

## TIEN-TSIN.

After wandering about Tongku for some time I heard of a tug bound for Tien-tsin. I went on board, and a soldier in command said he was neither authorized to carry nor to refuse to carry any one. "Tien-tsin is the best place I know of to leave, just now; but go if you like," said the blunt commander of the little commissary craft. "Yesterday it was nip and tuck all day, and the Allies may be driven down here to-day, but if you are fond of shells bursting in your hair, go." "Well, I've never experienced shells in that way," I replied, "but, as the Chinamen say, I will have a 'look see.'" While the distance by rail is only some twenty-eight miles, it is forty by the winding course of the Pei-ho. The voyage occupied a good part of the day. Many mud villages were passed on the way, from most of which the inhabitants had fled back into the country. We were constantly passing dead bodies floating down, and, on either bank of the river, at every turn, hungry dogs from the deserted villages could be seen tearing at the swollen corpses left on the banks by the ebb tide. It was forty miles of country laid waste, deserted homes, burned villages, along a river polluted and malodorous with human putrefaction. At last I was in Tien-tsin. It was on the 5th of July. Our national holiday I had celebrated under most unusual con-

ditions at Tongku. The fifth presented a weird proscenium in the theater of war. The city had been reinvested; the previous day had witnessed a stubbornly contested attack at the railway station. Everywhere were to be seen dreadful scenes of desolation. Conflagration had already laid waste the entire French Concession and a good part of the English; housetops were covered with extemporized defenses; storehouses had been employed to provide defensive barricades; bales of wool, bags of peanuts, sacks of licorice-root and sacks of rice, in enormous quantities, had been utilized for breastworks. Smoke was curling up everywhere from smoldering ruins. Scarcely had I got my luggage ashore before shells came crashing over the settlement. Three of the four hotels had been destroyed; the one remaining was occupied by the military. I found an empty room in a vacated Chinese compound, where I made my bivouac until driven out. After putting my pre-empted space into habitable conditions, I set out to reconnoiter war environments.

Just before we start on our tour of exploration, we must get a general idea of the plan of the city. Spread out the map of Tien-tsin, Map No. 7. Near the center of the map we see the rectangular outline of the Native City, the heavier black line showing the course of its encompassing brick wall. Many native villages are grouped around this inner city. The Pei-ho River winds among the outlying villages in a general course from the northwest toward the southeast. The Japanese, French, British and German Concessions lie to the southeast of the

Native City on the river's right bank; the proposed Russian Concession is on the left bank. An earth or mud wall encircles the entire area covered by the old city, the villages and the Foreign Concessions. The course of the railroad which connects Taku and Pekin is seen to the east of the river. By much effort I had made my way up the Pei-ho to a point near that first bend toward the left, or west. One of the first places we shall visit together is the pontoon bridge made by the French opposite the French Concession. We are to stand as the red lines connected with the number 48 show, on the left bank of the river, and look toward a street and range of buildings on the opposite bank, a part of the French Concession.

*48. Horrors of War—Dead Chinese floating in the Pei-ho, showing riddled Buildings along the French Bund, Tien-tsin.*

Many talk of the horrors of war who know little of their actualities, and for that reason such a scene as this, though it is repulsive, is also educative; for, to know truly, you must see, and even this repellent scene is but a slight hint of war's horrors. For ten days before I came here, dead bodies, in incredible numbers, had been floating down the river, and, several times a day coolies were sent to this place with poles to set free the accumulation of bodies and allow them to float down stream. At this moment, you see, there are only four or five in view, but at other times there are large numbers, especially in the morning, after a night's accumulation. At times I have

seen heads and headless trunks in this flotsam of war. Many of these dead have been killed by the relief troop who first entered Tien-tsin; others, by the second advance of reënforcements, and many, previously, by the Boxers and were probably Christian converts. Doubtless a considerable number also are suicides, for the Chinese have a penchant for suicide at such times.

This part of the city, lying between the railway station and the French Concession, was the center of the heaviest firing on several occasions, and every building is gutted by fire or riddled with shot. We are looking nearly south; the railway station is less than a quarter of a mile behind us and is surrounded by a suburban population. The shattered windows and pierced walls everywhere tell how the showers of shot swept everything at this point. You see the shell mementoes on this building at the right; there are other buildings along this Bund even more thoroughly scarred than those. Many of the trees that line the side of the street have been shot through until they toppled over. The cross streets that terminate here, are barricaded for a mile or over along this Bund. The only water supply for troops and citizens is before you. Military orders were given that no water should be used unless boiled; but the order was often disregarded. Soldiers frequently have little regard for sanitary orders or law, and have a happy way of turning privations and hardships into fun. After all, we have here only a hint of war's destruction and sacrifice. These poor fellows will, in their turn, float down the river to feed the starving

dogs of the river-side villages, and yet, they are somebody's dear ones, and none will ever know how many thousands have been thus borne away uncoffined on the turbid waters of the Pei-ho.

We will leave this grewsome scene, pass out upon the Bund, and turning to the left, follow it for a mile downstream to a point in the river where small boats depart for Tongku. I wish I could show you all the scenes we pass in that mile along the Bund. At this time a walk along this street on the river is a perilous undertaking—"sniping" is constantly going on and there is scarcely a minute when one cannot hear the ominous hiss of passing bullets. Once I stood talking with a soldier, only for a few moments, when he ejaculated: "Come out of this! Didn't you hear that bullet come between us?" We were not more than three feet apart. We concluded our confab behind a wall. At length we arrive at the place where barges have been brought in to convey native Christian refugees to Tongku and other places of safety. In watching them embark we shall stand on the west bank of the river and look east. See red lines connected with the number 49 on the map.

### *49. Native Christians Fleeing from the Boxers—Chinese Refugees being taken away from Tien-tsin.*

It is evident from the flight of these poor native Christians that there is still no security for life here in Tientsin; even after the arrival of ten thousand foreign troops, a feeling of anxiety and uncertainty prevails. All indica-

tions are that additions of both Boxers and Imperial soldiers are daily being brought into the native city. We see before us only a handful of native Christians, many women and children among them, with coolies to assist in carrying a few bundles which contain all they have left of material possessions. There is a vast crowd on the shore to our right. The order has been given to go aboard, and these are the first of the line from an assemblage that will pack that big iron barge; and thus they have been leaving since the river was cleared for the passage of boats. What sad stories these forsaken, destitute refugees could tell! They go they know not where; they know not whether they will ever return; their homes are burned; their friends are scattered and many of them killed. You see British officers on board and British marines here and there assisting with embarkation. These refugees are from the English missions. Other missions have their flocks of the helpless and homeless to look after. Hundreds of little children are here who cannot understand what it all means. Their mothers can only tell them that their own bad people have burned their homes and now seek to kill them, but the foreigner will save them; this is all they can be made to understand; they have curious little child-thoughts of their own about it all, but with undiminished faith in maternal guardianship, they cling to their mother's hand, unconscious of their hapless fate.

All refugees did not flee from Tien-tsin. It was not possible for all to find means of flight. We will leave these

fleeing refugees now and retrace our steps over half a mile along the river bank to the Church of the Apostolic Mission, where there are assembled and fed between five and six hundred refugees. See number 50 in red on the map.

*50. Chinese Christian Refugees gathered by Father Quilloux into the Apostolic Mission during the Bombardment of Tien-tsin.*

This church is situated on the boundary between the English and French Concessions, and escaped, in quite an extraordinary way, destruction from both fire and shell, although in the direct line of bombardment. It is a French Catholic Church and Mission, at the head of which is the Rev. C. M. Quilloux. Soon after my arrival in Tien-tsin I met this worthy father, who told me how large a flock he was sheltering and feeding in the basements and cellars of his church and other church buildings. I expressed a desire to obtain a stereograph of his multitudinous wards during such a crisis. He said if I would come on the following day, he would do what he could to induce his terrified flock to leave the cellars and come out into the court for a few minutes, but I must be in readiness to operate quickly and not expose them too long to the bursting shells. They were all notified to be in readiness at a given hour, and when I had taken my position, Father Quilloux and another father led the way out into the open yard, followed by this cowering host—men, women and children—young and old. Scarcely had they assembled when a shell burst overhead with the crash of a

near thunderbolt; they ducked and trembled and began to show an agony of impatience, when Father Quilloux called out from his position in front: "Be quick! They are afraid!" The work was done hastily, and it did not seem that the whole time occupied could exceed three minutes, and yet three shells exploded very near during that brief space. You may notice all conditions of people in this gathering; on the left, near the front, are three small children carried in arms; further back, on the left, I see two gray heads; on the right, in front, some fairly pretty girls. I asked Father Quilloux to place the women in front, I suppose, because they are more picturesque. He told me he had great difficulty in finding sufficient food for so many people. They subsisted almost entirely on a small allowance of rice. Up to that time only a few had died. He pointed out to me a fresh grave, near us on the left, where on the previous day he had buried one of them. These were days that tried the faith and courage of men and these faithful fathers did not forsake their flocks.

What you have already seen must give you some intimation of the condition of Tien-tsin when I arrived. A hundred sights in Tien-tsin alone would give you a fuller conception, but even the greatest number could not tell you all. It is impossible to picture the apprehension of faces on the street—the roar of bursting shells and deadly smaller missiles that filled the air. Subterranean housekeepers cannot be "sculptured by the sun" nor can pale, fear-stricken faces peering out of cellar windows;

nor the measured tread of soldiers at all hours of day and night; nor the thrilling bugle-calls in every direction. Just across the way, too, is a full hospital, and the stillness about it is solemn and awe-inspiring. These things cannot be portrayed by any cunning of the camera. The number of troops is daily increasing. The transportation of commissary stores for all the different troops fills the streets with every form of nondescript conveyance—army wagons, carts, "rikishas," wheelbarrows, pole-coolies, confiscated carriages. A few European women were still left in the Concession. At one time, when the fire from the enemy was becoming stronger and the rout of the Allies was imminent, a weeping and disconsolate little English mother came running across the street to a near neighbor with this pitiful and tragic request: "Now, Mr. ————, won't you promise to shoot my children if they get in?" "No, I'll be d——d if I will!" replied the neighbor. This horrible request was prompted by maternal love; its fulfillment would have been humane, in comparison with an assured butchery by the enemy; but, come what would, the manly neighbor could not, even in the name of humanity, promise to take the lives of sweet little children with whom he had been wont to play.

From here I went south again into the British Concession to the public water hydrant, where the soldiers of the Allies and the natives mingled. See the red lines connected with the number 51, a short distance to the left of our former position by the river (Stereograph 49).

### 51. *Strange Medley from many Nations at the Public Water Hydrant during Foreign Occupation of Tien-tsin.*

Water is forced from the Pei-ho to the settlement by a steam-pump on the bank of the river. The demand for water was so great that these hydrants were opened only twice a day; at such times all the nations were represented by water-carriers with all sorts of vessels, and here we see them at the hydrant waiting their turns. Not all the nations are represented here; but I can make out four; the Russians, being encamped on the other side of the river, are not to be seen; it also happens at this moment that no English soldiers are present, except the Indians, who are under the English. We see the turbaned Hindoos in goodly numbers. They have newly arrived and are quartered a short distance up that street where the British marines were previously quartered; hence the presence of Hindoos and the absence of the English. Those Indians are fine, large men, and their moral and military bearing is highly commendable; they are accustomed to carry water in skins, which are included in their camp outfit in their own country; these skins, filled with water, are carried on the backs of donkeys. Two American soldiers are in charge of the hydrant. To facilitate the supply, there is a hose on one side and a stop-cock on the other, one man to attend to each. There is a cart with a copper boiler in it, probably found in some native house. The coolies have a

tub, and there are two five-gallon kerosene oil-cans near the little smart Jap with his clean, white suit.

This street, a little beyond the farthest point in sight, was crossed by a breastwork composed of bags of rice; just before us it was defended by the ancient cheval-de-frise. Those low buildings on the right were pierced by several shells. They are cooking-houses and sleeping-places for the servants of well-to-do English families living in adjoining houses facing on a street called Victoria Terrace; but the occupants had fled, leaving the houses in care of a gentleman, who gave me permission to occupy one of the them. Before this time I had taken shelter, as before stated, in a vacated room of a Chinese home, but after three nights my room was claimed by officers of the United States Marines, when I removed to one of those houses opposite us. Here I lodged for two nights, when I was again compelled to give up my extemporized dormitory on a sofa to other officers. The Ninth United States Infantry had arrived from the Philippines and every available house was commandeered. One of the shells which passed through that wall by the trees, on the right-hand side of this street, exploded in passing through the wall and the fragments entered the room I occupied and lodged in the back of a fine piano; but each night I took the precaution to haul the sofa on which I slept behind some interior wall. These houses were of brick, and one wall of brick was sufficient to explode a shell and a second would stop the fragments; but those failing to explode

would pass through several brick walls. The bombardment was intermittent; sometimes for a half-day scarcely a shot would be fired; then it would be resumed again, possibly at midnight, or at some hour in the night. When awakened by the explosion of a shell further sleep was impossible. The few people left in the settlement were worn out by broken sleep and apprehension. Those not experienced in conditions of war, and especially of bombardment, cannot possibly imagine the startling effect of bursting shells. During one afternoon, when firing was unusually severe, three shells struck within the same number of minutes; one tearing through the walls of the City Hall and two others bursting within the barracks of the United States Marines, but doing little damage. A little later, on the same afternoon, a shell entered the quarters of the British Marines, adjacent to the United States Marines, killing one and wounding two.

Let us advance up this street about one hundred yards, swing to the right another hundred yards, and ascend to the roof of a building known as the German Club Rooms. There we shall obtain panoramic views looking in three directions.

On the map we find the six red lines which mark the limits of our vision in these three views starting from the eastern side of the English Concession, one block from the river, and branching toward the west and northwest. Note now the second and fifth lines from the bottom, each having the number 52 at its end. We are

to look first over the territory between those two lines.

Before we take this position, however, we should get in mind the positions of the Chinese troops, the Allied forces and the general plan of operations. For several weeks the Boxer and Imperial troops, located mainly within the walled Native City, have been shelling most of the territory included within the Foreign Concessions. Again and again the Chinese had made sharp attacks upon the Allied troops, especially in their efforts to gain control of the railroad station. All their efforts met with repulse, but many lives were lost on both sides. Guns from the ships of the Allies had been placed at different points commanding the enemy in the Native City. Most of them were along the earth wall on the south side of the British Concession. For several days hundreds of shells had been hurled into the walled city and the smoke from burning buildings showed the effectiveness of their work. One particular point upon which the guns had been trained was the South Gate, in the center of the south wall of the Native City, as we find by the map. And now, on the day we are to look over this field, the Allies had arranged for a concerted attack. The Russians and Austrians were to approach the Native City from the east, but the others were to advance from the south. Four days before, Monday, July 9, a force of Japanese, Russian and British soldiers had captured the West Arsenal, see on the map about a mile south of the Native City, near the earth wall. The way was thus open for a much nearer approach from the south. On

the morning of the 13th the Allies had advanced to positions from one-quarter to one-half a mile from the southern wall. The American Marines were on the extreme left near the southwest corner of the walled city; next, on the right, were the Welsh Fusiliers; then come the Japanese deployed on either side of the road to the South Gate, then the British Marines, and farthest to the right, near the river, the Eighth United States Infantry.

Let us climb now to our lookout point on the German Club building, to look over the territory lying between the two red lines having the number 52 at their ends.

***52. Battlefield of Tien-tsin (during the Battle, July 13, 1900) from German Club (w.) to West Arsenal, Tien-tsin.***

Just a moment now to get our bearings. The buildings near us belong to the British Concession. Farther away is the territory covered by the French and Japanese Concessions. That group of buildings with several smokestacks in the distance to the left belong to the West Arsenal (see map). In the distance, far to the right, we hardly catch a glimpse of the southwestern corner of the walled city.

Perhaps we may at first see nothing extraordinary in this scene, and still, probably not in the history of the world has a landscape been photographed in which, at the time the view was made, events so momentous were being enacted; besides, beyond doubt no other view was taken showing a similar panorama during the action of the

Allies before Tien-tsin on that historic day. I was, so far as I can learn, the only photographer on the ground to do work of this kind. Correspondents from all parts of the world tried to secure these views and offered to pay me any sum I would mention for them; but, of course, they were not mine to sell—they were the property of the publishers by whom I was employed. Even maps of the field were not in existence. These things I mention that we may appreciate the privilege we now have of looking upon the field of battle itself, and that, too, at the time when the battle waged in all its fury, when these very buildings on which we stand were vibrating with the deafening roar of more than a hundred cannon, when the thinned numbers of civilians left in the desolate settlement, were waiting in the utmost anxiety to know how the tide of battle would turn, whether in victory or defeat, which meant safety or massacre. The cruel enemy was infinitely superior in numbers, and, if their valor should prove even half equal to their numbers, relentless slaughter awaited all of us. A number of us stood where we now stand. You see the horizon yonder, hazy with the smoke of rifle fire and bursting shell. It was a thrilling and anxious day for us; it was a historic day for the world, and it is for these reasons that I ask you to note with more than usual care my explanation of what is before us here and of what we shall see from our next view-points.

First, then, let me locate our position with reference to our last standpoint. You see those trees in an open

square; the street in which we stood when looking at the public water hydrant, runs along the left side of the square between those trees and the small, low building, the gable end of which we see over this lattice-covered court near us. The small building is the one through which a shell passed into the rooms I occupied. I mentioned also a shell which entered the barracks of the English Marines, killing one and wounding two. I want you to see the hole in the tile roof made by that fatal shell; you may see it to the extreme right, at the edge of the roof of that second building, the one with three small, square towers.

The building nearest us was formerly the English Club Rooms, now used as a hospital and already containing wounded men. Notice the rent made by a shell in the roof. To-morrow, when the wounded are brought in from the bloody battle now in progress, this and many other extemporized hospitals will be more than full.

Yesterday the cannonading was heavy, especially on account of several lyddite twelve-pound naval guns brought from British ships—indeed, they had been brought direct from Ladysmith, in the Transvaal, and bore each a tablet with the significant device, "From Ladysmith to Tien-tsin." During the past night the measured tread of soldiers never ceased. We suspected some unusual movement was on foot; but in time of war civilians and common soldiers never know the import of military movements. At two o'clock in the morning the far-fetched twelve-pounders from the antipodes

were in action. The night movement of troops was the gathering of the Allies for a general attack on the Native City of Tien-tsin. Americans, English, Japanese, Welsh, French and a few Austrians, numbering in all, over eight thousand, had moved out, under cover of darkness, to gain an advantageous position for an early general attack. That West Arsenal, the cluster of buildings and tall chimneys in the distance to the left, has, up to a few days ago, been in active operation, turning out all sorts of modern munitions of war. Soon after the investment of the European settlement, this arsenal was bombarded and the Chinese driven out; shortly they reoccupied it, and only a few days before the battle now in progress it was shelled again and burned. It is in the center of the line of advance of the Allies. It is called the West Arsenal in contradistinction to the East Arsenal, lying at an equal distance on the opposite side of the Pei-ho, or directly behind us, as we stand here. The East Arsenal, which we shall see later, was captured and burned by the first relief force to Tien-tsin. Both these arsenals contained all the latest modern facilities for the manufacture of war material. The distance from where we stand to the West Arsenal is about two miles; from the arsenal to the Native City it is a little more than half that distance. As we have said, the objective point of the Allies is the South Gate of the Native City, which lies directly north of the arsenal and in line with it. A poor road extends from the arsenal across a muddy and grassy plain to the South Gate, sometimes called the

Taku Gate. The brick wall surrounding the river city is twenty-five feet high and from ten to fifteen feet thick, with four principal gates. A mile or over from this wall is the circumvallation of clay, the earth or "mud-wall," some fifteen feet high, which serves as a first line of defense. At the left of the arsenal you can see a dark line extending toward our left; that is the famous "mud-wall" mentioned so frequently in connection with the exigencies of the Boxer war. The center of our present field of vision is the center of the advance of the Allies in the forenoon; later in the day the lines advanced slowly and with great difficulty toward the city. You can scarcely see a dark line extending from the arsenal toward the right, marking the line of the road to the city. But to the left and to the right of that road, we remember the Allied forces deployed in the following order from left to right: American Marines, Welsh Fusiliers, Japanese, British Marines, Eighth United States Infantry. At this distance of two miles the field of battle seems small, but remember that it embraces five or six square miles before us in this direction, and, when we turn in an opposite direction and look across the Pei-ho, we will see another field of an equal area covered by the Russian wing of the Allies. It is uncertain whether we can now distinguish troops or not; but at times during the battle we could distinguish the different soldiers without our field-glasses, and with them, very distinctly. You can dimly see off to the right the line of the city wall vanishing in the distant horizon; and the exact posi-

tion of the American Ninth Infantry is indicated by those black objects, far to the right, in the hazy distance. Indeed, I have scarcely been able to convince myself that those dark objects are not the blue shirts of the brave boys of the Ninth; that is the exact position they occupied at midday, when they found shelter for a time behind some mud-houses. It was there they encountered a deadly flank fire from a range of loop-holed walls not two hundred yards distant. It was near that point, also, that Colonel Liscom fell. I must remind you that native villages surround the city, outside the walls, and that these places were filled with Boxers well protected and firing from loop-holes.

If we turn more to the left we shall obtain a better view of the mud-wall and the course of the night march of the Allies. On the map, the lowest of the six red lines which branch out from our standpoint near the river in the English Concession and the third line from the bottom, each with the number 53 at its end, mark the limits of our next field of vision.

***53. From German Club (w. s. w.) over Battlefield during the Battle, July 13, 1900, showing Mud-wall and West Arsenal, Tien-tsin.***

Although we are on the same roof as before, we have so changed our position as to be able to see a number of citizens and one or two missionaries with their field-glasses watching the progress of the battle. Notice how some look in one direction and some in another; some

are watching the bursting of the lyddite shells at the South Gate, which we hope to enter to-morrow morning if the Allies are successful; some are looking at the burning city, toward which we shall look soon; others are watching the shells from the Chinese guns on the wall of the city, which are exploding over the Allies. You can see where one shell has just exploded to the right of the arsenal. Now we can follow the course of the mud-wall as it runs from the West Arsenal toward the settlement on our left. A little farther to our left than we can now see five or six guns from H. M. S. "Terrible" are mounted along this wall; these we shall also see to-morrow, if all goes well, when we move in that direction to enter the city. Also, beyond our vision limit to the left, near the same wall, two twelve-pound lyddite guns are placed; just across the street, not fifty yards away, is the City Hall, on the tower of which is the signal corps with a telephone communication with these guns, and we can hear the orders given to the gunners. Seemingly half-way between us and the West Arsenal you see a cluster of buildings sheltered by walls; near that place the Japanese have a field battery; and farther to the right the Sikhs have another. As we stand here all of these guns and many others are belching lurid flames, while the earth seems to tremble with their unceasing roar. The Grand Canal, coming from the southward, reaches the mud-wall off to the left of the arsenal; a small canal extends from the Grand Canal to the Pei-ho, running close behind the mud-wall. Many

of the troops now engaged passed out during the night behind that wall; others passed over those low, grassy plains to the left until on a line with the arsenal, taking shelter behind the wall till the order was given for a general advance. The night movement was intended to conceal the intended attack; but spies had apprised the enemy and they were well prepared.

Only one person in this group of spectators seems to be watching the Russian attack toward the east and northeast. The person in dark clothes near us, with his field-glass at his eyes, is looking toward the center of the Russian wing across the Pei-ho.

For a few minutes we shall leave our position here and take another on the tower of the Taku Lighter Company's building, from which we shall look across the Pei-ho to the East Arsenal. On the map our new field of vision is given by the red lines connected with the number 54, which branch from the west bank of the river to the right-hand map margin.

### *54. From British Concession (e.) to East Arsenal over Plain Occupied by Russians—During Battle, July 13, 1900, Tien-tsin.*

Now, we are facing due east. The narrow, muddy Pei-ho lies below us. We see something of the scattered villages across the river, where Boxers found defenses from which they fired upon the settlement before the arrival of the relief forces. We are here at the extreme southern end of the English Settlement and the

native houses across the river are few, but to our left, up the river, they extend from the river-front well back into the plain. At present they are everywhere in ruins; fire has obliterated every trace of a habitable home; but even after fire had done its work the enemy found secure points for "sniping" from among the ruins. The tower on which we stand has been penetrated by several shells fired from two forts a mile farther up the river. In this direction we again see the mud-wall, marking a distance of nearly two miles from the Native City. Two more of the destructive lyddite guns were placed by the wall off to our left. Other batteries of artillery had been planted on the wall in attempting to silence the two forts farther up the river, which had been a constant menace to the settlement. Eastward, two miles from us, we see the East Arsenal, which was captured and burned by the relief expedition in June. This East Arsenal was the initial point of the Russians, as the West Arsenal was of the other Allies. Russian cavalry, infantry and artillery spread out and advanced over that plain toward the East Gate of the Native City and the forts on the river. The ground, as you see, is perfectly level; there is no cover for advancing troops, and the Russians have not yet learned the art of taking shelter by prostrating themselves on the ground; they were raked by rifle fire from the villages and by shell from the forts on the river. From dawn through the long, hot day, the Russian troops advanced slowly but tenaciously, against overwhelming odds; by nightfall they

had captured the forts which had wrought so much destruction and caused so much anxiety; but they had not entered the Native City.

We will return to our former lookout on the roof of the German Club Building to witness the battle now going on. From a slightly different position, we will look toward the Native City.

Turn again on the map to the six lines which branch from one point near the river in the British Concession. Notice the uppermost line and the second one from it, each with the number 55 at its end on the map margin. As we are now to look over the territory between these two lines it is evident we shall be looking over the Native City.

### 55. *From German Club (n. w.) to Burning Native City, during Progress of the Battle, July 13, 1900, Tien-tsin.*

We can distinguish faintly the outline of the city wall, especially the towers, which at intervals rise quite above the level of the wall. It is evident that the shells of the Allies are taking effect; we can see smoke in two quarters.

The fire to the right is in the interior of the city; that to the left is at the South Gate, the objective point of attack by the Allies on the west side of the river. Every gate has a massive superstructure of wood; that of the South Gate is burning fiercely; with our field-glasses we can see the red tongues of flame licking the sky. All the batteries have been directing their fire upon it. There the Allies must enter, if at all. The bravest men cannot scale a

twenty-five-foot wall; they must enter at the gate. We can hear the order given. There is an occasional lull to allow the overheated guns to cool; then the quick muzzle flashes begin again, followed by the deafening roar and earthquake shocks. This has continued since dawn; there has been no lull in the steady roll of rifle fire; the fitful popping of the automatic guns sometimes joins in the hellish chorus. In such a long continued storm of deadly missiles of destruction one wonders if one soul can be left alive. It is now the hottest hour of the day and the hottest hour of the battle. The sky is cloudless; the sun is merciless; the thermometers register nearly a hundred in the shade; and there, before us over that torrid plain, are scattered eight thousand men, under a scorching sun, without shelter of any kind save the shelter they find in prostrating themselves in filthy pools and quagmires, and yet enduring throughout this long, hot day the well-directed and well-protected fire of some fifty thousand Boxers and Imperial troops. The territory to our extreme left here was to our extreme right before (Stereograph No. 52). The English and the Ninth U. S. Infantry are fighting near each other to the right of the South Gate. The plucky little Japanese are beyond; they are easily distinguished in white uniform. Some one in our eager group of spectators calls out: "See the Japs advance on the double-quick!" All glasses are up to see the bold little heroes rush forward for a hundred yards under a withering fire and then drop out of sight in the long grass and mud; next some one directs attention to a charge of

Russian cavalry on the plain across the river—a long advancing cloud of dust which meant that the cavalry was within it. We turn again toward the west and see riderless horses galloping back to the arsenal; many of the Allies are now lost to sight among the outlying houses in the villages near the wall, and in the long reeds which cover the ground in places. Night is coming on, and the ponderous gates are still closed and intact, being within a square court and not exposed to shells. The Allies are within two hundred yards of the city walls, but not even the lyddite shells have breached the walls or gates. To charge these walls would mean destruction and slaughter; to retreat meant the same. It is defeat, but only those at the front know it; worse still, it is defeat without possibility of retreat. Surrender means indiscriminate slaughter with such an enemy. Night is coming on and darkness will enable the Allies to withdraw; and what a welcome night it is to those weary men who have borne the brunt of battle and the broiling sun from early morn till darkness—no food, no water, no shelter, and every hour of the long day under a raking fire. We on the roof wonder how men can live under such a fire; we talk of the dead and wounded now scattered over those fields where they will remain for the night, sweltering in bloody garments, on beds of mire. Darkness is to be the salvation of the Allies, for they retired under cover of night to the mud-wall, where mud-stained and blood-stained, weary and hungry, they caught snatches of sleep on their arms.

It was learned during the night that the Chinese were

as much disheartened as the Allies and anticipating, naturally, a renewal of assault in the morning, with reenforcements, commenced to retreat. The Allies decided upon a vigorous and concerted attack in the morning, which was made and led by the intrepid Japanese. An unexpectedly feeble defense was met, many of the enemy having probably withdrawn during the night. The South Gate was breached by the Japanese. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to blow down the ponderous gates with dynamite, but each time the fuse failed to ignite. It was a crucial moment, when a minute lost might be the sacrifice of a hundred lives. In an army of heroes there is no scarcity of martyrs. A Japanese soldier rushed forward, with torch in hand, ignited the explosive and was himself blown to atoms; but the great gate was blown down. Led by these soldiers, the whole force streamed through, and the great horde of Boxers and Imperial soldiers were making an ignominious exit from all parts of the city. When early morning brought the welcome tidings that the Allies were entering the Native City, we all felt that the midnight of apprehension was past; that our long-beleaguered conditions were at an end; that the last shell had shrieked over the settlement.

Now let us hasten to the South Gate to witness "after the battle" scenes. We will go by the mud-wall and the West Arsenal, stopping a few times on the way. We halt first to examine a pair of naval guns, already mentioned as having been brought from H. M. S. "Terrible," and to look again toward the burning city. On the

lower portion of the map find the number 56 in red by the earth-wall along the British Concession, and the two red lines which branch toward the northwest.

***56. Destructive Guns from H. M. S. "Terrible" and Distant Burning City Fired by their Shells —Tien-tsin.***

These hot, smoking guns are not the first of the after-the-battle scenes; before reaching this point we have passed lines of wounded men, borne on stretchers; just behind us, in a canal in line with the wall on which we stand, are flat-boats filled with wounded Japanese. These boats are pushed slowly along with poles, and the spectacle they present is pitiful in the extreme; the bottoms of the boats are crowded with wounded men, some sitting, some lying, all in the hot sun; they are just brought from the muddy field where they have lain and moaned away a dreary night. The silence is funereal; they are not dead men; they are the wounded, many of them mortally; yet no word is spoken, even by the men poling the boats slowly along. The litter-bearers are as silent as pall-bearers; the tender consideration for the suffering wounded is as solemn as the reverence for the dead. Remembering the dreadful all-day battle, one can scarcely resist an impulse to lift one's hat when passing the familiar uniform of our own boys, spattered with mud and blood-stained beyond recognition, with a crumpled hat sheltering a pallid face from the fierce sun. It is better that I cannot show you all the scenes of war.

Now let us examine these instruments of destruction that have added red pigment to the war-picture behind those distant city walls. The gunners have retired to a slight shelter in the wall near where we stand; they are smeared with smoke and dust; they have slept by these guns. Yesterday, from daylight till darkness, these two grim machines were hot with unremittent firing. Now, the enemy's guns are silent, and these two, with many others, look restfully and victoriously toward the destruction they have wrought. We see the smoke still rising from the South Gate directly before us and, to the right, from the burning city; columns of smoke have been thus rising from different parts of the city for several days; a great part of the city is laid waste, as we shall see when we enter it at that South Gate a little later. We are nearly a mile from our former lookout on the roof and not yet in line with the ground over which the Allies advanced. We are looking northwest toward the south wall of the city, and here we get an idea of the pools of water which had to be crossed, though on the line of the advance there are no sheltering banks or ditches, nor buildings like those we see before us.

But we cannot linger here; we must hurry along the top of the wall to a point opposite the West Arsenal, in the rear of this mud-wall, where the exhausted and temporarily repulsed Allies lay on their arms during the past night. Many wounded have been brought to that place. Many dead also.

***57. Columbia's Noble Soldier Boys—As Kind-hearted as Brave—American Giving Water to Wounded Japanese after the Battle of Tien-tsin.***

But we will not turn to see a row of two hundred dead lying a little behind where we are standing; we will only glance at a scene among the wounded and hurry on to the burning city. You here obtain a near view of the mud-wall so often mentioned. And nearest to us you see a fatally-wounded Japanese soldier and the tender-hearted American boy bestowing the only blessing in his power—some water to allay the feverish thirst of his mortal agony. The American soldiers have a kindly feeling toward the Japanese. The average American admires pluck; the little Japanese is an ideal embodiment of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re;* our boys recognize this and make pets of the manly little fellows. I have frequently seen an American and a Japanese walking arm in arm when neither could understand a word spoken by the other. The little chaps from " The Land of the Rising Sun " reciprocate. It has frequently been a great convenience to me, in passing a Japanese guard, that I had only to call out " American," when the cordial recognition, " All right," in quaint English, was quickly given. They are so gentle and yet so brave, possessing in a marked degree those companion virtues. A boat-load of Japanese has just left this place for the hospitals in the settlement. You see the portions of tents from which they have been removed, but you can scarcely see the blood stains. Photography is merciful and does not portray the blood-smeared garments and the

blood clots on the ground where the wounded have lain over night. There is a dying soldier on the left and a wounded English or American soldier beyond him, under the cover. Two Japanese doctors are seen here dressing wounds.

From here you catch a glimpse of the canal I have previously mentioned, and along which many of the wounded were carried. You can also discern buildings of the settlement, two miles away, on the Pei-ho. We are looking east, as the red lines connected with the number 57 on the map show.

A few rods back from where we stand, we will ascend the mud-wall and look toward the Native City and the South Gate (see map).

### *58. From Mud-wall near West Arsenal (n.) to South Gate of Native City, when Allies are Entering, July 14, 1900, Tien-tsin.*

The allied armies have passed this morning from where we stand across that plain to the wall of the city through which they have just gone, led by the Japanese. Several flags are already hoisted, which we can indistinctly discern. To the extreme left, as I recall, the French flag; nearer the smoke, the American, over the South Gate; between the two columns of smoke, the Japanese, the English being hoisted in another part of the city. You can distinguish the outlines of the walls of the city here, much as we could from the roof of the German Club building, showing still a distance of over a mile. The road which

extends from this point to the South Gate lies directly before us; it swings around that pond to the left, then again to the right, passing around those farther native houses, where we see a number of persons; then again it deflects to the left, and continues directly to the South Gate at the left of the rising smoke, where the American flag flies triumphant over the smoldering ruins. The ruins of the West Arsenal which we have had occasion to mention so frequently, lie at our right, extending nearly up to those trees and facing that small native village on the left. These ponds occur frequently over the battlefield; sometimes as drainage canals, sometimes as mere stagnant pools. The houses in these villages have all been destroyed by fire, probably by the shells fired at the arsenal which is in line with them. You may see a canal beyond those houses on the other side of the pool. That canal extends nearly to the city, and the road follows its right bank. At a point half way to the city the Boxers had breastworks thrown across the road, and behind these were vast quantities of fired rifle shells. In that nearby village were great numbers of the dead.

We see before us a band of coolies bearing a palanquin containing some important personage, probably a civil functionary who has been allowed to pass the guards and escape to the country; or it may be a distinguished prisoner in charge of that officer who follows. The coolies are carrying small, white flags for protection. At such a time we do not stop to make inquiries about trifles.

We hurry on to reach the South Gate, and in passing

through suburban villages we see many victims of the previous day's fighting; some within their houses, some in the yards of their homes; one little boy, I could not but notice, who lay over the threshold of his home, his feet projecting into the street. When we reach the gate we find all is chaos and consternation; the flames within the walls of the quadrangular square at the gate are still burning fiercely. The terrified inhabitants are cowering in every nook. We ascend to the top of the wall, just east of the gate, and look west. The Japanese seem to be in charge, but the Stars and Stripes have been sent up, even amid flame and smoke, and there they still float. Our position is given on the map by the red lines connected with the number 59, which start a few rods east of the South Gate and branch west.

### 59. *Chinese who Paid War's Penalty—At South Gate Immediately after Allies Entered the City—Battle of Tien-tsin.*

The South Gate is beneath that burned tower on which our flag floats. We entered there from our left, turned in this direction and ascended the wall at that inclined causeway at the right of the Japanese soldiers on the wall. We are now looking westward, along the top of the wall. The West Arsenal and the foreign settlements lie beyond this wall to our left.

For days we have been looking to this spot before us; now we stand upon it when the victorious Allies are spreading out into every part of the city to our right. We

mentioned the Boxers in ignominious flight. You notice two before us not in the condition of flight. Since we entered China, these are the first I have been able to show you of the I-Ho-Chuan Society. These poor fellows do not look much like overthrowing the reigning dynasty or even expelling the foreigners. We know they are Boxers because they do not wear the uniform of the Imperial soldiers. The number of dead along this wall was not great. You see the protection afforded by this loopholed defense rising on our left. The Boxers stood behind this and only occasional shots, passing through loopholes, could reach them. The greater number of dead are in the streets and houses near this gate, many of whom have been killed by common shells and the deadly gases of the lyddite shells. The wall, at the point where the soldiers are standing, extends to the left for about fifty feet, forming a quadrangle within which the great gates are located; hence, the impossibility of reaching them with shell. While we are considering the wall, let me ask you to notice how it is constructed, as, at this place, the ruinous condition shows the formation, viz., a face wall, eight or ten feet in thickness on both sides, and the interspace filled with clay. The bricks used are large, about four by eight by twelve inches. You see a gathering of Japanese soldiers near the burned tower, and a few Americans at the left. In the street below are Japanese horses laden with munitions of war. Seated by the wall we see two Japanese civilian onlookers; may be they are attachés of the army, or correspondents; beyond them, standing against

the wall, is a large native gun, called a gingal or two-man gun. Many of these were brought into requisition by the Boxers, while the regular soldiers were supplied with the Austrian army guns, considered by many the most effective weapon on the field.

We will pass along to that projecting point on the wall, at the right of the Japanese soldier, and face in this direction, that we may see a continuation of the wall back of us and the aspect of the street running parallel with it down on our right. On the map see red lines, connected with the number 60, which branch to the east from near the South Gate.

***60. Motley Crowds and Jumbled Huts of Old Tien-tsin —View Inside South Gate soon after the City was Occupied.***

Here we have a general view looking east along the old wall which swings to the left in the distance. The German Club building, from which we obtained our first panoramas of the battlefield, lies over a mile farther to the right than we can see. We have again, from this position, a view of the Japanese military supply force, and there, near us, is an officer's horse; we see bands of coolies, probably commandeered for service; we see a line of captured "rikishas"; we may observe also this range of poorer houses made of mud; the better buildings are of brick, but all of one low story as usual. You may notice many of these mud-houses pinked with bullet holes, made by shots passing over the wall and, more than likely, by some volleys fired after the entrance at the gate, which now

lies behind us. Farther on, a little to the left, we may see where a shell has penetrated a mud-roof; but still more interesting are buildings beyond, fronting on this same street where you see an open space, flanked by a brick wall; they are to the left of the wall and are a little higher than the surrounding structures. They constitute a native arsenal and were well filled with all sorts of war materials, including cannon, rifles of many kinds, swords, ammunition, flags, soldiers' clothing, etc. There is no doubt but that the ample supply of this military storehouse furnished many a souvenir to both civilian and soldier. After the capture of the city it was divided into districts, and the different districts were assigned to troops of different nations for control and government. This portion of the city was assigned to the Americans. This district extends from the South Gate nearly to the tower we see in the distance, and to the left an equal distance. Fortunately for the Americans the district contained both an arsenal and a mint; more correctly the so-called mint was a public building for the safe-keeping of syce or silver bullion received from all parts of the Empire, in payment for salt, which is produced in great quantities from sea-water, by solar evaporation, and shipped to the different Provinces. In giving an account of this mint or salt-yamen, as we will call it, I must anticipate, in order that you may understand the interest attached to the scene before us; that is, I must tell you something of what transpired several days after the capture of the city, that you may better un-

derstand the scene presented here on the day following the battle.

The location of the salt-yamen is indicated by those two tall poles resembling flag-poles off to our left; the buildings, at the time we are looking on the scene, are still smoldering, and few seemed to know that said buildings contained great quantities of bullion. Soon after I was here I met an American soldier who had in his possession an old bag containing about as much silver as he could conveniently carry. He said, "Look in this bag!" I looked, and, sure enough, there was a back-load of bright bars; but I had some doubts about it being silver. I suspected I had become possessed of one of those old tantalizing dreams about finding money. I said to him, "How much apiece for those bars?" "Two dollars and a half; there's plenty more over there," was his reply. It proved, however, to be silver of the first quality, worth thirty-five dollars per bar. I had not qualified as a broker and the opportunity was lost. During the following night, and before the military officers in command were fully aware of the great quantity of silver in the burning ruins, soldiers and others had carried off vast amounts. From this source syce became so plentiful in the settlement that the military authorities prohibited the banks from buying it, and made some attempts to confiscate what had been thus taken by individuals. The ruins of the salt-yamen proved a veritable silver mine. A guard was placed over it finally, and the silver was removed to the headquarters of the U. S. Marines; but what disposition was finally

made of this rich capture I have never been able to learn. And, as to the amount, I cannot say authoritatively, but it was currently reported at one and a half millions of dollars. This, however, I know, that when it was brought into the marine headquarters I made a photograph of nine four-mule wagon loads of silver, all standing at one time before the marine barracks, and was told that these nine four-mule teams would have to make a second trip to the yamen for the balance. It was well known later that the Americans were not the only ones among the allied troops who found and carried away treasure. It was a great surprise to me, on returning to the United States, to learn that so little mention had been made of these captures of such enormous quantities of bullion; indeed, up to the present, I have never met any one who had even heard of it.*

If we turn about and follow the wall westward, only a few paces, past the tower on which we saw the American flag floating, we shall be within the section of the city occupied by the French. From that point we shall look somewhat east of north over the center of the conquered city. Our position and field of vision is given on the map by the red lines which start from the south wall, a short distance west of the South Gate, and branch northeast. The number 61 is given at the starting point of these lines and at their ends on the map margin.

* From the New York *Tribune* of March 11, 1902, we quote the following: "According to a dispatch from Washington dated January 23, Secretary Hay that day handed to Minister Wu-Ting-Fang a draft on the United States Treasury for $376,600, the value of the silver bullion captured by American marines at Tientsin."—THE PUBLISHERS.

### *61. Looking North from South Gate over the Burning City, just after its Occupation by the Allies, Tien-tsin.*

For several days after the city was taken, destructive fires broke out in different parts, and it was reported that the entire city was to be destroyed, and from the precipitate flight of the terror stricken inhabitants, one could not but believe that such notice had been served upon them. At every gate, men, women and children were trampling and jostling in their efforts to escape to the country and to outlying villages. The dead remained for days on the streets and within the deserted homes. Here you can see homes going up in flame and smoke, and the homeless people sitting around awaiting permission from the French guards to leave the city. These poor people are probably in no way responsible for the Boxer uprising, yet they have lost home and all save these paltry bundles, and thousands and tens of thousands have shared this ruthless fate. From here you can only see at a distance the ravages of flame; you cannot see within those homes and shops the ravages of human hands as I saw them after leaving this spot and passing through streets near those all-devouring elements. Doors were smashed; shops were entered and plundered; men and women were fleeing, carrying their precious heirlooms—their jewels, their furs, their silks, their embroidery, their money. These much-prized valuables were snatched from them, and they dared not protest; they could not protest; they could not

even tell that they were not Boxers; but their lives were dearer than their most cherished jade-stones, and they were even thankful to escape with life and honor. One's property depreciates wonderfully when his life is imperiled. I saw native women surrender their dearest belongings almost in a spirit of gratitude that life was not demanded. Looting from an enemy bent on taking your life as well as your property is justifiable by a natural *quid pro quo* equivalency, or by the law of reprisal, as well as by the Old Testament code; but indiscriminate plunder of friend and foe is robbery, and robbery is robbery even in war. The looting by the Allies was not confined to the enemy, nor even to the Chinese, but extended to the European settlement, where temporarily vacated homes of Europeans were entered and plundered. Shamefully looted China has had a lesson in the ethics of Christian armies she will not soon forget. Li Hung Chang said to a friend of mine that he had been reading up the Mosaic decalogue of the Christians, and suggested that the eighth commandment should be amended to read, "Thou shalt not steal, but thou mayst loot." I have here mentioned looting because that which I witnessed and which I shall not soon forget occurred near where you see this fire burning.

After an interval of three days we return to the South Gate and stand again on the wall over the gate and look directly north, toward the heart of the city. See red lines connected with the number 62 on the map.

***62. Old Tien-tsin, showing Terrible Destruction caused by Bombardment and Fire—Tien-tsin.***

There is a sadness about a deserted home; there is a greater sadness about a deserted city or village. Before us lies a great city, not only deserted, but sacked, looted, and in ashes, by Christian armies. Only a few days before this stereograph was made this street and the surrounding houses were a holocaust of human life. A day later that long thoroughfare was a slow-moving line of homeless, weeping human beings—their homes in ashes, without food, friendless, and, in many cases, their kindred left charred in the ruins of their homes. This is not of the imagination; all that I mention I saw. There were mothers with babes; there were aged men and women supported by younger members of the family; there were wounded borne on wheelbarrows, when it was their fortune to have friends; otherwise, they were left to die. I saw one poor fellow, whose leg had been shattered by a bullet, painfully hitching himself along by inches, dragging the broken limb, while the bone protruded from the wound. At the same time, this street was strewn with corpses; those of persons asphyxiated by the fatal gases of the lyddite shells could easily be distinguished by the yellow discoloration of the skin. Lily-feet, which were so expensive at Shanghai, were here the appendages of mangled corpses that had no more consideration than the carcasses of dogs, which also lined the streets; but the camera cannot portray nor the pen describe those heart-rending scenes along this narrow street after the battle.

Now it is a pathetic scene of desolation. The homeless, starving multitudes have fled. You see two coolies with wheelbarrows; these have been allowed to pass the guards to gather up scraps of worthless iron, or something of no value from the ruins. You see also a woman who has been allowed to pass within the gates; we can only conjecture her mission; it is, doubtless, an urgent one, may be, to search for valuable property or missing friends. Nothing less would tempt her to return at this time. Besides being a sad picture of a pillaged and deserted city, you can see the character of its architecture; its situation on a level plain; its low one-story brick buildings and narrow streets, this being one of the principal thoroughfares. You see the gate and tower beyond. Such gates and towers usually denote the intersection of important streets.

This street is the boundary between the American and French sections of the city. The transverse street, at the tower, is the northern limit of these districts.

We saw on the city wall two dead Boxers; you may wish to witness a closer view of live specimens, and I think I promised you such a privilege on our way to the north. We will therefore leave the Native City and return to the European settlement, where we shall be able to see about fifty.

***63. Some of China's Trouble-makers—Boxer Prisoners Captured and Brought in by the 6th U. S. Cavalry, Tien-tsin.***

Some time after the capture of the city of Tien-tsin it was learned that a large force of Boxers were advancing

from the southwest, and had reached a place only ten miles away. Some apprehension was felt about a concerted attempt to recapture the Native City and attack the settlement. The guns which had been used against the Native City were mounted on the mud-wall and trained in the direction of the threatened advance. Breastworks were thrown up along the crest of the wall and every preparation made to resist any force which might be brought against them. Even if the whole army which had fled from the city should return with reënforcements, the Allies intrenched behind the mud-wall were confident they could repel it and seemed quite anxious that an attack might be made. No Boxers appeared, however, and so, instead, an expedition was made in the direction of the rumored advance. The force sent out included the U. S. Sixth Cavalry and a company of Indian Lancers. They met a considerable number of the enemy, which they attacked and routed. The boys of the Sixth Cavalry returned in great elation of spirits. It was to them a baptism of Chinese fire and they seemed to enjoy it. They brought in many trophies, such as spears, knives and flags and about fifty prisoners. These are the prisoners before us. We see some of the boys of the Sixth Cavalry beyond them; those lads assisted me in securing this stereograph. There seemed to be some uncertainty as to whether all of these captives were Boxers. Boxers often doff their distinctive uniform for the ordinary coolie's or peasant's garb when about to be captured; so that it is not always easy to know a metamorphosed

Boxer from a common coolie. The boys said they knew one was a genuine Boxer because he carried a weapon; at the same time one of the cavalrymen grabbed the "real thing" by the pigtail and tugged him into the foreground and placed him near the camera as you see, saying at the same time: "You can tell by his bloomin' squint that he's a bloody warrior." The English and American soldiers were quite fraternal in China, hence the adoption of English slang. This is truly a dusky and unattractive brood. One would scarcely expect to find natives of Borneo or the Fiji Islands more barbarous in appearance; and it is well known that a great proportion of the Boxer organization is of this sort; indeed, we may even say by far the larger half of the population of the empire is of this low, poor, coolie class. How dark-skinned, how ill-clad, how lacking in intelligence, how dull, morose, miserable and vicious they appear! This view was made during a very hot day in a torrid sun; and still they sit here with their heads shaven and uncovered without a sign of discomfort. None of the group endeavors to escape the camera; they are surrounded by guards; they are helpless and humble. They are quite devoid of the insolent boldness that characterizes the mountain tribes in the Province of Hunan; they are prisoners and do not yet know their fate. To-morrow they may be shot; but whether it is bambooing, shooting or beheading, one fellow decides he will take a smoke.

We are but a short distance from the Pei-ho (see

number 63 in red in the German Concession on the map). Leaving the Boxers with the guards, let us stroll to the river, where we may witness a novelty in transportation. Find the red lines and the number 64 in red a few blocks further north on the map.

### *64. Wheelbarrow Transportation, China's Best and Cheapest Freighters—At the Boat-landing, Tientsin.*

The wheelbarrow is both the cart and the carriage of northern China; it is one of the few things that has attained a higher development in China than in any other part of the world. It has reached the dignity of a commercial institution. You can see in those before us the unusual construction, the great size of the wheel which is placed in the center of a heavy frame which projects in all directions; observe also how far apart the handle-bars are placed in order to giver power to balance. A rope or strap extends from the handle-bars over the man's shoulders; this gives power of equilibrium and distribution of weight. The upper part of the wheel is protected by a frame. A system of ropes is used to bind on bulky cargoes. Some are adapted to carrying passengers, and some chiefly for heavy loads of cargo of any kind. I have seen five passengers in one barrow. Passengers are often carried between Shanghai and Pekin, a distance of six hundred miles. One man will sometimes carry on his barrow a half ton of cargo. A strong wheelbarrow coolie will carry two passengers and make twenty

miles a day on a daily allowance of twenty cents; that would be ten cents for each passenger, or one-half cent per mile about one-fourth the lowest rates on any of our railways. Why should a Chinaman favor the introduction of railways?

At Shanghai we referred to the wheelbarrow as a passenger vehicle, while here you may see it used in transporting all kinds of commodities. They have been brought into requisition in great numbers by the different nations to transport army stores from the boat-landing at the river front to the different places of encampment or to storage places for supplies. This small army of wheelbarrows is in control of the Japanese, as you may see by the flag borne by one of them; a very small flag is also attached to the front of each barrow—a flag with a white field and a black disk in the center. You may have some idea of the general use into which they are brought when you remember that all the armies are supplied in the same way. These wheelbarrow men are often careless about keeping the bearings of the wheels lubricated, and when such is the case the creaking noise under a heavy burden is excruciating. Try to imagine this entire force tearing on with heavy loads and dry axles, and you may realize the susceptibilities of the human tympanum in relation to harmony and discord. But the most interesting thing about these quaint motors is, that in case you have a quantity of merchandise to be moved from one point to another you can have it done by these coolies with their barrows for much less than it would cost you by modern

carts, trucks, wagons or railways, and done with greater care and less destruction to the goods transported.

Notice the building on our left with the American flag flying over it; it is the headquarters of the Quartermaster's Department, and I call your attention to it because when I am ready to start for Pekin I must come to this office and present a letter to General Chaffee from the State Department at Washington in order to get from him a permit for transportation on one of the commandeered small cargo junks which sail from the landing before that office. You can see some of these boats now at the landing beyond that great mound of army supplies over which the flag is flying. That is the point from which we are to sail when we leave Tien-tsin. We are here looking up the Pei-ho. You will notice two of our own soldier boys whose free and easy manner and comfortable negligée has occasionally elicited unfavorable criticism from foreigners, this rough and ready undress being regarded as slovenly and unmilitary, especially in parade, but we believe in sacrificing appearance for the best fighting conditions. These two are typical American soldiers off duty. They scrambled to balance themselves on this perch; they swore at the coolie to "hold still"; they wanted to go into pictorial history, and here they are—statuesque as you please, with the drollest of wheelbarrows for a pedestal. Before coming here we saw the Boxer prisoners; here we see, beside the wheelbarrows, the common coolie; they appear in no way different from the Boxers, showing how largely the I-Ho-

Chuan is made up of the lower element of the population.

From where we are standing we stroll directly up the river for a mile, cross to the opposite shore and enter a mile further on a native village in which many of the native Boxers were sheltered during the first attacks on the settlement. On the map see number 65 in red near the second eastward bend of the river.

***65. Family of the Lower Class "Chowing" in Their Home, Partially Destroyed during the Siege, Tien-tsin.***

Here, as usual, we find the house partially destroyed; but as the buildings are chiefly of clay and unburned brick, many of them furnished little fuel for the flames and so escaped destruction. The inhabitants are now returning to reoccupy their old haunts when found habitable, and we find this family of the lower class "chowing" after their wonted fashion. Whether afraid of the camera or not, they are now under the Allies and necessity has no choice; they meekly do our bidding. The "old woman" has a place at the end of the table. They are eating a regular meal; it is nondescript in the nature of its victuals. I cannot describe dishes that are altogether mystery; there is rice, of course, and something which I imagine has once been fish; there are vegetables in small pieces in liquid. There are no knives nor forks on the table, nor chairs around it, but of course we see the inevitable chop-sticks or "nimble lads," as their Chinese name implies. The name is appropriate,

for the dexterity with which the Chinese handle these little straight sticks is marvelous; they will pick up a single grain of rice between the ends of these sticks as readily as we could do it with a spoon.

Do not forget that we are here looking at a family of the lower class. Among the upper class a family at a meal would present a different appearance; there would be fine dress, fine furniture and fine food after its order. Judged by some writers, the Chinese have been placed next to the French as cooks, and particularly as culinary economists. Every Westerner is impressed by the simplicity of their food. Probably this denotes wisdom more than it does scarcity, for in Western lands also we often find the healthiest and most robust among the plain livers. In these days when the enlightened nations, so-called, are studying the best means of feeding the greatest number at the smallest cost, it is interesting to learn an undoubted fact that it is possible in China in ordinary times to furnish an abundance of food of wholesome quality at a cost of two cents a day for each adult person. Nor is this the minimum, for it is claimed by eminent authorities that during famines great numbers have been maintained on one and one-half cents a day. Before us is a family of six, and I doubt whether the daily expense of that family exceeds ten cents.

Before we leave them, have you noticed that they sit in the hottest midsummer sun, and, like all others among the lowly whom we have been studying, they are without head cover? Have you noticed the mottled scalp of the

boy who sits with his back toward us? That appearance is very common among the poor; but whether from scalp disease or the encampments of insect colonies, I can only surmise. Some girls peered from small apertures in these lowly homes, and I tried to persuade them to join this "chowing" band; they tittered and withdrew, and I did not persist, as they would not have added much to the beauty of the six already before us. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that there is probably no boastful rivalry between their wardrobe and their cupboard; but while we look upon their poverty and lowly home, we must not forget Gray's beautiful lines:

> "Let not ambition mark their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure."

In the course of our journeyings I have alluded before to the great amount of arable land occupied by graves. Assuming the population of China to be four hundred millions, and remembering that an equal number requires burial every forty or fifty years, or that the amount of productive land must be reduced every fifty years by the area of four hundred million graves, we can possibly understand how graves are interfering with agriculture and the food supply. Let us walk to the outskirts of the Native City just beyond the battle-field, where we can see how thickly the mounds of the dead are scattered over the plain. On the map the red lines branching toward the northeast from the number 66, a half-mile to the west of the Native City, shows our position.

***66. Reverent but Prejudicial Ancestor Worship—One of China's Immense Cemeteries, which seriously Lessen Her Productive Land Area.***

This is not exactly a potter's field; it is the burial place of the common people. We do not see here the graves of the better class, for they often have private graveyards within their own domain. These are humble graves, simple mounds covering heavy wooden coffins. They are sacredly preserved; they have been located by geomancy and that has first right, and land tenure second. Suppose we allow a square rod for two graves and that only four hundred million burials occur every fifty years; that would diminish the production area one and one-half million acres every half century. Can we wonder then that there is so much complaint because inviolable sepulture encroaches so heavily upon productive lands. Wherever possible, barren slopes and unproductive places are set apart for cemeteries, but this is frequently not practicable. Mortuary buildings are erected in which the wealthy place their dead, at least, temporarily. Near Tien-tsin I saw buildings inclosed by brick walls in which many coffins stood above ground quite exposed. These coffins had been burst open and rifled by some of the foreign soldiers. The bodies were tumbled out to be stripped of their jewels and trinkets; they were robed in their best apparel and well preserved, as though partially mummified. It is known that they are buried with some of their precious belongings, and this tempted the greed of some of the unprincipled soldiery. The coffins are made of plank three

and four inches thick, carefully sealed. In the bottom is placed a quantity of quicklime; the body is swathed in a great amount of cotton, and only a slight odor escaped from these newly-opened coffins. The dead are kept at least forty-nine days before interment; this is to give the geomancers ample time to locate a lucky burial site. Coffins are often secured irrespective of any imminent prospects of death; indeed, they are always regarded as a very handsome and appropriate birthday gift. Funeral customs in China are so numerous and strange that chapters might be devoted to an account of them; one consists in scattering paper money (small tin-foil imitations of syce) along the road as the funeral procession advances, in order to appease the cupidity of straggling ghosts that may haunt the way. We see no tablets nor monuments to mark these last resting-places of the dead. The approaches to the tombs of nobles, as we observed at Nankin, are often marked by rows of stone figures.

You see in the distance what appears to be a small pagoda, and beyond a small tower; they both might be called towers of silence; but they are really baby-towers; that is, they are towers in which babes are buried, or rather pitched. All babes under one year of age at death are wrapped in cloths, bound around with strings, and thrown into these towers. It may even be suspected that these baby-towers may be the bourne of many girl-babes before death; you know girl infanticide is not uncommon, and here is *facile modus.* In illustration of how prevalent is the destruction of girl-babes, one writer tells about see-

ing the following notice posted at the edge of a pond: "Girls may not be drowned here."

There is a shepherd here among the graves with his little flock; very little mutton is eaten in China, so it is quite probable that these mutton-subjects are kept for their wool.

Only fifty yards to the left of where we stand I witnessed a spectacle I will not soon forget, a scene too shocking to be shown to the world indiscriminately. It was the shooting of two Chinamen by the French and the beheading of two others by the Japanese; the former were convicted of stealing, the latter of being Boxers. The former were bound to posts and shot; the latter were made to stand among these graves while a shallow pit was dug in their presence, beside one of these mounds; this shallow muddy hole was to be the one grave for the two convicts. They were made to kneel on the mound looking down into the grave prepared for them, so that when the fatal blow was struck they would fall therein. Only a few of us had learned the hour of execution and were present, among us an American doctor who, when this grave was being dug and the two poor fellows stood near by, held the hand of one, feeling his pulse. Some one queries: "Normal, doctor?" "One hundred and twenty-six," replied the physician; and yet the doomed man showed no outward mental disturbance. Another, speaking his language, asked him if he was a Boxer, to which he replied meekly and with mysterious resignation, "I am no Boxer; all the village people hereabouts know me." I

was told afterward that this sympathetic medical man, who was not unfamiliar with blood, was so disturbed by this heartless butchery that he was disqualified for duty for several days. I will not describe this spectacle in detail for the same reason that I do not present a view of it. It is too grewsome for presentation in a popular series; yet those who would fully realize the cruelties and barbarities of war should know and see; the view may be had of the publishers.

The most famous man in China, the ablest statesman in Asia, the second richest man in the world and one of the most widely known characters in history, reached Tien-tsin later during my sojourn in China. I refer to Li Hung Chang. His journey from Canton to the north was heralded over the world. The great intermediary between the throne of China and the foreigner, so often degraded and then reinstated, passed from south to north like a sidereal luminary that had wandered from its path, but was again to be restored to its true place in the heavens, or as peacemaker to the Imperial Court.

***67. Li Hung Chang, China's Greatest Viceroy and Diplomat—Photographed in His Yamen, Tien-tsin, September 27, 1900.***

This meek and bland-looking old man who sits before you was at this time the talk of the world—would he be allowed to land at Tien-tsin? Would he be reinstated? Would he be authorized to negotiate terms of peace? He seemed to be the only man who understood this great in-

ternational difficulty. He was allowed to land. He occupied the Viceroy's Yamen across the river outside the walled city (see map northeast of walled city). It was important to obtain a stereoscopic record of this distinguished personage. Through the courtesy of an American doctor who desired a photograph of the ex-Viceroy and who had some acquaintance with Dr. Parks, his medical adviser, I visited the Yamen. His Excellency being engaged with important matters of state, kindly consented to sit for us on the following day at a fixed hour. At the hour appointed we were met by the genial Dr. Parks, who, as soon as I had chosen a well-lighted part of this court in the Yamen, had servants bring out this finely inlaid stand and the chair in which he sits. When cameras were placed in position and everything in perfect readiness, his chair-bearers were notified and he was brought from his rooms in his official chair and assisted by his attendants to the chair in which you see him. He greeted us with a pleasant smile and spoke to us freely through Dr. Parks as interpreter. His natural simplicity and the entire absence of affected importance was quite fascinating; kingcraft is nearly extinct; the time when a sovereign could make his subject revere him as a demigod belongs to the past. A truly great man has no occasion to pretend greatness; only those who are not great find it necessary to resort to affectation. Neither Earl Li's great wealth nor his great attainments have in any degree left a trace of self-importance in his manner. His left eye has a quizzical droop which seems to be the premonition of an

ever-ready smile. He personifies the simplicity and naturalness of a truly great mind. He is vigorous in intellect, but somewhat feeble in his limbs; he is supported to and from his palanquin. He is richly dressed in heavy brocaded satin. In the front of his cap you see an ornament; it is a circle of pearls around a large ruby. When I asked Dr. Parks if he could remove the cap of his Excellency for one stereograph, the doctor explained to him and removed the cap. This caused Earl Li to smile as though he would have said: "What can they want with my bald pate?" Even that fine blackwood table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, upon which his arm rests, is worth noticing; this style of furniture is much used by the wealthy.

Nearly all the world is more or less familiar with leading events in the life of this Bismarck of the Orient; but for those who may not be, I will take the following résumé from "The Chinese Empire Past and Present."

"The modern development of China is due more to Li Hung Chang than to any other single agency. He is immensely wealthy and has held nearly every post of honor that China could give him, though likewise at irregular intervals, he has been deprived of all position and power; his "yellow jacket" has been taken from him, and his head has been in danger. He was born in 1819 of pure Chinese blood. In three successive literary examinations he stood first, and in 1847 was enrolled in the Hanlin or Imperial Academy, the highest literary degree in the empire. He was an official in the Imperial printing office when the Taiping Rebellion broke out. In this war he be-

came prominent and was appointed governor. He immediately saw the value of European military organization and equipment and formed the "ever-victorious Force," a Chinese Corps, armed, drilled and disciplined according to European fashion, first under the direction of the American, Ward, and then of the celebrated Gordon. Henceforth Li threw all his force and influence into the adoption in China of Western arts and sciences.

"In 1870 he was made viceroy of Chili, the province in which Pekin is located.

"In 1872 he had thirty Chinese boys sent to the United States to be educated, and established a college in Pekin, under Dr. W. H. P. Martin.

"In 1880 he took advantage of the Russian war scare to improve the army and navy and establish the telegraph, which now comprises a network of over ten thousand miles. Simultaneously he worked for railroads. A short line had been built from Shanghai to Wusung, but this was bought and dismantled the next year by the government. Li maintained, however, the agitation for railways until in 1888, when an active beginning was made, and the work has gone steadily on ever since. In 1877 he bought four ironclads just built in England for the royal navy, and so laid the foundation for the present Chinese modern navy. He has likewise so cleverly managed diplomatic relations with France upon their nominal victory in the war in 1884-85 over Formosa, that China got decidedly the best of it in the net result.

"Under his encouragement joint stock companies have

been organized for various industrial enterprises, such as silk, cotton, wool, glass and iron manufactures.

"Li Hung Chang belongs to the native party, and is ready to resist the encroachments of foreign nations with all the arts of diplomacy at his command."

With a single spark of patriotism in his breast, how can he feel otherwise? He favors progress and development; but how can he look with favor and equanimity upon foreign encroachment and the exploitation of his native land by nations whose customs and institutions he does not like. China has been the victim of exploitation and commercialism for centuries, and that because she is rich in resources, old-fashioned and unwarlike.

If she had developed the arts of war as long and as well as she has the arts of peace, the foreign nations, even the allied foreign nations, would not have dared to coerce treaty ports and naval stations in her borders, or to thrust a new religion and a new civilization upon her. There is much of the bully and the child about all these affairs in China.

When might makes right, justice is usually out of the balance, and there is apt to be greed and cowardice in its place.

I have no special love for the Chinese, but it does not seem to me that they get fair play. The average European and the average American knows no more about the Chinese people than he does about the possible inhabitants of the stellar worlds.

The Boxer uprising was stupid and barbarous. The

retaliation by the so-called Christian armies was often characterized by rape, plunder, cruelty, and enormous indemnities dictated by allied might. The Golden Rule has been quite lost sight of in the ravages of trade, greed and tyranny. What would we think if England should demand a cession of territory on Casco Bay that she might have a winter port for the Canadian Pacific Railway? And then, if Russia should demand a naval station on Massachusetts Bay to equalize strategic points? And again, if these demands should be followed by one from Germany for a grant of territory in Plymouth harbor, because some alien countryman had been killed by irresponsible ruffians at Worcester? I hope this parallel is not altogether unfair. It ought, at least, to be suggestive.

When we had finished our stereographs from this position we asked Dr. Parks that His Excellency might be carried through the open court into bright sunlight in order that we might obtain a view of him in his official chair. This was done, and as we pressed the bulb and lifted our hats, the venerable statesman smiled acknowledgments and was borne to his spacious rooms within the Yamen.

A most exasperating delay in the delivery of my photographic plates kept me in Tien-tsin for weeks after the battle. Boxes of plates which arrived at Shanghai June 24 did not reach me until the middle of September. In the meantime many additional forces had arrived, among them many additional troops from Germany, from India,

from Japan and Russia. The Legations in Pekin had been practically in a state of siege since June. In the early part of August the greatly increased force of the Allies started for Pekin. On the way they fought the battles of Peitsang and Yangtsun, and burned the city of Tung-Chow and all the villages left standing by the Boxers in their line of march.

This march of the allied troops between Tien-tsin and Pekin occupied ten days, and they entered the latter place on August 15, just a month and a day after the capture of the former city. Now that about twenty thousand troops were quartered in the Imperial capital, the transportation of vast quantities of army stores to that place was necessary. To accomplish this the different armies requisitioned great numbers of native junks, and these plied constantly between Tien-tsin and Tung-Chow, the nearest port to Pekin. Before boarding one of these junks at Tien-tsin for Tung-Chow I shall tell you briefly how I maintained my existence during and after the investment of the former place.

It would seem that under even a quasi-military rule, civilians have few if any rights; the civilian furnishes the sinews of war; he pays the taxes which maintain the army and the navy; but he has scarcely a right to his own property or his own soul when petty military officers are invested with a little brief authority. Many citizens, both American and English, complained bitterly of the high-handed, unlawful and impudent way in which officers took possession of private houses which had been

temporarily vacated, using and misusing everything found therein, including libraries, pianos, bedding, etc., notwithstanding the fact that these same civilian owners are paying taxes to furnish the army with all necessary camp equipments. Three times I had received permission from agents of the owners to occupy private houses which had for a time been vacated, when American officers came, and in a way which I fear is somewhat characteristic of my countrymen said: "Get out of this; we want these rooms!" An English, a Japanese or a Russian officer would have said: "Sorry to disturb you, but we will require these rooms." Bluster is not bravery. *Suaviter in modo fortiter in re.*

After three removals, by the courtesy of Mr. Denby, son of ex-Minister Denby, I was allowed to occupy a room in a series of Chinese buildings under his charge. Here I remained undisturbed until I went to Pekin. This room was my abode for three months; it was my bedroom, my kitchen, my parlor, my developing room. It contained some Chinese furniture—a raised platform, or Chinese bedstead, a table and some stools. I secured a spirit lamp with which I cooked the few things which required cooking. It was some time after the capture of the city of Tien-tsin before supplies came in from Shanghai. During that time there was great scarcity, and it was often difficult to obtain a sufficiency of food to allay the gnawings of hunger. To make matters worse, mails had failed to bring to the North registered letters and other valuable matter. My letter of credit was two months overdue.

Things were a little uncomfortable when so little food could be bought, but when my last penny was gone a famine seemed near at hand. I don't mind missing a few meals, but a fast of a few days makes unpleasant cavities about one's anatomy. Fasting has an uncomfortable sensation, but it is more bearable than asking favors of the military, which I might have done. I did, however, make a pretense of dropping in casually upon the cook of the U. S. Marines to ask him if he could spare a little rice. He pointed to a small starch-box on the floor half filled with rice and clay and straw, saying at the same time, "That's good rice if you only wash it enough." I carried it off quite thankfully, and, sure enough, when washed in five or six waters, it assumed a normal white, and I feasted several days upon this, seasoned with a pinch of salt. One day during this period of scarcity, while on the street, I saw a potato drop from a passing commissary wagon. This I seized, and following the wagon for a half-mile picked up in all seven potatoes and one onion. With these I returned to my room in a mood of triumphant forage; I pared, sliced and boiled them together in a small tin pot on my spirit lamp. I seasoned with salt and a small portion of rancid oleomargarine left in a tin which had been opened two months before. That meal I shall never cease to regard as the acme of gastronomic pleasure. People try many things for an appetizer, but seldom try fasting. This veritable feast had predisposed me to potatoes, and on another occasion, having seen a quantity of fresh potato parings thrown out in a yard near a street, I de-

cided to return after night-fall to secure them. When night came on, taking a quantity of matches in my pocket to enable me to find the exact spot, I walked back one mile to obtain this tempting prize of potato parings; but on reaching the place a number of officers were seated near by and my pride defeated my plan to secure another feast, for I could not take them in the presence of the officers. I returned bootless and retired to my hard bed with hunger unappeased. This state of scarcity continued until one day an American soldier came to me, all his pockets sagging with syce (bars of silver), and asked me to buy. I told him I had no money. Seeing my watch and chain, he said, "What kind of a watch have you?" I replied, "A good Elgin watch." Without a moment's hesitation he offered his bars of silver for my watch. The "swap" was promptly consummated, and I had one hundred and fifty dollars worth of silver bullion, that is, about twenty pounds. This relieved the money market and in some measure the fast, for soon the natives began to return to the city and to the settlement. After a while they commenced to bring in produce, which ended the famine. About this time more American troops arrived, one company encamping in the compound about my room. I formed many pleasant acquaintances among these men and officers; sometimes giving accommodation to them in my room, and in turn they would accompany me in my outings with the camera, rendering valuable assistance. Through these generous-hearted boys I obtained many

war-souvenirs and enjoyed many acts of courtesy; but we cannot go further into details.

We now pass, October 3, to the river before the Quartermaster's office, already shown you, and embark on one of the junks requisitioned by the American army to transport supplies to Pekin.

Turning to Map No. 2, the map of Eastern China, we trace the part of our route just before us by the red line which runs from Tien-tsin to Pekin. A short distance from Tien-tsin we find the number 68 in a circle, both in red, with a zig-zag line running to our route line. At this place we stop to inspect a line of junk boats on the Pei-ho River.

***68. Junk Flotilla on the Pei-ho River—Transporting U. S. Army Stores from Tien-tsin to Pekin.***

General Chaffee's permit is only for transportation. Each traveller must supply his own provisions, cooking utensils and bedding. These quaint craft need little description, as they are before you. They draw only two or three feet of water; their shallow holds are filled with army supplies. The only sleeping-place is under those tarpaulins thrown over the poles, and the season is so far advanced that the north winds are exceedingly uncomfortable. Each boat has a crew of five or six native boatmen, one of whom acts as captain, each junk being in charge of a soldier who cooks his own meals on board. Every boat has a small cabin, in which the crew cook and sleep. With a favorable wind, a sail is used; at other

times each boat is towed by the crew with a line attached to the top of the mast. Other lines radiate from the main line to accommodate the several men on the tow-path. The progress upstream with the tow-line is scarcely a mile an hour, and the average time of a passage to Tung-Chow is five or six days. You see this fleet of junks before us is being propelled by the tow-line while its sails remain unfurled; you see also something of the tortuous course of the river. At certain turns of the river the wind is favorable and the sail is spread. Have you noticed how those slender bamboo poles are used for expanding the sail? Sometimes neither the tow-line nor the sail can be used; then poles are employed; these are thrust into the muddy bottom at the bow, the end is placed against the shoulder and then the coolies walk rapidly to the stern of the boat, thumping heavily the deck with their feet at every step. This habit of pounding with their feet at every step as they push from bow to stern is one of the strangest customs among these boatmen. They seem to think that it adds to their effort in pushing. The effect during the still hours of night is very curious—they "keep step," and there are often several fleets passing in opposite directions at the same time, and the rhythmic pounding of so many bare feet on the hollow sounding decks in the dead of night I cannot forget.

The native commerce on this small stream, in boats like these, in times of peace, is enormous. The river is narrow and shallow and is frequently silting up and changing

its bed. The boats touch the banks at many points and one can debark and embark almost at any time without stopping the progress of the fleet. I found walking on the tow-path in the cool autumn weather much pleasanter than the deck of a junk like this, and I walked the greater part of the distance between Tien-tsin and Pekin. Standing here, we get a true aspect of the Pei-ho and the kind of boats that ply the river; we see also the level character of the river plain and the small growth of shrubbery and trees in the distance. We get some idea of the alluvial soil, though we do not see the prevailing crops. We happen to be at a place on the river where the cultivated fields do not extend up to the river bank. The soil everywhere is exceedingly rich, and alternating crops of corn, millet, beans, sweet potatoes, peanuts, sorghum and melons have marked the fertile valley all the way between these two great cities. But the crops have not been harvested; the villages and homes are deserted. I said the crops had not been harvested—I meant by the owners; many of them for almost a mile on either side of the river have been plundered by the men of the junk-fleets belonging to the different armies. The native junkmen were permitted to go ashore and gather in corn and millet to fill all the empty space available; the Europeans took whatever they could use. The inhabitants had fled well back from the river, leaving crops and sometimes live stock. Many a pig that had been left behind and ventured to the river bank became a victim to the deadly army rifle. Occasionally some

of the people who had fled from their homes returned under cover of night to gather in something of their wasting harvest. It was a sad sight to see such vast fields of valuable crops being lost, and cold winter near at hand and starvation awaiting many. On one occasion I attempted, while walking, to cut off a great bend in the river by what I imagined would be a short way across country. After penetrating about three miles I reached villages containing skulking refugees, at least stragglers, partially in hiding. At first sight of me they scampered pell-mell into the forests of millet; this grain is often from twelve to fifteen feet high and affords a safe and interminable retreat. At one farm where a poor old woman carrying a bundle of grain on her back attempted to cross the road some fifty yards ahead of me, and little suspecting the presence of a "foreign devil" so far back from the river, furtively cast her eyes both ways on the road. She spied me, dropped her bundle as though she had been fired upon, jumped into the dry millet field and in a moment was out of sight. It gave me a sensation of sadness I never before experienced, and even now, long afterward, it steals over me when I recall the incident—an innocent, harmless fellow mortal fleeing from me in frenzied terror. She thought I sought her life; and to be suspected of seeking to take life shocked me, I dare say, as much as my presence frightened her. It is almost a pity that this terrified woman could not have known that the alarm was mutual. By this time I had decided that the road I had

been following did not lead to the river, and was on my way back by the same road on which I had come. I was sure I was among Boxers. I had no weapon whatever about me. I secured two cornstalks and arranged them to have the appearance of a gun and carried this make-believe affair as I would have carried a gun so that Boxers back in the fields would think I was not defenseless. In this mood of nervous apprehension I was working my way back when the poor terrified woman dived into the field of millet. We were much in the same condition except that my fright up to that point had not settled in my heels quite to the same extent as hers. I, however, made good time back to the river.

Three times a day I made my cocoa by means of my spirit lamp, and as often did I have my bread and oleomargarine and a fragrant hunk of automatic cheese out of a box that once held two five-gallon cans of kerosene oil. After walking, sailing, towing and poling for five days we reached Tung-Chow, the end of the journey by junk. All the nations had a transporation service of junks here, and they lined the bank of the river for a great distance. It is thirteen miles from Tung-Chow to Pekin, and that distance had to be made in a four-mule wagon over the worst kind of a road, axle-deep in mud. The only accommodation at Tung-Chow was an army tent kept for soldiers passing either way. In this I spent the night with a single soldier, who shared with me such remnants of things eatable as we could find in my kero-

sene box. On the following morning, after lashing some eight or ten pieces of baggage on the top of a well-filled government wagon, I mounted the high seat with a mule driver well versed in all up-to-date vocabularies of profanity for the final stage of my journey from Tung-Chow, the nearest port on the Pei-ho River, to Pekin.

# STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

Whoever has seen the modern stereoscopic photograph through a stereoscope realizes how tame and unsatisfactory are the best plain photographs and engravings. Children have been robbed of a rich inheritance from the idea that the stereoscope was for amusement, and from the fact that the world has been imposed upon by having ordinary photographic productions mounted for its use. These worthless pictures, even in the stereoscope, no more compare with the stereoscopic photograph than a wax flower does with the fragrant bloom which Heaven has called forth from the living, thrilling plant. Even the best plain pictures to be bought are crude in comparison with the beautiful landscape, reproduced paintings, or other stereoscopic photographs brought to life in this instrument. The time has come to make full use of these pictures and this instrument in the schools. It is now feasible to teach geography, science and art by their use. It costs a mere trifle, and the results are incalculable.

The stereopticon does not approach the stereoscope for value in the schoolroom. A wide-awake teacher will have no difficulty in getting all the money necessary to equip an entire building with all the instruments and views needed. The danger is of being imposed upon. The best cost a mere trifle; the others are worthless, dear at any price.

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Underwood & Underwood, Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York, deserve the gratitude of all friends of education for manufacturing a stereoscope that is inexpensive, light and durable, and at the same time of the requisite magnifying power to make it of the highest pedagogical and artistic value. They also have prepared along the lines of high art an almost exhaustless supply of stereoscopic photographs.—*Journal of Education,* Boston, Mass.

# OMNIPRESENT EYES.

But when all is said we come at reality in books only through interpreting symbols by the power of our imagination and through the illumination afforded by our personal experiences. Books cannot furnish us with new perceptions of realities. They can remind us, recall to us, suggest to us what we have seen or experienced, and with their aid the imagination may construct, using the materials it has, more or less correct notions of what we have never beheld. We are brought a great step nearer the actual by pictures. It is a mistake to suppose that mere amusement or entertainment explains our love of pictures. They go far to satisfy our desire for actuality, with the information the mind craves. Hence the importance of abundant illustrations in school work can hardly be exaggerated. Children learn more from the pictures in their geographies than from the text. So the modern school-book in almost all subjects abounds in illustrations and is thereby not so much embellished merely, as enriched in power to convey instruction.

But in late years has been perfected something that, in my judgment, goes ahead of pictures, and quenches the mind's thirst for the concrete almost as completely as the very object before the bodily sight. I refer to the stereograph. The art of illustration, as we all know, has been marvelously improved in recent years. Our commonest school-books to-day have process illustrations that for accuracy, delicacy and beauty are greatly superior to the best of sixty years since. Our ten-cent magazines are familiar miracles of picture-books. Certainly, the human mind has been vastly enriched by this cheapening and perfecting of processes of illustration. But even the best pictures we still feel to be but pictures; they do not create the illusions of reality, solidity, depth. "The best in this kind are but shadows." But with the stereoscope the wonder of photography is brought to its culmination. Man is a two-eyed animal, and the stereoscope, with its two lenses that blend two pictures into one, is like a pair of omnipresent eyes, at the command of everyone.—George J. Smith, Ph.D., Board of School Examiners, New York.

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MAP NO. 7

# TIENTSIN

## INDEX.

1 Viceroy's Body-guard Camp
2 Hearts-ease Convent (Taoist)
3 Memorial Temple to Hsi h tzu-cheng
4 Temple of Mercy (Buddhist)
5 Porridge Kitchen
6 Memorial Temple to San-lo-lin-sin
7 Almshouse
8 Mustard Temple (Buddhist)
10 Charity Hospital
11 Widows Asylum
12 Mahometan Mosque
13 City Temple
14 City Garrison Headquarters
15 Right Regiment Headquarters
16 Regiment Headquarters
17 Sub-prefect's Yamen
18 Prefect's Yamen
19 Brigade General's Headquarters
20 Left Regiment Headquarters
21 Hsiu-tsai College
22 Octroi Station
23 Treaty Temple and West Arsenal
24 Vaccination Office
26 Salt Commissioner's Yamen
26 Jail
27 District Magistrate's Yamen
28 Armory
29 Water and Moon Convent
30 Dragon Hall
31 River Police Headquarters
32 Memorial Temple
33 Territoria Taotai's Yamen
34 Military Secretariat
35 Imperial Treasury
36 Convent (Buddhist)
37 Official Examination Hall
38 Telegraph Office
39 Chu-jen-College
40 Confucian Temple
41 Official Residence
42 Almshouse
43 Provisional Government Yamen
44 Temple of Tien-che (Buddhist)
45 Foundling Hospital
46 Chechiang Tribute Rice Office
47 Kiangsu Tribute Rice Office
48 Customs Taotai's Yamen
49 Temple of the Queen of Heaven
50 Temple of the Emperor of Heaven (Taoist)
51 Imperial Travelling Lodge
52 Military Head Middle Camp
53 Military Right Camp
54 Military Front Camp
55 Military Middle Camp
56 Ocean Tide Temple
57 River Defense Camp
58 Salt Inspector's Office
59 Hsiu-tsai-College
60 College for Extra Provincial
61 Temple to the God of Medicine
62 Temple to the God of War
63 Medical College
64 Anglo-Chinese School
65 Telegraph College
66 Naval Headquarters
67 Imperial Military College
68 Pei-yang University

SCALES
0 ¼ ½ ¾ 1 MILE
0 1 2 KILOMETERS

ENGRAVED BY R.D.SERVOSS, N.Y.



*Patented U. S. A., August* 21, 1900. *Patented France, March* 26, 1900. S. G. D. G. *Patented Great Britain, March* 22, 1900. *Switzerland,* ✠ *Patent Nr.* 21,211. *Patents applied for in other countries.*

## EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The red lines on this map mark out the territory shown in the respective stereographs.

(2) The numbers in circles refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The apex (<), or point from which two lines branch out, indicates the place from which the view was taken, ., the place from which we look out, in the stereograph, over the territory between the two lines.

(4) The branching lines (<) indicate the limits of the stereographed scene, viz., the limits of our vision on the t and left when looking at the stereograph.

(5) The stereograph number without a circle is frequently placed at the end of each branching line (example 54 54 54) to help locate quickly the space shown in a stereograph.

(6) Sometimes the encircled number is placed where it can be seen better and a zigzag line runs to the apex to which it refers.

(7) Where the field of view in a stereoscopic scene is limited, its location is designated by the number of the stereograph in a circle without the branching lines.

MAP NO. 2

Map No. 8 Stereographs Nos. 69-93, 97-100

Map No. 7 Stereographs Nos. 48-67

Map No. 6 Stereographs Nos. 45-47

Map No. 5 Stereographs Nos. 16-22 28-29

Map No. 4 Stereographs Nos. 3-15

Map No. 3 Stereographs Nos. 1-2

EASTERN CHINA

SCALES

100 50 0 50 100 200 300 MILES

100 0 100 200 300 400 500 KILOMETERS

RAILROADS CANALS



ENGRAVED BY R.D.SERVOSS, N.Y.

*Patented U. S. A., August 21, 1900.*
*Patented France, March 26, 1900. S. G. D. G.*
*Patented Great Britain, March 22, 1900.*
*Switzerland, ✿ Patent Nr. 21,211.*
*Patents applied for in other countries.*

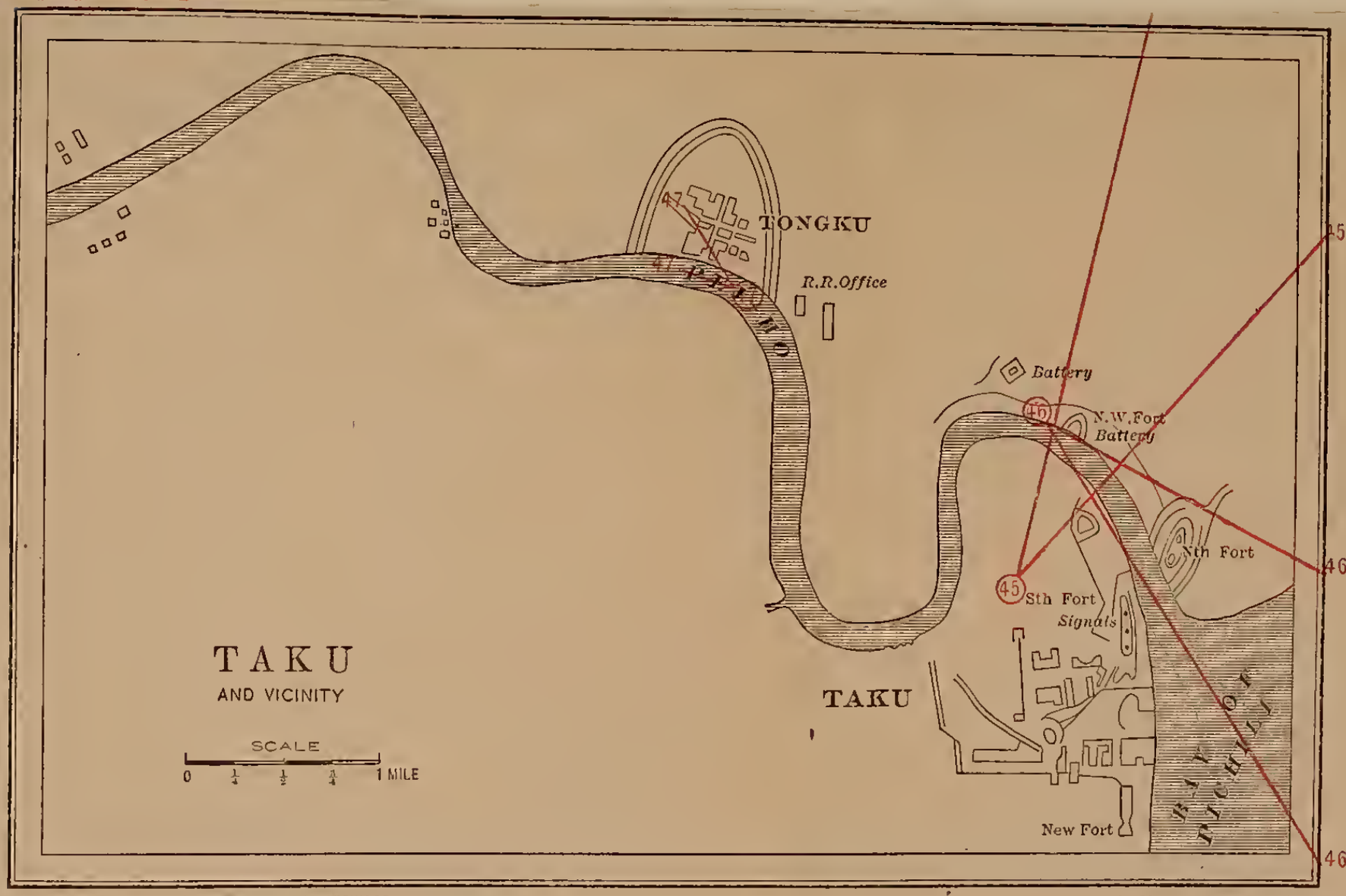
## EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The red line with arrows shows the general route along which the places to be seen in the stereographs are located.

(2) The numbers in red refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The rectangles in red (□) show the boundaries of special maps on a larger scale, as specified on the map margin at the end of the fine line which runs from each rectangle.

(4) Sometimes the numbers of stereographs not found in connection with the special maps are placed in a circle or an ellipse with a zigzag line running to the point on the route where the places they represent are located.






ENGRAVED BY R.D.SERVOSS, N.Y.

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(4) The branching lines (<) indicate the limits of the stereographed scene, viz., the limits of our vision on the right and left when looking at the stereograph.

(5) The stereograph number without a circle is placed at the end of each branching line (example 46 46 46) to help locate quickly the space shown in a stereograph.