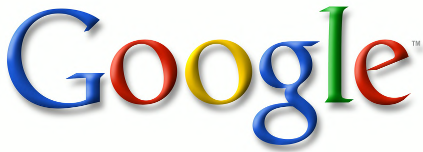

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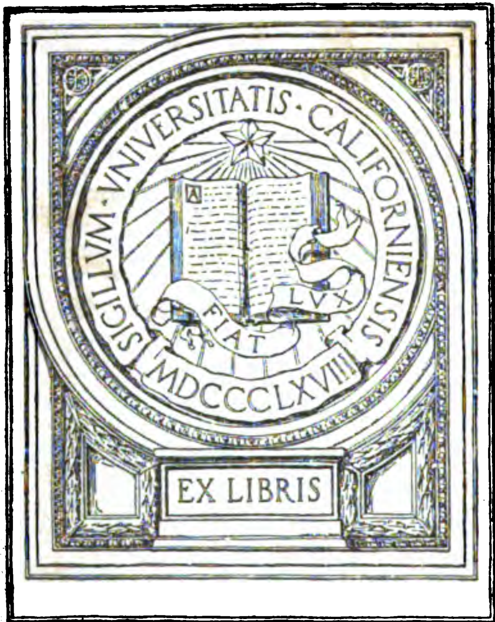

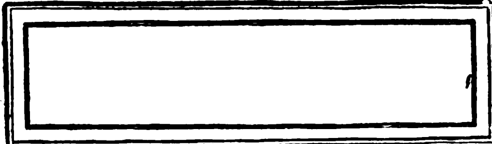

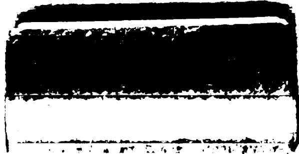

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THE AUTHOR

[*Frontispiece*

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THE PASSING OF THE DRAGON

THE STORY OF THE SHENSI REVOLUTION AND RELIEF EXPEDITION

BY

J. C. KEYTE, M.A.

WITH [illegible]

HODDER AND [illegible]

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THE AUTHOR

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THE PASSING OF THE DRAGON

THE STORY OF THE SHENSI REVOLUTION AND RELIEF EXPEDITION

BY

J. C. KEYTE, M.A.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

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K4

Printed in 1913

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TO

MY FRIEND AND TEACHER

PROFESSOR H. ELLIS, M.A.

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH

DEEP AFFECTION

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PREFACE

THE author of *The Passing of the Dragon* is no mere theorist. He has travelled much and seen life in many lands. His enterprising spirit has carried him to different parts of the Continent, across the United States and to the cities of busy Japan. He has lived and worked among the farmers of Canada and the millhands of Lancashire. As a student he is known in the Universities of Oxford and Manchester: as a teacher and friend he has been a familiar figure in many parts of Northern China to country people, students and officials of different kinds. The call to service there came through the lack of volunteers after the Boxer rising, and in China his chief work has been done. Into the ten years since he first left England for the East he has crowded all the work his energetic nature could do, even at great cost to himself; so that overwork necessitated a furlough. Then in 1911 he returned to take up his duties once more. Great was his eagerness to return because of his deep interest in the Chinese. Before leaving England a friend said to him: "I cannot understand why you go. It seems to me a sheer waste of your powers." The simple reply followed: "It is my duty. I am more needed out there." After events proved this to be true beyond his conception. While in his native land he spoke of the unrest that prevailed in China and the struggle for freedom that might soon take place. When he landed there the Revolution had begun. At once he learnt of the dangers that threatened his colleagues, and immediately began to plan their rescue. The opportunity to do his duty found him ready, though of it he writes: "I only did what any Englishman would have done." What was accomplished is told in this book.

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After the excitement of Relief Expeditions was over (for on his return to Pekin he and three others were asked by the Swedish Minister to attempt the relief of Swedish Missionaries in N.W. Shansi, and for this second expedition he received a gold medal from the King of Sweden), he went back quietly to his ordinary work at Sianfu. There he is now, busy amongst the Chinese whom he loves, and at the mission work it is a delight to him to do.

At the request of others he has written of his experiences during the Revolution, and of his opinion as to the significance of past events and their bearing on the future of China. He has peculiar qualifications conspiring to help him in the forming of sound judgments. Travel and former experiences have given him a wide knowledge of men. Quick sympathies draw him to the side of the weak and make him appreciate the difficulties that may confront the strong. He has the breadth of vision which makes a safe guide. His exceptional position has enabled him to see for himself the progress and effects of the Revolution, and to consult with many who have taken a prominent part in it. This book is the result. Its author believes himself to have a message which should be given to others. For it he would ask sympathetic consideration and an honest verdict. To have had some small share, on account of the absence from this country of the author, in helping with the details necessary for publication has been to us both honour and pleasure; and our only addition is that, if its worth is equal to that of its author, it is indeed great.

HERBERT ELLIS,
E. F. BORST-SMITH.

Manchester.

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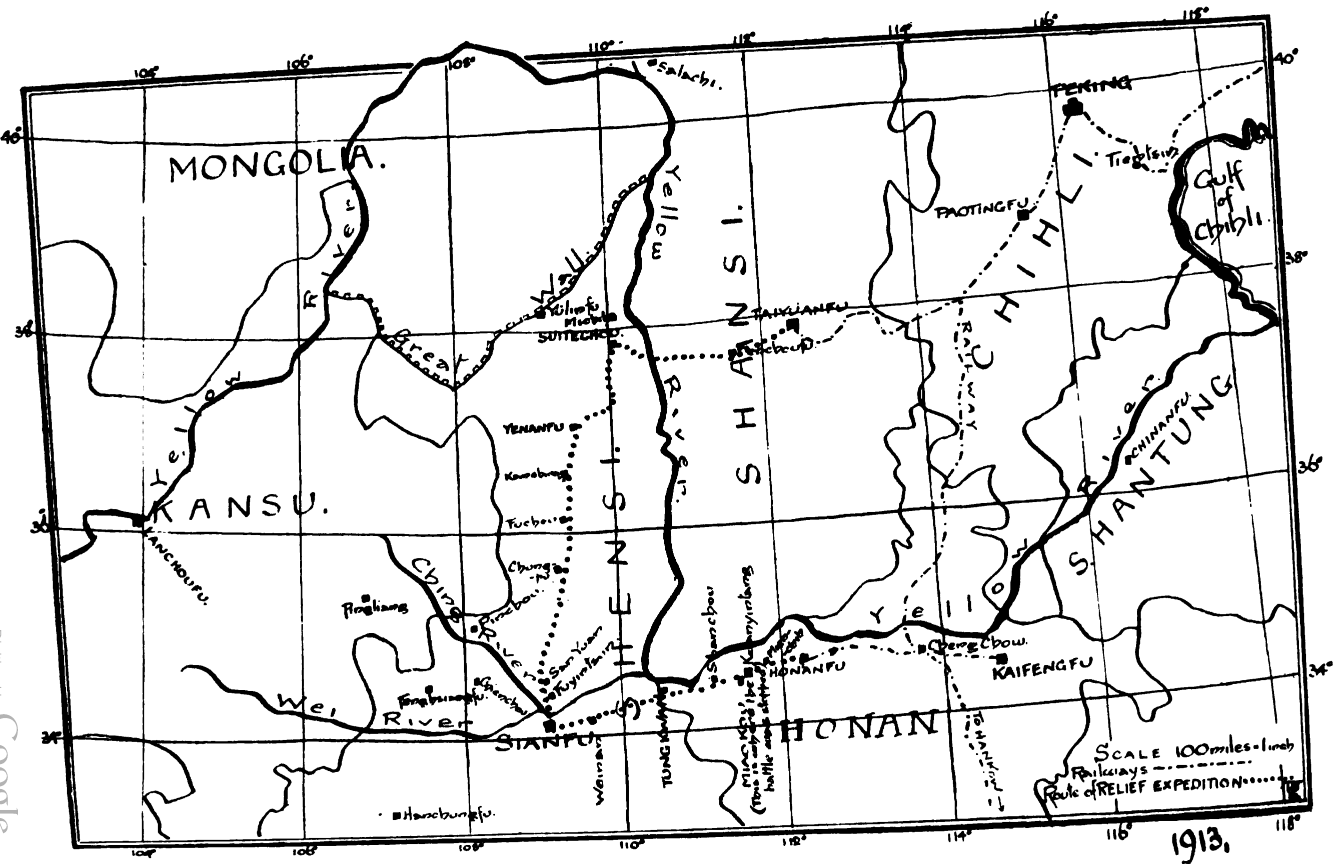

MAP OF THAT PART OF CHINA REFERRED TO IN "THE PASSING OF THE DRAGON"

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PROLOGUE

HOW THE NEWS CAME TO PEKING

THE white dining-room of the Wagons-Lits was full. Under the soft, brilliant lights, the native boys moved to and fro amongst the diners. The crowd was the cosmopolitan one that gathers in the hotel of the Far East. Here were Manchu leaders occupying rooms, suites of rooms, yet leaders, in whose eyes the Legation area was the one safe quarter of Peking. One met also wealthy Chinese eager to learn the new ways; returned Chinese students from Yale or London, with memories of their life in the West and pathetically grateful for its momentary reproduction; Europeans of most nations; the American, who in some subtle way creates without effort the atmosphere of the United States wherever he goes: bankers, miners, university professors, merchant princes, concession hunters, foreign employees of the Chinese Government; and, dotted about amongst this crowd of men all more or less at home in their surroundings, satisfying hunger and setting the world to rights, were the "round-the-world tourists" —the last new excrescence on China's surface.

The talk buzzed. The telegram board, to which men drifted continuously, kept the one topic constantly in mind. Many were the forms it took. The progress of the war; at Hankow, at Nanking; what was doing in the Palace; the monstrous pretensions of the South; the going over of the provinces. For Peking itself immediate fears were removed, for had not Yuan Shih

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K'ai just arrived ? On one point there was agreement: whatever happened foreigners were safe. Both parties, Government and revolutionaries, had vied in protecting them. It was to be the reverse of 1900, since the revolution was but the precipitation of the foreign teaching, and foreign advice and aid would be necessary for its success. The Government for its part had no hope of aid save from abroad. And so on. Some, perhaps, in that assembly, urged this side of things the more vehemently to dispel a growing uneasiness, a disquietude resulting not from news obtained but from a persistent silence. Since Sunday, the 22nd of October, Shensi had been cut off; no letters were answered, no telegrams could be transmitted. And beyond Shensi was the huge province of Kansu, which, with its extension or neighbour, the New Dominion, sprawled away on the north-west to Turkestan. What was happening on the westward side of the pass which shuts Shensi off from the rich, accessible province of Honan ?

At Kaifengfu, the capital of the last-named province, an Englishman holds on to his responsible trust in the Imperial Postal Service. Kaifengfu is notoriously anti-foreign, the air being overcharged with suspicion. Riding to and fro whilst doing his work, the Englishman is freely cursed by the soldiery. Any show of resentment would be a spark to fire this mine of ill-will. There is but one thing to do, and he does it; he turns a deaf ear, and with calm face sticks to his post. But away in distant Shensi, a long twelve days' journey, he has, or has if still living, a younger brother. Yet for weeks, instead of the frequent letters, there has been a significant silence, a silence only broken by the return of some Service muleteers and letter-carriers, who have escaped, demoralized, in utter terror, from Shensi. Their stories are horrible : " Herr Henne, with his wife

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THE SOUTH GATE OF SIANFU

CORNER OF WALL OF LEGATION AFTER 1900

Some one has inscribed "Lest we forget," and the words, slightly faded, are still to be seen

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and child are killed"; "Mr. Philip Manners," brother of the man at Kaifengfu, "is killed;" "there has been wholesale massacre"; and still worse. One hysterical letter from a Chinese supposed to have got away from Shensi, speaks of "escaping from 'a forest of rifles,' leaving all foreigners, native Christians, and Manchus for dead." But all the time there is nothing from the foreigners themselves, nothing that can be taken as finally reliable. In his dilemma the Kaifengfu official puts in motion such machinery as is available for their relief, and desperately keeping at arm's length a ghastly fear, goes on with his work. But he has communicated some of his fears to a few at Peking: hence the repeated utterance of such old saws as "No news is good news," and the like.

Men gravitate once more to the telegram board and remain unenlightened, and glance restlessly at the papers which only irritate with news irrelevant to the hour's preoccupation. Then a boy appears with a letter, an express letter from Tientsin, and therein lies the answer to the fears none had dared express: with it comes the cynical shattering of our easy optimism, for its message runs:

"... Mrs. Beckmann [of Sianfu] and five children murdered; their house burnt. Probably postmaster, wife and children, and young Philip Manners done to death. Nearly every Manchu, seven thousand, killed. The Imperial troops went mad and killed innocent Chinese. The postmaster here [Tientsin] has been trying many ways to get news to Sianfu and has failed. Shorrock [in Sianfu], I hear, offered five hundred taels to be escorted to Honanfu. Robbers abound on the road and the missionaries cannot get silver ... try to get some one to go to Sianfu. ... Just got this wire: 'Honanfu, 19th November, Swedish parties pro-

ceeding [to Honanfu] robbed. Mrs. Blöm seriously wounded. Please prepare.' "

To us then, in that atmosphere of easy security and civilized comfort, came this message from out of the far interior. There were gaps to be filled in, there were some things difficult to follow, details might have to be corrected later, but the gist of it was reliable, being news brought by foreigners. One Swedish lady, a naturalized subject of the United States of America, and five children had been murdered; others probably murdered, or at the least in grave danger; and over the province of Shensi, cut off from outside help, ruin, red ruin, had swept.

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BOOK I

THE SHENSI REPUBLIC

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CHAPTER I

THE HAND FORCED

EARLY one Sunday morning there walked quietly through the west gate of Sianfu a young Chinese of about twenty-seven years of age. Save for his good looks and bright intelligent face, there was nothing to mark him out from the crowd. His dress was that of an ordinary Chinese gentleman; he carried no visible weapons; he was seemingly harmless. Making his way quietly along the streets for a couple of miles, he reached the University. Here he went in and out, looking up some friends. Later, he and they passed to a restaurant near by, and here met men to whom their appearance was clearly no surprise. Then things happened. A short time before, three men had held a hasty consultation. They were men deep in the secrets of the Reformers' Society, the Ke Ming Tang. They were also in the Shensi army. The principles of the reform party were not spread so widely in this as in most of the provinces, the men of weight belonging to that party were here but few, yet several of the professors and students in the colleges, and most of the educated officers in the army might be numbered amongst its members. Their outbreak had been planned for October the 8th, but heavy rains had fallen, also orders had come for certain of the troops (on which the reformers reckoned) to move to the south-west. To refuse to obey the command might have prematurely disclosed their scheme, and it had been considered wise

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to delay action for a month. But suddenly they were faced with a serious crisis. Chang Pei Ying, a man of enthusiasms and impulse, fearful lest the moment and opportunity for which they had so long plotted, and toiled, and sacrificed should be lost, had, full of alarm, sought out the other two. As he proceeded with his story the gravity of the situation became manifest to the others. Supine, careless, as the authorities were, the echoes of the Hankow fighting had galvanized them into a spasm of activity. The Treasurer of the province, Ch'ien Hu Yuan, who for the moment was acting as governor, had succeeded in rousing the Tartar General to take some steps. As he put it, "the Ke Ming Tang seed has now sprung up as small blades above the earth," and must be dealt with at once. This meant that he had received warning that several of the men now commanding the Shensi troops were Ke Ming Tang men. It behoved the civil and military authorities to act swiftly, silently, surely, if Shensi were to be retained.

The main Magazine, where were stored the newest rifles and the ammunition, was situated not in the Tartar but the Chinese city. Whatever reasons may previously have been put forward as justification for this arrangement, the folly of it, from the dynasty's point of view, was now clear. The army was riddled with conspiracy, the officers belonged to the reform party; the only reliable troops were the Bannermen, whose lives were bound up with the security of the Ta Ch'ing Government. And yet the rifles and ammunition had been stored, not in the Manchu city which every male would have been interested in defending, but in the Chinese city where the dynasty was hated as a foreign tyranny. Had it been made worth the while for some one directing affairs to ignore so palpable a danger? Was this another instance of the power of "squeeze"? Granted

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that the location of the Magazine might perhaps need to be determined with reference to the barracks, it would have been no further removed from these in the Manchu city than where it was, on an open undefended street in the Chinese quarter.

It was all of a piece. The Ta Ch'ing[1] dynasty was still an alien one, dwelling in the midst of a subject people with whom it had from motives of policy and pride refused to mingle; still depending on its army. Yet such was the hopeless corruption of the Manchu court, so riddled with bribery its whole administration, whether central or provincial, that when, forced, through contact with Western nations, to raise a new army on Western lines, the posts in that army, Field command, Ordnance, Intelligence, Commissariat, were put up for sale, and *as they sold the Reformers bought.* The Manchus were betrayed by themselves.

In the present instance an attempt was made at the eleventh hour to repair the blunder; a blunder which might have been due to treachery or to folly. The rifles then in the hands of the Manchu guards were many of them muzzle-loaders, and what breech-loaders they had were most of them old patterns; some seen later in the city were of the old Springfield pattern used in the North and South war of '61. They would be hopelessly outshot by the new Mausers and Mannlichers of the Magazine. This being so, the Tartar General and the Acting Governor, working together, determined to remove the contents of the Magazine to the Manchu city and there arm the Bannermen. This done, they might be in a position to overawe the camp to the west of the city and seize the Ke Ming Tang leaders. At least they might secure Sianfu for the Peking Govern-

[1] Ta Ch'ing means "Great Purity" and was the title adopted by the Manchu dynasty.

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ment, until such time as reinforcements should arrive from the capital or from Kansu. Such a decision being arrived at in a yamen, it naturally leaked out. (Was a yamen secret ever kept ?) It came to the ears of Chang Pei Ying. He sought out the other conspirators and bore down their counsels of caution. The general public of the provincial capital were insufficiently educated in the tenets of the reformers and might not rally about them when the standard of revolt was raised. More serious still, the reformers' own plans were not yet sufficiently considered, certainly the details were not properly worked out. But since they were now known as active Ke Ming Tang agents, since there was danger of the munitions of war on which they must depend for their initial success being soon placed beyond their reach, rashness was their only safe course; to win through they must risk all. At all costs the Magazine must be secured. The passion, the vehemence, of Chang Pei Ying, carried the others with him. The time for considering chances was past; there was but one thing to do; they must act. Chang Feng Hui was to go to the west barracks to lead out his regiment, or such portion as could be relied on to follow him—he was the officer with the second largest command in the Sianfu modern troops—whilst Chang Pei Ying slipped quietly into the city, collected, as we have seen, a few pledged friends, that they might attempt the dangerous task of seizing the arms necessary for success, without giving any previous alarm to the Manchu guard.

The time of doubt and indecision was over. If Shensi, like Shansi, was to make a diversion in the north, whereby the Imperalists at Hankow would be distracted and weakened, she must act at once. The day fixed for the concerted provincial rising was the fifteenth of

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the ninth moon (November the 5th), and many in the city were waiting for it. But the three men who formed the innermost circle of the Shensi Ke Ming Tang, Chang Feng Hui, Chang Pei Ying and T'ien Ting Shan, never revealed their whole plan or the exact detail to their fellow members, until after the die was cast. And these three saw now that they must strike at once. Should the Manchus succeed in holding Sianfu till help arrived, it might result in Kansu, Shensi and Honan standing solid for the Ta Ch'ing dynasty, negativing the action of Shansi. Shensi must divide and demoralize the royalist Kansu and Honan, must even bear, if needs be, the brunt of their combined attack. Hers should be the glory of drawing off the attack from the Yangtzu. Backward and despised as she was amongst the provinces, " a wilderness place " as the coast Chinese deemed her, she yet remembered that her capital had once been the capital of an Empire. The ancient glory should revive when it was seen that none was more forward for freedom than she.

The night of conspiracies, of secret conclaves was ended, the burrowing, the undermining in the dark were finished. Their hands being thus forced, it was time for Shensi also to seek a place in the sun.

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CHAPTER II

THE STANDARD OF REVOLT

The guard at the Magazine had lately been strengthened. Some weeks before, Chang Feng Hui, in an interview with the acting Governor, had pointed out the importance of having the place properly protected by the most efficient type of soldier; had even offered to tell off some of his own men, "on whom reliance could be placed," for this special service. The Governor, unsuspicious at the time, had accepted the offer, and the guard had been changed. The conspirators thus had men of their own appointing on guard at the entrance, and without opposition, the thirty-six friends now entered the Magazine.

Case after case was broached, and the rifles and cartridges piled about on the floor. So raw were these revolutionaries as regards matters military, that their leader had hurriedly to show them how to handle the rifles he gave out. He himself had at first some difficulty, since the rifles differed in pattern from those to which he was most accustomed. The casualties commenced in the hour that these men struggled to master the intricacies of their weapons.

By this time the people outside had taken the alarm. Shops were rapidly closing, the streets were deserted. The little group of thirty-six had done their part well; for the moment they held the Magazine; they had secured the arms and ammunition which were to have been turned against them; but what next? There was

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CROSSING THE YELLOW RIVER. THE SHENSI SHORE (DISEMBARKING) [*See page* 222

THE MAGAZINE (SIANFU), WHERE RIFLES AND AMMUNITION WERE STORED

Taken by "the thirty-six" with Chung Pei Ying as leader on Oct. 22, 1911. A cross (×) over the roof marks the building with the flags. The mark (√) on the left marks the brick screen opposite the approach

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no sign of Chang Feng Hui, no sign of the soldiers who had been won over. Of what use the weapons without the men to manipulate them? The Magazine could not be held by so small a number if a determined assault were made on it by the Manchu guard. The conspirators were by now in a fever of anxiety; the first joy of success passed, leaving them a prey to thronging fears. One or two messengers were sent out to urge Chang Feng Hui to hasten. Chang Pei Ying made his way through the now deserted street to the cross-roads near by, looking hungrily towards the spot where the hoped-for men should first appear. Had it been all in vain? Were they, by the irony of fate, to be in possession of arms, without the men? At any moment the rush of Manchu cavalry might be heard on the street in their rear. Their whole cause hung in the balance. It was a situation which might well have tried old campaigners, and they were but young conspirators. His friends showed signs of breaking under the strain. With effort he managed to hold them. The long, long minutes passed; five, ten, fifteen, and then at last dust was rising at the distant turning of the road, the greycoats came round the bend of the street, and at the head of 1500 men rode Chang Feng Hui. They were saved!

The rifles being secured, there ensued their distribution. The soldiers having been supplied, the general populace, policemen, coolies, shop-assistants, servants, any one who would put a white badge round his arm was given a modern rifle and a pocketful of cartridges, and told to attach himself to some one of the leading conspirators. Since there was no time for further instruction, it is no matter for surprise that eighty per cent. of the early wounds amongst these "patriots" were caused by their own or their comrades' ignorance of the weapons they handled.

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The scene was of the wildest. Infinite possibilities came within reach of the lowest. The gutter saw a highway open before it, a highway to wealth, certainly; to power, possibly. And the fever of it all fired the most sluggish blood. Poor much abused Liberty found herself here also, even at this early stage of the proceedings, threatened by the embraces of the sansculottes. The Ke Ming Tang leaders hurriedly sent messengers to the four suburbs to keep the people there quiet, but not in every case did these succeed in reaching the gate before it was shut. Once shut, and the key at the yamen—the Chinese lock is self-closing—it meant difficulty and delay in reopening them. In the case of one suburb, the man sent out decided to play solely for his own hand.

The forces available were now divided into two main divisions; the one to guard against a sortie from the Manchu city, the other to seize the yamens, banks, schools, and other public buildings in the main city. But before separating there remained one task which seems to be the inevitable concomitant of Chinese, if not of all revolts—the opening of the prison. The city of Sianfu is divided into two municipal divisions: Ch'ang An, the famous ancient capital, and Hsien Ning, the newer town to the east. The Hsien Ning yamen was but a few hundred yards from the captured Magazine. To it the crowd surged. The magistrate had been hearing cases. The raucous cries of the street were never far away, but on this day they seemed presently to gather at one point, then to increase in volume, and at last grow near. There was no doubt that some riot at least was on. Since Szuchuen and Hupeh had revolted, this might mean the beginning of the end in Shensi also. The magistrate stood not upon the order of his going. When the crowd reached the hall, it was

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to find only distracted servants frenziedly gathering into bundles such possessions as they might. Some revolutionary leaders seized on the seals, records and other official papers, whilst others threw open the doors of the yamen prison, and haled forth those incarcerated. There were no implements at hand for the breaking of their fetters, nor time to call for such. The released prisoners were bidden to make, chains and all, for the Bell Tower in the centre of the city, where blacksmiths would be ordered to free them. To anticipate, this is what occurred, and the freed prisoners were given the option of enlisting, such weapons as were still available—the rifles by that time were distributed, only knives, pikes and rough swords being left—were given them. There was an unusual zest shown in breaking open this Hsien Ning yamen, on account of the large number of political prisoners lately placed there. Most of these were not Ke Ming Tang but members of the older society, the Ko Lao Hui. Already the worst side of this society, the sinister element which was to disgrace so much the Shensi revolution, was making itself felt. But for the moment there was only the delirious sense of freedom brought within reach, of a good cause and weapons wherewith to fight for it, and the end of a long tyranny in sight. For good or evil the Rubicon was crossed, there was no retreat; the standard of revolt was raised.

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CHAPTER III

THE TAKING OF THE CITY

The immediate task then, before the leaders of the revolution, was twofold. First, to secure the points of vantage in the Chinese city, making sure of the yamens, the banks, the barracks; the second, to prevent any organized attack being delivered from the Manchu city. And having regard to the subsequent massacre, and to the character of the leaders, it should be stated that as regards the Ke Ming Tang section, the desperate nature of the fighting in the Manchu city was accounted for by their desire to destroy once for all the fighting value of the Manchu guard, rather than by any settled passion of revenge. Later on they voiced the opinion that the Manchu garrison being so strong, the numbers of Bannermen so great, their slaughter was necessary to crush a power which would always have been a danger in the city and province. No reading of the facts can exonerate even the Ke Ming Tang leaders from the blame attaching to the indiscriminate slaughter which ensued, but in justice to them it should be stated that such slaughter was not premeditated on their part, but rather the result of the blood-lust roused during the struggle. Nor did they, until they were in the thick of that contest, realize the true nature of their allies—though those allies' reputation had long been unsavoury in the province—and they could scarcely have anticipated the savagery of the hate which was to well up from the lower depths of the Ko Lao Hui.

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The plan followed in the Chinese city was simple. Various revolutionary leaders, each followed by a mob whose nucleus was a few soldiers, led the way to the several yamens, heralding their approach with shouts and firing. The magistrate at each yamen fled, and the invaders pounced on seals, papers, and—silver. In this way there was left no centre at which the Government could rally, no place to which its sympathizers—if such there were amongst the Chinese—could gather. And the police? As the various soldiers followed their leaders they threw over the wooden shelters of the policemen, ordering these to desist from their work. If they wished to fall into the ranks with the insurgents, it was open to them to do so, but they must do no more policing until a new régime came into power. The police thus exhorted and threatened, having neither sentimental regard for the Ta Ch'ing dynasty nor any high conception of duty to deter them, either joined the mob or retired into private life.

The acting Governor and the Tartar General round whom resistance should have centred in the Chinese and Manchu cities respectively, where were they? Some days before rumours had circulated that the newly appointed Governor of the province, who had not yet arrived to take over his charge, had negotiated a foreign loan for the province, on the security of the rich oil wells in the Yenanfu prefecture. Feeling had culminated three days previously in a public indignation meeting in the provincial assembly, where, with much outcry, it was demanded that such loan be immediately cancelled. A Commission to investigate the truth of the matter was appointed and the following Sunday, October 22, fixed for its first meeting. On this Commission many of the authorities sat. Thus, at the critical hour, when they might, if in their own yamens,

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have organized a resistance, the two highest of the province's officials were at the Provincial Assembly, in the extreme west of the Chinese city, listening to complaints levelled against an absent Governor by traders and students. Between them and their respective yamens was a city in uproar. Only a determined group of devoted cavalry could have won them a passage, and of such determination or devotion there was a minimum. Out of over a hundred attendants of the acting Governor, only four remained with him. He found temporary shelter, and we shall hear of him again. The Tartar General could not re-enter the Manchu city, all the gates being shut. There was no question of gathering together the few Manchus whose homes were scattered through the Chinese city. It remained only to look to his own safety, which he effectively did.

At two points only in the Chinese city did the insurgents meet with any resistance. Near the south gate there is what on the Continent would be called a "place"; too wide for a street, too irregular for a square. It is lined by houses of wealthy officials and gentry. Up and down it horses and mules are led by grooms. It is a centre for gossip, and a haunt of rascaldom. Here a strong squad of the city guard gathered. Of the cause of the city's disturbance they were ignorant. They were not of the new army in the west barracks, they were not in the counsels of the revolutionaries. As Chang Feng Hui and his following swept across this "place" with a view of gaining the approach to the south wall, this city guard brought their rifles to the ready. It was a critical moment, but the new leader rose to it. Riding up to the guard he called out that this was no mere street disturbance, no band of plunderers, but the revolution

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for which all true sons of Han longed. The city guard, convinced of the futility of resistance, accepted his assurances, and threw in their lot with the revolutionaries.

The other point where resistance was met was at the Treasurer's yamen. On hearing the disturbance in the streets, and not expecting the Ke Ming Tang rising for another two weeks, the students of the Military College caught up their rifles and hurried off to protect the Treasurer's yamen and the sinews of war therein, which they had already earmarked for the Ke Ming Tang rising. For if rifles were to be the arm, money would mean the blood of the army of the revolution. The students then lined up in the entrance court of the yamen, and the mob which presently came pouring in, suddenly shrank back and huddled together aghast at the determination in the faces behind the rifles. Young students though the defenders were, they yet knew how to use their weapons. But here also the nucleus of the mob was formed of trained soldiers. These all drew up in line. Both sides raised their rifles. It needed only a nervous finger on a trigger, a vicious impatience on any one man's part, to have produced a volley. But there was neither. There was a sincere desire to avoid bloodshed, a recognition that the two lines facing each other were both Chinese. Again the situation was saved, and by the same man, as Chang Feng Hui made his way between the lines and assured the students of the bona fides of the invaders, and showed them how the Ke Ming Tang's hand had been forced. Here again there followed a rapprochement. This last act had, however, a sad anticlimax calculated to embitter the generous dreams of student patriots who had taken "*liberté, egalité, fraternité*" as their motto and the French Revolution

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as their model. For alas, on returning to their Military College it was to find that advantage had been taken of their absence (by brother patriots) to loot their stores of rifles and ammunition for further onslaughts on tyrants. (If minor possessions were also missing, can hasty patriots be blamed?) For the Military College was near to the western barracks, and both in the barracks and the west suburb it was not the tenets of the Ke Ming Tang which preponderated, but those of that society which the Ke Ming Tang had up till now underestimated, but with whose power they were now brought face to face and which they could no longer ignore; the society known as the Ko Lao Hui.

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CHAPTER IV

THE KO LAO HUI

No proper understanding of the recent course of events in North-west China can be arrived at without taking into consideration the secret society known as the Ko Lao Hui, The Society of the Elder Brethren. The Ke Ming Tang was a society of the educated classes whose propagation was by means of the pamphlet and lecture, whose agents sought posts in the Government, the army, the colleges. The Ko Lao Hui, on the other hand, drew its strength from, and made its appeal to, the peasant, to the artisan, *and to the common soldier.* Its members were mostly illiterate, even its leaders had little education. Its historical appeal, its propaganda, its unifying force, were all on different lines from those of the Ke Ming Tang. Only in objective did they meet, and in that objective only on the one point, that of the " Hsing Han mie Ch'i " or " Fu Han mie Man," the restoration of the Han (Chinese), and the destruction of the Bannermen, or Manchu. To an illiterate peasantry, whose knowledge of history was confined to such expressions of it as were to be found in plays, ballads, folk-lore and loose tradition, who had no knowledge of any country outside their own, revolutionary principles as such had no meaning, the French Revolution was a word without content. " Liberty " was too cold an abstraction to rouse them; amongst them the pamphlet a poor means of winning converts; the lecture which appealed to the Ke Ming

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Tang was above the heads of the average Ko Lao Hui. The appeal and method were far more primitive, yet wonderfully effective up to a certain point.

For the origin of their society they were taken back to historical incidents; how far idealized it is difficult to say. Where abstract principles would have failed the concrete instance succeeded. The historical appeal and present propaganda were both emphasized by, and embodied in, an elaborate ritual; a mutual aid benefit supplied the unifying force, a strict order of precedence, arrived at by initiation into differing grades, made for discipline, whilst the restoration of the Chinese, and the ousting of foreigners (whether Manchu or others) gave an objective to the whole.

The motto of the society was drawn from three famous instances of friendship, the brief mention of which may have value as showing the nature of the appeal which met with so wide a response. The key-note of all three is the same; that of brotherhood. But in its analysis of brotherhood it reveals a surprising divergence from the superficial idea of brotherhood so largely held by the westerner of vague "republican" ideals who has never taken the trouble to formulate such ideals clearly for himself. Briefly stated, the Ko Lao Hui, working from its experience of human affairs and human nature, makes no bones about declaring that whilst brotherhood is possible, equality is not. Twins are the exception, the elder and correlative younger brother the rule. Liberty is to be attained by the proper adjustment of responsibility and privilege within this relationship; abstract liberty of the individual would seem to the Ko Lao Hui as useless as it is unattainable. Liberty to carry out his filial, fraternal, and marital obligations loyally, to play his part faithfully in the commune, this he desires. But

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a liberty "to live his own life," would be to him no attraction, the man who desired it something less than sane.

The Ko Lao Hui motto is "Shan, Shwei, Hsiang-t'ang"; literally, "mountain, water, and incense-hall." The two first stand roughly for Nature and the balance, or adjustment, therein; the last is a reminder that "there is a spirit in man."

SHAN.—The Shan refers to an old story illustrative of patriotism. Yang Chio Ai, and Tso Pei Tao, in the days of the "Various Kingdoms" had sworn eternal friendship, "blood brotherhood." They were both wretchedly poor, the time was hard winter. But though poor, they were not ignorant. Tso in particular had great hopes of serving his country in some position of trust and authority if he could but make his way to the capital, and satisfy the court as to his attainments. But the wardrobe of neither alone would suffice for such an enterprise. Whereupon Yang, as being the "elder brother"—for true to their knowledge of nature and experience they had entered not into a theoretic and unreal brotherhood of equality, but into the relation of elder and younger brother—took off his robe and placed it on Tso his "younger brother," who made his way to court, obtained the appointment, and served his country. Yang, who thus exposed to bitter winter froze to death, also had served his country, by giving to it his "younger brother." Here we have exemplified the idea that privilege involves responsibility, that the higher the rank, the greater the obligation to nourish the lower, which is one of the main tenets of the Ko Lao Hui of to-day.

The society to-day regards the word Shan (mountain) as referring to the loftiness of the sentiment in "patriotic friendship" ("Ih chi-ti peng-yu").

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Shwei (Water).—Tsung Tzu Chi and Pei Ya were two intimate friends. Tsung was a skilled performer on the five-stringed lute, Pei was that rarer mortal, the intelligent, appreciative listener. So perfect was the sympathy between them that when Tsung played, Pei "understood the idea hidden in the music." Pei died and was buried, whereupon Tsung took his lute to his friend's grave and there destroyed it. He would play no more since there was no longer the perfect sympathizer. Here we have the ideal of personal, as distinct from patriotic, friendship, the "chih ih ti peng-yu," the friend who knows our meaning, the friendship of the heart. This flowing sympathy is referred to by the "shwei" (water) of the motto.

Hsiang-T'ang (Hall of Incense).—This part of the motto refers to the famous "peach garden oath" where Liu Pei, the prince, with his two generals, Kwan Ti and Chang Fei, swore to be faithful to one another until death, sealing the oath by drinking blood drawn from one another's arms. The actual terms of the oath, "ih tsai, san tsai; ih wang san wang" (if one lives the three live; if one dies the three die), were scarcely likely to be literally kept, and as a matter of fact Liu Pei's army suffered a great defeat through trying to avenge the death of Kwan Ti. But the oath is famous in Chinese story, and Kwan Ti in particular, deified now as God of War, is remembered with affection for his valour, his disinterested patriotism, and for his great loyalty to his friends, by all classes of Chinese society. Here we have a brotherhood of righteousness.

The three words of the motto, Shan, Shwei, Hsiang-T'ang, are thus used as key words to the three ideas of the friendship of patriotism, the friendship of sympathy, and the friendship of righteousness. The heroes of the three stories from being exemplars, from

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objects of veneration, have become to the Ko Lao Hui objects of worship. The ritual of the worship has become a visible bond of union amongst the devotees.

This society quite early in its existence was divided into an eastern and a western branch. Thus in works of reference the home of the society is sometimes given as the Central provinces. But the real stronghold has been in the west; Szuchuen, Kansu, and Shensi. The western branch flourished. Soon it was necessary for a member of the eastern branch to address one of the western as "grandfather," or at least as "uncle," to mark the superiority. Scattered as it is throughout the country, it is, however, only formidable in the north-west and west.

Members are enrolled in one of the eight guilds. The guild of filial piety, fraternal subordination, sincerity, faithfulness, ceremonial observance, rectitude, frugality, and sense-of-shame; virtues so glibly run over by the Chinese tongue, which occur *sine termino* in the classics. The members of the Hsiao, or filial piety, guild are all, *ipso facto*, Ta Ko (elder brethren). Of the other guilds, those of "sincerity" and "rectitude" are the most popular.

The society has its own regalia, symbols, secret signs. All the machinery of this Chinese freemasonry is highly developed; ceremonies of initiation, of further initiation into higher grades, ornaments of ritual, signs for mutual recognition, and so on. The intellectuals of the Ke Ming Tang found it easier to dismiss all this with a sneer, as being but mummery, before they were rudely awakened to a realization of the immense membership, the effective organization, the staunch loyalty the society contained. For the illiterate, slow-moving, heavy-burdened peasantry of the north-west, the Ke Ming Tang was too cold, too abstract, too intellectual.

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But the colour, the warmth, the sense of the dramatic which it failed to give, had been for centuries supplied by the Ko Lao Hui, and the former party found that the nearest approach to an informed political enthusiasm in the province, which might with care be used as a friendly ally, which might be easily converted into an antagonism, but which in no case could be ignored, was this same Ko Lao Hui.

One difficulty in following the history of these Chinese secret societies, is the change of names, if not of the main society at least of the branch; also the overshadowing of the main society by some vigorous branch. The Ko Lao Hui claims to be centuries old; its present incarnation, however, began with the fall of the last Chinese dynasty, the Ming. "When the Ming ended and the Ta Ch'ing began" (Ming wu, Ch'ing chu) is often given as the date of the society's birth. Its old home was in Szuchuen, whence via Hanchungfu it came across the Ts'ing Ling mountains into Shensi and Kansu. The society has been active all through the Manchu dynasty which it indifferently terms Man (Manchu) or Yang (foreign). In any previous outbreak against foreigners the Ko Lao Hui has been willing to do its share. Whatever might have been the case with a few leaders, to the majority of the members there would have been little difficulty last year (1911) in classing foreigners with Manchus, as an evil to be swept from the land. The revolution of thought, which had occurred in the coast provinces in this respect, had left the north-west almost untouched.

The embarrassment of the Manchu Government gave impetus to the society in Sianfu. So strong was its membership, so good its organization, so leagued up with the banditti of the hills, that shopkeepers were reluctantly forced to join it as an insurance against

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looting should an outbreak occur. The head of the Shensi lodges was a pseudo-Taoist priest named Li Ming Shan, one of the most prominent leaders of the society in the Empire. The shan (mountain) from which he took his name—the leaders each had a Ko Lao Hui name taken from one of the famous mountains or rivers—was the famous sacred T'ai Pei Shan. This man had over ten thousand members under his ultimate direction. To anticipate somewhat, as showing the embarrassment caused to the Ke Ming Tang leaders by the society, this man had subsequently to be given a lucrative post by the new Tutu (governor) of the province. He was appointed commissioner for raising revenue in the Sanyuan district. Here, happily for the province, his rapacity and brutality were such that the exasperated peasantry turned on him and killed him.

Whilst the returned students from Japan and the coast had been winning for the Ke Ming Tang the local students, and such army officers as had been educated in the province, the soldiers whom these latter commanded were being steadily won, by the mutual aid, the gorgeous ritual, the easily understood orders of precedence, the brotherhood, and the savage vows of vengeance, to the vigorous Ko Lao Hui. And thus it came about that soon, at the end of the second day's fighting (when the city was taken and they paused to consider that next necessary step, the appointing of new authorities) the Ke Ming Tang leaders were rudely confronted with an unforeseen situation, and realized that there must be an adjustment of their own forces with those of the Ko Lao Hui; that the leaders of that society must be admitted, if not into the civil, at least into the military administration of the province.

Let it be frankly acknowledged that the above

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sketch is of the Ko Lao Hui in its best aspect, its ideal rather than its actual state. Under the article of "Secret Societies" it is referred to by a recent and excellent Encyclopædia in the following unflattering terms: "The Society of the Elder Brethren, which is, generally speaking, a combination of the most lawless elements of the population in the central provinces (Honan to Hunan), proclaims a fanatical hatred to all foreigners, including the Manchus." By the year 1900 A.D. it had become an instrument for the ambition and an opening for the predatory instincts of the turbulent classes. In the north of Shensi it was indistinguishable from bandit hordes. In the early days of the Revolution all excesses, all outrage, were accounted for by the fact that the Ko Lao Hui were in the ascendant. The terms "Ko Lao Hui" and "t'u fei" (local villains) were regarded as interchangeable. But such a view will not cover all the facts; the course of the Chinese Revolution in the north-west remains confused on such a reading. That the indictment quoted above is substantially true the westerner most friendly to the Ko Lao Hui is bound to admit. How debased it had become is witnessed by the atrocities in the Manchu city, the brutal attacks on the English in the East Suburb, the murder of the Americans and Swedes in the South Suburb, the campaign in the Hanchungfu district, and the utter anarchy in the north of the province.[1] And yet there remained a core in which the old ideals and some of the old discipline lived. It was due to this still sound core, the best men of which saw that there must be a constructive policy for the future as well as a glutting of revenge in the present, that the Ke Ming Tang leaders were not swept aside utterly. It was these few men who threw themselves into the work of restoring

[1] See *Caught in the Chinese Revolution*, by E. F. Borst-Smith.

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order, who in spite of a hundred mutual antipathies worked with the Ke Ming Tang whom they considered intellectual snobs, cowardly doctrinaires. It was these few men who largely eased the strain of the army medical corps in Shensi. Its members showed on occasion both generosity and courage. And having helped to restore order in the province, they finally gave the truest proof of their patriotism by recognizing that the work for which the society had been formed, or revived, was over. The Ta Ch'ing dynasty was ended; there remained villainy which still sought to shelter itself under the ægis of the Ko Lao Hui. But to-day the best men of the society have set their hand to its disbanding, and they have largely succeeded. The enormous membership of the lodge presided over by the man Li Ming Shan, who had held semi-regal state in the great "Ch'eng Hwang Miao," the chief temple of the city, the lodge of the "Chung I" hall, of the "Hung Chü" water, and the "T'ai Peh" mountain, was dispersed; over ten thousand membership certificates were burnt. This success of theirs in disbanding the Society is the best proof which its best men have offered and can offer of their own sincerity both as regards their attitude to the society's professed ideals, and of their regret for the many blunders, the wild excesses, and the undeniable crimes, which have so stained the history of the Ko Lao Hui.

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CHAPTER V

THE LOOTING OF SIANFU

The fate of the business and official quarters of Sianfu was shared subsequently by many other large cities, provincial capitals especially. The Ke Ming Tang leaders taking up the first weapon which came to their hands, hurled such forces as they could summon to their aid against the Manchu. But between their enemy in the Tartar city in the north-west of Sianfu, and the western barracks of the soldiery, lay the rich, defenceless Chinese city with its streets of banks, warehouses, shops, and its many yamens. There was no well-laid plan of bringing up certain companies or regiments from the western barracks and marching them through the streets to the attack on the Tartar city. Perhaps it was not possible. There was only the hasty rush of the leaders to the Magazine—with the exception of the first fifteen hundred men brought by Chang Feng Hui—and a general word left for the soldiers to enter the city (from which generally they were jealously, and wisely, excluded) "to help." The soldiers promptly accepted—and interpreted—the order; they helped themselves.

They broke into the banks and pawnshops, and the rabble followed. Nor can the leaders be acquitted of blame. Too many have suddenly emerged from indigence to affluence for any easy whitewashing.

The result, apart from the personal suffering and despair, was deplorable. The banks which might have

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floated the new government, or tided it over the worst, were broken. The only ones saved were those in the East Suburb, and these, though not looted, closed their doors, and after the lapse of twelve months they have not ventured to open them. The looted silver was buried in great quantities, or passed, by gambling, from one unprofitable channel to another. The wildest experiments had to be resorted to in order to raise public funds.

The general features in Sianfu were the same as in the other large cities. What was peculiar to Sianfu city (apart from the suburbs) was the attack on the English Hospital, due to the momentary recklessness of an irresponsible section; the independent attitude of the Mohammedans; and, lastly, the fearful slaughter of the Manchus.

The soldiers, backed up by the released prisoners, by the Mohammedans, by the newly enlisted populace, went through the banks and pawnshops. These despoiled, the lesser fry, still unsurfeited, turned their attention to the shops. Wares might be occasionally looted, frequently were wantonly destroyed, but the unvarying cry was "silver." The soldiers on guard at the city gates, calmly piled up their furs and silks, thus obtained, in the guard house or in the gate tower, until such time as was convenient for removal to their homes.

At the yamens there was little divergence in the story The incumbent, if able to do so, fled. The yamen was ransacked, and usually some leader appropriated it as his "official residence." The Hsien magistrate of Ch'ang An—Ch'ang An Hsien comprises the western portion of Sianfu—was asked to help in the new government unofficially, as he had the business details at his fingers' ends. To this he consented. The Chihfu, the prefectural magistrate of Sianfu, was invited to do the same,

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but since his office had been a much higher one, his desertion to the enemy would have been too marked, and therefore he refused. This, to us, curious distinction occurred repeatedly throughout the eighteen officials: what told was the magnitude of the trust, not the intrinsic nature of the betrayal of trust.

One of the richest hauls lay in the seizure of the person of the provincial judge, a Manchu—sometimes called a Mongol. He fell into the hands of the Ko Lao Hui leader, Chang Yün Shan. He was considered fair game. As a non-Chinese, whether Manchu or Mongol, his life was not worth an hour's purchase. But he had held his present appointment for five years, he was supreme judge of a province, and the moneys spent in buying his position had long since been far more than regained. At his yamen and at his private residence alike, there was large store of bullion, box after box, bag after bag of silver ingots. He fell into the hands of a man who was an "elder brother" in more than name, one who had his "younger brethren" well in hand; a man of singular fearlessness, straight speech, and power of leadership. Chang Yün Shan was far too much taken up with his life purpose to dissipate his strength in promiscuous looting, but he now, at one blow, made a fortune which he subsequently used as a war chest. The provincial judge placed himself under the protection of the Ko Lao Hui leader, and for that protection, *paid* with all that he had. House, land, and valuables were handed over with deeds complete, and with a show of legality. There was a splendid audacity about the whole idea. And perhaps if loot were ever justifiable it would be the loot of ill-gotten gains obtained by the sale of public justice. The pledge of protection was faithfully observed. The ex-judge having taken to himself a common Chinese surname, dwelt in the city as a private

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citizen under the protection of Chang Yün Shan until peace was declared and the Republic proclaimed, whereupon he made his way to Peking.

It is strange how euphemism lingers even in these unlikely scenes. Though banks had been ruthlessly plundered and the merchant's silver looted, yet, when it came to his wares, something of the following happened. Soldiers, or "patriots," broke from their hurried march along the street, to step into a shop which, unhappily for the proprietor, had not as yet its shutters closed. Picking up some article which caught his fancy, the man asks "How much?" "Five taels." "Five taels! Nonsense! Here are five hundred cash, and I've no time for haggling." The gun and terror do the rest. Before he has left, another man (and brother) appears, and in his turn takes up an article. "Here, boss, here's fifty cash," and departs. The third and last stage is that of "name of Wang," who, having seen "name of Chang" leaving the place with goods in hand, murmurs, "Ah, you gave *him* something, suppose you give me *this*," and with "this" in hand, he also hurries away. Notice how the language of respectability is clung to up to the last; the looter has an eye to a possible court of inquiry in the future, and would be prepared to swear that the goods were either bought as a bargain, or were a gift from the merchant. Not till the shutters are got into place does the rain of "bargains" and "gifts" cease. Can one wonder that terrified shopkeepers disobeyed edicts ordering them to open their shops? It was not until soldiers came round a week later, hammering at the doors and threatening to break in if they were not opened, not till some formerly well-to-do tradesmen at the west end of the city had been apprehended and threatened with beheading if they again disobeyed the order, that the unhappy merchants opened their places

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of business, with miserable stocks. They anticipated, with only too much prescience, being forced by the soldiery to accept notes issued by their general, notes which would only be redeemed at heavy discount, if at all. The shopmen compromised by having only one shutter taken down, so that they might quickly close the place if there were further demonstrations.

The colleges, those homes of learning, where the glorious revolution that was to be had been dreamt of and worked for, were calmly appropriated as quarters for soldiery who had had sufficient of barracks outside the city, or were used as the "public offices" of some new, and ofttimes self-appointed "leader." The students who were fortunate became members of the "government" as officials and secretaries. But, alas, there were not enough of such posts to go round. Also, to their dismay and chagrin, these illiterate Ko Lao Hui people were found lacking in all proper feeling, all proper respect for men who were trained to direct affairs—for had not our students studied text-books on law, text-books on military tactics, text-books on English Grammar (oh, So-and-so's Grammar! what thou hast to answer for!), text-books on political science? So lacking in right feeling were these "elder brethren" that they took power and kept it, rudely elbowing out enlightened students. Enlightened students have stomachs; more stomach than purse, and after pitiful attempt to maintain position, to find shelter, to find, alas, mere food, depart not unfearfully for their homes. Lecture theatres, sacred formerly to enlightened students, become dormitories of "patriots," "love-the-country men" as they are called. Chemistry laboratories are strewn with wreckage; physics' laboratories likewise. Case after case of test tubes is smashed wantonly. Electro-magnets, barometers, delicate scien-

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tific instruments of great value, are made the toys of an hour's horseplay for the new inmates' spirit of inquiry. "Patriots" after saving their country from the tyrannical oppressor shall be amused. Summer-houses, gardens, places of mere amusement and recreation, must be turned to the stern uses of practical life; shall be used to stable our horses. Why waste time seeking stables elsewhere? Also should wood be needed to kindle fires, why search at the fuel vendors'? Are there not window frames, doors, benches? Those leaders who had notions of discipline, and others who looked for order in the future, ventured to remonstrate. They were soon silenced. Are we not now a republic? Are we not, according to your teaching, all equals? What is this of officers' orders?

One stands amazed at the patience of the average decent citizen of Sianfu. At first he dared say nothing, dare oppose nothing, was thankful for bare life. Later, when the new "government" got somewhat more settled in the saddle, he had still to keep silent, since *all* criticism was taboo, and heads came off with alarming ease should a charge of "spreading rumours" be advanced. He begins again at his business, or to work at his land. Trade has received a blow from which it will take years to recover. Presently, however, the patient man will pluck up a little courage, and proceed to bring his law-suit against those who have come, by devious ways, into possession of his property—in fact the law-suits are already beginning—and he will leisurely prosecute his suit, and be provided with plentiful interest and occupation for years to come.

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CHAPTER VI

THE SACK OF THE TARTAR CITY: CAUSES

The Manchu city takes up the north-east portion of the city of Sianfu, whilst the Mohammedan quarter takes up a large portion of the north-west. It has two gates in the west wall leading into the Mohammedan quarter, and three in the south wall leading into the main Chinese city. By the end of October 22 these gates were strongly guarded by Revolutionaries preventing egress, though no attack had yet been delivered on them. The signal for the morning advance was given at the Bell Tower in the middle of the city. Two soldiers were found ready to volunteer to enter and ascend this. It was not known whether there remained in it any concealed Manchu guards. If it should prove that such were hidden there, a desperate struggle might be expected. If none remained, the two men were to fire their rifles from the upper storey, and their fellows would join them to commence a rifle fire from this point of vantage against the Manchus in the Tartar city below.

On the evening before, the slope guarding the main city's south gate tower was rushed, though the advantage was not immediately pressed. Here again was the Nemesis of "squeeze." Funds were allotted for a good and well-equipped force as guard at this point. But these funds had many hands through which to filter, and the result was a handful of ill-found, ill-disciplined men, who, at the first onslaught, broke and fled. The south wall belonged to the victors, who, the next morn-

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EAST GATE OF SIANFU CITY, TAKEN FROM WITHIN THE CITY

On the wall the fight went on as on page 37, whilst in the "well" between this and the outer gateway Chang Yün Shan with his Ko Lao Hui fought. Here he ate Manchu flesh and drank Manchu blood

RUINS IN THE MANCHU CITY

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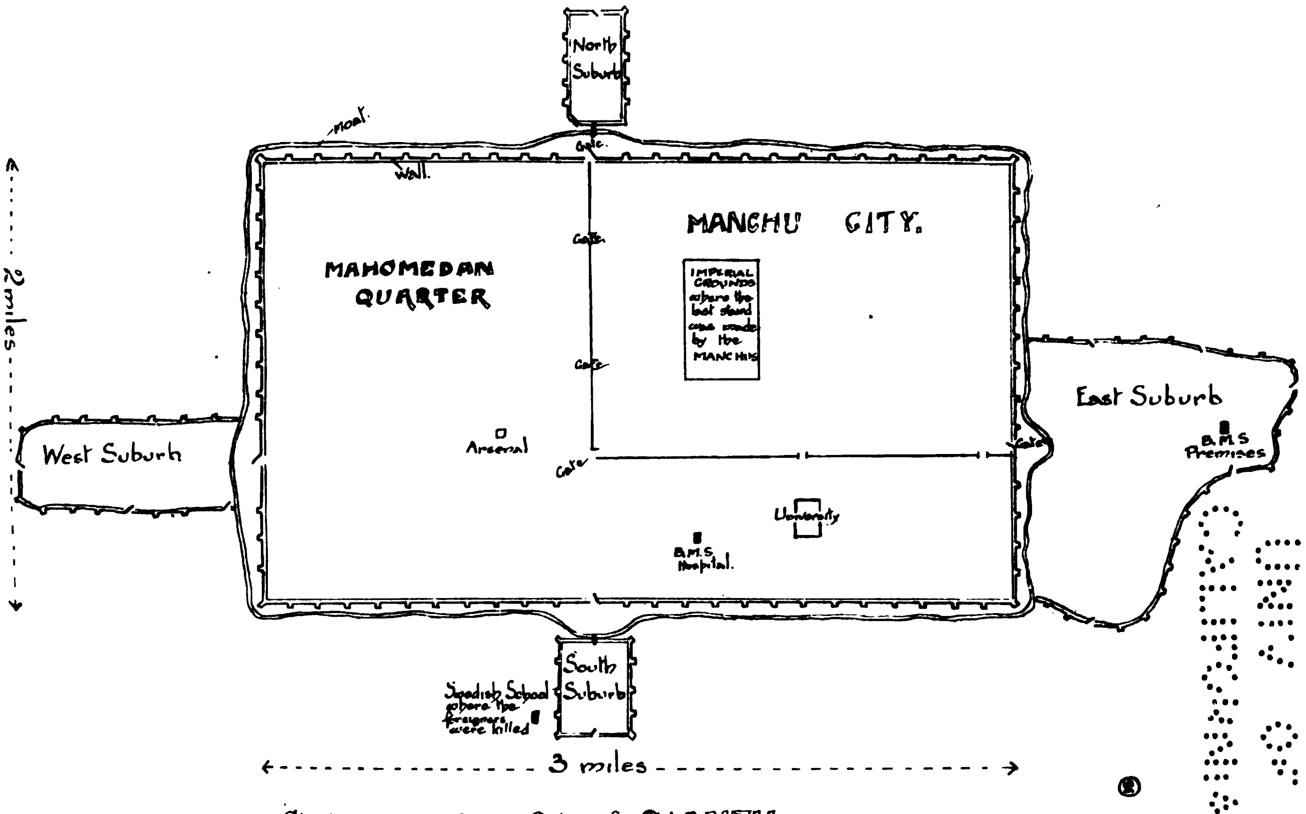

Sketch plan of the City of SIANFU, CAPITAL OF SHENSI.

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ing, pushed eastward and reached the south-east corner without resistance. But from this point to the east gate they had to meet a heavy rifle fire. For at the east gate the Manchu guard made a fierce stand. In the massive towers over the gateways they had a strong force. Below the towers, on the slope leading down to the Tartar city, they massed both cavalry and infantry. The revolutionary forces on the wall were few, but they were modern trained troops, armed with the latest weapons in the city. And they faced a crowd of demoralized, pampered Manchus, whose guns were many of them muzzle-loaders, and all of them old; and whose cannon were indifferently served. Below, between the gates, Chang Yün Shan and his "younger brethren" fought as if possessed.

On the west the Manchu city wall runs up to the main city's north gate. At this gate, with its great towers, another fierce contest took place. Down below Chang Pei Ying directed operations. He had climbed up, early that morning, the 23rd, to the roof of a house, at a point where the Manchu rampart is made up of the high walls bounding the gardens of the Chinese. Here he could see something of the disposition of the Manchu forces. He could see how they were clustered about the gates leading into the Chinese city.

Cannon were ordered up from the barracks and the arsenal, and placed on the Chinese streets leading to these gates. The cannonade which followed soon achieved its object, not of breaking in the Manchu gates, but of scaring away its defenders. This done the revolutionaries brought up heavy beams and burst in one gate, whilst a second one they burnt. But by the time the gates were thus opened, numbers of Manchus had returned and there was fierce fighting in the gateway. Chang Pei Ying speaks of seeing one man account for

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five of his opponents, during this mêlée. He estimates the number of the Manchus who fought at three thousand. It should be remembered in considering this, that the fiercer the resistance offered, the nearer approach is there to an excuse for the slaughter which followed.

The earliest orders of the Ke Ming Tang leaders were that only combatants were to be killed, and there is little doubt that Chang Pei Ying, who largely directed operations, had no thought of any such slaughter as occurred later. That these counsels of moderation were afterwards discarded was due to several causes.

1. As soon as the Manchus realized that the outbreak, long dreaded, had actually commenced, they rushed to the yamen of the Tartar General for instructions. As already shown, he was away at the Provincial Assembly in the Chinese city; unhappily for the Bannermen there was no one man amongst his subordinates with initiative, decision, and personality, to organize any concerted resistance. The gates, it is true, were promptly closed, but one might almost say that this happens automatically in China at the first hint of trouble. Rumour of riot supplies the stimulus, shutting the gate is the reflex action. It was the Manchus who closed the gate separating the east suburb from the city, this gate being within the Tartar walls. Apart from this closing of the gates, all was confusion.

2. Just as there was no concerted plan of defence, so there was none of surrender. There was no proper and dignified attempt at a parley. If at that early stage proper representations could have been made from the Tartar head-quarters, it is possible that, though nothing could have prevented the complete looting of their possessions, their lives might have been spared; at least the Ke Ming Tang might have attempted some protec-

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tion. Unhappily there was no one to attempt such an arrangement, and after the loss of the position on the walls, the idea of the majority was flight; the flight became a *sauve qui peut*, in which no thought was given for any general arrangements.

3. But though the Manchu guard, as such, was no longer a fighting force, yet, as each of the Bannermen is, nominally at least, a fighting man, there still remained some street skirmishing. Not that street fighting in north-west China, under present conditions, could be the serious thing it is in Europe, or even in the narrow streets of two-storeyed houses of South China. Here are no upper storeys, no windows looking out on the street, nothing but easily scaled mud walls, without loopholes, without standing-room. It was no question of Cahors streets, of Paris barricades, of sullen, skilful resistance of a town, carried house by house and street by street. But since the streets were wide, the Manchus had one means of punishing their foes. However they may have sunk in other respects, the Sianfu Bannermen remained magnificent horsemen, and their rush, though futile in the end, since working towards no definite object, yet carried all before it for the moment. But as the wide streets narrowed towards the gates, even this advantage was lost.

There were two men in particular, men of courage, who were not willing to surrender without a struggle. Mu Er Yeh, an inspector, gathered over a hundred men and offered a prolonged resistance in one of the large gardens which had been the pride of the Manchu city. Huai Pao, a notorious gambler, was another man who led a forlorn hope.

But partly as the result of these two men's persistence, these few fighting Manchus were looked upon by the enemy as the vanguard of a large force. The easy and

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comparatively harmless passage of the Chinese troops through the streets was stayed, anxious requests sent to their general for further orders, requests accompanied by lurid representations of the danger to the Chinese city once these "fighting Manchus" were loose on the streets. This, coupled with the large number of men known to be in the Tartar city—the number was given at five thousand, a conservative estimate—caused the revolutionaries to change their policy and order all to be treated as combatants. All the hatred and fear of generations was aflame afresh, and the word became "slay and spare not."

There lies in the north of the Tartar city a so-called Imperial city, now used as a drill ground, reminder of days when Sianfu was the home of Emperors. Its walls are high and strong, the gateways massive. Here it was expected that the Manchus would make their last stand. Already in making inquiries, one has to be careful to sift the legends growing up as to what happened at this place in the Revolution. The fear that a battle must be waged here before Sianfu was safe was a factor in the blind rage which presently possessed some of the assailants. Every Manchu cut down in the streets, however palpably demoralized and terrified he might be, was one less on the enemy's side for the last conflict which must be waged in the Huang Ch'eng. Facing its gateway are enormous earthwork screens hiding the interior. The assailants feared that they might here be taken in an ambush. When at length they ventured to enter this terrible place, this death-trap, this last rallying place of the Empire, it was to find it—empty.

4. One other factor cannot be omitted; the passionate hate with which the Manchus were regarded by the Ko Lao Hui; a hatred embodied in and manifested by a man to whom their destruction had become as a religion,

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RUINS IN THE MANCHU CITY

RUINS OF TARTAR GENERAL'S YAMEN IN THE MANCHU CITY

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by the man Chang Yün Shan. By Tuesday evening the attack was slackening. The Manchu might still be left insufficiently subdued; a possible root of bitterness in the future. That night the great tower over the inner north gate went up in flames. It was sufficient. The cry went out that the Manchus, reinforced by their garrison from Ts'ao T'an, twelve miles away, had rallied to burn, to slay. Rage flamed up more fiercely than ever. Yet Chang Yün Shan boasts that it was he who deliberately fired the tower, and, as a result, ensured that the destruction of the Manchu should be complete; their power, in Shensi at least, be totally extinct.

Such are some of the main causes which made for the wholesale slaughter of the Manchus.

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CHAPTER VII

THE SACK OF THE TARTAR CITY: THE HUNTED MANCHUS

ONCE the Chinese set about this business of destruction, the lust of blood, the madness of killing possessed them. Old and young, men and women, little children, were alike butchered. The Tartar General, old, hopeless, cut off from his people at the critical juncture, was unable to face the situation. The safety he had won for the moment, he felt not worth the keeping; he ended his life by throwing himself down a well. Houses were plundered and then burnt; those who would fain have lain hidden till the storm was past, were forced to come out into the open. The revolutionaries, protected by a parapet of the wall, poured a heavy, unceasing, relentless fire into the doomed Tartar city. Those who tried to escape thence into the Chinese city were cut down as they emerged from the gates. At the western gates the Mohammedans cynically received them for their own purpose. In the darkness some managed to scale the city wall, and descend the other side, wade through the moat, and escape to the open country. But not all who attempted this succeeded. The wall is thirty-six feet in height and at the top is some sixteen yards wide, and on it at various points clustered the Chinese soldiers. The fugitives to escape had to slip between these, avoid the flashing lanterns, and find a means of affixing their ropes safely before descending. Some possibly escaped by venturing to leap from the height.

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In despair, many Manchus themselves set fire to their houses; at least they might cheat their murderers of the loot they sought. Into the English Hospital, days afterwards, when the first fury was passed, men were brought in a shocking condition; men who had attempted to cut their throats. Asked why they had done so, they answered simply, "The wells were full." And the Shensi wells are not the shallow ones of some parts of China; they are thirty-six feet deep. There is such a man in that hospital to-day. All his family, wife, daughters, sons, were slain or destroyed themselves; he lives because the well was choked with dead or dying, and he failed in his attempt to end his life by other means.

There were many Manchus in the Chinese city at the time of the outbreak. Some escaped for the moment through taking shelter with friends. But even twenty days after the outbreak a Manchu detected on the street would be dragged off to instant execution. Hundreds were thus hunted through the streets and lanes of the city. They were known by their clothing, by their cast of countenance, by their speech. Their fondness for reds and yellows, their use of white linings, their high collars and narrow sleeves (it was dangerous for Chinese dandies to display garments of the coast cut in those days), their belts, their shoes; all gave them away. With the women the unbound feet were the fatal distinction. Their peculiar headdress, their clothing they might change, but there was no disguising their natural-sized feet. The one way was to put on men's clothing, better still Chinese soldier's clothing; this many did and thus escaped. Scores were caught by soldiers and put for the moment in a temple until such time as there could be a distribution amongst the victors. The Manchu cast of countenance is easily

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distinguishable from the Shensi type, which often approaches to the Congot Malay rather than the Mongol. And their speech bewrayeth them. In case of doubt the suspects were required to speak, and by their speech judged. This often meant danger for Chinese of other provinces, especially Chihli.

The numbers slain mounted up from hundreds into thousands; they were estimated by the foreigners living in Sianfu through the revolution as not less than ten thousand who were either killed or took their own lives to escape a worse fate.

Ke-Ming-Tangism, had, in this remote province, evolved a very primitive, wholly unscientific Red Cross Society.. And its first work was that of the undertaker. It was to dig pits in the Manchu city, now become a desert, a desolation, and there to throw the slain. That which the hacking knives and the dogs had left was eventually heaped together in these places. Men were hired to act as draught-cattle. Each fixed a long rope round a corpse, and with the other end over his shoulder trudged along, dragging his ghastly burden, which bumped and rolled through the city's mire to its last resting-place. Down the Ta Ts'ai Shih, a bustling, gossiping street lined with food-stalls, they came, a procession half a mile long. At the end of one rope was a head, the body had disappeared, and only the head went trundling after its puller. . . . Here was a body completely eviscerated. It is horrible, unprintable, you say? Ah, but it went through a hatefully indifferent, malevolently satisfied crowd, that pitiful procession. The Manchus were parasites, were oppressors. And in the day of their victory did the visitors evince any special fitness, any virtues superior to those of their fallen foe?

A white badge round the arm was the emblem of this

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RUINS IN THE MANCHU CITY, SIANFU

The shell of a Government school

EXECUTION GROUND NEAR THE MAGAZINE

The spot where many were executed, including the girl described on page 45

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St. Bartholomew's day. The Manchus noticed that their assailants wore this badge, and by the evening of the 23rd they also wore such a sign. The next day the revolutionary leaders ordered another coloured badge; by the evening the hunted Bannermen were copying this second badge as best they might. So it went on.

When the Manchus found that further resistance was useless, they in many cases knelt on the ground, laying down their weapons, and begged the soldiers for life. They were shot as they knelt. Sometimes there was a whole line of them. In one doorway a group of between ten and twenty were thus killed in cold blood.

A girl came down the street; a girl of twenty, with hands bound. She had been hastily dragged before the "judges!" in the Magazine, temporary head-quarters of the Revolution, and was now being taken out a hundred yards or so to be beheaded. And in her face was that which once seen—by one passer-by at least—was never to be forgotten. It was not despair. Ah no! That anodyne had had no time in which to reach her. It was the full young life cheated of its days, going out into the dark, the path before her littered by fearful reminders of the fate in front. From the pallid lips no sound issued; they were held, as the girl's whole being was held, by utter terror. The shaking limbs, the stumbling gait, proclaimed it, but more than all the awful haunting eyes. Along the route where the reek of blood made the very air bitter, acrid in the brilliant sunshine, where curses and sobs mingled with groans and derisive raucous cries rent the air, they went. A woman, a very girl, caught within the enemy's gates, not dying with her own people, not able to save herself with them if only in a death she saw and chose; but hurried along thus, as to the shambles. And her crime?

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Her birth. A Manchu. The soldier muttered impatiently. He had other affairs to attend to when this was over. Time meant money, meant sport, in those days. He stalked along behind her with naked sword held up. "Hurry," he snarled, "hurry."

Days after the outbreak, an Englishman, passing down a side street, heard groans, heard the cry of pain, coming up with hollow sound from the depths. At the mouth of a well stood some Chinese. It was their day. The pitiful cries went on, the feeble moaning varied with the sharp cries. A Manchu, who had thrown himself, or been thrown down this well, had lain there with broken limbs; lay there in agony, appealing almost unconsciously for pity.

The men at the well mouth picked up lumps of earth, stones, picked up what came to hand. There came up from the well's depths the thud of missiles on human flesh.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE WOMEN OF THE MANCHUS

AND the women? Mothers of daughters, wives who saw their husbands fall on the threshold striving to shield their women from shame? What of them? They had no idea of fighting. It had never been suggested to them that they could defend themselves. Here were no upper windows whence they could pour molten pitch, or throw heavy vessels on the enemy below. They had no weapons nor knew of their use. But if they could not defend themselves, they could defend their honour. Their one weapon was the determination to die rather than meet dishonour, their haven of refuge was death. And they died. They sought death as a friend. Even the children knew how to do this. Ay, all was lost save honour, but this must be saved. In one family, well known and respected, no less than nine women threw themselves into the wells. The wells are deep in Shensi, but they were not too deep to be choked up in those days of terror—choked with the victims of despair. For the old women, life was bound up in their children and grandchildren. These were slain before their eyes, and to them the victors left a remnant of days wherein to beg at the gates of their enemies—or starve. Even in the lust of slaughter they were often passed over from sheer indifference. But for the matrons and their daughters it was otherwise; and the mothers gathered their girls about them and together they fell on death. In the

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streets often there was to be seen a soldier ordering a woman to follow him and the woman answered him, "Nay, kill me if you will, but follow you I will not." . . . She sank, swooning in her blood, and the victors sought other prey.

The little girls were taken to be trained as slaves. Rich houses in the city, the houses of Mohammedans especially, are full of them—cheap servants for the future.

Yet this Chinese fury was more merciful than the Spanish, Sianfu more fortunate than Antwerp: the Chinese soldiers with all their faults better than Alva's demons or Kirke's "lambs." The Chinese marriage customs came to the aid of these distressed Manchu women and girls, for to the young Chinese soldier, drawn from the ranks of the very poor, the price of a wife in normal times is a serious affair, entailing much scheming, scraping, saving on the part of his parents and himself. But here was the chance of a lifetime; he could obtain a wife for nothing; no big price to be paid to the girl's family—she had none: no middleman's fees, no vexatious cost of feast, and robes: no fees for yamen registration. The girl was taken to his hôme and before witnesses proclaimed his wife; his parents get a daughter-in-law, *i. e.* a domestic servant, without any price paid, and one who would never be able to bring her family about their ears, clamouring for rights.

After the third day the generals put out a proclamation that the women and children were to be spared. Then such soldiers as were wifeless went through the ruins seeking wounded women and girls. They brought them to the hospital, and the hospital authorities were notified that such an one was the soldier's intended wife, and on being cured must be turned over to him. The

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mind soon accustomed itself to the unaccustomed; British women nursing these patients lost, in a few weeks, the sense of incongruity, and watched the curious courtship with interest. For the husband-to-be would bring special food—and food was hard to get in those days—for his future wife and watch over her kindly. The rage, the brutality were after all the abnormal: the decent hopes of home and family, the willingness to share with its members, to deny himself that these might thrive; these were the enduring: his peasant blood and upbringing saved him often. Others there were, the offscourings of artificial life in the cities, but these burn themselves out, or take to robbery or worse.

Undisciplined, touchy, surly the Chinese soldier is, but taken the right way there is much that is good in him, and he is capable of gratitude. He is the unlicked cub waiting for Sergeant What's-his-name.

Protection to the hunted, wounded women came from other sources also. There were gentry in the city whose houses bordered on the Manchu city wall, who sheltered young girls until such time as they could be safely passed out of the city gate and find shelter in the villages. One fine old Chinese gentleman stands out. He knew nothing of the patriots' politics, was mildly bewildered by the froth of talk—Utopian exposition—yet he knew a man's duty and the way of pity. He had been one of the wealthiest men in the city, but had lost nearly all. He was a polished gentleman, and he had now to hob-nob with the scourings of the streets. His queue had to be sacrificed; instead of his accustomed headgear, seemly and dignified, he must wear a hideous "foreign" cap, which might have come off a Petticoat Lane barrow. He dared not greet one with the gentle dignity of a Chinese bow; he knew nothing of the new "politeness." But bewildered, bullied, almost ruined

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as he was, he put aside his own sorrow in the attempt to help the fallen enemies of his race. Women and girls had been kept in all honour in his looted courtyards, and he busied himself in arranging for their safe escort to village homes. The Chinese Christians also were not found wanting. "To love mercy" was no idle precept with them.

The English Mission Hospital swarmed with wounded, irrespective of race or sex, but the Mission's other premises were taxed in sheltering, feeding, and caring for these fugitives, and this though proclamations were out against harbouring the proscribed Manchu.

Rich Manchus who held office in neighbouring towns were sometimes not killed outright, but seized, dragged to Sianfu, and thrown into prison awaiting ransom. The fate of these prisoners was appalling. They were left for days without food, in cold and filth. One of these, the magistrate of Lin Tung, managed to make his case known to the English in the city, through whose exertions he was subsequently released. His family meanwhile was sheltered in the Mission compound. This Mission belongs to the Baptist Missionary Society, the same which suffered so terribly in Taiyuanfu in the Boxer year. There, devoted men and women were cruelly done to death by the Manchu Governor, Yü Hsien, and now after eleven years, the Manchu reckoning had come. Hunted, and in despair they turned to the foreigner they would have exterminated, to the friends and colleagues of the murdered missionaries of Taiyuanfu. And the wife of the Lin Tung magistrate, the woman who found safety and comfort in the English Compound, was the daughter of the former governor of Shansi, the infamous Yü Hsien.

As a race distinct they are doomed. The removal of the arbitrary distinctions, the value of their absorption

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in the general Chinese stock, is seen and urged by statesmen of all parties.

Those left will gain in the new Republic; gain in industry, knowledge, patriotism; will be the better for being removed from the old life of idleness and artificial isolation. In a generation or two in the Shensi province, the Manchu women as such will be unknown, they will be Chinese. But before they went they proved themselves not unworthy of a race which for over 250 years had held a great empire in subjection. However low the Manchu had fallen; however parasitic, lazy, sensual he had become, yet at the supreme crisis their women played their part with courage and with honour. In the supreme agony, before the curtain fell upon the last act of the drama, there was revealed in one vivid spectacle the secret of that real greatness which had won and held an empire for the Manchu.

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CHAPTER IX

THE MOHAMMEDANS

The attitude of the Mohammedans during the revolution was one of profound cynicism. If the Manchu was to the Mohammedan less than kin, the Chinese was less than kind. Politically they cared not at all as to the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. Their position resembled that of the Irish Nationalists at Westminster : whether Han or Man won was indifferent to them so long as both were sufficiently weakened in the struggle. Their exhaustion meant increased autonomy for Islam. Their desire for a Chinese Mohammedan Empire carved out of the north-west provinces and the New Dominion was no mere dream. They have always had the idea of becoming an *imperium in imperio.* For the Chinese about them they have only contempt and hatred.

From the fighting man's point of view the revolution served them well. They generally manage to be better armed than their neighbours. Now in the indiscriminate handing out of guns to " patriots " the Mohammedan got what he coveted, the latest pattern rifle in the city. It was well worth putting a white badge round his arm for that, and if loot ran short there would be the army to enter. The Kansu Mohammedans took this latter line. Here conservatism held its own : there was no real turnover. The officials sat tight, regarded the Shensi revolutionaries as scum, and savagely put down the Kansu Ke Ming Tang. But an army was necessary to meet the Shensi Republicans, or else Shensi went

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MA FU HSIANG
(lying down)

KA HSIAO YEH
(left of chess board)

MA CHUNG HSIAO
(right of chess board)

KANSU MOHAMMEDANS

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drunk with her Republicanism and would fain thrust it on her neighbours. Here the Mohammedans got their chance. They "ran" the Kansu army. They had no idea of playing into the hands of either Manchu or Chinese. They followed no Viceroy or Tutu. Their leader was Ma An Liang, the uncrowned king of the north-west Mohammedans. Their assets were an indifference to all claims save the Mohammedan, and a reputation for a ferocious courage. This reputation no longer imposes on the north-west. They returned from the campaign against Shensi, with little loot; having incurred much hatred, which was nothing new, and some contempt, which was. For ferocity is not courage, though often mistaken for it. The Kansu troops would take a wounded enemy and cut off both his feet, and leave him lying on the snow without any qualm, physical or moral; but this did not prevent them from bolting from an enemy, and refusing engagements which seemed likely to prove hot. Their opponents, whilst less ferocious, were no more courageous than they, and only near the end of the campaign lost their fear and repulsed the invaders. Either side went in fear of the other.

But it was in the sack of the Manchu city of Sianfu that the Mohammedan cynicism most clearly showed itself. Like the many others who were willing to take risks for the sake of quick gain, they joined in the promiscuous looting in the Chinese city; but in the Manchu city they went about the work with cold-blooded deliberateness.

Being debarred from living in the country in any numbers, their livelihood lay not in agriculture but in trade. For years they had traded with (and incidentally upon) their Manchu neighbours. They practised what is known in the north of England as the Pack Trade.

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The thriftless, finery-loving Manchu was persuaded to take goods, payment deferred. Every month the customer's family received its dole of Government grain, which as often as not was sold to the thrifty Chinese at their doors. It was on this that the Mohammedan trader reckoned, and when he had his victim well in his debt, he depended for the collection of his debt on his truculence, on the fear in which both his Manchu and Chinese neighbour held him, and on the known fact that he could easily call together a number of his co-religionists who would be glad enough to take part, with a show of legality, in an affray with the Manchu debtor.

One result of this trading was that the Mohammedans knew just where the silver and the portable art treasures of the Manchu were, knew which yamens and houses would yield the best returns. They swept in with the soldiers: the sentiments of these latter they were quite willing to voice and to pose as fellow "patriots." With the terrified victims they went callously to work with a view to gain. The fanaticism of Islam in China can be kept subservient to its professor's material interests in the most business-like way. Lives were spared if silver were pointed out, also *objets de vertu* were not despised. He has a nice taste, has the Mohammedan, in these things. The curio dealer turned warrior-patriot for the nonce. After the fury had passed, for some months the looted articles were hidden, but when things settled down somewhat, and men ventured to bring their gains forth, a walk through the Mohammedan quarter revealed the wildest jumble of goods in most bizarre juxtaposition. There is one piano in Sianfu; none may tell how it ever arrived; for no piano would survive the road journey from Honanfu, and the mountain tracks from the river are narrow, steep, and difficult to negotiate; but there it is. And now it reposes not in the yamen

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of Tutu or Commander General of the forces, but in the home of the one recognized general in the army who is a Mohammedan.

The western wall of the Manchu city is pierced by two gateways: any fugitives escaping through these found themselves in the Chinese city, but in what is practically the Mohammedan quarter of it. From the south gates leading into the Chinese city proper, there would have been no escape, but at the western gates the Mohammedans coolly engineered events. The younger fugitives were led to the Mohammedan houses, given shelter and —found themselves prisoners: the boys are prisoners, the girls are "servants." Even men and women could be made useful.

It is not a pleasing picture. To the outsider the Chinese Mohammedan is not without his good points, more especially as it is in their capacity as innkeepers, as muleteers, as the only vendors of much appreciated beef that we come into contact with them. But for the average native of the north-west, whether he be Chinese or Manchu, the "Hui hui," as they are termed, are objects alike of hatred and of fear.

The problem of the Manchu in China is not a small one, but it is small indeed compared with that of the Mohammedan. The horror of the last rebellion still lingers: the caves, the dry wells, the hill forts, still remain as testimonies to the fear in which the populace holds the Mohammedans. And the end is not yet.

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CHAPTER X

THE RESULT OF THE SLAUGHTER

THE first result of the slaughter was a rigid censorship. Whatever might be the feelings of the Ko Lao Hui, however indifferent about outside opinion, the Ke Ming Tang were sufficiently informed to know that their position was imperilled, their reputation hopelessly tarnished at the very opening of the revolution. They determined to prevent if possible the news from reaching the outside world until they had made their own position sure. The post office, the telegraph office they secured. No letters or wires were allowed. Every traveller was watched; the passes, the ferries jealously guarded. And they almost succeeded. For weeks, although no news came through, the outside world was not unduly alarmed, the silence was put down to military exigencies. But at three points they had raised alarm that would not be allayed. The Manchu slaughter had turned what had been acquiescence into undying hate in the breast of every Manchu. The news had reached the ears of the Commander at T'ung Kuan—the pass which commands Shensi and Honan—and in horror of it he promptly sent for the Honan regulars to enter Shensi. And they had the deaths of the unprotected Europeans and Americans in their midst to reckon with. The last of these three points is dealt with in subsequent chapters. The action of Sheng Yün, and the Commander of T'ung Kuan, meant that the Shensi Tutu had to prepare to face the Kansu and Honan

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armies. Sheng Yün, who has since figured so largely in the events of the north-west, was at the time of the outbreak living quietly at a Manchu outpost, twelve miles to the north-west, which guards an important crossing of the Wei river. He was out of office and had no immediate prospect of any, but was nevertheless a man of great weight in the province. The present Tutu, Chang Feng Hui, early in the outbreak got hold of Yin Cheng Liang. He was a Szechuanese, an officer who through the death of his mother had been forced to go into retirement, an officer of influence and broad-mindedness, who would be acceptable to Sheng Yün. Chang Feng Hui had the city gate opened that Yin, with an escort, might warn Sheng Yün and the Ts'ao T'an Manchus to fly. But Sheng Yün was to pay a price for this: he was asked to go as the Shensi Tutu's ambassador to Lanchou and there arrange an alliance of offence and defence with the Kansu Government. And here is the reason of the letters and message to Sheng Yün. The message began by pointing out that Sheng Yün had little reason to be grateful to the Ta Ch'ing Emperor, who was not pleased to employ good men. (This would doubtless be sufficiently obvious to a man who was out of office.) The recipient was next reminded that he was not himself a Manchu but a Mongol, and had no reason to consider his fortunes as being linked unalterably with those of the Bannermen; that though these latter suffered—how much they were suffering it was no part of the Tutu's policy to state—Sheng Yün's family would receive the Tutu's special protection in consideration of the services previously rendered to the Shensi province, and of the esteem in which the Shensi people regarded him. Then followed a request that he would throw in his lot with the new and tentative government. He was assured of a warm

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welcome. But if he felt he could not betray his Ta Ch'ing master, then let him escape with all speed to Kansu, and there act as the Shensi Tutu's intermediary with the Viceroy and the Mohammedans, explain the ideal of the Ke Ming Tang, and plead that they will make common cause with us for a new China. "But, should you," concludes this remarkable pourparler, "elect to use your freedom in raising the Mohammedans against us; think not that we fear you, for such action would but be like unto an egg that seeks by its attack to break a stone."

To this Sheng Yün returned no answer. It is not certain that at the time he felt any great bitterness to the new authorities. He understood it was purely a Ke Ming Tang rising: that the Manchus would be treated honourably. Consequently he evinced no special desire for hostility. But later, when safe over the Kansu border, he learned that though his life and his family had been spared, his home was a ruin and he penniless; he heard of the awful slaughter that had occurred, and he received, by way of Lanchou, the news of his appointment by the Ta Ch'ing Emperor as Governor of Shensi. And he set himself with a deadly and prolonged bitterness—unusual even in these unhappy provinces—to use his appointment as the means of revenging his personal wrongs and the Manchu massacres.

Meanwhile the news had travelled east. The Ts'ao T'an Manchus well mounted fled to T'ung Kuan, and in their flight heard of the enormity of the disaster. From T'ung Kuan the news went to Peking, and the Government there realized that, however embarrassed it might be, yet for its own repute's sake action must be taken. Shensi had put itself beyond the pale. Its leaders must be treated not as non-opponents but as bandits, "t'u-fei," "scum of the earth," literally, "earth evil." This

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is why, even when the Peking-Nanking armistice had been arranged, troops still advanced against Sianfu. The Government refused to recognize the Shensi leaders as Ke Ming Tang. They were Ko Lao Hui, they were "t'u-fei," they were to be treated as criminals.

In the outlying parts of the province, particularly in the north and south-west, the excesses of the capital led to utter lawlessness. The Ko Lao Hui of the baser sort, and the banditti, rose and robbed. The banners floated with the old watchword of 1900, "Restore the Manchu, destruction to the foreigner." That is, the people, not understanding the movement, were simply rowdy and anti-foreign. Town after town changed its magistrates, and instead of the Ta Ch'ing representative, in only too many cases, a town got as its official the head of the local Ko Lao Hui, seldom the Ke Ming Tang. Bearing these results in mind and considering the subsequent course of events in those provinces where the Manchus were spared, the conclusion is almost inevitable that, as a matter of tactics apart from the moral and humanitarian consideration altogether, the slaughter of the Manchus was a deplorable mistake. One comes back to Fouchet: "it was more than a crime, it was a blunder."

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CHAPTER XI

TUTUS MANY

When the Manchu resistance was ended and their assailants paused to consider the next step, the cleavage between the two parties, the Ke Ming Tang and the Ko Lao Hui, stood revealed. Though the city was won, the province was still to win, and the province lay between the still Imperial and hostile provinces of Kansu and Honan. If it were to be held, the army would require speedy organizing and a new second army would have to be speedily raised. There must be some sort of government, however tentative. And as a first step some one must be put in supreme command. The choice of the Ke Ming Tang leaders fell on Chang Feng Hui, who had been second in command of the modern troops stationed at Sianfu. His family had originally come from Honan, and though they have worked for some generations as blacksmiths in Sianfu, they are still loosely referred to as Honanese. By the irony of fate his elder brother, who had succeeded to the family business, was one of the first victims of the revolt. The home was in the Manchu, not the Chinese city, and the man died of fright caused by the outbreak. Chang Feng Hui himself was a man of education, and had studied for five years in Japan. He was a man with something of a presence, was ten years older than most of his young colleagues, and by no means devoid of personal courage. A peculiar lack of sympathy, combined with a repellent manner, prevented his ever

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becoming a popular leader. Having accepted the office of leader, for whom the term "T'ung Ling," military governor, was then used, he proceeded to appoint his officers. The civil offices inevitably fell later to the educated Ke Ming Tang, but for the moment military considerations excluded all else. To the two main military commands he appointed Chang Pei Ying and T'ien Ting Shan as Fu (assistant) T'ung Lings. The career of the latter, a man of high courage, was cut short tragically at Weinan.[1]

There were five men, however, whose claims could not be ignored; non-commissioned officers, of little education, in the army. Yet already it was apparent that they had too large a following to be easily passed over. They were noted leaders of the Ko Lao Hui. They were appointed "keepers of the roads." Four forces were to be led out, north, south, east and west, which should "pacify" the people, enlist their sympathies, and scour the country round for enemies to the "republic." The fifth man was Chang Yün Shan, who was to be the chief keeper of the four roads. The posts of authority were evidently to be given to the educated Ke Ming Tang, whilst the forces of the Ko Lao Hui were, by this division, to be so weakened that they should be the tool and not the ally of the Ke Ming Tang. This arrangement was seen through by the shrewd "elder brethren." They assented to the proposals, and secretly sent out to the various centres of the society in the city. In a short time the Magazine, still the head-quarters of the revolutionaries, was surrounded by the "younger brethren," *i. e.* the soldiers enrolled in the Ko Lao Hui. The intellectuals of the Ke Ming Tang were rudely awakened to the true position of affairs.

[1] *See* Chapter xii, p. 65.

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For months previously the Ko Lao Hui had carried on an active propaganda amongst the soldiers. For the lecture and pamphlet they had substituted—a tea-shop. An institution apparently harmless enough. But the proprietor and attendants took care to serve none but soldiers. Here there were always to be found men who could inveigh against the Manchu dynasty, and set forth the benefits of entering the Ko Lao Hui, with its personal and immediate attractions, as well as its political aims. Kwo, Wu, Liu, Ma and others had been prominent in this, had given time and money, had faced big personal risks, but surpassing them in these respects, as in personal ability and courage, was Chang Yün Shan. It was to these men, not to the Ke Ming Tang commissioned officers, that the soldiers looked chiefly at this juncture.

The newly chosen Tutu demanded an explanation. Was he in command or no? He threatened to resign. He was urged to keep his post, whereupon he not unnaturally asked why, such being the case, there was this present demonstration. Then the grievance came out. Their several appointments to the Ko Lao Hui men appeared too small. Each man wished to be a Tutu, a Governor. There was to be a Tutu of the western army, of the Ordnance, of this brigade and of that. And each was to have his "Tutu" seal. On this account when "Tutu" was given out by the Peking Government as the official title of the provincial governor it became necessary to distinguish Chang Feng Hui as the Ta Tutu, the "Great Governor." One man quite uneducated would fain be a "Commissioner" having heard vague reports of the extraordinary powers entrusted to the same. He was eventually given a large seal. When he came, however, to investigate and act as censor generally, he was hustled aside by the men

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who had allowed him to be given the title. Unhappily not all the new aspirants could be so disposed of. The new Governor conceded the titles, and retained as best he could the real guidance of affairs. " Shensi," he told the others, " is but beginning its struggle, and none of us know where we shall be in two or three days' time, whether alive or dead. At present leadership means not so much honour as toil and danger. I am willing enough to resign." An arrangement was entered into for the time being. That which the Ko Lao Hui had seized they kept. The main yamen of the city, the Futai or Provincial Governor's yamen, was taken by Chang Yün Shan and became the Ko Lao Hui headquarters; the Ke Ming Tang party having to put up with the old and dilapidated royal palace in the north of the city. This arrangement still holds, and the north and the south yamens refer respectively to the recognized authority of the Tutu proper and to the anomalous power arrogated to himself by Chang Yün Shan.

For the moment peace was patched up, orders given for the next few days' action, but to the intelligent citizen a greater fear than that of revolution had presented itself. Amongst these Tutus many, with their slight experience and their large ambitions, where was the peace of a city, of a province, to be found? What confronted the unhappy people was not a revolution but a prolonged anarchy.

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CHAPTER XII

THE ARMY OF THE EAST

THE key to Shensi is T'ung Kuan, the pass leading from the province of Honan. This pass has always been famous in Chinese story and song as the great key to the north-west. The position is strong, and if well garrisoned by determined troops would prove a serious obstacle in the way of an invader. The Manchu Tao-t'ai, on hearing of the Sianfu revolt, realized that his troops were neither numerous nor reliable. Until proper aid could be summoned from the regular army—the I Chün, of which so much is heard—the only reinforcements for which he could hope were the old style regulars from Honan province. Some 500 of these came up in response to his appeal, and once inside, turned looters. This was the beginning of T'ung Kuan revolution sorrows.

The Ke Ming Tang in Sianfu, before hearing of this, had determined to send a force to the place. Soldiers from Sianfu they could not spare, but they reckoned on the troops at T'ung Kuan revolting as soon as accredited Ke Ming Tang leaders from Sianfu appeared amongst them. They sent, therefore, seventy students from the military college, with modern rifles, ammunition, and money for the T'ung Kuan soldiers. The leader was T'ien Ting Shan, one of these men in the innermost circle of the Government. His appointment is evidence of the importance of this expedition.

By October 31st these students reached Weinan Hsien, two days to the east of Sianfu. The Ta Ch'ing

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magistrate was still in possession. The newcomers stormed the yamen. The treasury revealed several thousands of taels, which they sent back under escort to Sianfu, they themselves having sufficient for their T'ung Kuan needs. The magistrate in despair committed suicide by throwing himself down a well. The townsfolk had no welcome for these "deliverers." Doubtless the story of the Sianfu sack had reached them. The gentry opened negotiations with bands of robbers who were infesting the neighbourhood, and who always had the hills to the south as a refuge. The brigands entered the town without any difficulty and attacked the yamen. The students, taken by surprise, fought pluckily. And there was need: they were fighting no longer for theories, but for their bare lives. No quarter was given. The students and their leader were not merely defeated; they were exterminated.

This loss was a heavy blow to the Ke Ming Tang cause in Shensi. It meant that a body of young men who had already shown their promptitude and courage in the affair of the Treasurer's yamen, who had something of a broad outlook, patriotic ideals, and gifts of leadership, were lost at the beginning of the struggle. It was tragic in itself, this sudden blotting out of youthful enthusiasm and gallant courage; the loss of such men lowered the general tone of the eastern army. Had they reached T'ung Kuan and been able to take over the forces there and in the near towns, something of a real Ke Ming Tang army might have been produced, which would have counterbalanced the Ko Lao Hui. As it was, with the exception of the few organized Ke Ming Tang leaders, no trained military men were available, and the Ko Lao Hui influence in the army was paramount.

The brigands took possession of the modern rifles, ammunition, and silver which the students had brought,

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but they did not loot the city. This was the result of the bargain struck between them and the town. They made up for this restraint by roaming about the country-side, plundering and burning. They captured the town of Huachou, twenty miles to the east, and burned the yamen to the ground. Here also the magistrate committed suicide. These, outside Sianfu, were the only officials who died, the rest either escaped, or if captured were held for ransom.

The new authorities had no power to suppress these brigands, and ultimately Chang Pei Ying, to whom the command of the eastern army had been given, invited them to join him. The leaders were given commissions, and their followers enlisted as ordinary soldiers. They formed the one regiment in this eastern army which had any fighting value at all. They were "dare-to-die's," and armed as so many of them were with nothing but gingals, swords or billhooks, they yet went always in the forefront of the battle. Against the modern I Chün troops they were, of course, useless, they were mown down, but to the old style Honan regulars they gave a fair account of themselves.

These same old style regulars, having looted T'ung Kuan, retired with their plunder, and Chang Pei Ying next "took" the unhappy place. It is fair to state that the town suffered less from his "dare-to-die's" than from the Honan regulars. In fact, poor T'ung Kuan had been swept bare; the townsfolk were in danger of dying of starvation, until "famine relief" was sent by the neighbouring towns of Weinan and Nint'ung. As Chang Pei Ying's army advanced, it became less and less an army and more and more a mob, until at last, Wang Tien Chung, the robber King of Honan, was allowed to join him.

And the movements of the troops were futile. Chang

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Pei Ying was like the famous Duke of York, " he marched them up a hill and he marched them down again."

There were sharp engagements at Lingpao, at the eastern end of the long pass from T'ung Kuan. Lingpao seems to have been taken, retaken, and taken again. By January he had reached and taken Shanchou, an important town from a military and official standpoint, with a large trade. The next town east is Mien Chih. The outposts of Chang Pei Ying's mob—the brigand part—reached this, and thought they had an easy prey, when the gates opened and out upon them burst not terrified townsfolk, not old style Honan regulars, but the advanced guard of General Chao Ch'ou's " I Chün " modern army. And the trail of the flight lay along the road from Mien Chih to Kuan Yin T'ang, nine miles up the road, a red horror. From that day on even the simulacrum of success which had been the eastern army's faded: there was nothing but retreat: here staying a few days making a pretence at a stand, but always flying when Chao Ch'ou's shells came hurtling through the air. At T'ung Kuan they attempted to entrench themselves. The Tutu and his second in command came up from Sianfu. There was talk of fierce resistance, but Chao Ch'ou came, and found it empty. East of Hua Yin Miao the eastern army caught sight of his shells, and stayed not to see the colour of his men's uniform. Their frenzied retreat caught Tutu Chang Feng Hui in its rush. The Tutu did his best to keep his men in hand, but it was hopeless. His orders, shouts, entreaties left him hoarse and voiceless, but they left him with no followers. In his agony of chagrin he threw himself down by the roadside, to die at the hands of whatsoever enemy should overtake him. The man who did overtake him was his colleague, Chang I Ch'ien. His men also had bolted, he himself powerless to stay their flight.

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He saw the Tutu lying in the road. "Up, man! they're coming!" said the newcomer. "Nay," replied the Tutu, "death is the only thing left. What can we do? These men will never make a stand."—It is to be remembered that the Kansu army was closing in upon Shensi on the west, and this eastern army had only to be driven far enough and it would be caught between two fires. But Chang I Ch'ien was for sensible retreat, a truce to great emotions! "Get up, get up," and he in good-humoured persistence pricked the unhappy Tutu with his sword point till he had him up and moving. A live dog is better than a dead lion in Chang I Ch'ien's opinion.

At Hua Yin Miao the flight was stayed. Chao Ch'ou was content to hold T'ung Kuan for a time. At Hua Yin Miao the leaders recovered some assurance, though "face" was lost for many a long day. They returned to Sianfu, leaving Chang Pei Ying in command.

Poor Chang Pei Ying! If his career had ended with the few days of his brilliant dash and enthusiasm at Sianfu he had had a brave record. Since those days his star has waned. Perhaps with the material at his command it was inevitable. For him it has been a series of humiliations until the day he made his peace with Chao Ch'ou after the declaration of the Republic. Perhaps all that was possible for him was what in charity let us call Fabian tactics. He has been, since those days, to Peking; has been received by the President. He complains frankly that his health has suffered through his having looked upon the wine there when it was red: his men, even his own bodyguard, have no discipline, and he is subjected to humiliation in the present and to humiliating memories of the past. Yet he was a gallant figure in those October days; kindly, courteous, enthusiastic, handsome, gloriously young—and it has come to this.

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CHAPTER XIII

MR. CLOUDY MOUNTAIN

THE story of the western army is the story of its general, Chang Yün Shan. He is known to the foreign community as "Mr. Cloudy Mountain," a play on the two last words of his name. And in truth he is the only figure that stands out from the ruck of leaders, the only cloud-compeller of them all.

Born a few miles west of Sianfu, as a small boy he went to the New Dominion, over the border into Russian Turkestan, where he lived some years. He has spent some time also in Thibet. Returning to Shensi he quickly obtained a leading voice in the counsels of the Ko Lao Hui. He became a trumpeter in the army, carrying out his propaganda amongst the soldiers. He is the noblest "elder brother" of them all. To him the old ideal of the society was not a mere cloak for selfish advancement and robbery. Its hero worship was taken seriously, its tenets carried out: one has only to be with him an hour to see the clean living of the man. He neither smokes nor drinks; against opium he wages a fierce war. He eschews rich food and sweets. He literally eats to live, despising gourmand and gourmet alike. The man is alive to his finger tips. It is to be presumed that the sphinx-like Chinese of fiction with impassive expressionless face like a mask, etc., etc., will continue to live some time yet—in fiction. Possibly Mr. Ah Sin, and the Chinese depicted in a certain type of shilling "shocker," appeared impassive, for the simple reason they were bored. The Britisher in the interior

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of China is apt to find the Chinese all too little impassive and "mask-like." But the final disillusionment for patrons of these artless, engaging portraits of the imperturbable celestial, would be half an hour's mental (and physical) hopping about to keep in touch with Mr. Cloudy Mountain. Nothing escapes his quick, restless glance, and he has the faculty of tearing the heart out of a subject in a short time, getting at the essentials and deciding on its worth to the present situation. Courage, sincerity, moral cleanness, shrewdness, these are his assets. Hatred of the Manchu usurper supplied the driving force. His courage is the proverb of the province. His word carries further than that of any Chinese in the administration—which may not be saying much—but his sincerity is indeed remarkable. The one big instance of his looting has been given, but this wealth he used and uses for public works, army payments and enormous charities. He is the Robin Hood type of freebooter. He has shown his common sense by realizing his limitations. His education is poor (the poverty thereof is perhaps to some extent a pose employed to emphasize his oneness with the rank and file of the army), so he surrounds himself with masters of the Confucian etiquette. But the dominating passion was that of a burning sense of injustice as he looked at the bondage of China, and he held a corresponding hatred of the Manchu. To hear him speak of it: to hear the sincere and passionate recital of a long list of wrongs, the senseless humiliations put upon his people, is to get more than a glimpse of the underground workings which preceded the late revolution. With no adventitious aid of money, influence or rank, with but his courage, his honesty, his tenacity of purpose to uphold him, he held on his way, always with the same end in view. In the Ko Lao Hui he saw his means and used it to his end.

Travesties of patriotism there are in abundance,

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creatures who crawl and bully, who are the drag on its progress, the stain on its record; but these alone could have effected no such mighty movement. For this we must look to the few elect souls, the men of sincerity, of insight, of passion, the Sun Yat Sens among the intellectuals, the Chang Yün Shans among the proletariat.

At last the day came, the *dies iræ* of the Manchu. To him "slay and spare not" was the one motto. Even to this day he frankly fails to understand that this course was not the right, the one and only course to follow. His gloating over the result is horrible, it is unashamed savagery. With his opportunity the man went mad; he fought and slew, slew and fought. Food and drink were forgotten; at the city gates where he fought there was neither. But for him hate and madness supplied them. They cut off the ears of dead Manchus and brought them to him, and what he drank was literally the blood of his foes. And he tells you that when he looked around and saw the final ruin; that the yoke was broken, the Manchu power for ever gone; that then the load which had rested almost as a physical burden on his heart, melted in a long sigh of utter relief; he felt that at last he could breathe, breathe the free air of heaven as a freed man.

Then reason returned. There came the need for construction. The Ko Lao Hui, which had served his purpose in removing the yoke, must now be prevented from becoming a scourge. He assumed its control, collected its chiefs about himself, secured the official residence of the Governor—the Fu Tai Yamen—for his head-quarters, and set himself to restore order and to secure discipline. The Ke Ming Tang had to content themselves with the old Imperial Palace, the palace used by the late Tzu Hsi when she and the Emperor Kuang Hsü fled to Sianfu in 1900.

He invited to act as his counsellor the most learned

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Confucian scholar in the province, the one man who had been an intimate of an Emperor, and who had experience of the highest Chinese official life. This was Sung Po Lu, censor in the reign of Kuang Hsü. This gentleman naturally refused the invitation, it was pressed and again refused, whereupon it was presented again—but by a hundred of the best troops in the city. Others, less noted but of real ability, were gathered in, with the result that whatever there is of culture, of courtesy, of aplomb in the administration is to be found not at the Tutu Fu, but at the yamen of the Commander General.

Then came the campaign of the western army, when by hard, stern fighting and careful oversight he put some discipline into his men, and gradually lessened the power of the Ko Lao Hui.

In spite of his contempt for the crowd about the Tutu, his dislike of the Ke Ming Tang intellectuals and particularly of their general Chang Pei Ying, his equal and rival in the army, he has loyally supported the Government, has put down rioting, has dealt summarily even with his own friends and comrades when caught. It still remains to be seen whether the lawless element in the Ko Lao Hui are crushed or whether they are stronger than their general's desire for reform.

His egotism is immense, he has no false modesty, he goes over the story of his campaign with gusto, never wearying of the repetition. Yet with it all, with the brag, with the savagery, with an appalling plain spokenness on most intimate aspects of living, he yet remains by sheer force of personality, sincerity of purpose, and directness of aim, the most compelling figure on the Shensi stage.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE ARMY OF THE WEST

Arma virumque cano. After the man his army: and what an army! The Ke Ming Tang Tutu naturally favoured his Ke Ming Tang colleagues. He had not forgotten the brilliant dash of Chang Pei Ying during the outbreak, and to him he gave practically all the best rifles which he succeeded at a later date in procuring from Hupeh. Certainly he would need them against the modern army coming up through Honan. Of the rifles distributed earlier many had been given out to Mohammedans, who could hardly be expected to use them against their fellow Mohammedans from Kansu, and who in fact had no idea of being used against either side, Man or Han being both alike indifferent to them. They played a lone hand. So the western army found such weapons as it might; it was truly a feast of pikes. The various towns were asked for a contingent and with joy sent off their dare-to-dies, their ne'er-do-wells. To pass them on the road was an instructive study in types. Never before had one realized Shensi's wealth of undesirables. Whence were they drawn? They were widely distinct from the stalwart farmer, the industrious artisan. They were not all villains: the most unlikely subjects were forced by a vague desire to help the province, to love their country, to eat "rations." Grooms, schoolboys, cooks, waiters found within them a spirit of adventure of which hitherto they had not dreamed. Young and old, tall and short, they shambled

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along in clouds of dust. There were no "tests" in the Shensi army. Gingals ten feet long formed the artillery and rifle arm alike. Ox-goads were a common weapon, also scythes bound to the pole end. Monmouth's captains saw such weapons, and with all its tatterdemalion appearance, there were hearts even in that western army that had some of the spark which fought and died on Sedgemoor. They had no clear cry such as "Monmouth and the Religion"; they were but vaguely groping after a love for country which as yet was hardly more than a desire to keep other provincials out of their own Shensi; yet the seed had fallen in their minds, the new hopes of brotherhood, of wider opportunity for a freer, fuller, life, were dimly stirring within them; and for these hopes, dim as they were, they died.

The actual hostilities were prefaced by brisk correspondence. Later Sheng Yün's army stopped all communication with Kansu. One of the Chinese commanders in Kansu, Chang Hsin Chih, wrote to General Chang Yün Shan that his desire and the desire of the Kansu authorities was to remain neutral. They themselves held Kansu for the Ta Ch'ing dynasty, they had no yearning after the rule of the Ke Ming Tang or the Ko Lao Hui (which after what had occurred in Sianfu was not surprising): but if Chang would do his share at the Shensi end, he would do his in Kansu to keep the peace. Already at Pinchou in Shensi, the Kansu and Shensi troops had come into collision, but he would do his best to withdraw his men. This was answered by Chang Yün Shan's adviser Sung Po Lu, who plaintively assured the Kansu general that he was where he was solely by reason of *force majeure*, that his friendship for his Ta Ch'ing royalist correspondent was undiminished, and that if he could stop the advance of the Shensi troops he would assuredly do so.

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But events and Sheng Yün were too strong for the peacemakers. The latter's appeals to the Kansu Viceroy to wage war on Shensi over which he, the Viceroy, was normally the ruler, were at first disregarded. The Viceroy, since he regarded Sianfu as the gate of the north-west, determined to do what in him lay for its recapture, but he had no idea of letting his own interests and plans rank second, either to the redressing of Sheng Yün's private wrongs or the gratification of his desire for revenge. In any case he was no free agent; behind him lay the redoubtable Ma An Liang, the Mohammedan Captain of the Free Companies, whose name spread terror from Sianfu to the Mongol plain, north of the Ordos Desert. War was his trade, and was the profit and recreation of the Kansu Mohammedans. They were considered invincible. The word went out. The Kansu crops were in. The farmer would turn soldier; only Shensi fields would suffer. They crossed the border and Sheng Yün prepared to revenge his private wrongs and the Manchu slaughter, on village, town and, if possible, on the capital of Shensi itself.

The strategic value of Pinchou, near the border of Shensi and Kansu, led to its becoming a place of contention early in the war. The revolutionary leaders in Sianfu sent an official representative named Shih to the Kansu border. He was to intimate to magistrates of the towns en route that there was a central authority. He carried the proclamations of the new government. He passed in succession through the towns of Hsienyang, Li Ch'uan, and others further west, meeting with no opposition, and by November 26th came to Pinchou. Here his men behaved badly, while he himself gave great offence to Chinese public opinion by marrying a girl at Pinchou and bringing her into his camp.

By December 2nd the Kansu troops, led by Pao Kuei

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En, had crossed the border and were approaching the town. These were not Mohammedans, but Chinese troops. In the skirmish which followed, the Shensi troops were badly beaten, and their retreat became a rout. Shih was overtaken and killed a few miles east of Pinchou. The Kansu troops being too small a force to venture far from their base, retired on Pinchou. They won golden opinions from the townsfolk, who had found two days of Shih's troops no slight infliction—by their moderation. Meanwhile the tale of defeat had reached Chang Yün Shan. He lay about halfway between Sianfu and the Kansu border. A second and much larger force of four "ying" (a ying should number five hundred men), were sent against Pinchou and reached the place on the 21st. The Kansu force, unable to hold the town, retired in good order back on Ch'ang Wu. On December 15th an engagement took place at Jan Tien, a large village nine miles west of Ch'ang Wu, which terminated in favour of the Shensi troops. The Kansu leader, finding it impossible to maintain his position on the Shensi border, had already appealed to Kansu for reinforcements. In response four "ying" of Kansu troops, making forced marches, had come within easy striking distance of Jan Tien, led by the Mohammedan Ma Kuei Jen, where the united attack of all three forces was to be delivered on the 16th. The two forces passed through Han Yü and Ho Fan respectively, reached the hills above Jan Tien unperceived, and lay hidden in caves which overlooked the bridge of Jan Tien.

On the 16th the third portion of the Kansu troops appeared to the west of Jan Tien bridge, a seemingly easy prey to the Shensi force of four "ying." These latter rushed to the bridge, Ma's troops on the main road being well to the west of the bridge. The Shensi vanguard was well over and the main body pouring on

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THE KANSU TROOPS
Leaders: MA FU HSIANG and MA CHUNG HSIAO

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to the bridge, when from right and left, the men under Wang and Chao opened fire on the closely packed mass beneath. Only the rear of that ill-fated force got away; the rest were caught hopelessly in the trap, and the bridge became choked with slain. Another and smaller body of Shensi troops, who were out pacifying the country, came within sight of the Kansu troop. These latter, not knowing the strength of the newcomers, retired, whilst the Shensi men brought back an appalling story of disaster which led to a stampede which was only stayed at Ch'ienchou.

The Commander of this Shensi western army then prepared to defend Ch'ienchou at all costs. And truly it needed a valiant spirit to face that situation. From Honan in the east the Imperialists were steadily advancing, and the Shensi troops unsteadily retreating. On the west Kansu was prepared to pour men into Shensi. For several reasons Sheng Yün's desire for vengeance was unappeased. The Kansu-Shensi Viceroy had little patience with the schemes of the Ke Ming Tang, and had declared he would regain Sianfu for the Ta Ch'ing. Ma An Liang's Mohammedans were out for a winter's campaign, and, weightiest reason of all, the Kansu Chinese, officials, gentry, and populace alike, were only too anxious, seeing that the Mohammedans were "up," to find them employment in another part of the empire. It was doubtless deplorable for Shensi to have the visitation, but then, Shensi itself was but a collection of "t'u fei," and doubtless deserved most of what it got—but it would have been a dire disaster (in the eye of Kansu) for Kansu Mohammedans to remain to plunder Kansu. For all of which reasons there was every likelihood of a heavy and prolonged invasion from Kansu. By the end of December the Mohammedans were near Ch'ienchou, which though not invested was

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constantly subject to attack until the beginning of March. Whilst Chang Yün Shan himself remained in Ch'ienchou directing its defence, he sent a certain number of his men to occupy Li Ch'uan twelve miles to the east. From Li Ch'uan the Shensi troops sent out parties of skirmishers when they saw any prospect of snatching an advantage from the Mohammedans. Meanwhile in Ch'ienchou the attack had been pressed more and more hotly. The Mohammedans made great efforts to effect an entry into the town before the Chinese New Year, February 18th. The town lies in the hollow of a basin, the sides of which overlook the town walls. A worse place for defence could scarcely be chosen. The townsfolk from their housetops could see the enemy skirmishing on the hills. The Shensi general knew little of the rules of war, but he knew that a stand must be made, and the enemy kept from Sianfu. His assets were his personal courage, his honesty of purpose, and his hold over the men of the Ko Lao Hui. For ten days the struggle went on almost incessantly, breaches were made, and ladders brought up to and laid against the wall. The struggle became a hand-to-hand one. Whether Mr. Cloudy Mountain understood the psychological value of his action or not, he took the best line. His rifles were few, his men as a whole not at home with them. He discarded the Western veneer, and relied on the old style of bravery. At close quarters and in that mêlée this told. They took to the "big knife," and foaming, yelling, raging, sometimes half naked, they fought in the old-time primitive fashion, driving steel into their opponents individually, and dismay into them collectively. The Kansu troops desisted at last and Ch'ienchou was saved. But Ch'ienchou was saved at the cost of Li Ch'uan. The Kansu troops, foiled at the first named, and determined if possible to win a place

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THE DEFENCE OF CH'IEN CHOU

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before the Chinese New Year, made a sudden dash for Li Ch'uan and found it unprepared. Ma "Tutu"—one of the "Tutus many"—failed to hold the town, which was sacked on the last night of the old year. And the Mohammedans celebrated the New Year in an orgy of brutal lust and cruelty. The Shensi troops who fell into Mohammedan hands were hacked to pieces, whole regiments were wiped out. The other Shensi troops retreated to Hsienyang, twenty miles to the south-east, and were pursued by the Kansu forces led by their already victorious leader Ma Kuei Jen, the victor of the Jan Tien bridge. Flat bare ground stretches for half a mile to the north and west of Hsienyang, and then breaks into rolling valleys and the ground gradually rises. As the Kansu troops came on in pursuit of their discomfited foes, Wu "Tutu," the Ko Lao Hui general holding Hsienyang, came out by the opposite gate, and, making a detour, reached the high rolling ground to the north and above the Kansu troops, who were thus taken between his cross-fire and that of the enemy whom they had been pursuing. The victory lay entirely with the Shensi army. It was not a remarkable one, nor was it a great battle as regards numbers, but its moral effect on the Shensi men was great. The Kansu troops were not invincible, they could be withstood.

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CHAPTER XV

THE DARKEST HOUR

THE relief in Sianfu was unspeakable. The victory won was only twenty miles away. In response to Wu's urgent demand for help they had sent the last dregs of the fighting men available to his assistance. Shensi, fighting against Honan on the east and Kansu on the west, had reached her limit. These last "availables" were passed on the road by an Englishman. Their weapons were the final scrapings up of pikes, knives, old native-made pistols, and gingals. They went either bare-foot or in straw sandals, with breeches rolled up to above the knee. The rain poured down; under it these "soldiers" trudged and shuffled along, and over their heads they held—umbrellas! In the midst of this mob, however, there stepped briskly a small, very small company of smartly-attired regulars of the newly-formed Bomb Corps. Nor was the anxiety in Sianfu on account of the Mohammedans only. Just before Li Ch'uan fell they heard that General Chao Ch'ou, in command of the I Chün, some of the best troops of Yuan Shih K'ai, had crossed the Honan border and captured T'ung Kuan, the gate into Shensi on the east. Sianfu seemed about to be at the mercy of the victorious armies. Thus, bad though the situation was, the check to the Mohammedans at Hsienyang saved them from despair. Meanwhile yet another city was saved at the cost of its neighbour.

Fenghsiangfu, four days west of Sianfu, had on October 25th been captured by the local Ko Lao Hui, around whom the general rabble gathered. The high school was first burned to the ground, after which the China Inland Mission Compound was looted and partly

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burned. Then came the destruction of the "hsien" yamen and then the "fu" yamen. Wanton, senseless destruction hailed the advent of liberty. Knowing they need expect no mercy, the new holders of the town made a long and desperate resistance to the Kansu Mohammedans when they reached the place. Ladders were laid against its walls; its suburb was taken; but Fenghsiangfu held out. The Mohammedans again turned and suddenly attacked a neighbouring and unprepared place. This time it was Ch'i Shan which suffered, a rich town famous in history, proud of its many learned Confucian scholars. The invaders surprised the Shensi troops who, believing the enemy to be at Fenghsiangfu, were keeping no watch. The regiment was annihilated, very few escaping out of a garrison of a thousand men.

Both Li Ch'uan and Ch'i Shan were taken after peace was declared in Peking: after the Republic had been proclaimed. But the difficulty was to get the news into Shensi, particularly to Sheng Yün, who, as the last official Governor of Shensi appointed by the Ta Ch'ing, was the person with whom the new Peking Government desired to communicate. How this was done is told in a later chapter.[1] For two weeks after the Republic was declared Sheng Yün, who had made Li Ch'uan his head-quarters, was ravaging the district, and always threatening Sianfu. Meanwhile General Chao Ch'ou having for the second time taken T'ung Kuan, came no further. The leaders in Sianfu not knowing the reason for this delay looked on each day without further attack as a reprieve. At last the news became known: China had ceased to be an empire, was a republic. Then Chao Ch'ou from being a force to be feared, the executioner of the Ta Ch'ing, was turned to as the only hope of deliverance, was entreated to come to the aid of the province. For Sheng Yün, enraged at being cheated of his vengeance, was for ignoring all orders from Peking, and,

[1] Page 87.

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relying on his Free Company allies, the Mohammedans of Ma An Liang, continued the war in Shensi. Chao Ch'ou had evacuated T'ung Kuan and retired into Honan as far as Shanchou, when he was ordered by Yuan Shih K'ai —who had received Sianfu's request via the Nanking Government—to go up to secure the safety of Sianfu.

No such troops, no such army, had ever before entered that city. He marched with that seemingly irresistible force through the city and sent his messengers to Li Ch'uan. Prompt submission not being forthcoming, he led his army out against the place. Sheng Yün, overpowered by a desire for vengeance that had been baulked, refused to meet him. Ma An Liang, a soldier by trade, had no such feelings. Chao Ch'ou offered them peace or war. His men, disappointed repeatedly of a fight, would have hailed the latter gleefully. Ma An Liang, however, saw that the game was up: and without his ally, Sheng Yün was powerless. The Kansu forces marched back into Kansu.

Then came the dramatic sequel: the one unexpected possibility which could save the Shensi leaders their position, and cause the province to lift up its head again. They had been freely termed and treated as "t'u fei," they were to have been drastically chastised as brigands, they had been refused recognition as Ke Ming Tang, they were but Ko Lao Hui; and so forth. But now, the force which had been appointed as the instrument of their chastisement, this army of law and order, of "proper" troops, this wonderful army mutinied, sacked and robbed and plundered as freely as any Ko Lao Hui, as any "t'u fei" of them all; though they amongst themselves resolved to burn no houses, and even shot one of their commanders who did so. For this the soldiers waited until they were back in the west suburb of Sianfu, because the city authorities had stipulated that they should not camp within the walls. They announced their mutiny by firing rifles, they broke into the shops—for

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the west suburb had previously escaped the looting which had been the fate of the city—and then proceeded to harry the country around, plundering the villages. Now came the opportunity of the Shensi leaders. Chang Feng Hui, the "Ta Tutu," proceeded to help the man who was to have been his punisher. Together they rode out some ten li to the west, where a mass of the mutineers had encamped. Chang Feng Hui harangued the mutineers on behalf of their leader, the province's "guest." Something was effected; though the soldiers did not immediately return to their allegiance, yet they allowed certain carts to be taken from the camp to the city and *those carts contained ammunition.* The rest was only a question of time. Their cartridges exhausted, they were powerless. Accustomed to consider themselves, with their modern guns, invincible, they would go in parties of two or three only to a village: they soon found they had erred in their calculations. The villagers chased them from their villages, hunted them across country, and caught them at the gate of the city which was closed against them. The exasperated villagers beat them to death outside the city they had come to dominate. Leaderless, without ammunition, hated, strangers in a far province, the soldiers returned to barracks and made their submission. They were disarmed and put in marching order. Half a day in front of them went an armed regiment of the despised Shensi soldiers: behind them at a like distance marched a second regiment. So they came to T'ung Kuan on the border. And thus in humiliation and disgrace, they were shepherded and policed out of Shensi.

After this the Peking Government had no face to refuse recognition to the Shensi leaders: the Tutu and those under him were confirmed in their offices, and Shensi received into the fold. The "Shensi Republic" as such ceased to be, and Shensi entered on terms of honour into her full right as a province of the Republic of China.

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CHAPTER XVI

ADVISER TO THE GOVERNMENT

WHEN the senior English missionary returned to the city from the Gospel village, it was to find an accumulation of business urgently pressing. In the north-west of the province, at Suitechou and Yenanfu, were colleagues in danger, and in the latter case penniless. There were messages and help to be sent to various friends in the province, inquiries to be made from others. There was general thought to be taken for the native Christians and missionaries in Sianfu.

Until Mr. Lin [1] left the province, in despair at the prevailing anarchy, the natural proceeding was to do business with the provincial foreign office. Then the missionary went on business affairs to the north yamen, the head-quarters of the Tutu, Chang Feng Hui. Meanwhile the pitiable condition of the Manchus, homeless, wounded, hunted, starving, was pressing on his attention. The missionary found out to his horror what was the condition of the Manchu prisoners. These had been brought in from surrounding towns after the first fury had passed, and were being held up to ransom. He was insistent for their proper treatment; he himself saw to it that the worst cases got immediate relief. The Manchus were sought out quietly. Some crept in from the country where they had been hiding: the old women who had been left amidst their ruined homes were told of the relief available at the Chiu Shih T'ang, the "Save

[1] Chapter XXI, p. 116.

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the World Hall."[1] Chinese women were put to making up garments, and these were given to the destitute who a short time before had been wealthy members of a ruling caste, and who now came about the missionary's devoted wife, pleading for aid, for the bare food and clothing, which would deliver them from death by cold and starvation.

In the early dispatches from the Ke Ming Tang central authority at Nanking or Hankow, orders had come to provide Red Cross leaders where there were wounded soldiers or civilians. Certain men in the city as a consequence were appointed as managers. But they had none of the knowledge necessary. Thus, for all the real body of their work, they were dependent on the Mission hospital. Sianfu is ten days' journey from the Peking-Hankow railway, and there is no hospital east of that line along the Shensi road. There was no doctor in Kansu. Thus for the armies engaged in Kansu, Shensi, and West Honan, the only medical corps possible must be obtained from the English Baptist Mission in Shensi. The Red Cross Society like sensible men threw themselves upon the mercy of the missionaries. They arranged a feast, in order that the senior missionary and the missionary doctors might meet the army leaders in the city. Later when Chang Yün Shan returned from the west, one of his first actions was to visit the hospital to show his sincere gratitude. His chief adviser, Sung Po Lu, and the chief adviser to the Tutu, Kuo Hsi Jen, were men who were quick to feel the accession of stability which might accrue both to their counsels and to their future prospects, should the help of the Rev. A. G. Shorrock be secured. It was the same with all the leaders; once they had met a strong man, who was just whilst being sympathetic, and whose motives were obviously disinterested, they were gripped and held.

[1] The title adopted by the English Baptist Mission in Shensi.

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Help, much help, they got, but of easy assurance, none. He awakened within them stirrings of shame for the Manchu massacre. He returned to the charge till they gradually set about some relief. "No money? The treasury empty? Then go to the leaders of the city, of the army, to the Tutus. Let them give of their private wealth." He was too wise to say ill-gotten gains, and they too clever to fail to understand.

And with it all he kept his faith in the future of the province. Through all that was unwise, that was deplorable, that was ludicrous in the temporary government—he had the insight to grasp the fact that these men had come to stay: that with all their limitations—and their obvious limitations in many directions their best friend cannot deny—the self-respect of the province would not allow of their being set aside at the dictation of an outside authority: whether that of Peking or another. For the province was conscious of having deserved censure, and was obstinately and recklessly determined to submit to none. And the man who for nearly twenty years had worked in the province, to whom Shensi and its regeneration was a ruling passion, saw his opportunity. They thought him disinterested. In one deep sense he was far from being so. He saw that something might be made of these leaders. He saw a way of access to classes hitherto unapproachable; and he planned for the future, worked for the enlightenment which should one day flood the province; and while pity drove him to relieve their present woe, his hope was for the cleaner life, the purer thought, the renewed hearts and minds that were yet to be.

By February 11th, General Chao Ch'ou was at T'ung Kuan, and the city felt that the day of reckoning could not long be delayed. But while waiting for the representative of Yuan Shih K'ai, who was still to them a

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minister of the Ta Ch'ing—the Mohammedans had taken Li Ch'uan, had advanced to Hsienyang eighteen miles away. The Englishman wrote to Sheng Yün appealing to his patriotism, to his humanity, and assuring him that he had certain information that peace had been declared. Why then prolong the conflict, with all its resulting misery? Sheng Yün, still eaten up with desire for vengeance, was not to be turned aside; but the Sianfu leaders were grateful for the attempt. Then came a telegram from the British Minister asking if Mr. Shorrock could get a message through to Sheng Yün from Yuan Shih K'ai, as being the latter's speediest way of getting into communication with the Kansu leaders. In reply to a telegram expressing willingness to make the attempt, H. E. Yuan sent a long telegraphic dispatch to Mr. Shorrock, leaving the means of delivering it to Sheng Yün to his discretion. Volunteers were called for, and a young "councillor" of Chang Yün Shan undertook to carry the message to Sheng Yün. It was one of the most courageous actions in the Shensi story. For what followed Sheng Yün's name is rightly held in horror. He took a man who came as a herald, a messenger of peace, who came to bring news which meant unspeakable relief to the two provinces, he took this man and had him put to death by that most terrible of all deaths, the old Chinese "slow process." A second man volunteered, but he, warned by the fate of his predecessor, crept by night as close as he dared to the enemy, and having fastened the letter about an arrow, shot the arrow into the Mohammedan camp.

And now Chao Ch'ou came on to Sianfu, not as its conqueror but saviour, in response to its appeal to deliver it from the Kansu troops. On the day after his arrival he had a long interview with the English missionary in the east suburb. Here at least he could get at an

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unbiased narrative. This he got, as well as all the apologia that could be honestly offered for the Shensi leaders. He left next day for Li Ch'uan, as we have seen. On his return, when his men revolted, an urgent request was sent in from the city authorities in the east suburb to ask the Shorrocks to move into the city. The east suburb clamoured at the departure, conscious that they were losing their best friend, fearful that his removal would be the signal for trouble in the suburb.

Before he left with his disgraced troops for Honan, Chao Ch'ou in his hour of grief and humiliation sought out the man who had already gained his respect and admiration. In the Sianfu Hospital there is a small garden court which can be shut off from the main buildings. Outside this court there remained his bodyguard, his servants, the prying listeners, that hang about the Chinese official; and within it for an hour he spoke freely. His surcharged heart found relief. And he found the comfort he craved. It was not in vain that he had sought the help of an English Christian gentleman. And the account of how narrow had been Sianfu's escape from the horrors of Sheng Yün and his Mohammedans, an escape due almost certainly to Chao Ch'ou's appearance, lost nothing in the telling when it reached the Peking Government from the Sianfu missionary. The two men met again months later at Shanchou; they met as friends who had together faced great issues, and had proved each other's worth.

With the cessation of hostilities the Ko Lao Hui and their troops returned to the city. Chao Ch'ou might still have to be called back to quiet internal strife. This was the time to test the loyalty of Chang Yün Shan. And the man proved equal to the demand. The difficult period passed without serious outbreak. War over, the Shensi government recognized the need of

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strenuous constructive work. They had so much to learn, and no time for the learning. They needed a man who could put them right—as far as possible—with the outside world, a man who would prevent them in the future from making their mistakes of the past. They needed not a sentimentalist, not an enthusiastic republican, but one with mind well balanced, a judgment matured. It was almost inevitable they should turn to the man whom they had proved through these months of their extremity, and invite him to become in name, what he had already become in fact, their political adviser.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS: THE CITY BASE

At the moment of the outbreak there were within the walls of Sianfu a doctor and his wife and a professional nurse, all members of the English Baptist Mission. By evening Dr. Charter was being escorted through the streets, where with difficulty a way was cut through the howling, surging mob, that he might go to the aid of Herr Henne, the Postmaster of Sianfu. The guard called out vigorously and frequently that the man they guarded was not to be killed, varying the cry with hurried explanations. When twenty-two hours later he returned, they were beginning to bring in the wounded patriots, witness that the Manchu guard had still some fight in them. Many had inadvertently shot themselves in the hand, their comrades in the back, whilst handling modern rifles for the first time in their lives. From that time on for seven months the hospital was filled to overflowing, and became the parent institution of many branches. On Monday and Tuesday the wounded came in in a steady stream. All distinction of beds was lost in the numerous patients lying between. The stable became an annexe; everywhere and anywhere they lay. The announcement that Manchu women and children were to be spared filled the women's wards.

Used as Nurse Watt might have become to ghastly sights in England, this succession of wounds left undressed for days, while the poor women hid in dry wells or in some ditch at the mercy of flies—which even in late October found their victims—was heartbreaking.

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The English Baptist Mission was splendidly served by some of its Christian helpers in those days. Of Mr. Shih we shall hear again; there is also at the hospital a man named Ch'en, an old servant of the Mission who acts as business manager. A man with sufficient failings doubtless, but who showed good sense, ingenuity, and faithfulness now. Whilst the mob raged outside the hospital, he kept cool-headed and alert, doing much to comfort and help the two ladies in Dr. Charter's absence. Knowing the dangerous position in which the east suburb members of the Mission might well be, he hit upon the device of pressing upon the new leaders the urgent need of obtaining the services of Dr. Cecil F. Robertson for the ever-increasing tide of wounded flowing into the place. Since Dr. Robertson had been shut out by the hurried closing of the city gate, sending for him meant getting into communication with the east suburb members of the Mission, and ensuring them, if still there, protection and help.

By Wednesday the Tutu was persuaded to give authority for the hospital dispenser to go out to the east suburb to bring back Dr. Robertson, who had been shut out there by the unforeseen closing of the gate on Sunday at noon. But there was no idea of opening the gates. . . . The dispenser was let down, at the east gate tower, from the wall by a rope, whence he made his way to the missionary compound in the east suburb. Then doctor and dispenser made their way back to the gate, the latter sturdily holding out the Tutu's flag of protection. For days the dwellers in the east suburb had watched the flames ascending from the city, they had heard the shouts and cries, had seen the slain of the Manchu guard hurled from the wall into the moat below: all this, but never a living person to tell what had happened, only occasional messages

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shouted from the soldiers on the wall. An actual living person from that inferno who moved along their streets was some one to be gazed upon with wide eyes. The doctor and dispenser forded the moat at a spot near the east gate where the water was low. With ropes about them they were drawn up, fending themselves off the wall with their feet. And underneath as they swung in mid air, lay the pile of corpses pushed from the wall by the victors. There the man accustomed to death and suffering in so many aspects saw it anew that day. Professional use and custom did not make the sight any easier to gaze upon : this awful mass of pitiful human bodies mangled, hacked, then brutally thrown aside. The hospital staff was now brought up to two doctors and a nurse, the other two doctors of the staff, Dr. Andrew Young and Mrs. Young (also a doctor), were meanwhile being hunted about the hills of Chung Pu.

One of the earlier patients was the acting Governor, the provincial treasurer Ch'ien. He had arrived from Mukden only five months previously, and must therefore have lost greatly from the financial point of view, only having had five months in which to recoup himself for the money expended in obtaining his appointment. After leaving the Provincial Assembly, he had taken refuge in a shop and been there hidden. Of his 110 attendants, only four remained faithful. The soldiers and the officials, after a brief encounter with the revolutionaries, made common cause with them. On the fourth day of the fighting he attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself, the heavy bullet being within a very little of inflicting a serious injury. Two days later he was discovered and brought to the temporary head-quarters of the Ke Ming Tang (as distinct from the Ko Lao Hui), who had by this time removed from the Magazine to the University. The bullet was extracted,

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and Ch'ien remained under treatment for a month, after which he retired into private life and eventually reached Shanghai.

One of the earliest victims brought in was a little boy of eight or nine. A Christian evangelist had made his way into the Tartar city seeking some Manchu Christians who were missing, and the evangelist went to get news of them, or to give any help he could. The roadside lay strewn with dead. One boy, one of hundreds lying about, was not dead, though bleeding profusely. The evangelist carried him on his back to the hospital a mile away. He came along a route where soldier "patriots" stood at the street openings with loaded guns and drawn swords, waiting to cut down fugitives from the Tartar city. It was not a day for showing sympathy to Manchus. But they let this man pass. "Oh, he's a Christian, the gospeller in the south square. They believe in pity and that sort of thing: let him pass and take the child too." But the doctor, examining the child had to say, "Brother Sung, it was well done, but I fear the child must die. The internal injury is beyond healing." "Well, doctor, I did it to please my Lord, and we can still give the child to Him." In the hospital at least racial animosity received no sanction, Manchu and Chinese, soldier and victim were received on equal terms, though even here the terrified Manchus sought the refuge of the stable, not daring to lie in the wards which sheltered their wounded soldier assailants. Until Dr. Charter, the man who had to bear the brunt of the first four days, was joined by his colleague, who scaled the wall, he and Nurse Watt had to face an experience as new as it was appalling. It was enough to unnerve the native assistants, this vicious, looting mob outside the walls: and within a helpless crowd—refugees, soldiers, patients, friends. And the assistants at

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Sianfu Hospital had to be directed and heartened for four days by the one man only. Then for months there came a procession of wounded. At the Foreign Office was a man named Lin, one of the best they had in the province. He arranged with the hospital, on behalf of the new Government, that all patients brought in during these days, all victims of the revolution, should be treated at the expense of the Government.

Soon the soldiers from the front came in—a batch of twelve from the engagement at Chang Wu, four days away. At this time most came, however, from the east. There, Chang Pei Ying's base was at Hua Yin Hsien, and his objective the capture of T'ung Kuan. Soon the casualties grew to such numbers that the Foreign Office had to put the hospital into touch with the War Office direct, and the hospital became to all intents and purposes the Army Hospital.

After a month the two other doctors of the mission were rescued from the caves in the north and got to the hospital. Then Lin and another, Ke Ming Tang men, arranged with the War Office for a field hospital attached to the eastern army. Whilst one doctor was away there, the Ko Lao Hui leaders who commanded the western army pleaded for a similar field hospital in the west. This meant a second doctor leaving the city, and the main hospital was again left in charge of Dr. Charter. By December the Government were obliged to place at his disposal a large residence near by, where he could attend the overflow from the hospital. At the end of December the doctor from the eastern army returned, bringing a number of the wounded, and early in January a large "Kung kuan" (official residence), next door to the hospital compound, was impounded, and hospital number three was opened: in another fortnight this was filled, and a fourth house taken opposite. A quarter

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of a mile away is an Orphanage which for years has stood a witness of the charity that can well up in the heart of the Chinese.

By the end of February further accommodation was needed, and the orphans were ousted for the time being, and their buildings turned over to the Army Medical Corps. The back of the Orphanage premises joined that of the University, now empty and despoiled. An opening was made in the wall and a court of the University filled, which, with the Orphanage, constituted hospital number five.

Then typhus appeared. Two cases were detected and taken to a temple near by. Mercifully the disease did not spread: the first two cases remained the only ones. Number six being thus an isolation hospital, another small temple was requisitioned for further cases and formed hospital number seven. Last of all there was a place used in the now desolate Manchu city, to which patients down with smallpox, which had broken out in the city, were sent. All that the Mission Army Medical Corps could do for these was to see that they were provided with food, shelter and covering, and to hire men to be with them. Such men had no training, their one qualification was that they had already had the disease.

It is obvious that two surgeons—and at times but one—could not pretend to see daily to the dressings of six hundred patients. In the rush of these days general rules as to the out-patient department had to be suspended: all cases, light or heavy, were received, the burden of finding food and shelter devolving on the War Office and in some measure on the Red Cross Society. For the month of March the care of two hundred patients was put in the charge of four Chinese medical students from Japan, sent up by the Central

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Red Cross Association in Nanking. Their arrival at a time of great pressure brought much relief to the foreign medicals, though unfortunately at the end of the month they had, to their own regret and still more to the regret of their English colleagues, to return home before starting to Japan for their final session. Some patients, once seen, could be subsequently left to the assistants; and for others one visit a week by the surgeon had to suffice.

There were patients brought in who did nobly; men who bore their pain with fortitude—who had a rare quality of self-detachment. Some of the young officers showed qualities which argue well for the future of the new style Chinese students. One is irritated often by these same students' superficiality, their arrogance; but in the hour of trial they did well, especially the military students. One case must suffice. A young lad of nineteen was brought in shot in the abdomen. It was a case of a very serious nature, and while the preparations were being made the operation agreement was brought in. This youth, who had fought pluckily in the open, now as he lay on the operating table itself, bravely signed the agreement. There is good stuff in plenty, for the making of good men, in the Chinese colleges.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS: FIELD HOSPITALS

THE original idea of the general was to have a field hospital at Pinchou on the west, and at T'ung Kuan on the east. The T'ung Kuan plan was realized for a time, but Pinchou never saw the medical corps.

On the 13th of December the doctor and his assistants set out from Sianfu for Pinchou, but whilst travelling along a dangerous bit of embankment were met by the Shensi army retreating in wild disorder from the defeat at Jan Tien, which had occurred on December 16th. Before the hospital party could get clear, three out of their four carts were overturned into the river, and their stores of bandages, instruments and drugs, including the precious chloroform, were lost. There was nothing for it but to retreat to Ch'ien Chou. Here, since Chang Yün Shan decided to make his stand against the Kansu army, the hospital was arranged. As we have seen, however, the enemy, in spite of their victory, retired, and since there were no patients the doctor returned to Sianfu, there to wait till summoned again to the front. He arrived late at night, and the card of the captain of the wall—which had been given with a view to such a contingency—being presented, the gates of the city were opened. It needs to be very urgent public business which gets the gates of Sianfu open when once shut for the night. The expected summons came on December 29th, when the doctor again returned to Ch'ien Chou. Whilst there the Mohammedans came up to within sight of the city, and a serious engage-

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ment took place. The only experienced assistant had been delayed, and was now forbidden by the Li Ch'uan commander to proceed further, as there was heavy fighting on the road to Ch'ien Chou. For four days he remained at Li Ch'uan, miserable at the thought of Dr. Young's great need, and then he took things into his own hands and set out alone for Ch'ien Chou. From the road as he journeyed he could see the skirmishing on the hills.[1]

This had left the doctor with a gatekeeper and coolies, who had never before assisted in hospital work. One of these had to be shown then and there the duties of anæsthetist, and the other those of assistant surgeon. They struggled on till 8 a.m., until the doctor could hardly stand. Such is the evolution of hospital assistants —in Shensi. The cases were about as bad as they could be. The bullets used by the Mohammedans were soft lead. There is a dreadful collection of these, in-flattened, twisted and spread, in the possession of one of the Shensi surgeons. General Chang Yün Shan, fearing Ch'ien Chou would prove unsafe for the hospital, arranged for the wounded to be taken to Li Ch'uan, twelve miles to the rear. The journey was made by night, and on the road the drivers got a scare, and, to his horror, the surgeon saw hurrying carts containing his wounded go bumping violently at rapid pace over the rough " surface " on one of the worst roads in China.

At Li Ch'uan he patched up most of the wounded and sent them to the base hospital at Sianfu, remaining with nine or ten at Li Ch'uan. On January 8th he himself collapsed with the strain of the past week. By the evening of the 9th an urgent message arrived from Sianfu. There were 250 patients and only one medical. On the 10th, rising from a sick bed, Dr. Young mounted a horse and rode the thirty-three miles from Li Ch'uan to Sianfu, and the first fifteen miles were done on a

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horse which had a brutal trot. To get away from Li Ch'uan had been difficult. The "Tutu" Ma thought this was a ruse to get to Sianfu and thence to the coast. He refused to release the surgeon unless he gave his word that his colleague should come up to replace him. It is an interesting fact that while he could credit the foreigner with such guile, he was yet content to accept his promise.

When the promised colleague, fresh from the base hospital in the city, did arrive, he was able to enlighten Ma Tutu on the actual condition of affairs there, and to point out the futility of two doctors attempting to manage two such separate hospitals. He then proceeded to make the remaining wounded as comfortable as possible, gave directions for their transport to Sianfu, and returned to the city with all speed. The methods of transporting the patients were such as were only possible in a country where men are used from childhood to carrying by poles. Give a Chinese working man a stout pole and plenty of rope, and there is little that will baffle him from two baskets of eggs to a hundredweight of coals. Two men, or two groups of men, with pole or poles between, will perform prodigies—all of which meant much facility for the medical corps transport work. The patients came lying on a door slung from two poles and carried by two comrades; on inverted tables, the patient seated between the waving table-legs; in sedan chairs; in carts devoid of springs; sat upon the charcoal burners' wooden packs, which are fastened to a man's back; others lay on bamboo couches slung from the inevitable poles by ropes. Best of all was a net fastened between two long bamboo poles borne by three men. And by whatsoever method carried, still they came, still the numbers rose.

One of the men brought from the west had been left wounded and lay in the snow for three days and

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three nights. Another, a mere boy, caught by the Mohammedans, had both feet chopped off, yet eventually was brought in and ultimately recovered. One man caught in the trap at Ch'i Shan lay wounded for five days and five nights at the bottom of a dry well: the bullet had passed through his loins, injuring his spine. When the Mohammedans left the place he succeeded in attracting the attention of a peasant, and with what difficulty and pain only he knew was drawn up from the depths of the well. Throughout this campaign the humanity, the unaffected kindness of the Chinese peasant, shone out bravely. In normal times, if a man lay dying on their doorstep they dared not give help lest they should be implicated in some subsequent inquiry. But during this war it was so evident that the injuries received were inflicted by the Mohammedans that the peasant knew he could not be blamed. He was able to respond to the promptings of his natural pity. The charge of callousness so often attributed to the Chinese peasant needs to be revised: the charge should be the corruption of his rulers.

The eastern army had its field hospital started sooner. On November 19th a doctor left Sianfu for T'ung Kuan, where the hospital was arranged, but as all remained quiet he returned on December 3rd. By December 8th it was necessary to start for the front once more: T'ung Kuan was reached on December 10th, when the Honan troops were a few miles from the town. At midnight the doctor discovered that the army he had come to assist had silently disappeared. The yamen was empty, the town gates on the Shensi side were wide open. So the little medical corps went trailing back again to find its army; the corps travelled in a farmer's rough, open cart: luggage on the floor of the cart, and the doctor, assistants and "boys" rocking and swaying above.

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Arrived at Hua Chou in this humiliating fashion, the soldiers cheerily greeted them: "Oh! so you ran away too!" This to the people they had coolly left in the lurch was truly adding insult to injury.

At Hua Chou, though most of the populace had fled, they had left a few to hover about in the offing to give them word if they were needed. In this way a miller learned that a party were to be quartered on his premises. He came expecting to find soldiers: when he found that he was to have the Red Cross instead, his undisguised joy was very instructive to those who wish to know what war means to the people in its path. The army stayed at Hua Chou till the 16th, and the medical corps with it. On the 16th advance was made to Hua Yin Hsien. On the 17th an unsuccessful attack was made on T'ung Kuan, and by the evening the wounded were beginning to come into the base at Hua Yin. This meant heavy work till the 21st, when T'ung Kuan was recaptured by the Shensi troops under Chang Pei Ying, since, owing to Chao Ch'ou's ammunition having given out, he was compelled to evacuate the town.

Part of the army then returned to Sianfu, leaving Chang Pei Ying in command at T'ung Kuan, with no immediate likelihood of an engagement. The ammunition of the medical corps had also given out: some of the chloroform and drugs having been lost at T'ung Kuan. The Chinese soldier, if shot, has, so long as he remains conscious, one main desire—to get the bullet out. More than one man succeeded in extracting the bullet from his body by use of knife and fingers. Others clamoured to the surgeon, even though he had no chloroform, to extract the bullet for them. But it was obviously wise to get them as soon as possible to the city, where accommodation and appliances were more efficient; so the eastern field hospital prepared to retire to its base.

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CHAPTER XIX

ON THE ROAD WITH THE WOUNDED

"That it may please Thee to succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation; . . . and to shew Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."

It was Christmas Eve in the last year of the Chinese Empire. Along a great high road there came a pitiful procession. Here a wounded man sitting in a chair slung between two poles; there a party of four carrying a door, and on it a man with a leg broken, splintered by a fragment of shell; for another a litter had been improvised, matting laid on ropes stretched between two poles.

The day before they had been a field hospital, now they were a wounded transport train. Their own regiments had returned from the front, and to be left behind meant, perhaps, to remain unpaid, unfed, unheeded. And the homing instinct was strong. Very young soldiers were these; discipline they had none. And in their pain they cried as little children cry—for their mothers, for their homes. In spite of all warning, all prohibitions, those who could crawl or persuade comrades to carry them were slipping back to the provincial capital. It would have been easy to stand on professional dignity; no obedience, no attendance; easy—and cheap. It would certainly not have furthered the cause at heart. So with a rueful smile, as of one dealing with children who must be managed in the best way open to him, the surgeon turned his hospital into an ambulance train.

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The soft snow fell persistently all the night before their start, and the world still lay white around them, save where the trampled high road wound on ahead. It was a straggling line, for some of the wounded had failed to reach the rendezvous the previous night, and had six miles to make up at dawn. These late comers, arriving at the stopping-place, found hot millet soup and good wheaten bread provided by the few food-shops of the village. Fortified by this the wounded then had their dressings seen to, and each patient, made as comfortable as might be, went on in charge of his bearers.

To the south-east rose one of the sacred mountains of China, imposing always, now wondrous in its winter purity. To the right stretched the wide plain slashed only by the broad, sluggish river, making its way to swell the volume of "China's Sorrow." It was bitterly cold. Over the fallen snow was a thin glazing of ice, the effect of the slight noon thaw. The trodden slush of the high road, a road bad at its best, frozen now also, made the going hazardous. Suddenly there was a shriek of pain, followed by sobbing groans. The bearers of the man whose leg was broken, and who was being borne by them on a door, stumbled, and in so doing dropped their burden. The fall was not more than two feet, but the jar was horrible, the pain excruciating. The surgeon was at hand immediately, and the damage repaired as well as might be under the difficult conditions. There was, happily, an opiate forthcoming

At last the stage was reached and they found, *mirabile dictu*, a good inn, doors and window-frame still unburnt, brick beds still capable of being fired. Fired they promptly were with straw, or any kindling procurable. The reek of the resultant smoke was accepted philo-

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sophically, and dubbed aseptic. Here, then, they laid the wounded: on beds, on doors laid across forms or horse-troughs, in their litters. And in and out amongst them went the surgeon with his one raw assistant provided by the "Red Cross." The other assistants had been left behind to attend to the few whom it was safe and possible to leave nearer the front. "Assistants," quotha! gatekeepers, cooks, coolies, anything a few weeks before; somehow taught to bandage, to lift, to fetch and carry. The feeble light from a Chinese lantern fell upon the primitive equipment: a few pots, an enamel washbowl or two, some dressings and a few tabloids. That was all. And always was the surgeon greeted with pitiful appeals for "stop-the-pain medicine."

Christmas Day dawned clear, cold, still. Over all there brooded peace, covering even the piteousness of the grim procession with its soft promise. Perhaps, though, it was only to one man there that the promise was articulate. The young Church of China has its own fresh, naïve joy, its spring freshness, but the gracious memories which cluster round the Christmas festival are for the Church in the homelands and to those gifted in some measure with the historic sense. To the heart of the Englishman, this Christmas morn, in its beauty and stillness, brought a message of glory. Some one must be told. Some one must share the knowledge that it was Jesus' birthday. The Red Cross boy, to whom the Cross of his badge meant so little, was told something of that Glorious One who came to earth from heaven.

It was all very far away from home and from what Christmas may mean there; there were no carols, no joyous greetings. No carols save in a man's heart. But there joy sang. For it is given to those who enter into the love of Christ to know that His Church, though

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elect from every nation, is yet one o'er all the earth. There came memories of a home Christmas, of a stately church wherein worshippers had united in intercession for all who on Christmas Day were travellers, and *for all who were lonely.* And distance was no bar to worship; there was still, even on this Chinese high road, abundant entrance into its fellowship. Assuredly the "Communion of Saints" is a blessed fact dependent on no geographical considerations.

At length a town was reached which sprawled its one busy street along the highway. Near the far end was a preaching hall. Here was a Chinese evangelist, modest, gentle, faithful, a very Nathaniel. He was that rare Chinese—a man not eloquent, slow of speech and of a slow tongue. But he sought by love to serve his fellows; he knew by experience some of the laws of that other world, and how "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"; and knowing this he could well afford to go on his way in quiet faithfulness.

He had spent a few pence in getting some bean curd and a little vegetable, and when the twilight fell on the day's work the Christians of the place were to gather with him for a simple meal and fellowship. They would take up again the lovely story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and in spite of the desolation of war about them would hear again the echoes of the angels' song.

The road dressings had been done for the last time. Next day, bearers and wounded would reach a provincial centre and a Mission Hospital. So the surgeon went on his way with the immediate care of his flock off his mind. For a few hours there was a respite—until he plunged into the hospital, crammed and overflowing with wounded.

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It was all very dreadful, no doubt, this war and its attendant horrors; but it is good and profitable to turn at times from brooding on the temporal woe to the eternal wisdom. And it was Christmas Day. Battle, murder and sudden death were not yet over in this world, were, indeed, at the moment not far away, but in spite of all faith stood, love wrought, hope grew.

And the Babe of Bethlehem would surely be born again! In lowly places; in the hearts of wounded soldiers; in the hearts of wondering peasants, yea, even in the stubborn hearts of the supercilious leaders, who now saw with wonder and gratitude the help sent out to them from overseas—sent by the eagerness of Christian love.

The stars came out; at first shyly, one by one; then rapidly, bravely, a glittering host. And in their joyous shining they drew the heart upward and hope forward to the region and the time where life is perfect, to where beyond these voices there is peace.

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DESTITUTE MANCHUS RELIEVED AT THE ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION

MR. CLOUDY MOUNTAIN

The three figures in foreground from left to right are Professor W. Morgan Palmer, General Chang Yün Shan, and J. C. Keyte

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CHAPTER XX

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE: TWO PARABLES

I. *The Bomb Corps.*

SOME of the worst cases brought in were victims of accidents in the Bomb Corps. One Japanese had remained in the city during the disturbed period, and he taught the revolutionaries how to make bombs—for which agent of destruction they came to the healing hospital *without* success. Potassium chlorate was in great demand. The soldiers of the Bomb Corps were provided with belts containing several pockets, and in each pocket a bomb. Then these walking danger zones were let loose in the ranks, with no safeguards and the minimum of training. The Bomb Corps mingled with the general army without any precautions being taken. The members of the corps walked about unconcernedly, carrying on them death to themselves and to scores of their comrades.

Truly might the Chinese soldier cry, "Save us from our friends." When a bomb-thrower marching with the army was shot, not "in the waist," but "in the bomb," there was devastation all around. Even when not in action there were still frequent disasters. Three men of the corps sat talking on the west wall of the city. One man carelessly let a bomb fall. All three were killed, two men further away were fatally injured, and a sixth man was wounded, but recovered in the hospital. Members of this "smash egg corps," to translate literally the Chinese term used, appeared in the hospital, calmly strolling round till the doctor

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ordered them to take themselves and their bombs elsewhere forthwith.

And the Bomb Corps of Shensi is at once fact and illustration, history and parable. It is an embodiment of the irresponsibility of the young revolutionaries. Nothing better illustrates the lighthearted way in which they handled dangerous forces. They undertook the pulling down of the old Government, the direction of the affairs of a great province, with a gay lightheartedness, a refusal to pause before possible inability to cope with the ensuing situation, which, when one looks back on it all, seems appalling, incredible. They were young, without experience, heady with text-book knowledge, inflamed by the partisan pamphlet. An over-emphasis of certain aspects of a question may be necessary, and at times legitimate, in order that the consideration of an enterprise may be changed into its active prosecution: but the young revolutionaries of the north-west had bent their energies almost entirely on the question of destruction. They had a vague idea that when the ground was cleared they could apply a Western civilization and a Western form of Government to their own country; but whether the country was able or willing to accept and digest them was a question few had ever faced.

II. *The Chelsea Hospital.*

Of all the hospitals the joy and pride of the Army Medical Corps is their "Chelsea Hospital." The idea, though emanating from the foreigner, was carried through by the zeal and the untiring patience of their assistant, Mr. Shih, who still, though now a member of the Foreign Office, gives most of his time and strength to the Hsü Shang Yuan, the "Pity-the-Wounded" hospital, of which he is the president. Here men who have lost a limb or limbs, who are permanently disabled,

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THE PRIDE OF THE SHENSI ARMY MEDICAL CORPS—THE "CHELSEA HOSPITAL" OF SHENSI

Probably the only institution of its kind in China, and shows the better side of both the Shensi Ko Lao Hui and Ke Ming Tang. Many of the men on this photo are "Elder brethren"

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have their home, where in honourable retirement, they, as proved "love their country" soldiers, may pass the remainder of their days. Trades such as they can work at in spite of their being crippled have been taught them: there is weaving, cane chair making, even carpentering going on. The money earned is their own, and goes for such comforts as they wish to buy, and in many cases means money sent to the old home. And though this institution is a Government one, under the control of the War Office, it is very closely linked with the Christian Hospital; and every evening there gathers in one of the larger rooms of the Chelsea Hospital a company of those who have known much suffering, who, after the storm and battling, have come to this quiet haven, and there, at quite a voluntary service, many of them gather each evening for worship, and listen with quiet reverence; while to them also the Word comes which speaks of a peace more lasting, a haven more abiding.

The Shensi Government is a Government of young men. Their failings, including their irresponsibility, are largely due to their inexperience. But the generous spirit of youth is theirs also, and this it was which responded warmly to the patriotic appeal bound up in the "Chelsea Hospital" idea. It is this generous spirit of youth, found so plentifully throughout the young Republican leaders in China to-day, which may yet surprisingly disappoint the pessimists and succeed in overcoming both the inertia of the masses and the mischievous selfishness of the professional politicians. If it fails there is no other hope in sight. The upheaval has been too prolonged and far-reaching for any easy settlement. Only strong measures which can be held to and fought for against misrepresentation, against repeated disappointment, will serve. And for the

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applying and carrying out of such measures, youth and the vigour which thinks itself exhaustless are needed. Older men may, by virtue of their experience and matured thought, work out and present the measures, but it needs the self-confidence, the unshaken nerve, the physical energy and mental spring of youth to accept and apply them; it needs lusty young strength to stay them through the weary struggle ahead—a struggle which, if it end well, will leave these young men old, thoughtful and sober enough.

The objectionable features of this party of youth may be granted. But if on closer inspection it should prove that it is one's sense of what is good form rather than one's sense of what is good morality that is offended, that what jars on us is not something inherently vicious in itself, but only the bumptiousness of young life just awakened to a knowledge of its powers and possibilities, then it may be acknowledged—though we do so with a grimace—that the objection is not, after all, insuperable.

This is why those who know China best and love her well are leaving criticism to others, and are putting themselves into the endeavour to give ballast, encouragement, sympathy and cautiously-proffered guidance to the party (still known as the young Ke Ming Tang party) which—at any rate in the provinces—holds the power, and which alone can have the hope of forming a stable Government capable both of developing the resources of the country and of commanding the confidence of the people—a party which, mellowed and enlarged by the inclusion of older men and men of experience in affairs, may succeed even yet in reconciling for the good of the country as a whole that country's contending interests, so that out of the present welter and confusion there may emerge, sore tried and chastened though it be by the struggle of her rebirth, a united and regenerated China.

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BOOK II

THE FOREIGNERS OF SHENSI

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CHAPTER XXI

IN SIANFU CITY

On Sunday morning, October 22nd, 1911, an Englishman rode leisurely along the streets of Sianfu. Dawn had been clear. It was a perfect day: the still, crisp, cloudless day of north-west China. The old city was at its best. The foodsellers were doing a brisk trade as they sat on their tiny stools at the wayside, moving the sizzling rice in its pan, ladling out the soup that made a cold man's mouth water. The carpenters swung backwards and forwards on the handles of their double saws: the sleepy-looking policeman seemed to be there as the merest form. It was all so prosperous, so comfortable, so mildly busy. Presently the Englishman reached the east gate, where a few soldiers loitered. To the north-west of the gate stretched the Manchu city with its wide, healthy spaces, its lovely gardens, its grand old trees. From the east came the freshness of the open country. Altogether it was good to be alive. All the air held peace. The Sabbath beauty seemed to fall upon the scene. It was so far away from strife. That there was fighting going on down in Hupeh they knew, but Hankow was far away: in the region of warships, railways and field batteries. Up here in this old-world city they were beyond such strife. When Peking and Hankow and Canton had fought it all out, then Sianfu, hearing of some change of Government, might pay her taxes to a new receiver; the long-promised railway might come the sooner, real

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reforms be undertaken. Meanwhile she was steeped in the drowsy sunshine.

So the doctor jogged through the gate to visit his patient in the east suburb. He would be back in a couple of hours. And half an hour later Chang Pei Ying made his raid on the Magazine; there came the first shot in Shensi's revolt, and with it came the end of peace for many a weary day.

A German gentleman had ridden that morning from his home in the "Silver" Street to the English Hospital. There the little daughter of the Charters lay dangerously ill. Herr Henne, the China Imperial Postal Service Superintendent for Shensi, called to find out how it went with her. On leaving the hospital, before mounting his horse, he tied a white handkerchief round his arm. He had already noticed this white badge in the streets. Proceeding west for some two hundred yards, he was stopped by a mob. These were "elder brethren." They demanded his horse, and he, realizing that the city was in revolt, dismounted, and quietly giving up his horse, walked on. But the mob were not to be appeased. He was struck at from all sides—one gun directed at his chest he just managed to knock aside. Then blows fell and left him bleeding and unconscious on the road. Suddenly two soldiers appeared. These took it upon themselves to carry him to his home a mile and a half away, where he was brought still unconscious. More soldiers were sent to the hospital to seek a doctor. Dr. Charter was then led through the streets between a guard of soldiers, who with difficulty forced their way through the crowds. On examining his patient he found there were seven wounds about the head, though the skull was happily uninjured. He found that it would be necessary to remain with his patient through the night. And later,

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how would he effect a return? The streets seemed impossible: alive with a yelling crowd; soldiers busily looting and a mob run amuck. The Hennes' house was on the banking street, the street where probably the greatest amount of bullion in the city was to be found. The soldiers systematically went from house to house looting each. Those who had brought Herr Henne home were induced by the offer of a handsome reward to remain at the door defending the house from looters. Otherwise nothing would have prevented the soldiers from looting the place. That they remained quietly on guard whilst their comrades grew rich before their eyes, emerging from the banks laden with silver, is truly remarkable. Not till next morning could Dr. Charter return to his own home; and then it was to find his own child dying.

The firing in the city had been incessant through the night. At dawn there was still no lull. Outside the hospital there had been on the Sunday some fierce fighting. The Mohammedans, who had been supplied at the Magazine with rifles, aspired to use them as soon as possible and for their own advantage. They had no particular longing to help the Han against the Man, nor had they Republican sentiments. Turning from the Magazine to the centre of the city, they soon came to the University, west of which lie the Foreign Office and the English Hospital. The University students were able just then to hold their own, but outside the other two places there was conflict between the Ke Ming Tang students and the mob, which had Mohammedans and Ko Lao Hui as its main elements. By 9 a.m. on Monday morning the Foreign Office was captured. There was now firing on all four sides of the hospital. The chemistry professor at the University was a Mr. Lin, a Christian, who later took over the

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work of the Foreign Office. From motives of policy alone he knew the wisdom of protecting the foreigners, and in this case the hospital people were his personal friends. It was a time when there was no use in waiting for Government to act; a man had to be his own government, and just as the lawless had set aside restraint and were doing as they would, so happily there were men who had the courage and the unselfishness to act on their own initiative not from desire of self-aggrandisement, but for the good of their country and of society. And though there were few such as Lin in Shensi itself at the outbreak, there are many such in the ranks of the Ke Ming Tang throughout China generally, and they are the salt of the earth, saving the land from destruction.

Mr. Lin then gathered the students of the University and led the way to the hospital, where, after a struggle, they overcame the mob; the assailants were beaten back, and as time was too precious for prolonged fighting when loot might be more easily secured elsewhere, the crowd proceeded towards the quarter where lie the banks and best shops. Most of the hospital servants fled, and there remained the two women, Mrs. Charter and Nurse Watt, with little Dorothy Charter dying before their eyes. And the poor mother saw the child go almost with thankfulness—at least she would be saved death in a brutal, horrible form. Through the long night they watched and waited—watched the failing of the little life before them, waited for the clamouring mob without. Not till later did they fully understand the brave battle waged outside on their behalf. In the early morning, when things seemed quite hopeless, Dr. Charter returned, and the poor ladies were able to leave the decisions and arrangements to him. The guard which brought him made things

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very different to the hospital aspect, and already the wounded were coming in. The hospital at least was safe.

Of the other foreigners in the city none was harmed, though one lady, of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, was robbed. Like nearly all the Shensi missionaries, this lady will have nothing said, if possible, against her beloved Chinese. "The Ko Lao Hui behaved most considerately," she tells you in all seriousness. "It is true they took my best watch and my"—and the list runs on—"but they did not break *one* of the windows!" What further need can there be of apologies for the Ko Lao Hui? Are not their merits manifest?

The Roman Catholics were approached early with a view to lending money to the new leaders to assist them in carrying on the Government. The Vicar Apostolic of Shensi received a letter from the present Tutu, Chang Feng Hui, with this request, and adding that failing such "benevolence" on the part of the Vicar, he, the Tutu, might be unable to keep the province quiet and, as a consequence, the Missions safe. But the Catholic Mission was no better off for funds than the Tutu.

However friendly the present Government may be with other foreigners within their borders, they show little love for the Roman Catholics, whose communicants in the Fenghsiangfu district, detested and feared for years on account of lawsuits, suffered very heavily both in loss of life and destruction of property in the early days of the revolution. No foreigner of the Catholic Mission suffered, but one of their Chinese priests at Weinan was, at a later date, treated in a particularly barbarous fashion, and summarily executed on a charge of arson and spreading false rumours dangerous to the Government.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE MURDERS IN THE SOUTH SUBURB

WHEN the soldiers hurried through the west suburb on the morning of the 22nd, they passed between the Military College on the left and the Scandinavian Alliance Mission on the right. In the latter the Sunday morning service was going on, the preacher being Mr. Beckmann. Mr. Beckmann's house lay outside the south suburb, where, in addition to his church work, he was in charge of a school for the children of his Swedish and American colleagues. His anxiety to be back with his charge and his family was great. Accompanied by an evangelist he rode out from the west suburb, until soldiers stopped them and demanded the horses. The patient answer of the foreigner made some of the soldiers cry "Shame" on their comrades who made the demand, but the latter were not to be deterred. The missionary followed the other soldiers to their officer's quarters, and this officer, after having sent without effect for the horses, himself mounted and went in search of them. He came back with both, and the missionary and evangelist proceeded to the south suburb. By the time they reached the mission compound, the yamens and banks in the city were seen going up in flames. From the upper windows of the house the sight was sufficiently terrifying: and always the hoarse shouts and the whistle of bullets.

Husband and wife consulted anxiously. That the house without a guard was unsafe, at the mercy of

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the mob, was clear. Yet where to go? In the south the hills were infested with the unfriendly Ko Lao Hui, and to get through to either the west or the east suburb meant travelling through open country, where they might run into a mob. Looking at the question now and taught by the events that occurred, it seems that their best chance would have been to apply to the officer outside the west suburb wall and ask for an escort to the west suburb. But messengers could not be obtained, and it would have been difficult for Mr. Beckmann to leave.

They could but stay where they were. And even now, in spite of all that has happened, it is the opinion of foreigners in China and of responsible Chinese, that, save when well escorted, the wisest thing to be done throughout the disturbed time was to stay quietly at home. The present circumstances were abnormal in some respects; there seemed no authority in the south suburb, and there was no attempt made by the new leaders to protect the foreigners, save by the Christian Lin in the case of the hospital.

Some few precautions they could take; a ladder was placed in a certain spot ready for them to get over the wall if necessary, and Mr. Vatne, the Norwegian gentleman, who was the teacher in the school, kept watch while the others retired. Meanwhile in three notorious inns in the south suburb mischief was brewing. A large crowd of low-class Ko Lao Hui men, many of them from Szuchuen, were gathered together, and their mind dwelt on loot and blood. They were cut off from the opportunity of obtaining the one and shedding the other within the city, since the gates were shut. But for the same reason there was little likelihood of their being interfered with from the city: they looked round for easy, profitable prey near at hand. This dangerous

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force, feeling about vaguely for an object against which to direct itself, was turned in the direction of the Scandinavian Mission compound by a non-commissioned officer of the local police. He had as accomplice a woman who had previously done work on the mission compound, and who now egged on her hearers by tales of their wealth (save the mark !) and of how she would show the way to where the wealth lay. Not all the underground workings which led up to what followed can now be known. Some of it came out later, other motives can be fairly surmised with an approximation to accuracy. But the basic reasons lie deeper still. They are racial. Not in racial animosity as such : but in a racial trait in a taint of the blood. For though ninety-nine out of an hundred Chinese be the sober, patient, hardworking peasants we have seen, the hundredth man is to-day what his ancestors were two thousand years ago : what the Mongol and Thibetan of the lower type are still : the Scythian of Herodotus. The western Scythian of yesterday is but the unspeakable Turk of to-day : the eastern Scythian in Mongolia, in Thibet, in Turkestan is much the same; only saved by the free desert life from the vices and the morbidity of cruelty which mark his western kinsman. The Mohammedans of north-west China, concentrated in cities as in Sianfu, and in a more developed civilization than their Mongol and Thibetan neighbours, approximate nearer the Turk. But in China proper, as so frequently happens in history, the conquered race absorbed their conquerors, imposed their characteristics, their civilization, and constructive virtues upon them. And the result is that splendid race, strong physically and mentally, with enormous recuperative power, with large reserves of strength, which inhabits north-west China to-day. But the old strain crops up. There

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"NO ESCAPE"

The ruined outhouse where the eight hid in the Scandinavian Alliance Compound. The place where Mr. Beckmann tried to break through the wall can be seen

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are men in China to-day described as "bad men," "Hia jen." The term is one used in a peculiar sense, indicating an incorrigible lawlessness, a wildness in the blood, an unfitness for civilization. Why is it? It is a case of atavism, a casting back, it is the Scythian again. Doubtless the Chinese who is puzzled by this lust of blood in his neighbour would repudiate indignantly the idea of his people being in any way connected with the butchers who worked the will of Abdul Hamid. Yet the occasional outbreak in China and the monotonous story of crime in the Near East have the same source. It is the lust of blood as such, the sheer delight of killing: only whereas with the Turk it is the normal, and in the north-west China Mohammedan is still found largely, in China proper it is but an occasional casting back. They are a type foreign to the normal Chinese of to-day, but they are there. It is unfortunate for the reputation of the Ko Lao Hui that its ranks have been so largely recruited from this type.

Meanwhile the young Norwegian teacher kept watch Was this to be the end? The children for whose sake he had come to this mysterious East—were their days to be cut off thus? The house was defenceless, about and around it devilry was rampant. And his own home people—what would they think and do when they heard of it all? Who shall say what thoughts came to him as he stood watching the glare from the city, peering into the deep shadows beyond the compound wall, watching for the movement from the suburb? That movement came at last. There could be no mistaking the ferocious cries, the hoarse growls, the glare of the torches. He called the others: they got the children together. From the windows of the first floor the mob could be seen laying straw, wood—anything they could get which would easily burn—against

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the massive gate of the compound. The sergeant of the police and ten of his men led the mob, the sergeant directing operations. They left the house and made for the ladder. The ladder was no longer there! Some one else that night had wished to escape, some one in whom trust had been reposed. He had found the ladder, put it up against the wall in a place he thought safe, and without waiting to warn the others, without weighing the cost of the ladder's removal to the others, had fled. This wall was fourteen feet in height. Already, though the crowd was at the gate in the north wall, shots could be heard at the south-east corner. They were being surrounded. A barrow, a log, some rope were found. Mr. Vatne got astride the wall; Mr. Beckmann helped up his elder daughter, a girl of thirteen, the teacher helped her to descend the other side. Then Oscar Bergström was helped up. Then the father stooped to lift his second daughter, a girl of eight. There was a cry from Selma Beckmann outside. Then came the sound of two shots and Mr. Vatne jumped down to the ground outside to the rescue of Selma, whilst his pupil Oscar Bergström jumped back into the compound. Again the father lifted Ruth, his second daughter, to the top of the wall. He called to Mr. Vatne to receive her, but no answer came out of the darkness. The child sobbed to be taken back. He dared not risk lifting the others, since there was none to receive them. An outhouse stood close by the wall, there they hid. With a pickaxe the missionary strove to break through the boundary wall, but in the darkness it was slow work. Then the main gate fell and the mob rushed in. He dared make no more sound now. He took his baby, little Thelma, a child of three, in his arms and committed them all into God's hands. And the mother who had borne that little one? Ah, it was hard even though

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faith knew that the house of the many mansions was opening for both : it was hard to go thus. For herself the patient missionary mother has not so easy a life, so light a burden, that she should grudge entering into rest. The Via Dolorosa was no new path to her. But these children, that they should die so ! She took her little baby out of the father's arms and gathered her to her bosom. "I must say good-bye to you, my darling," she murmured, and she kissed the child. The murmur of prayer, of trustful committal to the will of God, rose. The why of it all was beyond their knowledge; the whence of it—as far as it affected them—was within their faith. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," was no vain boast in that hour of waiting.

Presently a man came to the adjoining outhouse, but seeing nothing went away. They knew it was only a respite, the mother could have had little hope. "When they are through with all the rest they will surely come here," she said. The houses were all looted now and fired. The mob retreated outside: they had their plunder. But they had an appetite for more than plunder that night; nothing but murder would satisfy them, brutal, senseless, unprovoked murder. There was no religious fanaticism, no hatred of Christian teaching: there could be no revenge to take on little children. Murder was in their heart, and soon it was on their souls. For though they waited outside the gate for their victims, they left some of their number searching in the compound. At last the door of the outhouse crashed down. There were eight of them in that little place; six of them children, blanched with fear, and a mother with only the blind maternal instinct left to get the little ones safely away. Out into the yard they ran, past blazing buildings, whose glare

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blinded them, but made them clear to those who waited at the gate. Even then the father looked about him for some other way by which they might escape, a way which one of them must somehow have found, whilst her cries of discovery would be unheard by the others who were rushing to their end.

One of the children, Hilda Neilson, had only come to stay for a day at the school. Her people were passing through and she wished to see her old school-fellows. Though only fourteen, she was at least 5 ft. 9 in. in height. Instead of rushing out at the gate, she managed, by reason probably of her height, to reach to the top of the boundary wall on its west side, by means of a vine frame there. When the old attendant at the little temple opposite, who was a pitiful but helpless spectator that night, pointed out the spot later, it seemed a sufficiently difficult but still possible feat. She dropped down upon the other side of the wall, and ran over the ploughed field westwards. She did not run far. Two hundred yards further and she was caught and killed with the staves and swords.

But the others ran on. It was mere instinct now. Their feet were accustomed to the one path of exit, and they ran on blindly. The father could not stop them. In his arms he carried the little child, and with the one free arm he could not keep them back. On they went, on to the glare which mercifully blinded them, through the gate. The crowd was thick here and the fugitive victims could go no further.

The mother knelt down pleading that the crowd would spare the children. The children nestled up against her, hiding their faces from what came so swiftly. At least there was that mercy hidden in the murderers' cruel haste. The heavy swords fell; the staves, the clubs, about the heads of the little group; Mrs. Beck-

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THE EAST GATE OF SIANFU CITY

Taken from outside the city. At corner marked × Dr. Cecil F. Robertson was drawn up by ropes into the city

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THE RUINED SHELL OF THE SCANDINAVIAN ALLIANCE MISSION SCHOOL OUTSIDE THE SOUTH SUBURB, SIANFU

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mann with her child Ruth, Hilda Bergström and her brother Oscar. She looked for pity and she found none; saw only faces gloating over their work, looking altogether evil. The children turned their faces from it all to hide them in the arms of a good woman, turned from the last sight in this life on which she and they gazed. They had caught their last glimpse of a world which once when looked upon by its Maker was pronounced to be "very good": a world which has since then grown hoary in evil by reason of passions such as welled up in men's hearts this night at Sianfu; and they, the Christian lady and the little children, turned from the sight of "this present evil world" and went to that other world, that better world of God which is unspoiled.

Through the glare of the torches, the gleam of weapons, a figure flashed, passed on for some hundred yards, running swiftly. But the crowd was spread along the road. A group by the willows to the north brought him down. He was a dear lad, was George Ahlstrand, a thorough boy, yet with all the courtesy of his courtly race. He came of a good old stock. He was the joy of his parents, their one child. He was taken from them, leaving their home lonely, their future bound up only in their work. And He for whom that work is wrought knows the sorrow, and they who do the work are given grace to endure.

"And the disciples came . . . and took up the body . . . and came and told Jesus."

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE ESCAPE

Directly outside the wall of the compound was a ditch, dug to convey away the rains and so save the walls' foundation. When Mr. Beckmann, carrying his little child in his arms, emerged from the gate, a blow was aimed at him and the child. Half stupefied by the noise of the yelling and the blinding glare of the torches, which made the place seem a veritable inferno, he almost mechanically jumped the ditch with the child in his arms. As he did so a heavy blow aimed at his head, and which, had it so fallen, would have stunned him, fell on his shoulder. Almost stupefied by pain he looked round only to see a seething mob. Of the other figures he could see nothing. They were under the waves of the awful human sea. The saving of the little Thelma was all that was now left possible. Putting forth all his strength he ran westwards, and though his pursuers got near enough to strike him several blows they failed to bring him down. He gradually drew out of immediate reach. As he ran he looked about for a possible place of refuge. About a third of a mile from the house, when nearly fainting from exhaustion, he saw on his right an old excavation pit, where trees had been planted, and where, owing to heavy rains, a pond had formed. He leapt down into the water, and noticing that near the east bank of the pond it was very dark, he crept out on that side and hid under its shelter. His pursuers were at the place immediately, one of them

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declaring he had seen the hunted man disappear there. In the darkness they failed to see the man who cowered in the deep shadow. But the instinct to kill was not yet satisfied that night. They called to their companions to bring torches. The fugitive, too exhausted to move, gained by the respite as he lay listening to the maledictions and growls from the bank. "I tell you I saw it was a man and he was carrying a child. Curse him! he runs like a hare. Anyhow, we've killed the rest of them. Yes, and we'll have him before we're through with it."

Oh, to have to live, to go on living, while those whom he loved lay dead and mangled on the road! He longed to return to die with them, but the living child was in his arms, and if it could be done, she must be saved. And Selma and his comrade Vatne, what of them? Had the cry he heard outside the wall been her last, or were they wandering over fields faintly lit by the burning city's lurid glow?

The black water lay in front. These pits often had deep holes in which one might drown. But the torches had been brought now and he had been discovered. The pursuers took a heavy carrying pole and threw it down on the fugitives: man and child were struck by it. There only remained the shelter of the dark pool. He rose and waded out into the water, and as he went the lumps of earth which his persecutors found to their hand fell about his head and shoulders. After wading on for some distance, he heard the men on the bank asking one another to what place he could have disappeared. Strength was coming back now and his brain was clearing. He reasoned that if they in the torchlight had lost sight of him, it was because they were blinded by their own torches. Even yet he might elude them. He reached the centre of the pool, and here

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found a small tree. He had to sit down in the water and lean against the tree. Here late in that October weather he had to keep in the deep water, had to remain in the shadow of the tree, his numbed arms had somehow to hold the child's body above the water. He could see the men on the bank: follow their movements, even hear their conversation. Some of the men went to the north side of the pool. On coming back they told their fellows that it was impossible for the victims to escape on that side as the bank was too steep. On the east, the south, and the west side they built big fires and sat down to watch. One man came down to the water's edge to hunt in the pond for the fugitives, but another dissuaded him as the pool was too deep. This second man had a rifle, he would soon settle the foreigner if he showed himself, he declared. He fired into the dark and missed. For an hour the missionary sat there, until his arms were numb with exhaustion and the little child's leg dipped into the water. And still she kept quiet. Then the morning star appeared, and searchers and sought both greeted it. The searchers said amongst themselves it would soon be daylight and they able to see their prey. And he whom they sought knew that if he would save his child, he must take action before dawn.

He waded towards the north bank, but the ripple of the water was evidently heard. Two men came round with torches. There was another tree nearer the north bank, and here the missionary took shelter until the seekers had completed their circuit of the pool. He rose once more very slowly, allowing the water to trickle gently off his clothes as he did so, that no slightest sound should acquaint the watchers with his position. Slowly, gently, he waded to the north bank and ascended a pile of earth which had fallen. This again was sur-

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mounted by a heap of vegetable leaves. Standing on this the man found that his tall stature, gift of his Scandinavian ancestry, stood him in good stead. He could just manage to place the little girl upon the top level of the embankment. The bank which the would-be murderers had deemed too high, judging by their ordinary standards of height, he could just reach. The little child, who had kept so still through all the long exposure, began now to sob gently: she was to be left alone. The father took her again into his arms and searched for a better spot at which to scale the bank, but could find none. He sat down and prayed: prayed for deliverance. He returned to the heap on which he had made the former attempt. He told the little one not to cry, "lest they should come and hit us again," told her that if she would remain quiet, he would soon be with her. The little one kept very still. He made his first attempt at scaling the bank. The loose loess soil slipped; would it continue to slip? The slight noise was not noticed by the watchers on the other bank. He must escape now if he were to do so at all. It might be that for him there was still work to be done, and for the little Thelma God might have some special ministry in the days to come. And if that were so, his God could deliver. Though He had taken others to Himself that night, taken them from the "now," to the "evermore," it was not for His messenger to question. His God could still deliver. He reached his long, sinewy arms to the top of the bank, and putting his knees to the bank, in some marvellous way succeeded in scaling it. The watchers noticed nothing. He picked up the child and walked away to the north. How long he had been in the water he could not tell, but it must by that time have been three in the morning. He had been long over an hour in the water, nearly two hours in and about the

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pool. The wet garments clung about him. The blaze from the city lit the sky; the rattle of the rifles went on incessantly, and now came the boom of cannon. But the tumult of thought within was greater than that outward storm of fire and sound. He lived again through the night, saw again in memory the children committed to his care; the last rush, the human devils that had met them at the gate. And Selma and her young instructor, where were they? Certain qualities of his suffering only a man, who is husband and father both, can guess at, and that not perfectly. He struggled on till he reached a road running from the south to the west suburb, and followed it hoping for help at the cavalry camp. Suddenly he came upon two men. They were revolutionaries, natives of Hupeh province. They told him the camps were empty, the soldiers away fighting in the city.

He made the circuit of the camp and reached a gate of the west suburb. The gate he found open: the watch above were talking eagerly, and he stepped by unnoticed. A few yards further on were other guards. As the man drew near in the darkness, dogs flew at him. There could be no escaping notice now. Yet even now he was saved, for the dogs suddenly turned on each other, and in the snarling, yelping and fighting that ensued the missionary slipped by unnoticed. He reached the back door of the Mission compound in the west suburb. His colleagues, not knowing at what hour a mob might turn on them, were keeping watch. His knock brought a response immediately. They were waiting behind the door. He gave his name and was admitted. He staggered into a ring of light, into the amazing change of a circle of allies. And the watchfulness, the cool calculation, the repeated demands on the reserves of strength, the mental courage, which,

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drawing its strength from spiritual roots, had during these long hours kept at bay the agony of grief, of the despair of a desolate heart—these surrendered now. He had done well, that poor father, in the long hours since the joy of home and human love went out. He had kept safe the one little one, when for him death might well have seemed easier. But now as the strain relaxed, the darkness, the horror of it all rushed out upon him. They crowded about him. "The others, where are the others?" they asked. He took the little Thelma and held her in his arms towards them, and answered, "This is all I have—now."

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CHAPTER XXIV

STONED TO DEATH

WHEN Selma Beckmann cried out in the darkness, her father thought that the mob had spread out to the south wall of the compound and had set upon the child. Evidently something had occurred to alarm her, and probably Mr. Vatne also. What exactly happened will probably be never known. The rest of the story, as regards the south gate and the west wall is clear, but there is no light upon what occurred outside the south wall. Probably some stray persons appeared at the south-east corner, but not the mob as such. The two shots which rang out and made Mr. Beckmann fear for Selma—who was on the outside of the wall—may have come from Mr. Vatne's revolver. At any rate the latter considered that Selma was in danger. Probably she was running south and he considered she was in need of his assistance. This is conjecture. What is certain is that the two got away to the south, walked through the night, till on the Monday morning they found shelter in a house in a village six miles to the south of Sianfu. Here they were later discovered by a man named Chao, who had followed from the south suburb. The number of foreigners who had been in the house was perhaps known. These two were unaccounted for, and the blood lust still unsatiated. The man came along the south road to hunt them down. He found by inquiries that the two had taken refuge with a villager. Collecting a crowd, he demanded that the fugitives be given up.

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He related the south suburb story. The villagers, hearing that all the foreigners in Sianfu had been killed, dared not let these escape. The faint friendliness or indifference of the majority changed to active interest, to repudiation, to persecution. The latent instincts of brutality appeared. There was no question of flight. On all sides they were surrounded. The clumsy jests, the taunts came. The first missile was flung. It was probably one of the hard lumps of loess soil, but there are always loose pieces of brick and sherd lying about in a village. Probably no one of the villagers wished to be held accountable for their death: let us go farther in charity and say that not one in the village desired their death, yet they dare not be held accountable for having let them go free. Thus it was that for hours this enduring of death went on. And the villagers' brutal instincts grew by what they fed on. Also the man Chao was quite clear as to what he wanted. Again and again the young Norwegian was felled to the earth by heavy missiles. His child scholar, to whom he was the one friend left, her one protector, clung to his hand even as he fell. At noon they were forcibly separated. Spears had been brought by this time—old rusty spears that appear from mysterious hiding places in times of unrest—and the two went through a veritable baptism of suffering. By a refinement of cruelty, possibly unintentioned, they killed the man first. His young hopes, his academic career, his dreams of developing, encouraging, directing young thought; all this was over. And guarding, shielding to the last his scholar charge, he fell stunned by the clods of earth, by the stones showered upon him, pierced by their barbarous spears, leaving the girl for a few moments to face them alone. She could see little now, the poor face was marred with blows, the senses almost gone. Only she knew that this world was for

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her bounded by the ring of brutal faces: the pitiless, resistless ring. She was among people whose tongue she spake as her own, surrounded by those to whose fellow-countrymen she had showed her girlish kindnesses. In all the world there was none to aid: she looked and there was none to help. And on that Sianfu plain to which her parents had given their lives, she fell, dying. The end came, the last blow fell, and death, so much more merciful than his ministers, closed over her.

There can be no progress without suffering. In bringing to China the knowledge of a higher life, the toll will be taken of the enlightened; barbarity, even in being overcome by gentleness, by a higher civilization, will strike and wound. The serpent's head will be crushed, but in doing so will bruise the heel which presses on it. The missionary takes this into account. It is in the agreement. He faces the possibility, and if in the reckoning it should be presented, if, when he has made sensible and proper effort to escape, he is still shut in, then he must not whine. And he does not. The story of 1900 is a record of dignity, as it is of devotion. But it is another matter with little children. They have not covenanted their lives. It is hard that they should suffer, and it is doubly hard at such an age as that of the grave little American maiden, to whom life with its possibilities, its joys, its struggles was just opening. It was all cruel, wicked, senseless, but at least to the others death came swiftly. And they died, almost together. To those two it came lingeringly, in brutality long drawn out.

It is the price of light shining in dark places, a faint shadowing forth of that other Life taken by cruel men, "Whom they slew." And they will be avenged. Not

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THE FUNERAL IN THE SCANDINAVIAN COMPOUND OUTSIDE THE SOUTH SUBURB

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as the world counts vengeance, but in a surer way. The man Chao lives on. The crowd of villagers have paid no penalty, suffered no retribution, but young Vatne and the grave young maiden, his scholar, shall be avenged. For darkness, ignorance, and lust of blood, slew them; and in so doing threw down a fresh challenge to the men and women who work in the Sianfu plain for Shensi's enlightenment. The plans of campaign must only be laid more surely, the battle pressed more hotly; that superstition and brutishness be robbed of their victims—those Shensi plain-dwellers—that knowledge and love may act more freely as the agents of preventing grace. In their death they but place upon us the obligation to more serious service.

> Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
> Strengthen the wavering line,
> Stablish, continue our march,
> On, to the bound of the waste,
> On, to the City of God.

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CHAPTER XXV

IN THE EAST SUBURB: THE SIX

THE tragedy of the south suburb acted immediately upon the east. The south suburb is distinctly a bad place: the characters that congregate there are of a low type, ripe for mischief; it is the worst quarter of Sianfu. And when the story reached the east suburb of what had happened, there was a panic. It is to be remembered that though divided only by the gates from the city, yet for the first few days each suburb was none the less cut off from all aid, especially as at the east and north gate of the city and on the wall above them the fiercest of the fighting was waged. Not till Wednesday morning did the firing lull. The south suburb had over four hundred Ko Lao Hui men. They were reported to be coming to attack the east suburb. The populace of the latter place betook themselves in terror to dragging stones on to their wall to repel invaders.

But in particular did these reports terrify the Mission schoolgirls. They had unbound feet and might be taken for Manchus: the rioting might be as in the Boxer year: foreigners and Christians the objects of hate. Some of the native teachers, knowing the Ko Lao Hui element to be strong, feared that what had happened in the south suburb might occur in the east. Their advice was that the foreigners should leave the suburb and make for the country. The policy which seemed wisest to the missionary ladies in charge of the school, and to their colleagues in the suburbs, was to

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remain quietly indoors. The roads were sure to be in a disturbed state: the suburb, though not equal to the city for safety, yet had comparatively good walls, the Mission was well known and respected by the gentry and people. The particular point of interest, however, lies in the way the foreigners' movements were determined by the needs, the fears, and the actions of the Chinese in their care. The whole question of mission boarding schools, especially for girls, is bound up in it. These schools have done such good work that it is difficult to see how they can be dispensed with. Yet they entail great responsibility. How great the responsibility is only realized by those who manage these institutions. The pupils (many of them are drawn from a distance) have little or none of the freedom and consequently none of the courage and resource of Western women. They have to be planned for, escorted at every turn. They are conscious of being strangers in the neighbourhood: let their sky lower and they have but one impulse: to seek again their accustomed environment, to be with their own people: they must go home. There is little doubt that in the present instance the foreigners' estimate of the situation was the correct one. It is possible that the loose characters headed by the Ko Lao Hui might have attacked the Mission compounds without asking for instructions from the city, but it is probable that not having received any definite orders they would do no more than prevent foreigners escaping till they knew how things were to go. The general maxim here also was to keep quietly within doors. But the schoolgirls—and a schoolgirl in China means as often as not a young woman of over twenty—were beyond control: they would not stay: Did their teacher mean to keep them there to be killed? As it was evident that if not properly escorted they

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would seek means of running away, parties were made up to take them into the villages near by for shelter in Christian or other friendly homes.

A deacon of the church was to return later and find out if foreigners might with safety return at nightfall. But before leaving, a young helper returned from the south suburb. He had been to verify the report, and with his own eyes had seen the pitiful hacked bodies. And sitting by, talking, bragging, laughing, were a number of Szuchuenese and other roughs, members of the Ko Lao Hui, discussing their next move, whether to rob the shops of the west suburb or those of the east.

This news came just as they were leaving the east suburb, and they knew then that if they left there would be little chance of a peaceful return. And as they went out the thought came—whither should they go? To the southern hills or to the Gospel village north of the Wei river? what would the furies be like at such a time? The young boy followed them. It was not easy to stay by the foreigners then, and they wished the lad to have his chance. "You need not come with us if you would rather get away elsewhere." The boy went back to stay with the other mission helpers in the street of the Mission compounds. The little procession made its way east for nearly two miles. There were two horses on which were placed bed bags. The members of the party were the Misses Beckingsale, Thomas Turner, of the Baptist Zenana Mission; Dr. Robertson, Mr. Ellison of the High School, and Mr. H. H. Stanley, the mission architect. Two miles beyond the east gate, standing on the top of a mound watching the burning city, was a large crowd of men. These stopped the foreigners. Then events followed rapidly.

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Mr. Stanley was forced to give up his horse, and the baggage was seized on by the crowd. Miss Beckingsale had to dismount, and as she did so the crowd scrambled for the possessions in the bedding bag. The crowd then ordered the foreigners back to the east suburb. As they went the crowd discussed their fate. They gathered that they were to be treated in the same way as their south suburb friends. Their places were to be sacked at noon. They tried to reason with the crowd, they spoke of the years of friendliness, of the years of hospital work done in their midst; but it was to deaf ears that they spoke. The crowd insisted that they return to the east suburb. They were Ko Lao Hui people, and since some of their leaders had killed the foreigners in the south suburb, they naturally concluded the plan was to kill these also. By this time the men on the stolen horses had disappeared towards the suburb; the crowd amused themselves by throwing lumps of mud. The majority were peasants with little malice, but the leader was thoroughly *bad:* one of those whose face speaks plainly of the evil, the moral corruption, working within. The crowd began to search the foreigners for money and valuables. Seeing they would get the silver in any case, some of them flung their silver away, causing the crowd to scatter, scrambling for it. Having got their valuables, the crowd stayed at their village; but the two mounted men had come back again by this time, and forced the party towards the suburb. Knowing the mob's sympathies were with these men, it was useless to resist. One of the horsemen deliberately rode down a lady of the party in sheer brutality. By 1.30 the six foreigners were back at the Mission compound, their two persecutors having ridden on to the city gate. One of the boys came saying that the soldiers had now entered the suburb. They felt the end could not now

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be long delayed. This was the time when those deepest truths for which they stood, the faith they professed, the love of which they told others, stood them in good stead. There was quiet prayer, the comfort of the Word of God, and a patient waiting for what He might send. What bitterness death has they tasted in that prolonged waiting.

The mounted Ko Lao Hui men had meanwhile made their way to the city wall. There was no possibility of entering the city, but they shouted their message to the soldiers on the wall. They had caught the foreigners. They would have them killed very soon. On the wall there were men of the Ke Ming Tang party, who had already made good their footing at this point. Amongst them were some who realized how prejudicial to their interests any attack on foreigners might be. They warned the men below to beware of injuring either the missions or the missionaries. Time must have elapsed, time for a pronouncement sufficiently authoritative to convince the Ko Lao Hui men below. But they ultimately were convinced; the word spread quickly. Foreigners were to be protected. And the relieved, thankful, Chinese friends came bursting in with the news. It was only when the tension was relaxed that the six realized how great a strain it had been to pass through the trial and to be quiet; to maintain the tradition befitting their race and still more the followers of their Lord and Master. Time for thought was short, however. Soon they had to face a new situation, and in a ministry of help to forget experiences and emotions of their own

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CHAPTER XXVI

THE EAST SUBURB: THE TWO

When the schoolgirls of the Zenana compound were divided into groups, one party was put under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Smith. Carts were not to be had for love or money; the missionary's horse was turned into a baggage animal, and, walking beside it, the party set out. This party also went out by the east gate. They also got about two miles before meeting with difficulty: then they met a band of what they can only describe as "evil-looking men." These eyed them closely as they passed, then detained the girls in the rear. Mr. Smith turned back. In his arms —he was mounted by this time—he carried the youngest child of the party, a little Chinese girl of five. The men demanded the possession of this child. There could only be one answer. They gave up their demand for the child, but took horse and luggage, pelting the party with hard mud. The scholars and attendants broke and fled across the fields. The missionary and his wife followed, yet even as they ran the missionary urged them to pray, and they kept crying to God for deliverance. What follows is best told in Mrs. Smith's own graphic words.

". . . We sank down by the side of a grave, but presently two strong men armed with thick flat rods, one wearing a rosette of red and white ribbon (the colours of the Ko Lao Hui), came along. We stood up

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clinging to each other, and thick and fast their blows fell. One broke his rod and they left off and disappeared. Blood was streaming from my husband's head and we truly believed we had received our death-blows. I had just time to bind up my husband's head, when the band who first attacked us reappeared. One carried my bed quilt over his shoulder, another a lid of a tin biscuit box, and all were armed with branches of trees and sticks. Our last ray of hope that our lives would be spared was gone. My husband's voice, however, was still strong, and as he had done when they first beat us, so again he told them of our mission to their land. They asked if it was not we who had brought opium to their land, and said much else that we did not understand. Presently their shower of blows fell, and one kept shouting fiercely, "Strip them." This they did not do, but they treated us with great indignity, making sure that we had nothing concealed about our persons. After having searched us thus, they made us get up on our feet, forced us to go a little way in the direction of the east suburb, and then left us. We made our way painfully to a little village near by, and begged a cup of water, but none dared to give it or to afford us shelter. The dogs barked fiercely at us, and the villagers with one voice told us to be gone. Just outside the village we sat down, and for a minute or two we were left alone. Then came two men, one armed with a round rod. They looked us up and down, and the one with the rod espying my rings demanded the one which I wore on my right hand. I gave it to him, and his companion, who was evidently touched with pity, gave me a piece of bread, which I gladly received. Men and boys gathered round, but beyond the flourishing of a pointed weapon by one man we were not molested further. We presented a piteous spectacle. My hus-

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band's face and garments were stained with blood, and he was unable to move his arms, which had both been broken. Some of those who stood around us spoke words of pity, and we prayed that God would raise up a friend for us. He did indeed do so, for one of the crowd said we could have a cart from him. (To hire a cart had been an impossibility when we set out.) Shortly after, a bowl of tea was brought from the village into which we had been refused admission. Then we were cheered beyond all words by the appearance of a servant, a young lad who, hearing of our distress, had come out in search of us. He was so overcome by running and by the sight of us that he sat down at our feet and sobbed. The girls who had been watching us from a distance gathered round us. . . ."

Whilst these two had suffered in this way the word had gone round in the east suburb of the policy to be adopted towards foreigners. After the Chinese had burst in with the news to the six, some had thought of searching for the party, which had probably met with some similar difficulty. Evidently the news had travelled back to the suburb of their pitiful flight. They were sought and found. For bringing the wounded man back to his home some means must be contrived. We have spoken in a former chapter of some of the various methods used for transport of the wounded: doors, chairs and nets; Mr. Donald Smith was brought home on a harrow!

It was found on examination that both his arms were broken, and that he had a wound on the head as well as many bruises. His wife also was badly bruised, but fortunately had no serious injury.

The natural kindness of the Chinese peasant comes out again in this story, but the point which must

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command the attention as one reads Mrs. Smith's narrative is the tenacity of purpose evinced by her husband. "Our last ray of hope was gone. My husband's voice, however, was still strong, and—he told them of our mission to their land."

It was the ruling passion, this witness-bearing. If the voice was to be used no more on earth, then let it peal forth, strong to the last in the work to which it had been vowed.

And that other question—the taunt flung in their teeth by their assailants. What of that? "Was it not you who brought opium to our land?" There is much loose, wild talk, doubtless, about Britain and the opium question, but when all exaggeration is removed, when questions which have been illegitimately grouped with it are removed, that which is left is still enough to make an Englishman's excuses and explanations sound sufficiently lame. For after all, what *can* we say?

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CHAPTER XXVII

AT SAN YUAN, THE GOSPEL VILLAGE, AND CHUNG PU

THE writer got this chapter out of the boy who stuck to Dr. Young and his wife and child through their days of escape, and wandering and hiding. It was quite hopeless to attempt to get it out of either Dr. Young or his wife. They heaped honours upon him later, these amiable Ko Lao Hui people who now hunted him and his upon their bleak hills. They draped him with the crimson scarf reserved for those who have served their country in battle: a decoration to us simple enough—a few yards of crimson silk—but it is the Victoria Cross of the Shensi army. And the decoration was almost as great a trial to that immoderately modest man as was the being hunted.

It was near the end of October when the Youngs, leaving all their luggage save what they could carry over their arm, left an inn at Chung Pu after having been driven back from I Chün, the country to the south being in revolt.

Down in the south, in the San Yuan neighbourhood, the freebooting bands were out, flags bearing the "Destroy the Manchu, kill the foreigner" device were flying. Mr. Shields, a colleague in San Yuan, having bribed the town gatekeeper to pass him through the gate, had walked through the night to Fu Yin Ts'un (the Gospel Village) to join the Shorrocks. The Gospel Village, a home of emigrant Christian Shantungese, is unwalled. The Ko Lao Hui bands were out and Fu

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Yin Ts'un was in a regular state of siege. Ultimately Mr. Shih—he of the "Chelsea Hospital,"[1] then a teacher in the Mission—arrived, leading a troop of cavalry, and escorted the Shorrocks and their young colleague back to Sianfu.

But the Youngs at Chung Pu had found themselves in a town swarming with ill-disciplined "soldiers," surrounded by hostile looks and sinister rumours, with no foreigner within four days of them, and they themselves strangers to the place. The muleteers fled with their animals, abandoning the litters; the innkeeper advised the native boy to get away, so that with him gone they could proceed to kill the foreigner. "Why should you be involved?"

Up in the town of Chung Pu—the town is a street scrambling up a steep hill along an abominable road; an unpicturesque Quebec—is a preaching hall of the English Baptist Mission. To this they made their way. But at the preaching hall the Christians feared for them on account of the swarming soldiery. Three days to the south, in Yao Chou, flags were out bearing a doggerel couplet which could only mean "Death to foreigners" in the minds of the people.

"Hsing han, mie man, sa yang jen;
Chien-liao er Kwei, ch'u-liao ken."

"Let Han flourish, slay the Tartar, kill the Western brute;
Let us do for these two devils, pluck up evil by its root."

Near Chung Pu, in a cave village, lives a man named Ts'ao, a faithful, sturdy Christian—a simple peasant, slow, strong, direct. He was at the preaching hall that day. He took the Youngs to his home that they might be out of the way of the soldiers, and that night the missionaries slept in his cave. But word of their whereabouts had reached the soldiers, and as the other

[1] Pp. 91, 108.

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members of the Ts'ao family were nervous at harbouring such dangerous guests, they again set out. Part of that day the wanderers hid in a cave; as dusk came on they commenced to move across the hills. Once they almost blundered into a group of soldiers, and it needed their swiftest pace to save them. All day they had eaten nothing save a little bread, and their thirst was worse than their hunger. The boy sought to beg some water from a village, but the only result was to raise in the mind of the villagers ideas of killing the foreigner. Leaving Ts'ao to talk "good words" with these, the boy hastened back to his master, and they fled again over the moor. That night there was no cave shelter. They lay down by the roadside, on those dreary, snow-covered hills, cold, hungry, thirsty; only the child had sufficient warmth and food; the tins of milk kept him going. Their possessions by now were reduced to a small quilt for their little boy, some tins of Swiss milk slung about their attendant's shoulders, and some black bread. By scraping leaves and sticks together they made a fire on the road. When daylight came they found themselves looking down from a height upon the hostile town of I Chün, from which they had so recently fled. Turning back they came across a patch of tall Indian corn, where they hid while their Chinese "boy" went to beg or buy some food. From a woman whom this boy met he learnt the state of affairs in the immediate neighbourhood—that I Chün had been seized by a band of 500 armed Ko Lao Hui, men who had come from Pei T'ungkuan, and taken the magistrate prisoner. The woman gave him some hot drink and a little millet soup for the child, and then led them to a place which is only remembered by the boy as "Wu," a place some distance from I Chün. Here the Christian Ts'ao again found them. They dared not stay here long, but after

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a discussion the old woman and Ts'ao came to an arrangement. Up on the hills was a cave settlement of Honanese. They were members of the Ko Lao Hui, but she thought she could answer for two out of the three families; the third had better be avoided. Ts'ao then went on to ascertain the temper of this settlement. For a large sum—in Chinese eyes a fortune—they consented to receive, and hide, and feed the fugitives in an inner cave sunk below the ground-level of a larger outer cave. Ts'ao then returned and obtained two mules with pack-saddles, and they all set off for the caves. The cave-dwellers lent a wadded quilt, supplied bread and corn-meal porridge. Pen, ink and paper were away in civilization. They had, however, retained some of their Chinese cards, and with a piece of charcoal Dr. Young wrote a message which told of their plight. His boy and a Honan man took this message to Sianfu. The boy, torn by anxiety, by no means sure of the cave-dwellers, walked and ran, ran and walked, till three days later he reached the east suburb of Sianfu, where he was greeted at the gate with a loaded rifle till he could satisfy inquiries. He managed by climbing high walls—for each street or group of streets had become a distinct fort—to reach Mr. Shorrock and tell his story. In spite of his exhaustion, sleep would not come. At early dawn he made his way into the city and to the hospital—to Dr. Robertson and Mr. Shih.

Liu Chi Wa is a typical case of the Chinese "boy." It is so easy to dismiss the missionaries' "boys" as mere hangers-on—"rice Christians." Often, by the way, these boys refuse for years to profess Christianity, either because they have not made up their minds as to the truth of the teaching, or because they realize that the moral defects in their own lives would be incompatible with such a profession. But such facts

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are apt to be ignored in hasty generalizing, and "rice Christians" is too picturesque a phrase lightly to fall into desuetude. The Chinese boy is much the same compound of human nature as servants in other countries. Given sensible oversight, yet freedom from nagging, with a certain amount of confidence shown in him, and he will generally become sincerely attached to his master. This attachment does not necessarily prevent him from obtaining his ten per cent. "squeeze." Are not perquisites ever the portion of the personal servant? But he will stand by you in a tight corner when to leave you means safety for himself. Well for you when the time comes if you have remembered that your "boy" is more than a machine to be hired and retained at the market rate—is after all a fellow creature, with fears and hopes and proper human feelings similar to your own.

From the Tutu Mr. Shih got an official proclamation for the protection of the Youngs, and, what was difficult to spare, a troop of cavalry, which he led north. Mr. Shih's experiences on this journey are a story in themselves. When near the cave settlement the boy was sent on ahead to let the fugitives know that the arrivals were friendly.

The Youngs by this time were reverting quite comfortably to the primitive habits of our troglodyte ancestors, and were cheerfully combining scientific assumptions with Biblical orthodoxy by making of their cave an earthly paradise. After all, what more is needed when the essentials are here? A man, a woman and a little child; Father God, whose perfect love and power they never doubted; and for the day's needs the simple food and the sufficient shelter.

Ah, well! we may not always live in Eden; the world is wide, and work is waiting: they turned from the dim cave to the outer air, and set their faces south to Sianfu.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

A WOMAN ALONE

NOT since the terrible scenes of the Mohammedan Rebellion in the 'seventies have the Chinese of Shensi experienced such terror, and such tangible reasons for terror, as they did in 1911.

The revolution to them meant scenes of murder, robbery and rapine. The "glorious" Republic was bought at heavy cost. The car of progress was doubtless moving forward, but it none the less left their homes as smoking ruins in its wake. On the road to the south mountains, amongst the foothills lies the little market town of Ying Chia Wei. Through its main street that Sunday evening, October 22nd, numbers of people from the big towns and small villages passed, and as they passed, the townsfolk joined them. The mountains were cold and inhospitable enough, but life and honour might be preserved there—if death from exposure did not end the former. So to the mountains fled the terrified women: they knew too well the tender mercies of the wicked—and of the baser element in the Ko Lao Hui.

Here in Ying Chia Wei there dwelt a Swedish lady, Miss Mary Anderson. Twenty years earlier she had come to this land, and for these twenty years she had lived, with but the one purpose, to serve her Lord. And since the unevangelized area was so great, and the number of male missionaries inadequate, she had taken over a large district and there, fifteen miles from the nearest

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foreigner, lived amongst the native peasantry. In and out amongst the gorges which pierce the Tsing Ling range, as well as amongst the villages of the plains, she wandered: preaching, teaching, living the Christian faith. The simple peasants soon became accustomed to her presence in their midst. To them she was "a doer of good works": doubtless bent on piling up merit, and, what was more to their practical mind, a kindly neighbour and a genuine friend.

It seems a lonely life and a dangerous; it certainly is only a life which a devoted woman could lead; and it needs a sane, healthy outlook, plentiful occupation and a constant remembrance of the fundamentals of faith to keep strong and cheerful. But such are the gifts granted to these women who work in some of the remote stations of the China Inland Mission and its associated societies. To them the life they lead is lived gladly. In it their joy is to serve.

All through that night sounds of crying and distress came to the missionary's ears. On the Monday came wild exaggerations of the Sianfu tragedy. One man arrived carrying a trident ten feet in length. Asked what they were doing in the city, he pointed to Miss Anderson and replied: "Only killing these people." That evening a pupil from the Mission School in Sianfu returned to his home in Ying Chia Wei. He was sick with fear: it was difficult to draw any clear story from him.

When he became calmer, he urged the missionary to get away to some place of hiding. The teacher of her little school urged a similar course. The latter provided a disguise: an old man's clothes and a large straw hat. He arranged for Miss Anderson to go to a Christian house in a village a mile away. The east part of Ying Chia Wei was in flames, the villages to the west

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likewise; the northern sky was lit up by the glare of burning buildings in Sianfu. There remained only the south as a road of escape. From Sianfu, fifteen miles away, they could hear the booming of cannon. The school teacher led the way south. Behind him came the figure of an old man, moving along at the unique little shuffling trot of the Chinese peasant. It was no difficulty, to one who knew the life of the people as intimately as Miss Anderson, to impersonate an old Chinese. What with the hat, the clothes, the bundles, and the darkness, she passed undetected till they reached their destination. Here they found only the old father and his youngest son. The womenfolk had fled to the mountains. The teacher and schoolboy who had accompanied Miss Anderson now returned to their own homes. The son of the house, however, according to Chinese custom, had brought his betrothed to the house to care for her in a time of danger, and now on Tuesday morning, the 24th, he started to take her to a place of safety. The father was to escort them part of the way and then return, but the son insisted on the father going all the way.

She was left alone in a village of some hundred houses, where all eyes looked suspiciously on every movement, where some of the people were distinctly hostile. They had hidden her in a place used as a store-room, and from it she could look out upon Ying Chia Wei, the place where she had laboured so long, into which so much of her life was woven. Was it all to go up in flames ? Would the Mission Chapel, the little school, the simple yet dainty home all be destroyed ? She sat through the night with her eyes upon the little town. She was alone with her thoughts.

It is becoming increasingly customary among mission-ary circles to advocate a healthy variety of interests.

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At home the men and women of the Missions have touched life at many points: literature, art, politics, music, science. There is a fear of becoming mentally stagnant, and amidst the pressure of local work pathetic efforts are made "to keep in touch with things at home." This attitude has its advantages: it helps to counteract morbidness and depression in certain temperaments. But there is a higher, a finer way; and some choice souls there be who find it. These strove once for all ere quitting their own people and their own land to empty their lives of all subsidiary interests and to fill them again with the programme and with the interests of the Kingdom of God. And later, when out on the Mission Field, they have been enabled by an alternation of work and meditation to keep fresh, and sane and sweet, while yet subordinating every other interest to the one. These men and women are never dull. Ennui is powerless with them. Left alone they have—to use a much-abused word, but which may here be rightly used—they have an infinity of resource. Alone for days in that dark room where at any hour, any minute, her hiding-place discovered, she might be haled forth to instant death; without food, with no sound of friendly voice, no sight of human face, this lady remains quiet, serene, thoughtful. "The practice of the presence of God" had become a customary part of life. Now, when there was nothing to be done but wait and think, her thought homed its way to Him whom having not seen she loved.

> Oh human soul, as long as thou canst so
> Set up a mark of everlasting light,
> Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
> To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
> Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
> Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

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On Wednesday night she heard persons outside discussing her whereabouts, and some of these went off to hunt for her in the mountains. Passers-by she heard who were saying they meant to burn the house in which she lay hidden. Meanwhile in Ying Chia Wei one of the released gaol-birds had reported that the leader of the Ko Lao Hui was coming to burn the missionary buildings and to kill the foreigner. He himself wished to lead the way there and then. "You won't do that," expostulated some well-known women of the place. "We have had nothing but good from the Gospel Hall, why do that?" The man for reply hunted up a couple of Buddhist priests to help him to loot and burn. For a time he was prevented by the neighbours, whose sense of common fairness and decency was outraged at this wanton attack upon a neighbour whom, even if they did not accept her tenets, they yet all esteemed. It was but for a time, however, then the mob rushed the Mission premises and either stole or destroyed everything. Crockery and the like, which on examining they did not care to carry away, they deliberately dashed to the ground. Then they scattered to hunt out and kill the owner. During the Thursday they entered the house in which she was hiding, and one even got one foot across the threshold of her room. She kept perfectly still in the deep shadow, and the man, after a hasty glance, turned back, saying, "There is no one here." Yet she was to be discovered after all not by man's ingenuity, but by her own sense of pity and by that resolve of "playing the game" which was in her Teuton blood. At dawn on Friday a colporteur had come to the door and called her by name. She let him in, and he told her that he had been to the head of a local robber band and had preached to them. The leader had said, "I know of your Jesus: I won't hurt

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you." (The robbers were entertained by the people, who gave them opium, clothing and other things they demanded.) Alas, that devotion does not always ensure discretion! Over the possession of a sword the colporteur began to rebuke these robbers publicly, and they naturally turned on him. Severely wounded he crawled back, bleeding and exhausted, to the hidden missionary, leaving a trail for all to follow. "I shall die, and you will not be able to save yourself," he said. She covered him up and looked through a peephole to see the people rushing up the mountains, seeking the foreigner who they now felt sure must be near by. Three men came inquiring and pointed to the house where she was. To wait, and perhaps, be found, meant bringing about the discovery of the wounded man, who had now lost his nerve, and to save him she came swiftly to the decision that there was but one thing to do. And on that decision she acted. She stepped forth from the house to meet her fate. Her own words upon the action are simple almost to baldness, and indicate no consciousness of her attitude being heroic, or being other than the only attitude possible. "I thought," she said, "they had come to take my life, and wishing to spare the colporteur, who was then in a very critical condition, I thought it better to come out and meet my death rather than have him killed by fright."

"I thought it better to come out and meet my fate rather than have him killed." (This was true courage.)

And she was a woman: a woman hunted, and alone! And after all, for that time at least, death was cheated of his prey. For two out of three men had been chosen for the task of seeking her as knowing her well by sight, and they had come to bring medicine for the sick man.

The Ying Chia Wei temple bell was ringing; they were executing robbers from the mountains. An official

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came that day to pacify the people and to inquire for the foreigner. By evening they brought her to a house at Ying Chia Wei. It was on the Monday evening that she had last tasted food, and now on the Friday evening she was given something to eat. "No sense of hunger," she writes, "oppressed me." A troop of cavalry escorted her in safety to the provincial capital.

From our present point of view, what is distinctive in the Ying Chia Wei story is the utter loneliness of the person chiefly concerned; for whereas in most of the places previously mentioned the foreigners were at least two together and had the opportunity of consulting together, and also of benefiting by the advice of reliable Chinese friends, Miss Anderson was a woman alone, save for the bleeding, weakened colporteur. Having to make a tremendous decision with only a few minutes for consideration, and being quite without human counsel, that decision, wise as it was brave, was one only possible to a heroic spirit who dwelt habitually on the serene heights where dwell those to whom simple duty and the selfless life form the rule of living and its goal.

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CHAPTER XXIX

BEING A RAPID SURVEY

THERE remains abundant material for narrative in the experiences of the foreigners in the north-west during the revolution and the first months of the republic, but the remaining places in Shensi can only be touched upon, whilst the Kansu, north Shansi, and Mongolian story must be left. Not that there is any lack of intrinsic interest, but because those phases of the revolution with which it deals have been already dealt with in the preceding chapters.

At the west suburb of Sianfu the foreigners were gathered in the compound to which Mr. Beckmann returned with his remaining child. On the other side of the main road was the military college, the students of which, anxious to ensure the safety of the missionaries, provided rifles, with which they armed a few of the Mission's helpers. After some time, one of these latter came into the house and threw down his rifle. "Unless you get to prayer," cried he, "it is useless. These"—pointing to the rifle—"are useless to keep off the mob. If God will not deliver, we are undone." It became increasingly evident to the military students that the Mission compound could not long be defended. They themselves could not afford to weaken their forces by any division. Under the circumstances they decided to invite the missionaries to come across to the military college. Some soldiers were obtained, and these formed up in two lines, between which the foreigners were led across the road to the college. And as they went the

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mob howled with rage at being baulked of their prey. The rifles of the soldiers were held at the ready, the muzzles almost at the breasts of the foremost lines of the yelling mob.

That it was murder and not loot which incited the mob is shown by the fact that, once the foreigners were outside, the premises were safe.

At Fenghsiangfu the stupidity and wholesale nature of the violence were almost incredible. The first attack was delivered on the government high school, whence the mob swooped down upon the Mission compound. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens had, on the urgent representations of friendly Chinese, fled the day previously, making for the Kansu border. Otherwise there is little doubt that their fate would have been similar to that of the foreigners in the south suburb of Sianfu. The Mission buildings were wholly looted, and largely destroyed.

At Ch'ien Chou, the Ahlstrands were persuaded to go into hiding, and found refuge outside the city in a cave where some Chinese Christians lived. Here it was that they received the terrible Sianfu news, and knew that their only child had been brutally done to death. For days afterwards they had to remain in the cave, never alone, never unobserved. And around them went on the maddening babble; senseless chatter of petty things. Even in the West it is given but to the wise minority to respect grief by silence, to refrain from obtruding upon the mourner's sorrow; from the Chinese peasant such understanding is almost entirely hidden. Thus, day after day, these two stricken people were unconsciously racked and wounded by their friends and converts.

At Ping Liang, over the border in Kansu, was another lonely woman worker of the same Mission, three days' distance from the nearest foreigner. For some time

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after the news of fighting at Hankow, she was left without any word of the outer world, as both postal and telegraphic communications were cut. Then came the return of mission students from Sianfu with the story of the massacre there. Then there moved into the city that stormy petrel of the north-west revolution, Sheng Yün, the Ta Ch'ing nominee as Governor of Shensi. His arrival was the signal for vicious demonstrations by the Ko Lao Hui.

Miss Wedicson also was urged by the Chinese Christians to leave the city and seek refuge elsewhere. Only the fear of seeming to turn a deaf ear to people presumably more cognizant of local feeling than she could be, induced her to go. And in leaving her last thought was for the flock. She buried most of the silver she had, with the Christians' knowledge; "in case," she writes, "I should not return to the city alive, it still could be found and used." She also hid in caves. The last night of hiding she took refuge with other Christian fugitives in a cave which had two brick beds (k'ang) and an open shelf or primitive top storey. "One of the women," she writes, "the teacher and myself were sitting cramped up on the small 'k'ang,' taking as little space as possible, leaving the rest for several little children, who, being turned in different directions, left no room anywhere. The k'ang being, of course, heated, and its top being made of stones, got most unendurably hot, so that we had to keep moving inch by inch all night in order to endure the heat, and also kept putting our shoes under the children lest they should be scorched, as they, though fast asleep, were turning restlessly about.

"On the top storey there was barely room enough for the old man and his son, with their loaded guns by their side. Near the 'k'angs' were some sacks and bins of grain, etc., and a fireplace and kitchen table, on which

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was placed the head of a wild hog with its grey hide near by, and half of its body was put on an elevation of rafters, where the cats were enjoying themselves. In the back part of the cave were some donkeys, and a few cows and calves. In nooks and corners, high and low, the chickens had taken refuge where they could roost in safety and be undisturbed by the hog that was marching round about in the cave. . . ." But at Ping Liang the officials and gentry had acted with courage and promptness: night and day, the old style soldiers, the police, and gentry kept strict watch and busy patrol, with the result that Ping Liang was saved the horrors of so many of its neighbours.

Along the south boundary of Shensi bordering on Szuchuen, the Ko Lao Hui were up in arms, and the missions at Lung Chü Tsai, Han Chung Fu, and other stations, were in considerable danger. On the east border near Shansi the missionaries were forced to flee early in the revolution, and it was they who first brought the news of the Sianfu murders to the outside world. On December 4th a large party of foreigners, thirty-nine in all, started from Sianfu for the coast: thirty-three of these were missionaries of Kansu and Shensi, and in addition there were Herr and Frau Henne and their three children, and Mr. Dupont, who represented a Western business firm. They went south over the mountains to Lung Chü Tsai and dropped down the river to Ching Tzu Kuan, whence, via Lao Ho K'ou, they reached Hankow.

Their escort, headed by a notorious Ko Lao Hui leader, whilst protecting them, behaved abominably to the innocent Chinese en route, killing at least eight people, and robbing right and left. That this party had left for the coast was not known outside Shensi for some time afterwards.

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We have already seen sufficient to show us both the general temper of the Chinese of the north-west, and the peculiar blot upon society there caused by the "bad men," who, whilst themselves abnormal, yet so frequently lead to the wholesale condemnation of the general Chinese public.

It was the stain on the new republican government of Shensi, and is still its weakness, that it has not vigorously disassociated itself from such men, has not publicly repudiated their action. There is no desire for vengeance on the part of the foreigners of the north-west. But what they, and all who know the Chinese of the north, wish is that the people themselves should be protected from men of this "bad" type, who, either singly or in small groups, come to a neighbourhood with the deliberate intention of creating a disturbance. Such characters are easily detected; the reputable Chinaman seems to recognize them as by an instinct. A magistrate who will act strongly and promptly, as was done in Ping Liang, or a town that will combine against them, as in Suitechou,[1] can prevent their making mischief. The present Tutu of Shensi became ruthless in stamping out such characters as soon as it meant that his personal safety was endangered. Once the people of a neighbourhood understand—and it is not difficult for Chinese authorities to make them understand—that they will be considered as participants in guilt, should violence follow these "bad men's" presence in their midst, they will courageously unite and expel such men. On the other hand, to let pass unpunished such scenes as took place at the Sianfu south suburb is to encourage the people of the neighbourhood first in harbouring, and later in uniting with, these pests of society. There still remains a duty which the government of Shensi as such ought to

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perform, to make clear in some manner more overt and official than has yet been done, that they repudiate and disassociate themselves from such crimes as occurred outside the south suburb of Sianfu in October 1911.

The outlook is not wholly sombre. The best thought of the north-west, including that of some members of the government, has been deeply impressed by the magnanimity of the members of the English and American-Scandinavian missions: the newspapers have spoken repeatedly in their praise. Even the Ko Lao Hui have felt a sense of shame that so many of their members, wounded in the war, owe their recovery to the untiring, unselfish efforts of the very men whom they would have hounded to death.

When he heard of the proposed "Chelsea Hospital," Chang Yün Shan, the Ko Lao Hui commander-general of the western Shensi army, commenced to weep. "That they, the foreigners, should think of doing this for my men," he cried, "and I myself had never thought of it." The Ke Ming Tang, the business community, the gentry, are not behind in recognizing what has been done, and for some time at least there should be little likelihood of violence being offered to the Westerner. For public opinion is in advance of the attitude of the government and reacts upon it, in Shensi not less than elsewhere, and public opinion there had, during the first year of the Republic, the opportunity of judging Westerners by the actions of men and women who could suffer with dignity, and who desired not their own private satisfaction, but Shensi's good; who looked not upon their own things, but on the things—upon the distress and need, the hopes and fears—of others, and who, so doing, could, for Shensi's sake, endure, and, what was still more difficult, could, for Shensi's sake, forgive.

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BOOK III

THE SHENSI RELIEF EXPEDITION

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PART I.—HOW IT WAS STARTED

CHAPTER XXX

THE COAST POINT OF VIEW

THE shock of the news was the greater on account of the previous placidity. The struggle had seemed so unreal. At Hankow guns boomed day after day, but few people were hurt. At Shanghai a revolution had occurred with scarcely a scratch. Looking back it is easy to see that the facility with which the revolution was effected along the coast, combined with the comparative absence of bitterness, made the mind unprepared for news of horror.

On October 22nd, in Singapore, the dollar notes issued by the Chinese revolutionaries were selling at fifty cents, a striking indication of faith in the movement. The Straits Settlements Chinese are as far-seeing as any body of traders living, and they bought this paper money at fifty per cent. discount.

In the last week of October there was a rush of amazed, terrified Chinese from Canton to its neighbour, Hong-Kong. Canton, ever a nest of stormy "patriots," declares it will now work for "The Republic of Kwangtung." In its haste to be modern, it cannot suffer the inertia of China to retard its progress. Meanwhile the thought of many is: "Let us get our portable riches under the shadow of British guns at Hong-Kong. This done we are free to wave revolutionary flags and to cheer the reformers' manifestoes."

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On November 3rd, in Shanghai, there comes an authentic report that the native city is to be called upon to surrender. What shall a poor Manchu official do? Arsenal and forts are staffed with these irrepressible Chinese, sons of Han, very determined that Han shall come to his own again. Chinese volubility has become succinct. It has but one motto, most disagreeable to a poor Manchu official's ears: "The Manchu must go." No help is forthcoming from Peking. No help from "Imperial Forces," which are rapidly ceasing to *be* a "force," and which never were "imperial," seeing they never truly "belonged to an Emperor." Yuan Shih K'ai gives no sign; one hears only of his leg, which gets better or worse with bewildering speed. So the Manchu official delivers up his keys, betaking himself to the foreign settlement with no undue delay. In the morning all is over; Shanghai has "fallen." A party of Imperialists are seen marching down one street; a party of Revolutionaries pass about a hundred yards away. In martial array we officially decline to see our opponents and—pass by. As to the destination of the Reformers there is nothing doubtful. They enter into possession of Shanghai native city. The Imperial troops march away: possibly to limbo, possibly to disband themselves, perhaps to turn a corner and reappear as Reformers. We have so great a feast of exciting news in these days that such details seem trivial. The Nanking Road, the famous "Maloo" of Shanghai, is a sight to be remembered. On both sides the white flag, emblem of the Reformers, hangs out. Typical of the practical Chinese spirit is this. Any householder can procure a square yard of white calico. It is cheap and easily obtained. Let *that* go up first and commit us to the new movement. Afterwards we will elaborate. Patriotism shall be gratified by brave sayings appearing on

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the white flag. Ingenuity also, and literary flavour shall find display. For the most part "The return of the Han" is the burden of the declaration. There is uncertainty as to the new national colours. One hears of a red ground, a blue centre, fringed with white stars—a star for each of the eighteen provinces. No certain information is yet to be obtained, but it seems likely that red, white, and blue are to be used. Whilst our Bastilles are falling, it is fitting that we by some means work in our tricolour.

At Tsingtau, in the early days of November, there is the usual German efficiency. A cruiser is receiving wireless messages across country, via other wireless stations, from Hankow. The cruiser happens to be in dock, but the wireless installation works briskly. Down the main street comes a fine body of German infantry. The men look thoroughly fit, pleased with themselves and with the thought of active service. The band plays the air which we in Britain use for our "God save the King." One clambers out of the rickshaw and wants to cheer. After all, are we not all Teutons together, in far-off Asia? Then men come swinging down to the Hamburg-Amerika boat, the *Admiral von Tirpitz*—fit omen of activity surely?—and handily get on board their stores, mule battery and, after some "peaceful persuasion," their mules. They are to go up to Peking to strengthen the Legation defences. We feel quite martial: but there comes a wire saying that all is quiet in Peking and that reinforcements are unnecessary. So the mules face a second trip over their pet aversion, the gangway; beds and boxes have to be got ashore—with no help from derricks already put into sea-going order. But the soldiers turn cheerfully to their coolie work and we are soon under weigh. The Tsingtau news is that Tsinanfu,

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the capital of Shantung province, has fallen to the Reformers. Also that "Imperial Forces," being ordered to proceed to Hankow, have refused, declining to fight against their fellow-countrymen.

Arriving at Dalny, now a Japanese port, we are of course huddled together for a "medical inspection." After some experience with Japanese ports, that would-be Hegemon of Asia becomes vaguely associated in the mind with braided uniforms and "medical inspection." Being found blameless, we are allowed to bring up at the wharf. Dalny gives no news of the Revolution. Dalny itself is a sufficient transition perhaps; a transition from Russian to Japanese via Chinese.

To Tientsin, early in November, thousands of Chinese are pouring in from Peking. Rumours abound, but looming through the clouds of uncertainty and anxiety brief glimpses are to be caught of an important figure—Yuan Shih K'ai. "He is at Wu Chang"; "He is at Shih-chia-chuang"; "He has never left home"; "He has been assassinated at Peking." It is pathetic to see how the people strive to predict this man's movements.

The viceroy of Chihli, whose yamen is at Tientsin, is of the old school. It is said that he has had his coffin brought into the yamen and is prepared to fight to the last, regarding Tientsin as the gateway of Peking. Coming up from the south, Tientsin seems remarkable as a place where foreigners are to be heard expressing doubt as to the ultimate success of the Revolutionaries, and some measure of sympathy with the Manchu Government.

Travellers are told that it is useless to attempt to proceed to the capital; that foreigners have been called into their respective Legations; into the Methodist compound. These overflowing, people are being turned

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away and are coming down to Tientsin en route for Shanghai, for Japan, for safety anywhere. So rumour, and advice takes her colour from rumour. Let us disregard both for the prosaic verdict of the Tientsin booking-office. Here we find that tickets are being issued for Peking.

As the train rolls on to the capital, many cars are passed marked "Reserved for military use." At last Peking's gate-towers and the Altar of Heaven are sighted; the train runs through an opening in the wall of the outer city, across stretches of cultivated ground, through another and interior wall, and arrives at the terminus. We are in Peking. What shall we find? Behold it is still rumour, rumour only; and Peking on the surface is going peaceably along its ordinary course.

Experiences such as these, at various points along the coast, made for a general scepticism. So many instances of an expectation of dire calamity followed only by a quiet declaration of republicanism, together with assurances of protection for foreigners, had for their result the feeling that nothing could go wrong. And in the background of consciousness there perhaps sneaked the comforting thought of gunboats at Peitaiho, of the Somersets in Peking, of cruisers of many nations along the China coast. And if from one quarter comes an ugly rumour, gaining in ugliness from its background of a long and persistent silence, then let us fall back upon our comfortable scepticism, reassuring ourselves that no harm can befall, that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

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CHAPTER XXXI

THE PEKING ATMOSPHERE

PEKING, then, is not yet in flames, in spite of lurid accounts to that effect in various journals. The Legation quarter was busy enough, whilst the hotels swarmed with wealthy Chinese who here felt a sense of security greater than in their own houses. Many of the Manchu princesses had gone down to the hotels in the foreign concession of Tientsin.

Peking had a demoralizing atmosphere in those days. It was difficult to settle down to anything. With a mine likely to be sprung at any moment, how could the mind address itself to ordinary humdrum tasks? The colleges began to close, since it was found impossible to keep students to their work. In one instance, a student having been summarily beheaded as an ardent revolutionary propagandist, the closing was not a drawn-out process. In this way the number of those running to and fro seeking news, excitement, outlets for energy, was still further increased, though most of the students first hurried home, and generally to a home in some village. Reporters, and would-be reporters, abounded. Old timers went over the story of the 1900 Legation siege. Valuables were brought into Legation area, and stored in go-downs, in friends' houses, scattered over verandahs. Medicals were busy forming and drilling Red Cross corps. The guards of the various Legations were hard at work also. None meant to be caught napping this time.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

STREAM CROSSING

THE LOOTING OF PEKING

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Meanwhile what was the state of things at the Palace? Would the Regent resign? Could the Empress Dowager play the part of a second Tzu Hsi? The ambition was there, but was there sufficient ability? Prince Ching seemed ready to show a bold front, being at least unwilling to concede to the demands of the South. Na Tung was only anxious to keep what he had amassed.

In the provisional assembly was much chattering and a general feeling of futility. Much discussion took place as to "modes of procedure." Nominated to their places, the Manchu princes sat along the front row of benches—the arrangement of the House being practically a reproduction of that in the Chambre des Deputies, Paris—cowed and distraught. The representatives of the various government boards faced fierce heckling, gave vague replies, themselves appearing to know little of the real doings of the boards they represented.

And now comes the great news. His Excellency Yuan Shih K'ai is actually to return to the capital. It seems almost too good to be true. He has evaded the summons so long, and it is to such a thankless task that he is called; but he is coming. A crowd gathers at the station to see him enter Peking, a crowd jealously thinned out by the military. His train is delayed; extraordinary precautions are being taken. Some of the more enduring spirits stay on at the station, others return home with the intention of coming back later. About dusk a group of foreigners gathers at the crossing of what they call "Morrison Street," Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, having his house here. Presently soldiers appeared running up the street, clearing the way. Next came cavalry in loose formation, and then, suddenly, the cavalry became a cloud of men recklessly

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brandishing lances at the people who lined the roadway. One man stepped back to avoid having a lance point entering his eye, and heard an old timer chuckle, "They've got him through all right." Gazing in indignant wonder, he looked for the great man, but all that was to be seen was the tail of a closed carriage disappearing, hemmed round by the cloud of "rough-riders." And that is how one saw His Excellency Yuan re-enter Peking.

But the difference in the city! The sigh of relief that went up could almost be heard. Day by day refugees returned to the city; the tension was over for the time being at all events; the hotels once more had breathing space; men took away their valuables from the Legation quarter, and native merchants opened their shops with fewer tremors. With the Hour there has come the Man.

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CHAPTER XXXII

THE NEWS FROM TAIYUANFU

WITH the close of October came the end of the Manchu rule in Taiyuanfu. The plans of the revolutionaries had been well laid; no unforeseen circumstance had forced their hand; the blow was struck at the hour appointed and it was resistless. Details had been attended to, the rulers " in posse " nominated, proper warning had been given to foreigners, and a guard told off for their protection.

During the weeks preceding, strange figures had flitted across the scene. Memory retains one vividly. Rueful looks and muttered maledictions followed a certain Chinese who appeared on the scene from " Way down South," distributing his cards as a piano-tuner. Now, following the railway, there had come to Taiyuanfu the pianoforte case. Places there are in China where contents of cases stencilled " Pianofabrik " have been eyed dubiously as being offerings to Mars rather than to Apollo, but the cases which came to Taiyuanfu really did contain pianos. Following the first pride of possession came carking care. How to keep a piano in tune, the nearest tuner being in Tientsin? The Cantonese piano-tuner was therefore warmly welcomed. Disillusionment came to various owners as they sat down to revel once again, as they hoped, at a proper pitch. The piano had before been merely out of tune; now, alas, all tune was out of the piano. Later, light appeared on the subject, when the pseudo piano-tuner, bland and unashamed, blossomed out as a high official of the new " Republic " of Shansi.

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Under various guises, making use of many shifts, the leaders of the revolution flocked into the province; educating opinion, stimulating hope, tampering with the military, arranging finance. At last the day and hour arrived. Late at night there broke on the ear a sound as of innumerable Chinese crackers. To those rushing out into courtyards, or clambering on to roofs, there came the clear "ping" and "whish" of Mauser bullets; a plain announcement that the weary underground work of years had at last resulted in open action; the sons of Han were at death grips with their rulers.

Confusion and ineptitude came later; but in those first few hours and days, concerted action, clear policy and prompt obedience were plentifully shown. Cohesion failed them under success: self-interest, mutual distrust, dilatoriness, almost ruined their cause, and permanently injured their reputation; but in the supreme crisis, in the birth-throes of the Republic, the call of opportunity found them ready.

The attack was made from the Chinese city against the Manchu quarter, but no attack was made from the gates furthest removed; from the city of destruction those might flee who would. But the Governor's yamen was rushed; the Governor and his son slain. Inoffensive in himself, he represented the hated alien domination. To us, this, with so many of the horrors in the revolution, seems needless, to the Chinese it appeared a political necessity. It announced the downfall of the dynasty, whilst the revolting regiments stood hopelessly committed to their new course.

Then the looting began. The revolutionary general, having silenced the Manchu guns, withdrew his forces from the city. Whether this step was the result of policy, or of fright, or the calculated desire for the destruction of Manchu property is not clear, but the result was deplorable. The city was left to anarchy,

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given up to the apotheosis of loot. Soldiers set the example, the rabble followed, to be imitated in turn by all and sundry. Soon the soldiers devised a new plan of procedure. Others were allowed to do the spade-work, and as they emerged, laden with spoil, from the Manchu city gates, were made to run the gauntlet of soldiers who selected at their ease. Steadily, persistently, there streamed the two processions: those who entered seeking, those who emerged gorged. No previous practice of virtue seemed to deter men seized with the sudden craving for easily acquired wealth. Elderly, decorous gentlemen might be seen struggling along under the weight of exquisite cabinets, costly vases, heaped-up silks and furs. Tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, in amazing medley were dragged off. And always the soldiers picked out the most easily convertible. The gate of the university opens on a main street leading from the Manchu quarter. Here the revolutionaries had set a guard, the main staff of the university being foreign. Deprived of actual participation in the looting, the guard entered into the benefits thereof by stopping the spoilers. And first they calmly chose a chair apiece that they might perform their guard duty in comfort, after which they proceeded to make a judicious selection from the spoils. Their plunder they coolly stored in the gate house of one of the professors.

The psychology of loot troubled the Chinese not at all. A warning given by a clear-sighted Englishman was waived aside. He pointed out that once licence had been granted, the looter would not stop to differentiate between Manchu and Chinese property. But passion proved too strong for precaution. Why should they not let loose their men, making use of cupidity to humiliate the Manchu? This accomplished, they would reassert their authority, and the looters would quietly disperse. They were soon undeceived. All

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that had been taken from the Manchu city was insignificant when compared with the wealth in the banks, pawnshops, warehouses and shops of the Chinese town. The authorities were powerless; the men on whom they had relied to enable them to restore order were themselves in the van of disorder. They had tasted the sweets of plunder, easy wealth was attainable. The coolie could seize more in one hour than he could gain by a year's labour. So the rush began. The worst offenders were the police. It was freely said that the magistrate at their head, who, as a member of the old régime was forced to fly for his life, told his subordinates that their opportunity had now come. He avenged himself for his humiliation, not on his enemies, but on the unoffending townsfolk.

Soldiers and police broke into bank after bank, dragging out the long narrow cases containing the fifty taels (from £6 to £7 sterling), "shoes" of silver. The cases were dashed to the ground and so broken, the plunderers taking as many shoes as they could secure in the general mêlée. Frequently the only limit to a man's plunder was that imposed by weight.

Torches were used either recklessly or deliberately. Practically, the main street was laid in ruins: silks and furs were draggled in the dust, porcelain smashed, wanton destruction everywhere. Telegraph poles were burnt, and the wires lay at the roadside in a tangled mass. An arcade, filled exclusively with shops where the implements and refinements of foreign living were to be procured, was burnt to the ground. The visible assets of Western civilization, which were the result of the laborious advance of recent years, seemed to be swept aside in a day, lost in the common ruin. To the indignation of the little foreign colony, the last of the railway engines drew out, without warning, from the sheds, bearing away the engineers to the junction with

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the Peking-Hankow railway, leaving some fifty foreigners cut off in Taiyuanfu. There is little use in being at the railhead if the rolling-stock be all at the base.

The foreigners in Taiyuanfu gathered in three compounds. Near the north gate of the city the Roman Catholic cathedral and schools stand in an immense compound. Four months' food supply was in the buildings, whilst more than two hundred rifles and men to handle them could be counted upon should the need arise. The Chinese Catholics of the district had no idea of selling their lives cheaply. The remaining foreigners, missionaries, university men, and the business community, made their head-quarters at two compounds of the Baptist Mission.

Of what was going on in the outside world little or nothing was known. After two or three days' rioting the general in charge of the main body of the troops returned to the city and proceeded to "restore order." This consisted of summarily decapitating men who were prowling about picking up stray pieces of wreckage The freebooters who had burnt and robbed wholesale went scot free.

Separating Shansi from Chihli is the strong pass of Niangtzu. Into this the republicans threw a strong force which proceeded to do—nothing. Having now the wherewithal to gamble, the men gambled; of serious soldiering they had had enough. Leaders and officers, having raised a devil which they could not lay, wrung their hands in despair, saying, "These cannot be controlled, only cozened."

Since no reliable information could be obtained as to what was happening to the east of the pass, two men, Professor Nyström of the University, and Professor Evans of the Baptist Mission, agreed to make a dash for the capital in the hope of bringing back tidings.

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They followed the line of the railway from Taiyuanfu. Though the engines were gone, at certain points hand trolleys could be commandeered. In any case the shortest route lay over the sleepers. Sometimes donkeys could be hired, at other times there were trolleys; miles had to be tramped. At last they neared the Imperialist lines. A volley fired off in the darkness set them careering down the embankment, calling out that they were foreigners. This was their introduction to the Imperialists, who forwarded them on their way, giving them a free pass on the military train going east. A poor wretch was discovered on the train, who belonged to the opposite camp. As the train was going at a considerable speed the Imperialist soldiers thought that the most expeditious method of dealing with their captive was to throw him out on to the line, "*pour encourager les autres.*" It fell to the foreigners to expostulate. They were able to save him for the moment, till the train reached the terminus. It may be feared that for the captive "the rest was silence." And yet, in China, under the present chaotic conditions, if only the first burst of enmity can be lived through, there are many chances of escape.

Arrived at Shih-chia-chuang, the junction of the Shansi railway with the Peking-Hankow line, they found chaos. All civil considerations were subjected to military ones, and the Chinese army had at this time nearly everything to learn in the transport line, at least during active service. It was therefore not a time to be too nice in asking for assistance; in fact the wise thing was to take it for granted that help would be rendered. "*Toujours l'audace*" was the motto, and acting on this they eventually arrived in Peking, there to throw light on the vexed question as to what had really occurred in Taiyuanfu.

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CHAPTER XXXIII

PREPARATIONS

THESE two then brought to Peking the Taiyuanfu story. Its intrinsic interest was great. It meant much to know from an authentic source how the revolution had progressed in a province to which, for the time being, ordinary means of communication did not extend. It reinforced the comparatively small amount of sympathy which the revolutionary movement found amongst the foreign community in Peking; the hearty desire for the revolutionaries' success expressed by the Taiyuanfu visitors brought back to the mind the delight of the foreigners of Shanghai when the Dragon flag fell before the new and varied emblems of the Republic.

Native rumours had previously reached Peking as to thousands of Manchus having been slain in Taiyuanfu; to learn that, in all, not more than twenty-five Manchu lives had been lost, meant that native rumours were discredited in advance for a long time to come.

As regards the position of foreign residents in the interior, the Taiyuanfu men's story had two results. In the first place it strengthened the general opinion that there was no danger, as the reforming party, the Ke Ming Tang, were evidently making the protection of non-Chinese a matter of general policy; in the second place it gave a hope of opening communications with the provinces further inland. But the general feeling of assurance was so strengthened that people were resigned to waiting with tranquillity for further news.

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And the news came. On the evening of the day that the men from Taiyuanfu set out on their return journey the express letter, already quoted,[1] reached Peking. It brought with it not only the horror of what was known, there was also the dread uncertainty about the fate of the survivors.

In Sianfu, the capital, there had been over fifty foreigners: American, Europeans and Japanese. In Sanyuan district, a day to the north, there were probably a dozen more. Nine days further north, in Yenanfu,[2] amongst mountains with no roads save mule-tracks, was an Englishman with his wife and young child; whilst five days further north still, in Suitechou,[2] were two Englishmen, an Englishwoman and two little children, in a district wild and unsettled, where foreigners had only resided for a year, where authority had never been strong and was now in abeyance. To the north-west was a chain of Mission Stations running up to and across the border of Kansu. Thus Shensi was a trap with its opening at T'ung Kuan, where three provinces —Honan, Shensi and Shansi—converge. T'ung Kuan had been taken and retaken: sacked and burnt by revolutionaries, Imperialists and bandits. East of T'ung Kuan the main road through the province of Honan was at the mercy of marauding bands of robbers, who respected nothing save force. The only warrant of Yuan Shih K'ai which would run there was his army, and that ran none too well. Southwards of Sianfu a well-used mule-track leads over the mountains to a small branch of the river Han, but the embarrassment of the authorities meant freedom of action for the river pirates. Northwards the country was in the hands of the Ko Lao Hui, which meant that any attempt to

[1] Page 3.
[2] See *Caught in the Chinese Revolution*, by E. F. Borst-Smith.

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cross the Yellow River into Shansi would be fraught with grave peril. Westwards, in Kansu, the situation was much quieter; but the part where authority was weakest and least felt was in the south-east, by the Shensi border. Also, to enter Kansu meant being further away from the railway should things grow worse.

In this Shensi trap, then, what was happening to the various foreigners? In the Boxer year there had been instances of women wandering about for days: hiding in the crops, in caves, without food, penniless. In the early days of the 1911 Revolution, there had been places where the foreigner had suddenly found himself penniless through the looting or breaking of the local bank. From every point of view it was desirable to know how matters stood in Shensi, whence for weeks no telegraphic or postal communication had been received, and to take in money where it might be so badly needed. But outweighing every other consideration was the possible imminent peril in which the women and children who remained still stood. Knowing the terrible fate which had befallen those who were at the Beckmanns' school; knowing from some acquaintance with Chinese character and Chinese mobs what might easily befall others, it was impossible to sit still in Peking.

It remained to put the proper machinery in motion. The hour was late, the day was Sunday. The Legation authorities, hard pressed during regulation hours in those strenuous days, might well refuse to deal with the question immediately. But the words of the Tientsin message: ". . . try to get some one to go to Sianfu . . ." were too vivid, in their simple appeal, for delay: we crossed the road to the Legation.

There need have been no fear. His Majesty's representative[1] showed only grave concern and kindly

[1] Sir John Jordan.

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solicitude on hearing the story. It meant much, very much, at such a time, to meet not with the formality of the office, but with ready human sympathy, with a mind bent on understanding the question and grappling with its issues; and one British subject wishes here to record his humble gratitude that King George's interest in his people was translated into such practical action by his minister during the anxious days of 1911–12 in China.

The problem to be confronted was how to ensure adequate help for the foreigners shut up in Shensi. For good and efficient reasons an official foreign force could not be sent, whilst to appoint a Legation official involved such issues as to make it unadvisable, if other means could be found. There remained civilian volunteers. But Peking itself being full of possibility of trouble, to get these was not easy. After more than one discussion it was decided, with considerable heart-searching, to allow a man to try to make his way to Sianfu, alone if no help could be secured, but with orders to consult with the community at Taiyuanfu, and to be largely guided by opinion there. This Taiyuanfu route was fixed on for two reasons: (1) Under the then abnormal conditions it was the most feasible, the usual and quicker route, via Honanfu, being considered impossible on account of brigands and soi-disant soldiery; (2) and still more important, it would be possible by the Taiyuanfu route to push on quickly to Suitechou and Yenanfu, where the few Britishers were penned in amongst the hordes of Ko Lao Hui.

The question of money was a difficult one. In Shensi there were no dollars, only the lumps of silver measured by the ounce, and changed into bulky, unwieldy strings of copper cash. To take a large amount of silver, necessitating coolie porterage, would have been to

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court disaster. A Chinese seems to have a distinct and special sense for silver. When he "hefts" a bag he is generally able to say whether it contains sycee or no. How much then could one man distribute on his person so as to escape detection? Also, under how much of its weight could he stagger along? When three hundred taels were distributed amongst various pockets one was just able to stroll down the street, filled with misgivings as to the linings of those same pockets. Forty pounds sterling may not seem much for such a purpose as was in view: prices for hiring animals would be raised in proportion to the fears of their owners; even in normal times travel is one of the heaviest items of expenditure in the interior. There was also the probability of having to disburse lavishly for tips: to bribe guards, to placate "escorts." However, even three hundred taels might well seem riches to people who had none, and in any case it was the physical limit.

Passports drawn up in the ordinary way would be of little use beyond the Manchu pale, but one was obtained, giving permission to travel through nearly all the provinces north of the Yangtzu. This, with a safe-conduct through the Imperialist lines, was obtained from the Foreign Office, largely by the aid of H.E. Yuan's son, who in those trying days took a good deal of work from off his father's shoulders.

For luggage: a rug, a toothbrush, and little else; the idea being that if coolies were unobtainable one must be one's own porter; and the "limit of weight" had already been filled up by sycee.

Some good-byes to members of that most warm-hearted community, the foreign colony of Peking, and preparations were complete for a plunge into the interior.

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CHAPTER XXXIV

AT SHIH CHIA CHUANG

At Shih Chia Chuang there had been tragedy: pitiless, brutal tragedy. The Imperialist troops there were under General Wu. The post was of great importance, as the Shansi railway here joins the great Peking-Hankow line. To the west lay Taiyuanfu, where General Yen had declared for the Republic of Shansi, and, holding the strong pass of Niangtzu which leads from Chihli to Shansi, came marching down to the Peking-Hankow railway. Should the Imperialist general prove to be at heart a Republican, and the general impression was that such was the case, he could join forces with Yen, and then with Shansi as a base, and with the control of two railways secure, the united generals would be in a position to march straight on Peking, at the same time being able, at any moment, to cut off the Peking Government from their Hankow troops by destroying railway bridges to the south.

If this had happened, there is little doubt that months of civil war and weary armistice would have been averted. The Court would have fled, leaving Yuan Shih K'ai a free hand to make terms; and with their flight would have gone the cabals, the questions of "face," the peevish mischievousness of the younger Manchu princes, the lumbering truculence of the Mongol chieftains; all that, from the Ta Ch'ing side, hindered Yuan in his efforts to effect a settlement.

Things were at this stage when one afternoon a

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cosmopolitan group sat listlessly in a room of the British American Tobacco Co.'s compound at Shih Chia Chuang. Business was at a standstill, the warehouse itself had been commandeered by General Wu and his staff as head-quarters. Now and again a French engineer from the railway offices, or an agent of the mines, would look in to discuss stale news. The junction, wearied with uncertainty, crouched over the stove and dozed. Then something happened. There was a swift rush along the corridor, and a man, dressed in the uniform of a member of the general's staff, rushed in. He was the military secretary of General Wu. He darted across the floor into an adjoining room, tearing as he went at his belt and clothing. The man was fright incarnate, sick with terror. A minute or two, and the gorgeous military secretary had disappeared and a bedraggled Chinese coolie fled through the room, leapt down the stairs, and darted across the railway platform into the open country. The inmates of the room shook themselves together and made for the place this man had evidently left, the general's room. The general lay there murdered, in a ghastly welter of blood, with some of his dead or dying officers near him.

The immediate agents of this deed were some Manchu soldiers who feared that their leader would join the revolutionaries. But whispers were soon rife that these were but hired bravoes, the puppets of a master-mind in Peking. If so, by what devious mazes had that mind travelled? What object could there be in such a crime? Mutual hatred and suspicion flared up; a new and more implacable spirit came over the revolutionaries, the same spirit which was fostered by that senseless barbarity, the razing of Hankow. The murder of General Wu was as useless to the Manchu dynasty

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as that of the Duc D'Enghien to the Napoleonic. It also, if one may be allowed Fouché's cynicism for the moment, was more than a crime—it was a blunder. For the Manchus, it but dragged out their humiliation, and brought them no better terms.

The immediate and local result was curious. The Chinese first impulse in the face of tragedy is to bolt; not from any innate horror of such bloodshed—he is not squeamish enough for that—but for fear of being implicated. Chinese criminal investigation has a generous inclusiveness about it. So in the present instance, although the perpetrators of the deed might not unreasonably have considered the moral support of their company or division certain, yet the inbred fear of being included in an inquiry induced all to take flight. The subordinate officers and immediate attendants on the general, probably through fear of being charged with treachery, also fled. The army, finding itself unofficered, retired. The revolutionary troops, for some reason unknown, possibly fearing a trap, also retired. Shih Chia Chuang station, its horrors, its deserted camp, its empty lines of rail, were left lonely in the winter sunlight. After some time had elapsed the revolutionary troops summoned up courage to return, and to seize some engines and rolling stock, and with these they retreated up the line to the Pass at Niangtzu, content to guard their new Republic of Shansi. Herein lay, and still lies, the weakness of the movement; it was each province for itself. There was no serious attempt to obtain the command of the Peking-Hankow line and so hasten the end of the struggle going on at Hankow. Imperialist troops could still be moved at will from Peking to prolong the struggle in the south. No! having attained to a province, let us retire.

General Wu's successor was appointed, and the Imperialists were again in charge of Shih Chia Chuang.

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The Peking rickshaw coolie who ran an easy-looking fare down to the station must have felt aggrieved. In a loose overcoat, a man with three hundred taels of silver packed about him may not look abnormal, but he is certainly " depressing " for a rickshaw.

There were a few foreigners on the train, American and Canadian missionaries going down the line to Paotingfu, the old Chihli capital. Their cheery common-sense, and eagerness about their present work and future plans made the journey seem short. The Scandinavian missionaries known as " the Blöm party " were being daily expected in Tientsin. They had escaped from their station in south-west Shansi, where the local magistrate under the old Government, realizing his inability to protect them, had offered them assistance to reach Honanfu. By dint of wary travelling they had passed safely out of Shansi into Honan, and were almost in sight of Honanfu and comparative safety when they were trapped in an inn yard by men whom they took to be soldiers, but who were an organized band of robbers. Honan is " the robber province " of China. They were robbed, and Mrs. Blöm was wounded. There was some chance of meeting this party at Paotingfu and getting reliable information and advice. But the northward-bound train was not allowed into the station until the southward-bound one had left. An American on the platform promised to wire to Shih Chia Chuang if there was any fresh information vital to the general purpose of obtaining help for Shensi. As our train pulled out, the train from the south came in, and on the car platforms could be seen the tall, fair Norsemen, dressed in Chinese garb. The message they tried to send across the lines was lost in the rumble of the wheels as the train gathered speed. The cries of some ships that pass in the night are better in intent than in result.

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Twilight gave way to night. No lights were spared for the carriages as the train ran its dreary course to the south. The cars were for the most part occupied by the uncertain-tempered soldiery. In one carriage was a lonely man, hugging his courage and his silver, till at length the train drew up at Shih Chia Chuang.

There is a man at Shih Chia Chuang who is the embodiment of that idea which we vaguely term "Empire-making." He himself would assure you that he is there merely because it means "a soft billet"; in reality he is there because the Britisher's impatience of the horizon, the genius of the English race, drove him forth from his home, itself on the fringes of the Empire, with hands eager to grasp at opportunities of imprinting on more plastic races the characteristics of his own. He would tell you that his great dream is to go "home," meaning thereby not his colonial birthplace, but England: to smell the tar of Piccadilly pavement, to drink in once more the music, the laughter, the *joie de vivre* of London, Henley and Lord's, in short, "to gather the roses." But, as a matter of fact, what constitutes his "roses" is the sense of moulding men, bending circumstances to his will, chuckling his way through danger, doing his duty finely, throwing life and safety lightly into the scale if only he may "play the game."

It was to this man I made my way. The Chinese combatants, though they had destroyed the telegraph, had allowed the telephone—from Taiyuanfu to Shih Chia Chuang—to remain in working order. To ask the reason why is to attempt to find an explanation of the working of the Chinese mind—which subject we hasten respectfully to leave. The undestroyed telephone left this Britisher with a slender chance of getting into communication with his nationals in Taiyuanfu. Any one

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acquainted with the capricious insolence of some Chinese railway telephone operators will understand how slender the chance was. These gentry have possibly suffered many things at the hands of foreigners unwise and unkind; in the railway service they get an opportunity of paying off old scores—which is a digression.

Work with my colonial had been hard, and visitors many; a generous hospitality had been strained to breaking-point, and as I knocked I heard a despairing growl, "Now who the —— —— is this?" "This" stood at the door, conscience-stricken. But the weary man who should have sent me packing both took me in and undertook my difficulties. For two telegrams had preceded me and were waiting at his place. The first was that promised by the American at Paotingfu, and was laconic, if not encouraging. It read: "Blōm advises against going." The second was in reply to a wire sent to Honanfu asking for news of the Sianfu foreigners. It ran: "Baptist missionaries safe, November 9th, then at Fuyints'un. Route, T'ungchou, Ta Ching Kuan, Yüncheng, Honanfu, still open; send messenger Shorrock, advise them leave." This message had been reforwarded from Peking. My host immediately began to help a man whom he had not seen before, and who must have been a gratuitous nuisance. Between us we made up the following message, and sent it to the office: "Send message Shorrock from Honanfu. I will do likewise from Taiyuanfu." Soon we went to bed. But not to sleep. When half an hour had passed, we were roused by a couple of soldiers. All telegrams were being translated for the Imperialist general, and our innocent message was being sniffed at with suspicion. To the dismay of the servants, who had only too lively an idea of what being taken before a Chinese general meant, we were led off to head-quarters, which happened

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to be situated for the time being at the telegraph office. Arrived there, the whole meaning and purpose of the telegram had to be explained in French. My French was the usual weird attainment of the English school, but that of my companion was fluent French of the boulevards, picked up from French engineers (on Chinese railways), and from their books and papers. The good general's alarm was allayed by explaining that "Shorrock" was not the name of a place, but of a missionary. Finally, the suspicious word "likewise" being changed to "the same," and the preposition "to" being placed before "Shorrock," the message was again sent in to the general for a final inspection. For an hour whilst we waited, with a joke here, a shrewd question there, yet with dignity always in evidence, mind ready and eye alert, my "son of Empire" played with the suspicious, undisciplined, would-be insolent soldiers, who at their own sweet will lounged in and out of that dreary, shiftless room. At last consent was obtained for the telegram to be dispatched, and the production of the order from Peking having resulted in a written permit to pass through the Imperialist lines, we stumbled back to the relieved servants and, as old Pepys would say, "so to bed."

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CHAPTER XXXV

ACROSS THE LINES

EARLY in the morning we were astir and making for the railway station. My host's destination was the mines, where silver was needed to pay wages to the men still employed keeping the pumps going. Formalities such as the purchase of tickets were quite dispensed with. You clambered on board and sat tight amongst the crowd of soldiers going up to the front. Then came wearisome delays. All seemed confusion; whether the train would get off or not looked uncertain. At last the general of the division rode away in his motor trolley, after which, with groan and screech, the troop-train got in motion and we lumbered slowly, very slowly, westwards.

With the bags of dollars at his feet, and a mauser lying easy to his hand, my companion gossiped with the soldiers who swarmed about us. As the train got well out of the station, down the aisle of the car there came, with air most subdued, a man who by his dress and manner seemed to be clinging to the shreds and tatters of an authority for which he had lost the necessary assurance. How many such were to be met with in those days! The only employment for which they were fitted or trained was in some squeeze-riddled office of the yamen. To give up this meant sinking into cooliedom, or precarious sponging on unwilling relatives; and yet, lacking courage for an assertion of that authority which is the yamen's very *raison d'être*,

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they shuffled wretchedly through these days, alternately cringing and bullying; terrified of the soldiers whose administration they were supposed to direct.

As this figure came down the car I caught a gleam of recognition in my companion's eyes: amused, contemptuous, pitying. For the figure, half-swaggering, half-slinking along in a bedraggled nondescript attempt at a uniform, was that of the man who, when he had seen him last, was frantically working at a coolie disguise; the man in whose ears still sounded the sobbing groans of his murdered chief; the man who had but that minute fled, sick with horror, distraught with fear, from the side of the dying commander, General Wu.

About eleven we reached Wulipu, the Imperialist outpost. From here, having managed to hire donkeys to carry the silver bags and other stuff, we trudged steadily westwards over the sleepers. After doing some miles in this wise we espied a railway trolley, and with some delay and persuasion secured coolies to push it. So we and our baggage, and such coolies as were not on the "working-shift," packed on to the trolley. The keen dry air of the North China winter whistled about us as the trolley rushed down the inclines, and lulled again as we toiled up. Sensations were mixed. Suppose a train *had* happened to come round a bend as we rushed down an incline! The revolutionaries *might* have run one up for a reconnaissance. Certainly we should not have stood upon the order of our going.

At Nanhotou my companion left me. With the men going in front carrying the dollars, he and his mauser bringing up the rear, the little party trudged off sturdily to the mines.

And now I was in for it as I sat with my scanty belongings on that wind-swept trolley. Over the scene there brooded that unique sense of loneliness, that hush

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of expectancy, which rest over the desolate district lying between two armies; a district whence men have fled, and where the very field animals seem to scurry across the track with an added furtiveness.

At last the coolies pulled up. They would go no further westwards. From soldiers of any kind they preferred to keep aloof, and to the west were not only troops, but revolutionary troops. Words failed not only me, but my purpose. However, I sat tight. The trolley was my one *pied-à-terre*. Once off that I was "an undesirable alien with no settled habitation," and the coolies would ignore me. "Take me on or find some one to carry my bag," was my contention. Thus Patience on his monument. And at last the *deus ex machina* arrived in the form of a small but sturdy lad whom the coolies half-persuaded, half-worried, into taking on the job. 'Twas not only as a porter that I eyed that youth with determination. With him as an attendant my respectability had a better chance if we met officious outposts. The coolies got their pay and promptly departed; the new member of the transport corps and I proceeded less promptly westwards. Pretty soon I found that I also must join the transport service if we were to get on at all. Truly this was turning out to be a *solvitur ambulando* journey. The nearer we got to the revolutionary lines the more alarmed my companion became. May I be forgiven the blandishments I expended on the innocent youth! At length we came to a long bridge spanning a deep gorge. To the left, across the bridge, towered a lofty pagoda, and from the pagoda the white flag—emblem of the Republic—flew. At the topmost story, soldiers could be descried. What was, however, far more alarming to my little guide, was the sight of two soldiers at the far end of the bridge. I coaxed him on by tales of

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assured welcome, in either army's camp, extended to "ocean ghost children" (foreigners), and though I felt sure of his safety, I also felt, *in petto*, a perfect brute thus to harass the youth. But I stuck to the general plan of getting on with the new love before I was off with the old—if I was to find guide or porter at all.

The two soldiers proved most friendly. They reassured the boy, or tried to do so; but he had reached his limit. So a passing donkey driver was impressed into the service. I blush to say that I allowed the soldiers to "persuade" him, without protest from me. The boy, being paid off, promptly beat a masterly retreat. Then westward-ho! once more to Ching Hsing station, where I and my baggage are dumped down again, this time to wait for a train. (There was hope of a special coming through by arrangement between both parties: a hope not sufficiently strong to allow me to wait for it in Peking.)

Oh, that filthy railway station! Not long before this line had been trimly kept by the French, now it bore the marks of slackness everywhere. And the crowd! Coolies awhile ago, now soldiers: undisciplined, undrilled, unwashed, with a rough good-temper for the moment which might at any time give way to sullen suspicion. And until the train came in I had to keep them amused and good-tempered, as if a foreigner's dropping in from the Imperialists' side was a mere matter of course.

There was an officer at Ching Hsing who took his trade seriously. He had been trained at the Government military college in Paotingfu. He had a fair working knowledge of German, and some ideas as to discipline. But he could effect little. He had no decent subordinates, and few of his fellow officers had those gifts of command, and that personal dignity

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necessary to infuse discipline into their men. And the men! Taken haphazard from amongst rickshaw coolies, from the dregs of the city, lured into the ranks by reckless promises of high pay, they had been entrusted with modern rifles and an extravagant allowance of ammunition before they had been taught the rudiments of drill, or even how to handle their weapons. Most of the injuries brought to the hospitals were the results of men accidentally shooting themselves in the hands, or their comrades in the back of the leg.

And in the question of discipline, the Imperialist troops were little, if any, better. Months later, at the looting of Peking by Yuan Shih K'ai's men, the following happened.

On the evening of the outbreak a certain Englishman, desirous of reaching his home, turned from the main Hatamen Street to enter one of the narrow lanes running from it to the east. At the end of the lane stood a private soldier barring the way. The Englishman, being refused a passage, plaintively urged that he wanted to get home to dine. "Oh, food is immaterial!" was the lofty reply. "Well, to you it may be—metaphysicians please note—but it isn't to me." So the play went on, the Englishman being by now aware that something was in the wind, and consequently keen to be in it. Presently an officer strutted up, sword clanking and trailing, himself full of importance generally. Seeing the two in altercation, he inquired, "What's on here?" The private, quite unruffled, placed his hand on the officer's shoulder, and remarked, "*This* matter, *I* see to." The officer's importance went out of him like air from a punctured tyre. Without a word he turned and went, his sword trailing after him; and the old simile of the dog with its tail between its legs inevitably occurred to the mind. And this was

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the relation between a *single* private and his officer, and before a third party. "Loss of face" could go no further.

To return to Ching Hsing. At last a train did actually arrive, and in the dusk, and in unlit carriages, we proceeded westward. At seven o'clock we reached the Pass of Niangtzu, the stronghold of the revolutionaries. It was a place of immense capabilities if the revolutionaries had only put some serious work into it. But nothing was done. Heights that commanded the pass, and whence an army could have been defied, were left unoccupied. Men who could, and would, have given useful advice, were snubbed; knowing little, the leaders would learn less.

Camp fires twinkled along the valley, sounds of distant call and nearer shouts, an occasional bugle, the shuffling (which ought to have been tramping) of a file of men here and there, broke fitfully on the silence. The moon climbed up above the ridge and flooded the valley with misty, veiled whiteness, and over all there rested a strange, haunting sense of unreality.

I turned and made for the engineers' mess.

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CHAPTER XXXVI

CONSULTATIONS

THE scene in that mess-room was one of the strangest. At a trestle table down the centre of the room, sat men of various nationalities: English, American, French, Chinese. Stores, rugs, saddles, guns, revolvers, ammunition, sheepskins, bottles, stationery and bedding were piled about in generous confusion. The costumes were in keeping. One figure stood out vividly. From head to heel he was ùltra foreign. On his head he wore a rakish-looking Turkish fez, picked up during a stay in Constantinople. He was clad in a white sweater, golfing trousers, heather-mixture stockings, and his feet were encased in tan boots. He was out and away the greatest swell in the company, in fact, the only one. The Americans ran to shirt sleeves, and the Britishers to riding-breeches. The newcomer was the sorriest looking of the lot.

To my relief I found a connecting link. Mr. Arthur de Carl Sowerby I had met previously in Sianfu. He is one of those men for whom the old country has insufficient elbow-room. He is essentially a man for wide spaces and untrammelled ways. The *flair* of the naturalist is in his blood. His ancestors have served England as botanists or naturalists more or less since the days of La Veuve Scarron, when pressure on a reviving royal conscience brought to the Huguenots the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and to England so much of the best blood and brains of France. But the

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scope at home to-day was too limited, and young blood too heady; so, after serving an apprenticeship to camp and cattle life in Canada, he found his opportunity in Mongolia and China. In the autumn of 1911 he was collecting for the Smithsonian Museum, and had gathered stores and ammunition for a long trip in Mongolia. This had been interrupted by the commencement of hostilities, and he had come first to Niangtzu to make arrangements for the people who were coming down from Taiyuanfu.

A meal of sorts was in progress, seasoned by the discussed plans and perplexities of the company. A young American, with an enthusiasm for peacemaking, had some time before interviewed the Taiyuanfu leaders. He had undertaken to deliver a verbal message to Some One in Peking. He had had hopes of bringing back comforting assurances, and definite proposals from exalted quarters. These were unfortunately still to seek, but he had done a distinctly good piece of work in bringing down a special train from Peking. He and the train stayed for the night at the pass. So he opened up to us his dilemma. On leaving Taiyuanfu he had been accompanied by an ardent revolutionary. This man was unfortunately arrested by the Imperialists on reaching their lines. Notwithstanding the fact that he brought messages from the revolutionaries, he was promptly killed. What, then, would be the fate of the American would-be peacemaker who returned without the hoped-for pourparler, and, also, without his fellow-messenger? He had a fellow-citizen at his elbow who also had his perplexities. Concessions might be obtained from the new " authorities " in Taiyuanfu, but would they, in the long run, be worth the paper on which they were written? As for Red Fez, who was introduced as Mr. ——, of, er—ah—" the new régime "—he had evidently had

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enough of it all. A medical course was waiting to be completed in decent quiet in a country where wars were industrial only. He probably considered that the Shansi revolutionary ship was foundering, and he had no idea of going down with it. In any case he had done what he could for its launching. Distracted-looking Frenchmen looked in at intervals, lamenting belongings apparently doomed to disappear; seeking advice as to the disposal of household effects in circumstances so unpropitious. Most of the company, understanding about one word in five of the fluent French appeal, thought it "jolly hard lines on the poor beggars," and, being unable to offer any suggestions, turned to the new element in the discussion. This was the Shensi problem. They had been discussing "getting out"; now came a question of "getting in." The news from Shensi shocked and horrified them. Yet, to men used to being near the railway, Shensi seemed to be a very far-off place; and once planted in it, when would one get out again? There was the question of leaving wife and family; there was the question of a man's berth to be considered; how long could one venture to be away? Ultimately a general plan was worked out. The Americans would return to Tientsin. Red Fez would accompany them, trusting to their company and his foreign garb to pass through the enemies' lines as a foreigner—and to anticipate, this is how he escaped. Mr. Denver-Jones was to hurry to Tientsin, beating up other men he thought likely to join him. One Britisher was to make a hurried dash to Tientsin and back, another stayed to make arrangements for the Taiyuanfu people who were coming through to the coast. I was to go on to Taiyuanfu.

This settled, we proceeded to consider dormitory arrangements. In the one and only bedroom, Red Fez and three others wallowed in the luxury of camp beds;

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two of us stayed where we were, using our late dining-table as a couch. With one wanderer, "going to bed" meant simply putting on an overcoat and lying down on the deal planks with a rug and a borrowed sheepskin for "bed-clothes." Groans came from the pampered occupant of the other table, and *he* had a "pukai." Some day some one will write a monograph on the Chinese "pukai," doing justice to its subtle joys; for the present purpose let it be described by the old method of proportion: as the sausage-roll's meat is to the pastry which surrounds it, so is the sleeper to the pukai which enfolds him.

The fire in the stove died down, the cold crept on, and, with the white moonlight, seemed to fill the room. The would-be sleeper sought to induce the covering rug to kiss the under-plank. From the inner room came music, from the nearer neighbour, murmurings profane; then silence.

In the morning the bed once again became the board. Then we separated. For the present, consultations were over.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

THE WEEK OF WAITING

The train going east got away first, and Mr. Chao and his three companions on board. It was with heavy misgivings and only after an honest warning that we saw him go. It seemed only too likely that he would share the fate of the previous messenger. But he coolly faced the danger. In England he had been taught many things besides the lessons of the class-rooms, and at this juncture they stood him in good stead. He had given proofs of sincere gratitude while at Taiyuanfu in the help rendered to the foreign community. His departure from the revolutionary enterprise in Taiyuanfu brought him criticism in plenty. But his case instances the difficulties of the Western-trained reformers. Having started the movement, they found themselves struggling not with their enemies, but with the crushing inertia of their own side. If some of them gave it all up in despair we may be chary of passing judgment. So, as he passes out of this story, I raise my hat to Mr. Chao.

In the train going west, I found myself bundled into the same compartment as General Yao, who looked unamiable. He even went the length of making his French-speaking native secretary ask for my ticket or travelling permit. I was innocent of either. The poor man was distracted with anxiety, having to return to Taiyuanfu with no funds for his men. He twisted and turned, frowned and fumed, his trouble finding expression in the poignant Chinese cry of distress, "Ai ya, ai

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ya." Presently the interpreter left us, and the general tried to sleep. I managed to make him comfortable with an improvised pillow and a rug. He said he had had no sleep lately, the previous night having been taken up with anxious consultations and a multitude of detail. Soon he dozed. In days when assassination, alarums, and surprises were rife, he felt comfortable at being alone with a foreigner, one who, he would take for granted, was well armed.

The stations seemed strangely busy after the deserted places we had tramped through the previous day. In the early afternoon we met the train from Taiyuanfu. It presented a strange appearance, crowded as it was with refugees. There was only a wait of a few minutes in which to make inquiries and attempt to sketch plans; then we were off again.

The general woke up and we pooled our grub, which, in quantity and quality, left much to be desired. At the station of Yü-tzu, to his unspeakable relief, money was brought on to the train, and his immediate needs for the payment of his troops were met.

Arrived at Taiyuanfu I made my way to the University and Professor Nyström. He is the only man left of those who first started in the University work with Principal Duncan in 1901. Listening to his account of the early difficulties one realized something of the strenuous struggle made by Dr. Duncan. A few other foreigners, all missionaries, remained, but by Monday, November 27th, besides Nyström and myself, there remained only the Fairburns and Mr. Lower. Mrs. Fairburn (Dr. Paula Maier) had some pitiable Manchu ladies in her women's hospital, and her heart ached at the thought of leaving them and others in such misery. In that city of desolation, the quiet, steadfast courage and sisterly compassion displayed by Mrs. Dr. Fairburn were

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as a benediction. It was a sight for sore eyes, to see how, when she walked on the street, the Chinese women came up to her side and clung to her.

Taiyuanfu was largely a ruin. In the deserted courtyards of the University, silence reigned mournfully; the houses of the foreign community, lately so trim and peopled, looked desolate; in the long, empty corridors of the hospital " the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak," till one's footsteps woke noisy echoes. The semi-foreign park, with its lake and restaurants, looked sodden and bedraggled; the main street, where wealthy shops and banks had been, was a long, charred ruin. Soldiers of the rawest type, but furnished with repeating rifles, swaggered along the streets, and here and there would be one incongruously clad in a fur-lined silk gown. To the north rose the gaudy dome of the new provincial House of Assembly, whilst further north again, standing in open fields, though within the city walls, rose the imposing Roman Catholic cathedral. The Romanists were provisioned for a four months' siege, and could muster some hundreds of rifles when all their converts gathered together. In case the city was given over to further pillage by soldiers, the Roman Catholic compound was now the only stronghold left. The Italian bishop, Monseigneur Massy, who is a grateful patient of the Baptist Mission's doctors, was delighted to offer a warm welcome to any, Chinese or foreign, of the Protestant mission who might be in danger.

How one fretted and fumed during those days of waiting! To be of use in Shensi, it was considered, by others, necessary to have a certain number of men, animals, stores, and ammunition; but how the heart and imagination urged one to start at once; what fierce argument there was to keep one unhappy person from setting out, with or without the proper complement,

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for fear lest help should reach Suitechou or Yenanfu or Sianfu a day too late.

The weather grew daily colder, the lake in the park froze sufficiently for skating; what would it be up in the mountains? I wandered about disconsolately seeking for sheepskins or furs. It seemed as if everything decent had been looted. Of the shops left, no large-sized business dared to have exposed any valuable goods for sale, even if they had had any, as any "sale" would certainly have been forced, very much forced. At last, at an exorbitant price, a filthy, evil-smelling sheepskin was procured, only to be promptly condemned by the purchaser's colleagues.

At last the men and arms arrived. The train got in after dusk, and the city gates were already closed. The telephone from the station was still working to the gate guard-house. The fire had not taken in this corner. Thus we got a message, inside the city, ere the party left the station. But soldiers had been out that day to a neighbouring town for provisions. They now returned, a heavy convoy. Consequently the city guard, having little faith in gentlemen of their own fraternity, wished to keep the gates closed until they could ascertain their numbers and intentions. Our conversation on modern lines, that is, through the telephone, was now exchanged for the more primitive methods of Pyramus and Thisbe; for the newcomers, having come down from the station to the city gates, we could speak to an eye, or a wisp of moustachios, through some generous fissure in the woodwork. Having assured the gate guard that those outside really were foreigners, a messenger was sent off to the yamen to fetch the key of the gate. We waited, *in tenebris*, until at last the gate was opened some eighteen inches, whereupon our friends, one by one, squeezed through. The shadows cast by feeble lanterns

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flickered over the tattered figures standing on either side of the tunnel-like gateway. Guns were held at full-cock in hands none too steady. The slightest alarm would have meant a volley, dictated by fright and directed by shaking fingers.

The inns looked deserted, the streets steeped in gloom, as we passed up the main road from the gate to our quarters. It was a most depressing welcome. But at least the week of waiting was over at last.

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PART II.—GETTING IN

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE START

ON Sunday night we all moved over from our respective quarters to the Leader's place in order to be ready for an early start on the morrow.

In addition to Mr. Sowerby, Professor Nyström, Mr. Denver-Jones and Mr. Fairburn, of whom mention has already been made, there were in our party Professor P. D. Evans, doing Y.M.C.A. work in Taiyuan, two professors from Paotingfu, Mr. E. R. Long of the University and Mr. Morgan Palmer of the Normal College, and Mr. F. Warrington, son of an ex-professor in the Taiyuanfu University.

To put up eight men at a moment's notice would distress a lady hostess; to a mere man it presents no difficulty. The guest simply dumps down his bedding and himself on the least crowded portion of the sitting-room floor, and, *voilà, c'est tout!* One of the nine answers to George Eliot's definition of a genius: he has an infinite capacity for taking pains. As I drop off to sleep on my most unscientific couch, I hear him holding forth on the art of bedmaking. "I mean to *plan* my bed from the first, and then it will be easily seen to afterwards." This is, of course, most laudable; but unfortunately, as we are disposing ourselves on something of the tinned sardines plan, it means that until the man last but one has packed himself away, the last man

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cannot commence the process of sinking, very gingerly, to rest. And that unfortunate last man, in reply to the heroic bed-planning resolve, murmurs plaintively, "Well, don't plan too long, it's getting on for eleven."

The early morning start, like the first day's start always, was a fond delusion. The various pieces of the puzzle would not fit themselves in. Commissariat and Cook struggled gallantly with box and basket; the gunners found that rifles needed new hanging straps; the treasurer, with miserly care, doled out coppers and cents; others, whilst "pain and anguish wrung the brow," struggled with scissors and needle, sighing for "the ministering angel, thou!" Meanwhile there is trouble with the mules. The Leader had previously made a careful selection, from a certain contractor's available crowd, of strong mules and reliable muleteers. Now the contractor wished the mules to go out on the "cab-from-the-stand" principle. A mule train coming to the end of a journey goes to an inn and there awaits a new engagement. Any one wishing to engage mules knows that he must apply to certain inns for them. The money in hand which the muleteers bring with them is soon exhausted, whereupon the innkeeper supports men and animals till a new contract is fixed. The traveller engaging the mules has to pay a certain proportion down, not to the muleteers themselves but to the innkeeper who has them in pawn. The remainder of the money to be paid is generally made up into two or three packages, which are paid out at certain specified stages. These packages are kept in the traveller's possession, but the muleteers have to see them put into the baggage packs, or handbags, so as to satisfy themselves that their passenger is solvent. It is evident that the innkeeper will desire that the first lot of mules to enter his inn shall be the first lot to leave, before their

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debt is grown uncomfortably large. Also were the latest train in the first out, his custom would suffer, whilst his possible bad debts accumulated. But to adhere rigidly to this arrangement means that at times most appalling crocks are foisted on to the long-suffering traveller.

In the present instance, the innkeeper, in order to keep to the "cab-from-the-stand" principle—the fact that he had previously made a special arrangement with the Leader would only trouble him in case he found himself hampered by it—had taken the precaution to lock up certain of the mules selected in a separate yard, desiring us to take any animated bag-o'-bones he might bring forward. Whereupon righteous indignation—oh, blessed euphemism!—stalks forth in the shape of our noble captain, and the contractor is exhorted to stick to his contract. "At this point it is not 'convenient' for the secretary to lay further details before the House." Suffice it to say that the innkeeper "listened to words," as the Chinese put it, and the proper animals were forthcoming.

The loads are packed at last. Furtive glances of longing are cast upon the camp beds we may not take, they having been sternly ruled out as sybaritic and weighty. The Commissariat had pleaded in vain for a storm lantern and some oil. Nights were coming when he had to wander disconsolate in hard frost and draughty inn yards, seeking by the light of a guttering candle to find the right store box, seeking the milk which had gone from its tin, and the sugar which wasn't there.

We are off at last, wending our way slowly through the town. It has seen some strange sights of late, and we form one in keeping with the rest. We divide into a front and rear guard with the pack-mules between, the treasurer having an affectionate regard for the beast carrying the sycee strong box, and for that cheerful

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looking villain, its muleteer. This latter turned out to be a capital fellow, but it needed the future to reveal the fact. Civilization accompanied us in the shape of Mr. Lower of the Baptist Mission, riding a bicycle, and clad in sober garments which shamed our warm but weird outfits. A little way beyond the gate and a camera snapped, good-byes were said, and the cyclist wheeled back to his lonely, brave work in the city, whilst we turned our faces Shensiwards.

At last we were "Getting in."

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CHAPTER XXXIX

GETTING INTO STRIDE

SOUTH-WEST from Taiyuanfu the road gradually converges on a range of hills which run north and south. Some miles to the south of Taiyuanfu, the Roman Catholic station of Tung Erh Kou could be discerned. This was a place which held out valiantly in 1900, repulsing Boxer assaults. Nestling near the foot of the hills, with its trim fields surrounding good buildings, it looked peaceful enough. As the shadows lengthened, we came to Chin-Sï, the village of a famous temple. The name means the temple of the Chin dynasty; Chin being still the literary name for Shansi province. Two of us went up to the temple. In its lower grounds stood four figures in iron, of no mean workmanship. Then came a long flight of steps leading to further grounds and the rock-perched temple. We wound in and out of low, narrow alley-ways, and at length reached the living-room of the head priest. In 1900 this temple was one of the headquarters of the Boxer cult, and doubtless the old priest had muttered incantations for the Boxer and launched anathemas against the foreigner. But the years had passed, and strength had ebbed. No miracle had stayed the course of what we are pleased to call "progress"; no sign of approval from the gentle Gautama had gladdened their company. And with the opportunity, the fury had abated also. So the dim-eyed, pathetic old man was friendly enough, and even brightened up a little when we spoke of Professor Nyström, a sportsman he knew well. The rooms of the place were

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dim and dirty, the faces of the priests and acolytes listless and apathetic. Dreariness hung over the whole like a pall; the ineradicable pessimism of their creed pervaded the entire place.

We turned with relief to the outer air and free hillside, and retraced our steps to the inn. Here was great display of virtuous activity. The gunners were cleaning rifle barrels with laboured breathings. (The actual cleaning implements were rods; the laboured breathings being incidental accompaniments.) The Commissariat's struggle had begun in good earnest; the Treasurer recorded what sums had been wrung from him en route; the Captain held forth on the virtue and necessity of "rising early in the morning, at the break of day"; the diary writers, so vigorous in those first days, were scribbling furiously; whilst the sounds of splashings and hissings from a distant corner announced that civilization, with her emblems of soap and towel, had penetrated into the wilds. Ah, me! those brave early days, when nightshirts and pyjamas were known and used, when wash-bowls were in evidence, and not merely in the luggage, when the sound of the hairbrush was heard in the land, and some stalwarts even shaved!

The need, but not the deserved result, of the Captain's exhortation, was evidenced the next morning. We do not record at what hour we actually left the inn, but it may be taken for granted that it was later than it should have been.

On this day also, for the first and last time till we reached Sianfu, we stopped for a proper meal in the middle of the day. We were punished for it that night by having to trail along for an hour and a half in the dark, when we managed to reach a miserable little inn, in a wayside hamlet, where we huddled together as best we could.

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The next day, there being no regular luncheon allowed, we got what we could at wayside booths. Happy those who could eat Chinese food! "Half-cooked dough-strings," as our American member dubbed it. This same member was wont to forage around seeking "some nourishing food," but, save on the one occasion when eggs were available, he found none. The Captain, Commissariat, and Treasurer shed all niceness of feeding, and were to be seen sitting at filthy tables, hurriedly gulping down horrid messes. As the Treasurer did so he murmured, "I've got to keep myself going somehow." Bean-curd, "dough-strings," millet soup, monkey-nuts, oily bread, bitter tea; all was fish that came to the net.

"He opened wide his smiling jaws,
And welcomed little fishes in."

In the afternoon we could see the pagoda of Fenchoufu, thirteen storeys high, one of the finest in North China. In good time we reached the city, and came to a lordly inn, the like of which the present scribe had not seen before in China. The evening we spent with Mr. Pye, of the American Board Mission. Other foreigners had, in obedience to orders from their Legation, left for the coast; Mr. Pye being left to look after things in a general way as long as was possible. Here, then, we got a long, luxurious wash. A few sybarites slept at the mission and the rest of us made our way back to the inn. The next morning we all met again on the western road.

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CHAPTER XL

THE NIGHT RIDE

FROM Fenchoufu the plain gradually narrows towards the west. The loess road, over which carts can travel, gradually gives place to a stony path, as the plain debouches on the valley. Gradually we found ourselves travelling, no longer along a road, but over the bed of one of those wide, shallow streams of North China which are at one time rushing torrents, and at another stony wastes with a stream trickling through the centre, which seems as if it would offer an excuse to the native cultivator for the wasteful loss of soil. As the valley narrowed, its walls became cliffs. Partridges gave out their impudent calls; pheasants whirred up the side of the valley. The echoes of the gunshots rolled noisily. The path grew steeper. Up and up went the surefooted mules; scrambling and slipping the ponies followed. The game bag grew heavy—we had to feed ourselves largely on what we could bring down. If only we could have had time and fuel to do justice to its contents!

The track now closed in against a steep cañon wall. Along this cliff wall, at about four feet from the ground, ran a curious ledge, two or three inches wide. Upon this were stones laid at such intervals, and in such positions, as to preclude the idea of fortuitousness. On inquiry, it appeared that travellers pick up stones from the river bed and place them on the ledge, as a reminder to " whatsoever gods there be " in their pantheon, that they are on the road; that they have not forgotten their gods, and the gods will please not to forget them.

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After climbing some hours, we found, at a turn in the road, a mud hut at which hot millet soup was for sale. Note the struggle which ensued. Here were cold and hungry horsemen, guarding a train of mules. The one opportunity of getting food was to call in haste for a steaming bowl. But the mules were passing by. Could conscience allow the guard to linger ? On went the mules at their maddening pace, their bells jangling, loads swaying, and with their faces wearing an air of cold reserve. For, whilst the camel is insufferably supercilious, the mule is only severely reserved. Along the rising path we watched them go, we choking down food the while. Then, mounting, we raced and scrambled after them, to the detriment of the food just swallowed and to that portion of the anatomy containing the same. Then came the old wearisome slow pacing in front and rear of the train. The untiring mules went on at their irritating pace, just too slow for a horseman. Yet let them once get well ahead on their relentless way, and a horse may get worn out and knocked up in trying to overtake them. And they, the mules, never stop. The horse is a companionable creature, for he has his decent failings, his fits and starts. How the erratic hare, with its human-like procedure, must have loathed that immaculate, cold-blooded prig of a tortoise !

The air was bitterly cold; the path became worse and worse, till at last it became a mere track amongst the stones of a stream, frozen save in the centre. The poor horses slipped and stumbled. One of them, built rather for racing on the flat than for rough hill work, had been down heavily two or three times. Once he pinned his rider, who, happily, came off with nothing worse than a leg bruised and strained. The delay threw us behind, for, whereas the mules passed on easily, the horses needed leading, coaxing, soothing. Only these cat-like native ponies would have faced such paths. At last, when even

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the man could hardly keep his feet, it was no wonder that the horse, snorting in terror, went sliding backwards, and then came down to his nose and knees. Another effort, more scrambling forward, and the path suddenly ended in a perfect sheet of ice. It was Jan Ridd's famous water slide over again, only frozen. There was nothing for it but to face the fact that we were on the wrong path, and sorrowfully to seek the right one. After some search, we found a track leading over the hills, which worked down later to the river bed once more. Evidently the mules, and those of the nine with them, had taken this track. I waited for a man who had fallen behind, two others trailed ahead slowly, trying both to keep in touch with us, and to get into communication with the main party. We were some miles off the nearest possible stopping-place, and the day was closing in. Presently the Captain and the Hunter fell back for us. As it grew darker the track became, if possible, worse. The animals were scared, and I know of one rider at least whose show of cheerfulness was a hollow mockery. Then one of the party of four, unable to get any pace out of his exhausted horse, fell further and further behind, and, in spite of coo-ees and whistling, presently got off the track, with a ravine dividing him from the other three. In the deep blackness of the gorge it was difficult to make out more than a few yards. The Captain went back on our tracks, calling out at frequent intervals; the next man followed him a certain distance that he might, by voice, keep up the connection between him and the third man, who remained where he was. Ultimately the fourth man managed, by following the coo-ee, to make his way down from the cliff-side collection of huts to which he had wandered—thinking in his haste that he had found the night's haven—to, and over, the river-bed once more. For some time we had been leading the horses, or riding

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them at a walk. But the night had now set in, the cold was bitter, and we a long way behind the others. It was a time for heroic measures and the Captain took them. Mounting the most demoralized horse of the bunch, he forced it to a trot, and at this pace led us down that river-bed, where the pebbles were covered with a thin, treacherous glazing of ice, and where horrible boulders loomed suddenly out of the blackness to work one's destruction. It ought to have been a most unpleasant experience; actually it was delightful. There was nothing else for it; censures for recklessness were out of court; so with an easy conscience and a tight rein, we swept on.

> "How sad and mad and bad it was;
> But then, how it was sweet?"

Somehow we kept the horses up, though often it was touch and go. Mile after mile we went on. At last the moon came up over the brow of the hill, flooding the river valley with soft light, and our hearts with thankfulness. The sides of the gorge ceased to be a menacing prison, and became a mountain side of a soft grey, picked out with blue-black patches of dense shadow. Presently the valley widened out, we were approaching a friendly bit of plain once more. At last a village, a mere hamlet, emerged from the shadows. We rode down it looking for an inn and for our party; rode to the end and drew blank. We roused up the keeper of the hamlet's general shop, only to find that our men had gone on to a place three miles further west. There was nothing for it but to take a pull on our stock of endurance and to follow. In easy circumstances, three miles may seem but a step, but when they are "the long last miles" it is a different story. They ended at last, in the village of Wu-chen, where we distributed ourselves on two huge brick beds, heated by coal fires. There

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was just room for all of us when Jimmy had been pushed and pulled from his various resting-places. Thus far we have neglected Jimmy, which is to be marked as reprehensible, for in those days Jimmy was no negligible quantity. He had his own way of making demands on the attention. When he put up birds for you, he was "a jolly fine setter, sir." When he deposited his muddy self on your bed, or sheepskin (he had a pretty taste in sheepskins, had Jimmy), he was "a beast of a nuisance," or "a nuisance of a beast," take it as you will; at other times he was merely "dog."

The rough riding of to-day, at least, is over; let the morrow bring what it may. There is bed to come between. Meanwhile there is warmth, there is refreshment, there is soothing and stimulant; to be concise, there is tea. No China tea, with its pale straw colour and innocuous herbiness, but the generous, warm-tinted liquid of Ceylon, with no offensive affectation of "being good for the nerves." In Shensi it is known as "Traveller's Joy."

Then rest. I nearly hate a mild, unselfish companion, because he points out that my bed arrangements will leave him bedless. The grasshopper is a burden, much more a bed which has to be taken up and rearranged. But at last we settle down, packed tight; the silver box at the treasurer's feet, and the brick bed toasting us from below. The ecstasy of it! The slipping and scrambling come again as one dozes off; the sickening sense of coming down, horse and man; and then the quick rush of delight as one realizes that it is in memory and imagination only, that the bodily "I," at any rate, is not out in the pass, with whistling wind around and treacherous ice below, but is here, sound and snug, and warm, and safe. So the night ride fades, even from memory, into a sleep and a forgetting.

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CHAPTER XLI

TO THE RIVER

NEXT morning we were early out of Wuchen with Yung-ning as our objective. Before noon we pass a high hill, on the peak of which an eagle can just be descried. A ·303 Winchester, a wonderful "feel" for the distance, and, without use of the sights, it is brought down, though there is only, by now, the head at which to aim. It is a fine specimen of the golden eagle. Arrived at Yung-ning early, we utilized the remainder of the daylight by looking for warm foot-gear. At a second-hand clothes fair we managed to secure some warm garments, after which a jolly-looking policeman left his stand to take us round to a felt-maker. We arranged with the latter that he should work during the night to turn out felt socks to the size of the huge feet of the "ocean ghost children" (yang kwei tzu). The deputy commissariat maintains that "kwei" means "disembodied spirit" rather than "devil"; at any rate "ocean ghost children" has a better sound than the old term "foreign devils." But alas for human planning! The felt-worker returned early in the morning, and the "boots" were more than long enough, but the width thereof was the width of the average Chinese foot. He had measured the length of our feet, but he had received no instructions as to the width, so had used the ordinary measurement. Such is literalism.

Yung-ning is in a ruinous state, whether through famine or flood, we could not find out. Its cobbled

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streets are vile for shod animals, and the sponge-footed, sprawling camels are not happy in them either. Coming out of the town in the early morning we made our way down these same cobbled streets, where the houses leaned grotesquely all ways. It was like a bit of old high-town Quebec, but with the quaintness turned to mere ugliness, and only the mud retained. Downhill the road wound until, outside the west suburb, we found ourselves on the river-bed track once more. A long, narrow bridge had been thrown across the river, an affair of planks about eighteen inches wide resting on trestles. A string of camels came bobbing up to the farther side of the bridge. Once let the first camel set foot on the bridge and it meant a long and irritating delay for a caravan which itself could cross in about three minutes. For a long train of camels is a formidable business. Through the nose of each camel there is driven a skewer to which is attached a loop of the long rope which connects a dozen or so camels. Thus a dozen of the animals are under the control (*sic!*) of one driver. The camel heading the second string stalks immediately behind the rear animal of the first string. And there may be a dozen such strings. It is true that you may hurry a Chinese camel. You may rouse him from his leisured, stately swing to an excruciating trot, but the result means pain to the rider and disaster to the load. Moreover, whereas one hurried camel makes for diversion, a gross of them makes for delirium.

The captain rides at full speed to the bridge; there ensue vivid gesture, brisk language. So we crossed the bridge, leaving the snarling, complaining camels to negotiate their uneasy passage.

By the evening of the eighth day we are at Hsie-ts'un, and the next day our way winds in and out amongst the hills, through magnificent scenery, along precipices

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sufficiently steep. To-day the luck of the eagle fails us. Travellers in China are familiar with what looks like a petrified retinue, which, including elephants, horses and servants, tells of the former glories of some deceased magnate. It is a sort of Asiatic *campo santo*. Now, suddenly glancing across a deep and wide ravine, there appeared what one at first took to be a pair of huge birds, carved in stone; grim, sinister, immutable. It needed the glasses to make clear to an untrained eye that they were huge birds of the vulture type, so still were they, brooding evilly, darkly, over the scene. It was a long shot, and since there was the underlying thought that at least one of them would be hit, both remained untouched. As the earth spat up close to their feet, the sable scavengers slowly spread their wings, rose heavily and stiffly, circled round once or twice as if in defiance, and then disappeared at their leisure over the further ridges to the north.

Up and down, along the mountain paths we went, high wall of cliff on the one hand, deep drop on the other, until at length we were over the crest of the range, and a glimpse of wide water sparkled far below towards the west. Then a long descent, with enjoyment of the wonderful view tempered now by care as to the horses' feet, and at last the shore is reached, and we follow its line till the boats are found.

I know this Yellow River crossing of old. Once on a boat, with ice coming down the stream, and a biting wind finding out the weak points of the winter garb, and who shall say how long the passage may take ? So I urge unwilling companions to get outside all the hot, unappetizing-looking millet soup and steaming vegetables which they can compass. Sellers of these commodities are plying a brisk trade. We alternate this stuffing process with unsaddling of horses and mules,

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ON THE ROAD

AT THE YELLOW RIVER, SHANSI SHORE (EMBARKING)

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which have then to be "peacefully persuaded" to go aboard. There is not a single plank for gangway, and each poor beast has to be dragged and whacked up to the boat, and then to take a jump or scramble into the same. Much is accomplished by means of hauling a hefty animal up by its tail. At last we are all aboard; boxes, bedding, bridles, saddles, men, and beasts, in gorgeous confusion. The heavily laden boat forges its way through the masses of floating ice which crunch against its sides; then getting into the current sweeps down the river. The banks, the miserable huts, the food-vendors, seem to swish past us dizzily, leaving the boat at a standstill, and before the mind has recovered from this delusion, the bank is in the distance and the figures indistinguishable. The boatmen work at the long sweeps, which act as rudder and oars both, keeping up their rhythmical "yo-ee, hoa-oh." We dodge the legs of the uneasily shifting animals as best we may, warming first our hands, and later our inner man, with the hot yams and other food.

To-day things go well with us and we are soon across. Saddle up, and load, and we are off. Nineteen animals, eighteen men, and baggage. What fee for the river crossing? The treasurer first feels his way by giving a small sum. This is met by requests that he will "dispense grace" as his "younger brethren" are poor men and eaters of much bitterness. With gentle reminders that covetousness is to be avoided, more is disbursed till the sum is about the usual fee. Then, having mounted and set out on his way, the foreigner returns to add a last tip, leaving a smiling crowd behind him. The cost for the whole is under eighteenpence. It is miserably inadequate, judging by Western standards, and it is only the fear of making things difficult for those with wide work and limited income which

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prevents one going largely beyond the ordinary fees. One sincerely hopes that, whichever party comes out on top in the Chinese struggle, they will have the time and the inclination to deal with the ferry system, about the all-round wretchedness of which, to boatmen, passengers, and animals, so much might be said. This wonderful Yellow River, with its silt and its uncertainties; ugly, sullen, unreliable; of so little use to the navigator, and so much sorrow to the cultivator; when will an honest administration be found to look to its bridging and conservancy? Who will find the healing herb to cast into the waters of China's sorrow?

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CHAPTER XLII

HOW WE CAME TO SUITECHOU

And now at last we have entered Shensi and are fairly in the enemy's country. We meet the first indication of this a few hundred yards from the point at which we left the river, at a so-called customs station. The present squeezers ousted their predecessors a few days ago, and now send a request that we will drink tea with them. As we understand this to mean that they wish us to acknowledge their authority and legal title, we refuse to have anything to do with them. As we appear a somewhat hard nut to crack, the invitation is not pressed.

What shall we find in this backwater of the revolution ? Whom find in authority; whether Manchu, or Ke Ming Tang, or Ko Lao Hui, or undisguised *condottieri ?* There is but one way to find out the truth, and that is by going oneself to seek it.

We climb up and up until at last, on rounding a hill, there is to be seen a wonderful vista of snowy peaks spreading for miles. It seems the roof of the world. The Yellow River is lost; no division is to be seen between the two provinces of Shansi and Shensi. Up at this height, in this calm purity, the miserable distinctions and divisions of the plain are lost.

There are no travellers to be seen on the road; we move in this wonderful white world undisturbed. We reached Hu Yen that night, and the next day set out for Suitechou. What shall we meet there ? Already on

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the road we see evidences of the dreaded Ko Lao Hui, that secret society which, on the weakening of the ordinary Government forces, has terrorized the people of this province. Shops here are closed, and there is a generally deserted appearance in the roadside villages and market towns even here; what will it be in Suitechou, where there are banks, well-stocked shops, and tempting bait? Twenty miles from the city we meet a party of travellers who tell us that the foreigners there have made arrangements to leave the next day. We are just in time. There is sincere gratitude in our hearts for this providential ordering. Three of us push on ahead of the main party to make arrangements. As we near the city, various people tell us that the foreigners are leaving. Evidently they and their work are well known, and, moreover, their action is taken as an indication of how things are going.

The city is sighted at last; veritably a city set on a hill, a hill which rises sheer from the river flowing past its base. We make for the nearest gate, only to be told that none but the south gate is now being opened. From vantage points on the wall, the unhappy burghers keep anxious watch on travellers approaching the city, guarding against possible enemies of the commonweal. Those who would enter the city had to make a long détour, climbing up a narrow defile which could be held against an army by a small, determined force. The traveller emerges close to the south-eastern wall. Flags, new to us, wave from the battlements. Are they Ko Lao Hui or what? Lanterns, hung out on long poles, are ready to give the defenders light for their work at nightfall; the whole has a wild, barbaric air. The last corner is turned and the south gate sighted. A pitiful mob clusters outside, armed with old muskets, rough, newly-forged swords, flails, clubs; anything available;

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THE GATEWAY AT SUITECHOU. TOWN GUARD AT GATE

Heads of bandits either side of the gateway. Proclamations posted up by each head

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watching for fear of the brigands. The cry of "foreigners" is raised, but with no apparent hostility in it, and we hope for a peaceful and easy entrance. As we come nearer, however, their mood changes to one of alarm; there is a rush, and, with much wild shouting, the mob gets inside the gates, which clang to.

On either side of the gateway hangs a ghastly human head tied to a nail by the hair. For a moment one feels sick with the horror of it all; filth and blood and garbage, and, above all, the feeling that this remote part of the Empire, or Republic, is almost hopeless. Who will send an army into these mountain fastnesses? who will determinedly deal with these brigand bands, and give the country peace?

However, the present is no time for horror or despondency; there is work immediately before us, to get the city gate opened. A parley is held with the defenders through the generous cracks of the woodwork, and they are at length persuaded as to our peaceful intentions and proper credentials. The gate swings back sufficiently to allow man and horse to pass in. Either side of the tunnel under the wall is lined by the town's militia, armed with their antiquated weapons. We get a man told off to act as guide, and he leads us through the unhappy city to the mission compound, the crowd following close on our heels. Round the last corner, along the narrow lane, up to, and through, the mission gateway we all swarm, and at last, in what was once a tiny but pretty garden—pathetic effort at home-making on the part of exiles—but which is now dreary and desolate enough, we meet a foreigner. Since he is not Mr. Watson he must be Mr. Comerford, and, by a whimsical association of ideas, the historic formula recurs to the mind: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." And then, answering a hasty summons, my old friend

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James Watson comes out, and it is good to see the relief and thankfulness which light up his face; whilst the words of his greeting tell a long story of patient endurance; nights of wild alarms, days of anxious wonder; all pressed into one vivid sentence. For what he murmurs is, "Praise the Lord, you've come! Praise the Lord, you've come!"

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CHAPTER XLIII

POLITICS AT SUITECHOU

It is a widely spread belief that the population of North Shensi is interested in robbery in much the same way that the coastfolk of Cornwall were supposed to be interested in wrecking and smuggling. A little farming, a little salt-working, the zest of life being provided by feuds and robbery, whilst a political flavour is added to the whole by a loose connection with the Ko Lao Hui; this is supposed to represent existence in North Shensi. In the mind of the average Chinese of the eastern provinces, from Peking to Canton, North Shensi is a nest of plunderers lost in a wilderness; and South Shensi, in spite of its past grandeur and present assumptions, little better.

With this generalization one is at first sight inclined to agree. To men who came to Suitechou for the first time at the close of 1911, it seemed almost the only thing to do. But consideration and inquiry tend to modify this conclusion. In the first place, whereas the wreckers of Cornwall had outside wealth on which to prey, these North Shensi people have only themselves. Travellers, from the plunderer's point of view, are few and far between. So that one is forced to ask, whom do the natives plunder? One another? Then are they like the inhabitants of the famous town, one half of whom lived by taking in the other half's washing. "Which," to quote Euclid, "is absurd." The other consideration which makes one pause in assenting to the sweeping

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vilification of the district, is that Suitechou, in normal times, does a steady and considerable trade (the traders getting their goods up in large, well-escorted caravans). Such a trade centre means a considerable number of hard-working, decent folk who from their farming and cattle-raising obtain the wherewithal to buy.

Though to the south, west, and east are but barren hills, to the north is something of a plain, where are sufficiently prosperous villages. But this plain ends in the Ordos Desert. It will be seen, therefore, how shut off from the modern world is this inaccessible portion of China. From Sianfu, the capital of the province, it is fourteen days' journey. News from there came slowly, and on arrival had gathered accretions. From Yülinfu, the city immediately governing Suitechou, and situated two days to the north-west, news from the outside world takes the shape of strange rumours which have come by camel routes from Russia, over the deserts of Mongolia.

The most accessible side is to the east, towards the Yellow River.

On November 14th a courier arrived from Yenanfu, five days to the south, bearing a letter giving an account of the disturbed state of things there, and wild rumours of what had happened in Sianfu.

Then to minds thus prepared there was suddenly presented a new portent. This was the return of the students. For even in Suitechou there were to be found families of some means and sufficient ambition to send a son down to the new colleges of Sianfu. In the ordinary way such youths, returning at the end of the year, would be received as the last word in modern knowledge, would be looked up to, and highly esteemed. It was the manner of their present return which spelt ruin and disaster; which showed how completely the old order of things had passed away. For these heirs

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of the ages crawled back to their homes; wounded, starving, and—naked. On the outbreak of that revolution which the student world had done so much to foster, whilst some of their fellows had instantly adapted themselves to the new conditions and changed environment, they, unable to grasp immediately at a position, lacking the impudence and cunning which in so many cases succeeded in arrogating authority to their possessors, uneducated as yet into the meaning of patriotism, and so devoid of the honest, if uninformed, zeal which carried others through the crisis; these youths, losing their standing in the previously established order, unable to find footing in the new, were hurried, with the other pitiful flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution, down the waters of destruction. Losing all power of calculating chances, they did what Chinese and mountaineers ever do, they made a bee line for home. To do so, in the present instance, meant running the gauntlet of brigands turned "braves"; meant hard travel under hard conditions; but for the time being, reason had ceased and instinct insisted. They turned northwards. A day or two to the north of Sianfu, those who still wore queues were caught and treated as enemies of the "Brethren." To their protestations a deaf ear was turned, their plea of privilege as students met with mocking laughter. Truly China had changed. Where the scholar had been supreme, where learning and etiquette had held almost despotic sway, militarism was now rampant, and the manner of its rule was the apotheosis of the uncouth. The students were robbed, beaten, and, stripped stark naked, sent on their way amidst the jeers of their tormentors. Before they entered Suitechou they had managed to beg some coarse sacking, and in this guise they limped into the town, their piteous condition adding to the poignancy of the

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story they brought of the awful massacres and atrocities at Sianfu.

The entire road from Sianfu to Suitechou was evidently at the mercy of the Ko Lao Hui, who held up whom they would. They had broken into several towns on the route; I Chün, Pei Tung Kuan and other places. Suitechou was in a panic, consternation was in every home.

From the south it was evident that no help could be expected; to the east, there was nothing but wild hills, and then the Yellow River, and another, possibly by this time a hostile, province; the north and west were held by the garrisons of Yülinfu, who might do—anything. Suitechou had no help save in itself. When they came to examine their resources, they were confronted with one of those brazen pieces of corruption in high places, of insensibility to public spirit, which make the stranger pessimistic as to China's future. It is one of the auguries of an improved future, that there have been instances, few but clear, of a patriotic spirit that has decisively put aside the solicitation and opportunity of private gain for the sake of the State, the withdrawal of Dr. Sun Yat-sen from the presidential candidature, in order that H. E. Yuan might have a better opportunity of pacifying the country, being the most notable. Unfortunately for Suitechou, there was no patriotic reformer. The military commandant of the city was allowed a hundred soldiers, decently equipped. For the proper maintenance of these he had his charge on the revenue. A hundred well-armed and disciplined men would have meant much to the town at this juncture. It would have formed a nucleus round which the people could rally. And in this hour of crisis it was found that a few personal attendants, the usual rag-tag and bobtail of the yamens, were all that the military commandant

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could muster. There were no soldiers; there was only the ill-gotten gain in the pocket of the man who should have guarded the town. Such is "squeeze."

There remained the magistrate, the gentry and the people. The magistrate was an amiable, inoffensive person, a Chinese Hamlet who bewailed the cursed spite that had fated him to set aright this distressful district in times so hopelessly out of joint. His only remedies were tears, and the threat of committing suicide. Twice he attempted the latter, but was too closely watched by underlings, by associates and by the gentry, who were determined to have a figurehead of authority, on whom blame might subsequently be laid. By custom and law he who wears the mantle of authority must bear the subsequent inquiry. Hence a conspiracy to keep the mantle on the present wearer's shoulders, each of the possible alternative wearers being determined that the mantle should not descend to him.

The gentry, finding the civil magistrate useless (save as a scapegoat), and the military one a fraud, proceeded to take some initiative. The Chinese term generally translated "gentry" includes retired officials, the connections of officials, scholars, well-to-do tradesmen, farmers in a large way: roughly speaking, any one with a stake in the country, to use a good old Whig phrase. These gentry then hired men to keep watch on the walls at night. No stranger was allowed in the city unless he could call on one of the townsfolk to act as his surety. Unfortunately, the unanimity of the gentry lasted only a day or two. Within three days they were at sixes and sevens; concerted action gave way to mutual distrust and its ensuing paralysis of action.

There remained the people; and leaderless, ignorant, terrified, the people yet proved themselves not unworthy in this crisis. They formed a militia; feeble men of

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over sixty, and mere boys of sixteen, somehow, from somewhere, obtained staves, knives, or old swords, and with such weapons paraded their respective streets, or took their turn on the walls and at the gates. It was known that there were members of the dreaded Ko Lao Hui within the city; it was feared that they would obtain an opportunity to betray the place to their fellow conspirators now outside.

This state of things lasted for a week. Whether there was any Government in Sianfu was uncertain; what such Government's policy or orders would be was all a matter of surmise. By November the 10th a proclamation arrived from the victors which gave some temporary quietness. But the lawless element soon realized that a proclamation was one thing, its enforcement was another, and without soldiers the new Government's enactments had no sanction. All available troops were busy in the south, and could not be free for weeks at the least, probably for months, for action in the north of the province. What should stay the malcontents of Suitechou from working their will? In the city the poor folks huddled together as best they could for mutual protection, but from the country, where bandits prowled boldly, there came in pitiful and almost daily reports of people taking poison, of others fleeing from their homes to wander, often to perish, in the mountains.

On November the 22nd the soldiers at Yülinfu, some thousands in number, revolted. The special object of the hatred of the populace here was an old police official, whom the people charged with inordinate extortion. He seems to have fought gamely at least. He got up into a loft or tower, and there accounted for several of his assailants before they brought him down. Then they took and dragged him to one of the machines used for chopping straw for horses, and drunk with rage and

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victory, they took their revenge by passing him through the machine as they would the straw.

By December the 10th a group of conspirators had been found in Suitechou sufficiently greedy of silver and power to be willing to snatch at the reins of office. Armed to the teeth, they forced their way into the yamen and compelled the magistrate to hand over his seals of office. The city became more distracted than ever; women and children fleeing, when the gates opened, to the dubious asylum of the villages, the caves, the hills.

On December the 10th the long-expected attack by the Ko Lao Hui was delivered. It lasted all night, and the men of Suitechou fought for their homes, children and womenfolk. With no help from magistrates or soldiers, with but dubious assistance from the gentry, the rank and file of the men of Suitechou made their stand. That dreaded Society which, from over the Szuchuen border had carried all before it—to whom the more enlightened Ke Ming Tang in the capital had perforce cringed, assenting to measures they detested—that Society was here defied. With no hope of speedy help from any settled Government, with their world toppling about their ears, the townsmen stood firm, and here at least the wave of anarchy was stayed.

All night long that fierce attack lasted, but in the morning the assailants drew off. But they had reckoned, literally, without their host; for the townsfolk, maddened by their wrongs, made a sortie, pursued the demoralized enemy, and succeeded in killing eighteen and taking five prisoners. Numbers small enough when compared with the accounts from Hankow or Peking; but we are dealing with small places as yet, and the moral effect of this brisk little action was enormous: it put heart into the people; the Ko Lao Hui were shown to be not invincible.

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Only the day before they had come, dressed as soldiers, and had been admitted as being the proper servants of the Government. They had descended on the yamen, thrown off all pretence, and demanded ten thousand taels (£1250), and the recognition of their leader as the town's magistrate. It is not clear why they did not then and there try to maintain the advantage they had gained, but what happened was as follows: They left three of their number inside the city. After nightfall these men were to fire their guns, by the south gate, with the object of driving off the guard. This accomplished, they were to open the gate to the full force of their fellow conspirators. The mistake lay in overestimating the effect which the firing of modern rapid weapons would have on the ill-armed untrained volunteer guard. Their plot failed; for the time being Suitechou was saved.

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CHAPTER XLIV

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

We turn now from the politics of a city to the trials of individuals: the Britishers in Suitechou. As their difficulties were typical of those in many other parts of the province, it may be well to give them in some detail, as well as the line of action which they followed. Wherever there were foreign adults and children in places cut off from outside help, there the same problem was raised, though perhaps in Suitechou, owing to its long seclusion from the Western world and those newer movements which had so changed the outlook in many parts of China, the difficulties were more acute.

Occasionally foreigners had visited the district before 1910. Explorers, naturalists,[1] occasional Protestant itinerant missionaries had passed through. An Italian priest or two had been in the district for years; indeed the Romanist work had gone on for generations, but had been done mostly amongst Catholic villages, and had had little or no effect in accustoming the general populace to the presence of foreigners in their midst; they were still regarded as something abnormal, possibly sinister. Until 1910 there had been no resident foreign family in the district; none living their lives openly in the eyes of the townsfolk, breaking down prejudice, piercing the dense pall of superstitious ignorance that lay over the general mind. When to this is added the fact that the Ko Lao Hui, in its most unenlightened form had here crowds of adherents, we can understand the

[1] See *Through Shen Kan*, by R. S. Clark and A. de C. Sowerby.

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verdict of one of the Britishers living there who wrote: "Suitechou has long been notorious as a bitterly anti-foreign centre."

It has been stated above that rumours of the outside world came down at times from Yülinfu in most distorted form. Early in 1911 there came an unusually ugly one. It was brought over the Mongol deserts from Urga, over the Ordos desert from the mysterious white world to the north, from the hated and dreaded Russians. The alarm spread that the Russians were about to invade China, entering Shensi via Yülinfu, two days to the north-west of Suitechou. It is easy for us to smile at these fantastic stories, but they cannot be lightly dismissed by any who would endeavour to follow the psychological processes from which proceed the anti-foreign explosions in China. It is neither just to the Chinese themselves nor contributory to our better relations with them in the future to refuse to examine rumours, which, often distorted in themselves, do yet contain what is the real crux of the Chinese objection to the foreigners' action: some reason which may evade both the diplomat and the recorder, since it can only express itself in the exaggerated language of rumour.

In the minds of the Suitechou populace, this present threatened disaster from the north associated itself in some dim way with the fact that English people had been allowed to dwell within their borders. Who had been responsible for their coming? Who within the town had acted as their agent and stood their guarantor? Let search be made and the man noted; as soon as the Russians were sighted he should die. Even after the first heat of rage had passed sullen suspicion remained. Let the crops but fail, the cattle die: were there not aliens in the city? What though they did their best to conform, in etiquette, in dress; what though they

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spoke truth and dealt justly; were they not strangers? True they had healed the sick, taught little children, loved mercy, and spoke of a Great Hope which in its turn transformed lives lived in their midst; yet if their presence outraged the unseen powers of "wind and water," powers which directed luck, health, childbirth, what then? And had not the old rallying cry of the Ko Lao Hui included them with the hated Manchu, as an evil to be driven from the land? Imagine then the feelings with which they regarded the foreigners in their midst when it was realized how great a disaster had now come upon them! No mere rumour this, but a city in peril: dire, imminent, capable of being understood by the meanest intelligence. Some there had been amongst the townsfolk who had been growing friendly; now their visits ceased; in the streets they passed unseeing.

Meanwhile from the south the foreigners were getting news from their colleagues of the real magnitude of the disaster which had befallen the wretched province. On November the 6th there came a letter from Chung Pu, ten days to the south, written by Dr. Young, enclosing one from Sianfu. In addition to the murders in the south suburb of Sianfu, they now learnt of the probable murder of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Smith. With this definite word on reliable authority, the hopes of some of the party fled. They could only conclude that the movement in Shensi had now turned definitely anti-foreign. And feeling this they went on their usual way with never a whisper of the thought lurking within. More care than usual was taken to walk through the streets of the town, on the wall, in public places—walk there cheerfully, with a fine ignoring of the black scowls or suspicious glances bent on them. And to one another—only an increased cheerfulness and a finer

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sensibility on the part of each to the feelings of the others. And of the little company none so brave or bright as the Englishwoman who, with two little children to care for, with native helpers distressed and fearful, with no visible signs of help, went about her household tasks looking to others' comfort, drawing from her inward store of faith and love, and in doing so, kept despair and horror at bay by the sheer atmosphere of home which she shed about her.

There was need of all their courage. No muleteers could be hired for a journey south, yet their various helpers clamoured to leave. These had been brought up from Sianfu and had no mind, they said, to sell their lives in the strange town where they were regarded with suspicion and dislike.

There were no fire-arms on the premises, but the people in the town had an idea that foreigners would be well-armed, and so, from day to day, the place escaped attack. For by this time the official proclamation had little virtue left in it. With no visible means of being enforced, official proclamations were treated with scant deference. The foreigner, with the hostages given to fortune—his two little children, and his brave wife—had to accept many an insult in those days: accept robbery, cheating, repudiation of contract, and give no sign.

By November the 9th the muleteer who had left the town some weeks previously with Dr. and Mrs. Young returned, bringing word that the Youngs had been robbed near Chung Pu and had fled to the mountains.

By December the 3rd a native messenger got through from Taiyuanfu with a letter stating that the foreigners were advised by the British Minister to leave for the coast if the roads were at all possible. This letter also said that two or three foreigners were trying to come through to their aid. With much difficulty they

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arranged with some muleteers to attempt the road leading south to Sianfu; the road east to Taiyuanfu no one would attempt, though, had they but known it, this was the safest route of any. It was decided to set out on December the 8th. On December the 7th, some of the Ko Lao Hui entered the town, but whilst one party proceeded to the yamen, as related in the last chapter, the other came on to the foreigners' premises and prowled about. As they discussed their plans they were heard by an inmate of a room near the gate. The conspirators planned to attack the Mission compound as soon as they had made good their entry into the town, "as the foreigners will have plenty of silver; and when we come, we will not leave a soul alive."

On the 8th it was found impossible to get away, and the date of departure was again fixed, this time for the 12th. By December the 10th they had given up hope of the promised help from the coast, "concluding," to use their own cheerful words, "that something had happened (battles, robbers, etc.) to prevent Keyte getting through."

On December the 11th, with sinking hearts they made their final preparations, knowing only too well the nature of that robber-infested road which lay before them. It was truly the darkest hour before the dawn for them: at four in that afternoon the three foreigners, who had ridden on in advance, entered the compound.

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CHAPTER XLV

THE SUITECHOU EXODUS

DEC. 12th was devoted to mending, washing (humans and habiliments), horse-buying, foraging. This last had been no easy problem to the residents; it had been increasingly difficult to buy food. On this day there were indeed rumours of a half pig for sale at the other end of the town, but this proved to be but another of hope's flattering tales. A dozen eggs was quite a triumphant achievement. Fortunately the newcomers brought game in plenty, and now that there was to be an escort, stores and an extra pack-mule were risked.

There was joyous bustle about the compound; the native helpers sighed their relief. There was one exception, a wretched man who had bullied and stormed, demanding outrageous sums of money, threatening to raise the town against his employer if his demands were not granted. Men such as he were dangerous, and there was a general desire to teach him a lesson. He was told he could not proceed to Sianfu with the party, that as he had taken his own line he might follow it out to the end. It was only the intercession of his wronged and insulted master which saved him from the fate he now dreaded, namely, of staying in the town or travelling alone.

On the previous evening messengers, with an air of great secrecy, had arrived from the yamen as soon as it was known that the new party had arrived. When assured that they could not be overheard, they opened their business, presenting a plea from the magistrate,

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that he might be allowed to travel under our protection to Sianfu. After two or three attempts to commit suicide, with the arrival of this small armed force of foreigners from the east there had come to him a gleam of hope. In reply it was explained clearly, explicitly, and officially, that we could not take him. The messengers, downcast at their failure, returned with this message. Whereupon we took other means to let their master know that the public road, if no longer "the king's highway," was, at least in theory, "the people's," and that should he happen to be on the road at the same time as ourselves, we could not say him nay: only when we got to stopping-places, we should not be too nice in our methods of securing inn accommodation.

This was quite sufficiently clear for a Chinese official, and this one hastened to put together a few necessaries for the road-journey. But alas for fond hopes! His every step was watched, and his intention leaked out. Whereupon the gentry mustered in force at the yamen, and told him with brutal frankness that he would not be allowed to start. Discredited, powerless as he was, he was yet the nominal head of the place, the possible rallying-point, the necessary scapegoat, and as such must perforce remain at his post.

Poor distracted gentleman, for whom some scholarship, family ambition, intrigue, more influence, and above all, money, had procured this magistracy of Suitechou; surely the ironical fates themselves might have spared a smile of pity for his grotesque situation! The gentle glow of scholarly satisfaction, gained by the elucidation of some abstruse passage in the Classics, was but poor warmth for one now chilled in the rude winds of the Suitechou's administrative tempest. Yet it was his all. There was no fire of indignation at old wrongs and present injustice; no generous heat radiated

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from some sun-lit vision of a renewed China; nothing but chilling apprehension, drear despair. Family affection there probably was, but for the time being he was separated from his family. Some ten days later, his wife and daughters, whilst making their way up from Sianfu to rejoin him at Suitechou, were attacked, their attendants either killed, scattered, or overpowered, and the unhappy ladies carried off, without the chance of saving themselves by suicide from a fate they could guess only too plainly. Mercifully for the unhappy husband and father, the future was veiled, or it might have been a breaking heart, rather than a broken spirit, that remained that day in the desolation of that Suitechou yamen.

The start was made on the 18th, not at 7 a.m., but at 1 p.m. The mules promised for 6 a.m. were not forthcoming. One lot after another dribbled in during the course of the morning; the muleteers, being afraid to keep them overnight in the town for fear of their being impounded, had taken them to villages three or more miles away. Meantime everything had been packed away, fires put out, preparatory to the start. Then for hours we fumed, waiting for mules, sending here and there, searching even the yamen stables, and all to no avail.

During this delay the only place where the mother and child could be sheltered was within their mule litter, nestling in the bedding. And still the miserable tangle, in which mules, muleteers, innkeepers, farmers, all seemed to be mixed, remained unravelled. At last the Gordian knot was cut. One of the crowd of muleteers was suddenly seen to have unsaddled mules in his charge. How they got there was not clear, nor to us did it greatly matter. He denied that these were the mules specified, and, to descend to a vulgarism, the

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Arthur de C. Sowerby.

William Morgan Palmer, P. D. Evans, Erik T. Nyström, Edward R. Long.

Harold J. Fairburn

Wingate.

SHENSI RELIEF EXPEDITION,
DEC – JAN
1911 – 12

CHRISTMAS,
1911

PEI T'UNG KUAN
SHENSI

from T'ai Yüan fu, 20 days
To SI AN FU, 3 days

"THE TREASURER AND ANY CHINESE INNKEEPER"

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fur flew. But the mules were commandeered, and once his mind had been made up for him, the muleteer cheerfully fell in with the general plan. At long last we got away, the usual snarling as to who should have the heavy loads making the unmusical overture. Slowly the cavalcade wound its way through the streets; three litters, thirteen horsemen, twenty mules; some with light loads and a rider, others with full loads only; and in front and rear streamed the shouting, gesticulating crowd. Out at last through the south gate with its ghastly trophies; through the straggling suburb street, and up the opposite hill we streamed; and from parapet and window, gateway and tower, they watched our going. We were back in the Middle Ages.

A few of the town's militia trudged alongside to "protect" us for the first mile or so. A kindly, podgy man with a short weapon, half knife, half sword, marched alongside a valorous youth of sixteen. It was difficult to take their soldiering seriously, and yet that same nondescript weapon had accounted for more than one life in the late sortie. The stout man, who looked like a miniature Falstaff, had been impressed by the work and spirit of a medical missionary who had lately been in the town, and spoke wistfully of better days in store, when Suitechou should boast its own mission hospital.

The "guards" would have accompanied us further, even to Sianfu itself, only, as they quaintly put it, "Who will protect *us* as we return without you?"

At the crest of the hill, we turn to look back on the town, wondering what the immediate future has in store for it. The Ko Lao Hui are beaten back for the nonce, but can this one town hope to repulse them again —and again? All honour to the courage of the brave, simple souls, true democrats, who in this weltering chaos, with no understanding of the political under-

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ENTRANCE TO BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING

[*See page* 181

THE EXODUS FROM SUITECHOU

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CALIFORNIA

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currents, fought for hearth and home, for order and decency; leaving the poseurs and placemongers the cheap catchwords of the Revolution.

When well on the road various strange forms appeared, apparently from nowhere, sandwiching themselves between the regular members of the caravan. Here was one riding a feeble, overladen donkey; there another astride a pony which had seen his best days; pack-mules in which long serfdom had not broken original perversity; pedestrians also, with bed and bundle on shoulder; all fleeing from the city of destruction. They had seized the one opportunity of starting for the south with a reasonable hope of safety. At length, finding the train when thus swollen too straggling for eleven men to guard, we had sternly to cut out the irregulars; and these thereupon hung closely on the heels of the last accredited mule. But in a few hours it was all to be done over again, And the ingenious perversity of that caravan! Pack-horse and pack-mule would not go at one pace; the donkey paced with neither. The litter requires a chapter to itself. The Taiyuanfu mules, strong, willing, and well-tended, easily outdid anything, save the foreigners' horses. And only these same horses were to be relied on. Up and down the line they trotted; policing, shepherding, encouraging. At one time blocking the road, forcing the foremost pack animal to wait till the stragglers caught up, and the line was something more than a mere string of gaps; then racing back to the rear to spur on the driver of the hindmost animal, often to do his driving for him. The previous policy of a front and rear guard had to be modified. Each litter had a man told off to attend it, and of those doing rearguard work, much initiative was expected. Exactly how they were to prevail upon a phlegmatic donkey-driver to hurry was not stated; it was sufficient that it

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had to be done somehow. And it was done; sweating and scolding, wheedling and whacking, the rearguard got them along.

This sprawling ungainly procession had to make eighteen miles that half-day before it could arrive at an inn able to accommodate so large a party. We had started at 1 p.m.; the days were near the shortest length. The road plunged almost at once into a defile, a frozen river in the centre, high gloomy walls on either hand. With scarcely a break the road wound through this dispiriting scenery for days. About four in the afternoon, high up on the cliffs to the right, peasants were to be seen busily strengthening a fort. Their method was simply to cut the friable loess sheer down for thirty odd feet. Even below this the cliff was nearly perpendicular. Into the cave or high-walled compound at the top the peasants gathered at the first sign of danger. Scouts were posted at different points of vantage, watching the approaches.

The first two horsemen were almost immediately below the primitive fort when a rumbling roar was heard. The men above had, without thought to travellers below, set a huge mass of earth moving downwards, which as it came brought the loose soil of the lower slope with it. The result was a small landslide. The horsemen, not knowing where it would fall, and unable on that narrow ledge to turn the horses easily, could only do one thing. Down came the whips with all the force available. The horses, fortunately mettlesome, sprang indignantly forward, and, at a gallop, tore along the narrow ledge. And as they cleared the place the mass fell, and two more horsemen reined in just in time.

The darkness came on, and despite all efforts the train became scattered. Scarcely any light penetrated the depths of the gorge; the stars overhead seemed as

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if, from out the blue-black mantle which they spangled, they would fain peer over the edge of the cliff into the depths below, where these weary insignificants slowly made their way. Those shallow depressions in the rocky path, which in the bright noon sun were puddles, now became treacherous slides of ice, over which even the mules required careful watching and occasional help. So we dragged along in the darkness for two hours, taking what precautions were possible under the circumstances. At last we stumbled upon a cluster of buildings, mostly inns, set well up on the slope, with a view to escape the rising river when flooded under the melting snows of spring. The buildings turned out to consist of two or three inns and their outhouses. There ensued much desperate shouting, hauling and backing, with bumping and grinding as the litters, with four or five of the handiest men straining, lifting, steadying, squeezed through the low gateway. And when we assembled in the yard, cold, hungry and fagged it was to find that one of the litters was missing after all: and the man with it, almost the youngest of the party, but lately from Harvard, with only two or three months' acquaintance with the country and its language. The treasurer turned back, calling, running, scrambling along the path; too eager to heed whether he was heard and marked by undesirables, he went back blaming himself bitterly. Fortunately it was almost impossible to miss the way, there being but the one main route. Again and again the faint sound of distant bells seemed to come out of the gloom, but it was in seeming only; the silence was broken only by the faint stirring of some bird. The litter in question had no passenger; instead, it had been laden with valuables and silver. Had there been treachery, or attack, and its young escort come to grief? At last the faint but real sound of bells came

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up the valley, grew stronger, grew clear, till out of the gloom there staggered the litter: mules, muleteer, horse and rider spent with fatigue—the wretched rear mule, with the waving, lurching weight above it, needing to be constantly helped by the tired shoulder of its muleteer.

Three miles to the north, some four or five armed men had loomed up in the dusk, with questions, probably demands on their lips. By the flash of a lantern they suddenly saw a young American, with no words or questions to spare, only a business-like six-shooter and quiet watchfulness. With a gasp, they melted again into the gloom.

We reached the inn to find that men and baggage had to some degree been sorted out. There was even a promise of food in the distance. But it was weary work for Commissariat and Cook. Arriving in the dark meant that bedding, boxes and mule-packs were littered wildly over the inn yard, and it needed wide-eyed wariness to avoid the heels of the animals as one prowled about in search of stores and baskets.

Imagine an inn, poor enough at the best of times, now crammed with such a crowd, and in it an Englishwoman with two little children, one a babe of twelve weeks. The recent strain in Suitechou had been great, yet to-night, in spite of cold, hunger, the weariness of the cramped crouching position, long maintained in the litter, in spite of having been thrown out on the road, there was nothing but bright encouraging words and grateful thanks for such awkward service as men could render. And there was no fussing. If from some bedding bag or conjurer's hat a clean rag was forthcoming and made to do duty as tablecloth, there was laughing praise; should it be filthy, there was no flicker of eyebrow lifted. And above all there was no wounding of our feelings by trying "to put things straight." We

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know that it is a wise woman who buildeth her house; wise and gracious also was this lady, who refrained from any attempt to build the house of others, even though they were but rough bachelors and grass-widowers.

In the morning came the settling of accounts with the innkeeper. The bill for "lodgings" is elastic. The innkeeper blandly waives all rights, leaving the sum to the grace of the Treasurer. He promptly offers an absurdly small amount; the innkeeper looks pained, and the game is fairly begun. The innkeeper's conscience is appealed to: this also is part of the game. When the amount has at length been arrived at, the money—unless strings of cash are available—has to be weighed out in the silver scale, much time and temper being lost in the search for pieces which shall make up the requisite sum. That honest indignation may at times need to find expression, that stern looks may even occasionally be bent on some innkeeper, this is admitted. But the treasurer maintains that the drawing executed by the artist of the Nine, which purports to be a portrayal of some such scene, is distinctly uncharitable, possibly libellous, and certainly fictitious (p. 248).

To-day we started not with three, but with two litters. But that brings us to the whole question of the mule-litter.

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CHAPTER XLVI

THE WAYS OF A LITTER

A MULE-LITTER is first and last an abomination. It cannot be termed an anomaly—though one would wish to call it that amongst many other evil names—since an anomaly is defined as a deviation from the rule, and the mule-litter was never remotely in sight of a rule from which to deviate.

It is to be feared that even as there are misguided persons who will take up the cudgels for a Swiss Navy, a Chicago Jungle, or the restoration of Westminster Abbey, so there are hypnotized travellers who declare that they find themselves comfortable in a mule-litter. But disregarding abnormal waywardness, let us speak of the litter as it is known to ordinary men and women.

Two heavy rough poles with cross-pieces keeping them rigid (more or less) form a basis [*sic*] for a tangle of ropes and matting, presumably having connection with the poles and pieces as above. Thus is formed what the Chinese delightfully term " the nest " in which the unfortunate traveller " rests." More matting, covering bent pieces of wood, forms a roof. Two unhappy animals are then taken and a rough wooden pack-saddle placed on each.

The traveller having packed himself within, the litter is then raised by muleteers and anybody else available. The next problem is to get the mules under the ends of the poles that these may be placed on the pack-saddles

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The mules, having been there before, object vigorously. The circus is not unknown even in inland China.

In making out their travelling expenses, the Chinese of these parts have a quaint way of reckoning the two mules of a mule-litter as three animals. Presumably this is a tacit admission of the present contention that no two mules should ever be expected to carry such a burden. Curiously enough the muleteer is only reckoned as one man, whereas he should be at least six men and a boy to help. For he has to coax the front mule the while he imprecates the back one; he has to put his shoulder under this pole and press his weight against that; he has to lift up the wretched back mule by the tail as the poor beast sinks under the litter's weight; he has to haul on the head of the front beast when it would investigate the off side of a precipice, and to pull on the whole contrivance when the forward movement drags the back mule—who goes on almost blindly—against a boulder in the way. And over and above all this he has to help to pick up his passenger when this unfortunate is shot out of the falling litter, after which the said litter and its mules have to be hoisted up and started once more.

A mule-litter cannot stand still; the animals can only support it whilst in motion. When not being hoisted in or shot out of the affair, the passenger is borne aloft, waving from side to side high above the mules. Combined with this top-heavy motion from side to side there is an abominable lurching jolt from front to back. You may not sit, you may not lie, you cannot even properly nurse the baby. Life becomes a series of negations punctuated by collapses. The litter does not proceed forward, it staggers obliquely. The flippant advice, " If you can't walk straight, walk sideways," is too obvious to be offered to the mule-litter. For it to

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proceed decently the mules should be equal in height, strength and speed; they should also be a compound of steel and steam rather than of flesh and blood.

The hind animal of one litter was a creature little bigger than a donkey. The swaying burden on its back, and the ice beneath its feet, brought it down several times. But the worst was reserved until night had fallen. Over a broad stretch of water a frail bridge had been laid: a few narrow planks, with boughs and earth atop, laid on a few trestles. When nearly across the front mule stepped on nothing, scrambled to recover, failed, brought down the diminutive hind mule, which had no resistance, and the whole affair came down from the bridge on to the frozen river below. In its fall, mother and babe were shot out of the litter; the poor lady in the act of falling loosened her hold on the child, and the wee bundle of humanity, not three months old, lay on the ice till one of the relief party, coming to the rescue, stumbled over her.

The litter was set straight, mother and child again installed, as therein lay their one chance of warmth, and then came a long wait whilst a stronger beast was brought from another litter, after which the battered contrivance, with its poor, tossed inmates, went on its way. The other litter, weighed down with silver, valuables and other baggage, made an unmanageable load for its one-and-a-half animal. It was this litter that the young American guarded. As the tiny rear mule was so near exhaustion, the little group fell further and further behind. The next morning this litter was resolved into its component parts, and the mules bore the baggage easily on the ordinary pack-saddles.

The other two litters had to be used as far as Sianfu: in one the amah and a boy of two and a half, in the other mother and babe. The lady would take her place

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in the litter at 7 a.m. and not quit it till five or six when we stopped for the night—not quit it, unless thrown out. She had to sit in the swinging, treacherous prison and see mules descend the ice-glazed slope, with a wall of cliff on the one hand and a precipice on the other; see horses come down in front of her, and yet not dare to stir out of her place for fear of the exposure to the little one. And with it all, never a murmur: brave quietness where words were useless, and a reassuring smile whenever possible. Missionary Societies may well be proud of some of their men; but the wives at the back of these are often deserving almost of reverence From the perusal of the life of Chalmers, of New Guinea, one rises with deep admiration of the man and his heroic work; but it is, after all, the patient devotion and sublime courage of the two women, who, one after the other, there suffered and there received their death-blows, that makes a man realize how limited is his patience, how small is the measure of his endurance, of his loyalty, of his faith.

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CHAPTER XLVII

YENANFU: ON CHINESE PEASANTS

DAY after day we travelled southwards, winding in and out amongst the hills, and always the frozen river along or across the path, and about us a silent world as of men asleep. Only with the wild things was there stir and self-confidence.

On Sunday, December the 17th, Yenanfu was sighted. Banners waved from the walls, flaunting before a cowed and dispirited region the triumph of the Ko Lao Hui.

On nearer approach, the banners seemed the only sign of life, much less defiance, about the place. Not a man stood before or in the open gateway. Fifty yards inside stood an empty sentry-box, a deserted guard-house. A teashop near by had a loiterer or two who woke up into activity at the apparition of armed foreigners. Proceeding further, we had to inquire for the Mission compound, and thus delayed, drew a depressed following. But there was none of the stir and excitement, none of the promise of simple courage which had redeemed Suitechou. Here was a city of pretentious Government Offices long fallen into decay: a city nominally governing a district which from its south-east to its north-west extremity was a fourteen days' journey. Gazing down a vista of dim distant years one caught a glimpse of past splendour; but the living force of which it had been the drapery and symbol had long since died out, leaving stagnation, corruption and decay to reign in its halls, and a little people, who had no soul of greatness, to call

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themselves by an historic name. In a state which had once given the lead to, and assumed the hegemony of a great confederacy, Yenanfu stood with Ichabod written full upon it, the empty shell of a past glory; and now, reserved until the birth-throes of the "Republic," came the last humiliation, the harlequin reign of petty freebooters, who disgraced the name whilst lacking the virility of the Ko Lao Hui.

The story of Yenanfu in the recent upheaval has been written elsewhere,[1] and there is no need to deal with it here, save as its fortune caught us for the moment in its net.

We rode to the silent Mission compound. Even here, where there had been life and movement, a breath of larger interests, a vision of hope, there were only empty rooms and silence. The missionary, his wife and child, had left the previous morning, left without funds sufficient to reach Sianfu, left with a motley crowd of chair-bearers and carriers. Three or four of the so-called militia accompanied them, but for making their way through the heart of a district so disturbed they were a pitiful little group. Lack of funds had driven them from Yenanfu, but it made the spirit quail to think of what might be lying in wait for them. The native evangelist, a man of resource, found a stalwart farmer willing to walk through the late afternoon, the evening, and on through the long night, that he might catch up the fugitives with a message, thus stopping them from advancing alone further into danger. In a district where villainy was for the time being on top, where quick gains fell to brazen dishonesty, here was a man who cheerfully faced toil and danger for neither loot nor praise, a man incited by no personal regard or sense of public duty, but a simple desire to earn good pay wherewith the better

[1] *Caught in the Chinese Revolution*, by E. F. Borst-Smith.

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to support his home and develop his plot of land. At Sianfu a Manchu, having at risk of life and limb descended from the city wall, fled into the country, with enemies never far away. Meeting a peasant, he threw himself on his mercy, crying, "Save me, save me!" There was no hope of disguising the fact that he belonged to the hated race: the peasant might easily have brought a swarm of his fellow Chinese about the fugitive; instead, he led him by side paths out of the neighbourhood of the flaming city, out of the district, on by day and night until he had brought him in safety out of the savagery of those Shensi days into a neighbouring province. And this for a destitute Manchu, whose home was a smoking ruin, who could appeal to no hope of reward, only to the sense of pity. Instances such as these might be multiplied. Away from the insane revel of slaughter which held sway in the more artificial life of the city, there was to be found, out in the open amongst the peasantry, sanity, industry. Fugitives escaping to the country, at least in the south of the province, were allowed to go unmolested on their way, and at times were treated with real humanity. Brigands there were—villages where some unscrupulous bully or place-seeker might incite the people to violence, especially where such a leader could abuse a standing in the Ko Lao Hui; but the ordinary peasantry kept their heads; frugal and industrious they went about their simple duties, and were open to the appeal which wretchedness makes to worth. It is a knowledge of and intimacy with this great class, the backbone of the nation, which give the lie to pessimism as to the future of China. Her politicians may be venal; her peasantry is as virile as any in the world. Frugal, decent, passing honest, with an ingrained love of family, capable of being extended into love of country, with a noble jealousy for its women's

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honour, with primitive appetites and simple wants; here indeed is a people who have amongst them the elements of a true national greatness. Travestied by a coast-spoiled scum which, rising to the top of the heated political cauldron is mistaken by the hasty West for the real Chinese type; drained by a parasitic bureaucracy, denied open justice, bound hand and foot in the cerements of tradition with a vicious pedagogy vitiating the educative value of a noble literature, with no open vision for the sight and no voice of the Divine in their ears, the peasantry of China yet stand fast, loyal to life, loyal to themselves. And for them also the day has dawned, and with it some promise of equity in the court of justice, fuller life for the young, more care for woman's comfort. For evil or good the world is opening to them; they will eat of the fruit of the tree; from their old seclusion they will be thrust forth into the wider world where the interest of the mingling, struggling nations impinge and clash. But before they go, before the flashing sword of the Irrevocable cuts them off for ever from the old patriarchal past, the silent seclusion of centuries, may it be that they also shall hear the voice of the Lord walking in the garden at the end of this their childhood's day, bringing to them such knowledge of their need as shall wipe away the old self-complacency; bringing to them also the word of promise, of leadership, that they may go forth, knowing that for them also is reserved not only stern struggle, but with it a great destiny, a glorious hope.

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CHAPTER XLVIII

TO KAN CHʻUAN: ON CHINESE RULERS

THE messenger thus sent ahead would, it was hoped, stop the travellers; it remained to follow up the message with some tangible help in case the crowd of carriers refused, as was very probable, to remain a day. Let there be given visible assurance that there was a force of foreigners to accompany their passengers, and they would wait gladly; but demoralized by terror as they were, it was likely that the missionary would have trouble with them if words were his only resource. At Yenanfu, they had declared that whether the foreigners came or no they were leaving; now, with only promises and persuasion, the missionary might well find himself at their mercy. Yet the caravan now at Yenanfu could not do forced marches, nor could any of the Expedition horses, after fifteen days' hard work on the hills, be expected to do two days' journey in one unless there were absolutely nothing else for it; they still had nearly a month's march ahead of them.

So three men made their way to the head yamen and sought out its then occupant. He had been a miller a few days before, had no education, and reputation perhaps even less. But he was a leading member of the Ko Lao Hui, and was not without a certain shrewdness and experience which elbowed out the mere theorists and students, gentlemen though these might be.

By this time he was sufficiently alarmed, had placed

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guards at the city gates, and called the best approach to a City Council which was available to deliberate on the new aspect of things.

By the light of a feeble lantern we made our way through a succession of empty courtyards and halls, until at last we brought up in the cold mean room where the magistrate transacted public business. It was poor work exchanging compliments with such an one, wondering the while what treachery might be lurking in the shadowy corners of the mean room and the dark recesses of its owner's mind. But such as he was he represented the powers that be; also he stood for the opportunity of obtaining horses and relays wherewith to overtake the English family two days to the south. In the end we left with a promise of two horses, a mounted guide, and an order for relays at Kan Ch'uan, twenty miles south.

The dawn found two men stamping around, exclaiming against yamen perfidy, searching frantically for yamen horses. At eight, two appalling hacks appeared, with a guide whose one idea was to manœuvre his horse behind ours and so keep it in hand. The story of that ride is best left untold; steed and saddle, pace and path were alike atrocious. Kan Ch'uan was reached by eleven.

At the yamen gate there was only a boorish lad. A sentence or two sufficed to show that nothing was to be gained, only time and temper to be lost by parley there. We rode through the gates, through court after court, all desolate, until in the last one a solitary elderly retainer appeared. It was no time for ceremonious delay; we sent in an urgent request to see the magistrate personally. In a few minutes there appeared a little elderly gentleman, the magistrate of Kan Ch'uan.

He had fallen upon evil times indeed. The crowd of

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loafers generally hanging round a yamen had flocked off to a game more remunerative or safe. They could now wave flags elsewhere. Only a personal servant and coolie were left. The stable had left in it two emaciated crocks, whose backs, when uncovered, made one feel sick. The magistrate, when needing an animal for business, had in these days to hire a donkey. He told us his story. When word came of what had occurred in Sianfu, the leading people of the little town —gentry and shopkeepers—came clamouring to him. The brigands were up throughout the district and held the roads; at any moment they might descend in force on the town, for loot, for rapine. Every possible hiding-place was secured for the women: dry wells, in the walls of which, at a great depth, a chamber had been cut, caves in places away from the main road, country villages where there was nothing to tempt plunderers. For the rest they could do nothing. The magistrate advised them, having closed their shops, to sit tight. There was no hope of scientific defence; the town walls were in ruins, there were no guards, there were no guns. But at least there were quiet courage and dignity in the ruler. "Let us stand by one another and present a calm front," was his advice. "There is no help in tears and wailing; flight only means being handled easily by the outside prowlers; here together there is some hope that we may daunt them, even accomplish something should they get in. And at least the Government House shall have its proper representative, and you will know that whatever danger comes your magistrate faces it with you and shares the common fate." Such, baldly and inadequately rendered, was the substance of this city father's advice to his people. He saw that for them to lose their heads metaphorically was but the prelude to losing them actually.

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Through all those trying days, which grew into weeks, he kept them steady, and so saved the little place.

Here was a Confucian gentleman of the old school. Sometimes on returning from an interview or function at a "Republican" yamen, one sighs for the good breeding, the elaborate courtesy of the old days. The old restraints are gone, and as yet there is little in their place. Manners are to seek, ease in handling affairs has not yet been attained, the old loafers are replaced by a crowd equally unscrupulous and whom no one dare browbeat into the old semblance of respect. And with the echoes of Republican manifestoes still in the air, still recalling some fragment of the dream of new China, one looks round for men of moral earnestness amongst those who sit round a governor's board: and the disappointment is keen.

Which all means that the Reformers had not enough good men to go round. In the coast provinces one may reasonably hope that there are sufficient men available to fill the public posts with public spirit: men of education, experience of affairs, earnest in aim and application. But it is otherwise in the interior and more backward provinces. Under the old régime these received rulers appointed by the central authority, men drawn from other provinces, from out of a large circle of expectant officials; men who with all their faults and limitations had at least good breeding and a knowledge of the working of the machinery of government. Now, under the new order, every hinge turns uneasily, every bolt jams, every wheel makes dismal shrieks.

Even if from some central circle, some Jacobin Club in Shanghai, Canton, or Peking, the Republican Government had sufficient good men available, the difficulty in the north-west provinces would remain; for each province is eaten up with jealousy of the rest, is bloated

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with its parochial self-importance, windy with its own self-sufficiency. Only natives of "our own province" shall have the leadership. The cry of "China for the Chinese" here descends to "Shensi for the Shensians." And the result would be comic opera were it not for the tragic seriousness of the issues involved. The necessary men are simply not forthcoming; important places are filled by upstart boys, by boors, by parasites. It will right itself in time, is even now doing so, for there are a few good men at or near the top, and these are being forced, by the exigencies of business, the logic of events, to co-opt, in practice if not with outward recognition, men of the required education, experience and public spirit, even though they hail from another province.

We carried from the magistrate of Kan Ch'uan letters to his people at Honanfu and Peking. In the then turmoil it might well have been the last message he could hope to get through. One of the melancholy horses was saddled, and for the second beast we kept the least wearied of the Yenanfu three.

The delay had kept us till after two o'clock, and the days were short. It was a weary business attempting to make pace with such animals. The last four miles we trudged on foot, a dreary procession; a man at the front, another at the rear, and between, the two horses; the front horse, the fresher of the two, being coaxed along, the rear one having to be monotonously whacked, for somehow the poor beast had to be got to fodder and a stable.

It is quite true that time and space are merely modes of thought. There was no time. From ever and for ever we had been lifting up the one foot and putting down the other; calling, hauling, smiting; there was no space, no far or near, no distance, only perpetual motion

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without advancement. Elusive memory there was of an unreal world where travel ended in stages; mocking visions of a region where it was not ever night, and ice, and wild wastes. But such memories and visions were unreal. Unreal, until a light twinkled down the valley, followed soon by looming shapes of buildings, an inn door. Kant and weariness were alike forgotten as man and beast saw the heavy gate swing slowly backwards, saw a light which gleamed on straw and horse-trough. To the horse it meant rest and food; to the man it meant that and more: it meant accomplishment of purpose, fellowship.

> "And straight was a path of gold for him,
> And the need of a world of men for me."

From this point, where we caught up with Mr. Borst-Smith and his wife and child, until the whole party reached Sianfu, the story has been told by his pen,[1] and there is no need to recapitulate here. On December the 27th the whole party reached the provincial capital, Sianfu.

[1] *Caught in the Chinese Revolution.*

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PART III.—GETTING OUT

CHAPTER XLIX

THE CARAVAN

L'HOMME propose, Dieu dispose. At Peking, at Taiyuanfu, the mind could only consider plans for carrying assistance to men and women in the maelstrom of dangers, mutinies and brigandage. Such dangers presented themselves as the difficulties to be overcome, the only obstacles to a speedy and safe exodus. That such exodus would be prevented by other considerations did not occur to our minds. And yet, knowing the mettle of the men and women concerned, they should have done so. The altruisms, the ideals, the devotion which brought them into the place, held good in the new turn of events. But whereas there were some cases in which those ideals were so reinforced by peculiar and local conditions that people could not leave, in most cases there were reasons which made going to the coast a clear duty.

The man who afterwards acted as an informal adviser to the Shensi Government had not at this time that hold and influence with the new leaders which were afterwards his; yet even then his advice was sought. But although the precise lines on which that influence worked later were not then clear, there was a sufficient bourgeoning of its promise to make the man reluctant to leave. In no case is it easy to leave a large and highly-organized work. However good the organization, to

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THE WOUNDED AT THE HOSPITAL, SIANFU

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leave it for months with no representative of the Home Society is subjecting it to an immense strain. And as at Miletus long ago, the elders still gather, sorrowing that their teacher and friend should leave them, setting his face to the sea.

With the medical men, the question was simpler: they had patients whom they could not leave, and were already working with the revolutionaries' Red Cross Society. One of them was begged by the party for the road in case of wounds or unforeseen troubles, and he reluctantly left.

On the other hand, the great majority had to leave. The American orders were positive; the British only left an option for fear that the journey's dangers should prove greater than those of remaining. The list ultimately made out included twenty-six adult foreigners, with six children, in addition to the nine men from Taiyuanfu: forty-one in all.

As for the route, it was decided to go east to T'ung Kuan, and there discuss the advisability of crossing the Yellow River into the South of Shansi, or whether to follow in the wake of the revolutionary army into Honan, trusting to be able to cross over to the Imperial lines.

As for conveyances, it was mainly a question of what was obtainable. It was desirable, if possible, to have all of one kind, to ensure an approach to a uniform pace. The road from Sianfu to Honanfu is, however, very trying, and there was a plea put in for chairs for some of the ladies. But one conveyance there was *not*; there was no mule-litter! Prices ruled high, very high. Carters, chair-bearers and muleteers alike were shy of risking themselves and their animals on such a road. Hours and days were spent in wrangling with them and their innkeeper creditors.

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At last we were ready, with a train of carts, pack-mules and chairs. With much difficulty rifles had been borrowed from the revolutionary general, and the male members of the Missions, thus equipped, augmented the potential fighting force.

The procession streamed out of the east suburb into the open country. Quick, panting patter as the chair-bearers got away with raucous cries, cursing any who blocked their way or made them swerve; stolid pacing of mules with loads swinging, headstalls gleaming, shouting, straining, swearing, cracking of whips and general vociferation as the lumbering carts rolled by; and up and down, here, there and everywhere, the ponies. And the hangers-on! 'Twas certainly no compliment to the Republic of Shensi, that number of Chinese only too anxious to leave for an effete, tyrannical monarchy. Professors and students, business men and yamen employees, even women, dressed for safety as soldiers, all swelled our ranks. One of the most pathetic of the hangers-on was picked up later at Shan Chou. He was an old Cantonese, in charge of the telegraph office, not as operator, but as manager. His dialect was unintelligible to us, but a medium was found in pidgin English. The old man informed us that he considered us "all same as gods." We were his *deus ex machina*. He had given himself up for dead. He had the usual coast Chinese opinion of Shensi in general. Now that this particular Shensi army, largely Ko Lao Hui, combined with the ex-robber chief Wang's sweepings, was holding Shan Chou, he thought that his time had come. He had been "robbed of everything." Thus he bewailed his fate before the public. Late that night he sat up yarning with an Englishman who chattered freely in pidgin English. When the servants had retired, when doors were safely shut and curtains

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drawn, the old gentleman pulled up some boards and bricks, and it was discovered that all "sameee leetle have got" in the shape of silver ingots to the tune of some three hundred taels. He had given up to the soldier-bandits sufficient to persuade them that he was left penniless; had he hidden all, he might have had to disgorge the whole hoard, or be shot. As it was he had escaped with his life, and now he had this unexpected opportunity of leaving a province he assuredly would not lightly see again. The "all sameee leetle" now paid his way.

On the first day out from Sianfu, three of the carts, left for a time with a "boy" in charge, wandered off at a side road and presently came across a "ni-keng," that nightmare of Chinese road travel. By dint of unharnessing the mules of two carts, the third, the stick-in-the-mud, was eventually released. But the delay threw the three carts far behind the rest of the caravan. They were eventually discovered (by one of the expedition who went chasing across country inquiring of the villagers) slowly making their way to Lintung. Followed admonition, exhortation, evoking sundry grins; and late that evening this belated section sought and gained admission at the west gate, came rumbling through the narrow, ill-paved streets, only to find that they must out again by the south gate to seek the sulphur springs, Badhaus, where the whole party had put up for the night.

To people used to Chinese travel, who knew the right things to get on the road, who knew what messes of pottage could be obtained at seemingly uninviting booths if only the necessary ten minutes could be snatched, the military precision of the caravan was at first painful. I see now two poor ladies, who in all

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innocence stopped their cart at a wayside booth to buy some steaming bean-curd soup. The day was bitterly cold, and they knew the worth of what, to the uninstructed, might seem a sickly pink mess. They were used to wandering about the country preaching the Gospel, living on the simple native fare. And now, suddenly, it was borne in upon them that their cart was keeping a long line of other carts waiting. One of the guilty innocents hastily seized a tin mug from the cart's recesses, poured the soup into it, and descending, hurried alongside the now restarted cart, holding the mug at arm's-length until the contents were sufficiently cooled for drinking. For one may not lightly regard a Chinese cart on a Chinese road, deeming it a mere dining-saloon. On a certain English railway, in traversing the Peak District, meals are only served on the up-grade run. But no grade is sufficiently steep to bring a Chinese cart to dining-saloon steadiness; the only way is to stop dead, and even then when the cup is full—of scalding liquid for choice—some mule takes "vorwärts" for its motto, and the offending passenger is taught what is due to the chariot's dignity.

But enforced halts were not wanting: the monotony would be broken by a cart being turned over, by a mule scorning its load, or by a stretch of mud necessitating the help of all and sundry to make the wheels go round. Life was never tedious. Pack-mules may go relentlessly on, but cart-mules are rich in expedients for delay Yet in spite of it all the stages were covered.

Alas! that journeys end not always in lovers' meetings, but so often in mundane, temper-wearing hunts for inns—which entails another chapter.

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CHAPTER L

IN THE MATTER OF A LODGING

FOR the housing of forty-two foreigners, and more than twice that number of Chinese, in towns where half the inns were filled with soldiers and the other half ruined by having been previously so filled, is a question of some nicety. The first night out at Lintung it was simple, but at Wei Nan the next night, and thence on until reaching the Swedish premises at Mien Chih, it was something less than easy. The simplest solution would have been the dormitory system: one for the men and another for the women. But the boldest organizer could scarcely propose a third and separate dormitory for the babes. The best working plan was found to be in securing three inns—or their apologies. The Swedish party took one, the British another, whilst the third was the refuge of bachelors and grass-widowers. In both the British and Swedish parties there were four single ladies, Zenana workers. The ideal aimed at in each case was a separate room for each family and another for the four single ladies. But such rooms! Most Western travellers in China appropriate the rooms at the top of the inn yard. On a crowded night they may have to put up with a smaller room at the side. It is probable that most of us have wondered on some such occasion "wherever do the 'boys' sleep"; and then dèem it wiser to inquire no further, salving the conscience with the thought that "they'll turn in somewhere." They do! And the nature of that "somewhere" is now no

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longer a secret to various members of that memorable caravan. One meek scribe remembers vividly the indignation of muleteers when he attempted to walk off with an armful of straw to strew between the earthen floor and the pukais. Was not all the straw needed for the animals' bellies, and why should it be wasted on human backs ?

Under such circumstances dressing was simplified. The last night of all, in the waiting-room at Honanfu railway station, a group of men lay about the floor. High luxury here, for the floor was boarded. The hour was very late; only the Treasurer sat by a wretched lamp, nearly weeping over accounts and exchange and "wine-money." There was to be an early rising in the morning. The Captain spoke sternly about all being ready to rise from sleep and straightway enter the railway carriage. (It happened to be a baggage-van for this group, but that is immaterial.) The searching eye rested on a laggard—it was he of the bed-planning, to be exact—and ordered him to retire forthwith. "I won't be long, I'm removing nothing but my pants," was the reply. "Pants!" came the answer with an indignant snort, "Why, I haven't had mine off since Lintung!"

For the day's work was not ended with the day's journey. When you have to seek out generals to beg for an inn, or grain, or bread for a caravan of over a hundred, you can hardly refuse to spend time in entertaining your benefactor afterwards when he comes in after supper for a chat. You might nod occasionally during his conversation, but in the dim light it would escape notice. And when he and his satellites eventually retired you slept where you dropped.

The nadir of lodgings came at Miao Kou, where for two nights over one hundred and twenty people were

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huddled together in one inn whose rooms were caves, and the caves small and all too few. For the bachelors' party the case was simple. Those on guard as they came off duty turned into the beds of those who came on : there was not room space on the floor for all at once. To one who lay there the question arises, will the texture of consciousness ever again for him be woven of such varied threads as then and there were mingled ? The gentle breathing of some wearied pony, the champ and crunching of the mules, the querulous complaint of some muleteer scolding his animal as he would a disobedient child, the snores of a carter whose mule need not be fed for an hour or two, the echoes of shots from the hills around, the sob of some tired little child, the visit of some revolutionary messenger of the robber chief Wang, and, after midnight, of the gallant-looking Chang Pei Ying himself, the reek of the k'ang smoke, the sickly whiff of opium travelling from the loft where the chair-bearers huddled together, the crackle of blazing logs—looted telegraph poles—and around the logs a group of men fully dressed and fully armed, crooning gently of " Marching through Georgia," and much else, informing the unconcerned stars that

> " 'Twas from their Dinah's quilting party,
> They were seeing Nellie home."

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CHAPTER LI

QUESTIONS OF COMMISSARIAT

If the nadir of lodgings had been reached at Miao Kou, we touched rock bottom in the matter of commissariat at Mien Chih.

In South Shensi we had done bravely. The army had gone well ahead, the year's harvest had been good, the people, with their wonderful recuperative power, had restarted their small roadside eating-booths; the inns, if wrecked as to stabling, could still supply straw; bread was easily obtained on the streets. But at T'ung Kuan it became evident that where the army locusts had eaten, there would be but lean portions for those in the rear. Still the army had some provisions, and the army was willing to assist. The early difficulty was to obtain fodder for the animals, and Colonel Chang (not Pei Ying, but yet another of this Chang ilk) sent presents of grain and straw. By experience the horsemen of the party learnt not to wait for the stage end to buy bread, but wherever on the road they might meet with a stray vendor to buy up his stock, carrying it in a bed bag, in the bosom of one's sheepskin, carrying it somehow, till a cart was reached. At Miao Kou there was just time to clear everything edible from the two foodshops to the inn before the retreating army entered the village, and though the grain was not much, the animals had straw. But at Kuan Yin T'ang they got nothing. Mien Chih was reached late, the long west suburb street was difficult to negotiate; by the time the last carts were in

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GATEWAY GUARDING EASTERN END OF LONG PASS BETWEEN T'UNG KUAN AND LING PAO

Shell works by gate. Gate tower battered

THE ORPHANAGE TURNED INTO NO. 5 HOSPITAL

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it was dark. The town seemed empty of all but a few soldiers. The camp was beyond the east gate. Between revolutionaries, Imperialists, and bandits the town had been stripped bare. No foodshop was left, and the townsfolk had fled. Happily the caretaker of the Swedish Mission had remained. Even the Imperial forces, with their tents and provision wagons—what a different world from the mob we had left—were hard put to it. For us there was nothing. The condition of the Chinese: servants, carters, muleteers, and above all, the unhappy chair-bearers, was pitiful. The animals were exhausted. The usual visit to the general had resulted in a very little rice and some millet, but there was no bread, and no fuel. The camp was two miles away through the town; it was now dark and no guide available. And when there, what more could one do? Yet something must be done; though the body cried "Sleep, and let everything go!" And then, blessings on his portly presence and his good heart, a second general—they all seemed to be courtesy generals in those days—clattered up and filled a room with himself and his bodyguard. He could provide bread and some straw, though grain was beyond him. The bread was turned over in its entirety to the Chinese, whilst foreigners, with only two days to the railway, plunged recklessly into stores.

But this time it was late and the little children still hungry. When a meal has to be made for a large party on the road it is not easy, even under normal conditions, to prepare it quickly; as things were then it might mean hours. One little child was ailing. The long journey from the north of Shensi, the exposure, the lack of comfort, were telling rapidly. The mother came to a man who was still breathing silent blessings on the stout military angel.

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"Do you think you could get *anything* for John?"

"Is he feeling done up?"

"He's very tired and so hungry. If I could manage to get him anything at all I would get him off to bed."

"Well, I know that So-and-So has a tin of biscuits. Chao Ch'ou [the general—the real general] gave him them to-day as a present. I could perhaps steal you some of those."

"Oh, if you would!"

(Morals were evidently at a discount.)

"What about chocolate? Would he eat that?"

The mother's eyes gleamed. "Would he!"

(Evidently dietetics were to follow morals.)

It was the last of the chocolate and had been given in pity by a lady—she ought to be the Lady of the Decoration—to a belated man who reached the midday stopping-place too late for anything. It was to help him on his way. He had gloated over it. He would eat it in peace on the road. It should be rolled on the tongue and made to last long. The greedy soul pocketed it with these sordid intentions. Then came a road of horrors and he forgot it. Now he remembered that it was still there. So the biscuits were stolen, the chocolate (slightly shop soiled) fished up from the depths of an unsavoury pocket, a little water was mixed with the dregs of a Swiss milk tin, and the little child, weakened by sickness, and cold and misery, was given this weird meal, and then, comforted by his mother, hushed to sleep.

At noon next day eleven dirty, unshorn, bad-tempered bachelors clustered around a rickety table in a filthy inn yard at I Chang. Three atrocious lumps of dirty bread, each the size of a cricket ball, a half-tin of sausages, and a tin of horrid-looking beef, made up the menu. Of a sort, there was tea. A youth was found

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selling attenuated yams, and some one fished out a tin of jam. Now, sweet potatoes hot, in their proper setting, have a distinct place in the general scheme of things: that jam has virtues is a truth we know from advertisements. But cold sweet potatoes spread with jam as a meal for men who have ridden since dawn and must ride till dusk is distinctly lacking in appeal. In considering it, the phrase of the London lunchshop recurs to the mind, and one murmurs automatically, "Small portion, please."

That night at Sian Hsien we reached Goshen—if not the land, at least the inn thereof. For we were back amongst the old style magistrates, where manners were decent and food likewise, where they knew that weary travellers would be none the less grateful for gifts if the donors were to leave them early to seek rest. The old Hsien came to find out our wants, and then supplied them royally: grain for the animals, bread for the bearers, meat, chickens, vegetables. Oh, it was a gorgeous spread! The heart of the Commissariat sang for joy, and the face of the Deputy was uplifted from the abasement of a jam-potato tiffin to the serenity of a dinner *à la carte*.

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CHAPTER LII

THE DOGS OF WAR: T'UNG KUAN TO MIAO KOU

T'UNG KUAN was a camp; without tents, without trenches, without decencies; with the minimum of order, and no efficiency. It is a town of inns and yamens, and both were full—of soldiers. The army, which had, within a few weeks, risen up from the land, intended to live, if possible, upon that same land. They had the vaguest ideas as to commissariat. For fuel they pulled out window-frames or doors. That such procedure meant hardship for the next comers, or for themselves at some future date, troubled them not at all. There is an idea abroad that the Chinese are a thrifty people. Poverty may make them careful, and amongst the rich there are misers, but the horror of waste as a sin in itself, so often found amongst generous, well-to-do people in the West, is found but little, if at all, amongst the Chinese.

At T'ung Kuan there was none of the pomp and circumstance of war. Real uniforms were few, the leaders dressed in ordinary Chinese attire; the banners, beautiful, rich-hued, and graceful in themselves, savoured of the tournament rather than of stern war. There were a very few field pieces.

An ominous sign was the absence of carts along the road. A few pack-mules, laden with boxes of cartridges, represented the ammunition of the army. And, for men who were to spend nights and days in the depths of winter, watching an enemy, where were the tents,

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THE CARAVAN ENTERING SHANCHOU (WEST GATE)

COMPLETE GROUP OF RESCUERS AND REFUGEES AT SHANCHOU

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the food? We passed the men sheltering in caves; what stale bread did reach them came on camels from Shanchou.

We passed through Wen Hsiang at midday and reached Ling Pao in the evening. Ling Pao streets are wretched at the best of times, under the conditions then prevailing they were awful. Next day, Shanchou was reached by noon. Here the "escort," which had come from Lintung, left us, and it was considered necessary to arrange for another. This meant a half-day to wait at Shanchou. Those who benefited most were wounded soldiers, who had their wounds dressed. In return, some of their friends stole the coat which the doctor had laid aside for the moment whilst about this work.

A Chinese escort's only use is to guarantee your respectability; unfortunately, you can never guarantee his. When with you he develops an amazing appetite, and his horse's capacity for grain grows great. In presenting his request for gratuities he is an artist. Our present bunch frankly haggled, and received a sum that made one inveigh against "protection" after the manner of the best Cobden traditions.

Shanchou is, next to T'ung Kuan, the strongest place between Honanfu and Sianfu. Its natural strength is great. From the east it is approached by difficult, long gullies, easily raked by modern weapons. On the west it commands a broad river-bed, half a mile wide, with no patch of cover for an enemy coming against the town. Should the revolutionaries be repulsed from their eastern position out at Kuan Yin T'ang they might naturally have been expected to make a stand at Shanchou. But the most ordinary preliminary precautions seemed to have been neglected. Nothing was being done. The defence of Ch'ienchou in the west remained

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the one instance of forethought and labour on the part of the Shensi army.

It was not certain how far the Shensi troops were thrown out to the east. It was necessary for some one to get to the front. For an unwieldy caravan it was no simple matter to cross the lines of two armies, even if they were inactive. But let one army be in retreat, and the other in hot pursuit, and there would be scant consideration shown to carts blocking the narrow gullies, impeding field batteries, baggage camels, or mules. Then, any soldier would "make his own arrangements," any small officer take to himself large powers. We might easily lose our mules, the chair-bearers would decamp; and, on the wind-swept, snow-driven mountains, we should be left helpless. Tramping to the nearest inn would be useless; the inn, from having been a barracks, would have become a wreck, and for people separated from their stores and bedding, shelterless. Worst of all, we might blunder into a battle, be in the line of fire before we knew where we were. The only plan was to make arrangements, if possible, with the generals of both armies.

The Captain and the Commissariat set out on this errand, accompanied by ane missary of Yuan Shih K'ai, known to us as "Wang." Good, safe, general name, "Wang." Like all those whom the present writer has met who have ever served His Excellency Yuan, this man was devoted to his master. Like that other dictator, him of Corsica, His Excellency Yuan has the power of attaching men to himself. The man Wang had made his way, disguised as a beggar, from Honanfu, via South Shansi, into Shensi, bearing letters from His Excellency Yuan and the French Minister to the Roman Catholic Bishop near Sianfu, and from His Excellency Yuan to the senior missionary of the English Baptist

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Mission in Sianfu. Another messenger got through some days later with a message from the British and American Ministers. Wang had reached Sianfu a few days after the Relief Expedition, and had been warmly welcomed as an unexpected reinforcement. He brought written assurances from the Legations and His Excellency Yuan that they were doing all that could be done on the Honan side. He was empowered to make all possible arrangements for the safety and comfort of the Shensi foreigners, once they won through into the Imperial lines. From Sianfu, on the return journey, he travelled as a pundit. His part was to be played on the Imperial side; his word was to go far with General Chao Ch'ou.

These three, then, the Captain, the Commissariat, and the Emissary, mounted on the party's three swiftest ponies, set out for the front. An hour later, the Treasurer, scrambling up the hillsides, dodging in between carts and chairs, came, to his dismay, upon Emissary Wang, who should have been miles ahead. Alas for the best-laid plans. The Emissary, plucky, adroit, devoted as he was, came short in one respect; he could not ride. At a sedate amble, a contemplative walk, he could sit astride a horse. But let it break into a western trot, or a gallop, and the rider ceased to be a rider. The two foreigners had been compelled to leave him behind and push on for the front by themselves.

The morning wore away, noon passed, and still the caravan kept on. Cannon were to be heard at frequent intervals. Evidently an engagement was taking place to the east. A stopping-place nine miles out was passed by, in spite of some wistful glances. The object in view was to find refuge at some stage where the accommodation was sufficient for the whole party, and near enough to the front to allow of crossing the lines quickly,

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with the minimum of irritation to the generals concerned. After doing some eighteen miles, Chang Pao was reached. Such inns as were not filled with soldiers were desolate, abandoned by their owners. Doors, brick beds, window-frames having been destroyed, the places were open to all comers. The carters, having brought grain from Shanchou, managed to feed their animals. Hot water was obtained, and a makeshift meal made. Evidently Chang Pao was no stopping-place. Six miles away was Miao Kou, two miles further lay Hsia Shih at a river ford. Its Likin [1] station was a place of sorrow to Chinese merchants; it was also a home of even more brazen robbery, being notorious for the bandits who swarmed in the hills above, and whose relatives dwelt in the town below. Six miles still further east was Kuan Yin T'ang, the front of the Shensi army.

The roads were deserted now, save for the toiling, crawling line of the caravan, and the noisy, flashy crowd who rushed here and there, calling themselves the "escort." The shadows grew longer, the animals panted up the rising rocky ground, the skies lowered, and a dreary wind began to whistle down the valley. Children, cramped and cold in cart or chair, whimpered; brave women, forgetful of their own discomforts, soothed the little ones, and turned bright, uncomplaining faces to their men folk, who had to do the best that in them lay for the general progress. When Miao Kou was reached, a note was found from the Captain to the man in charge for the day. " . . . There is no accommodation here (Hsia Shih); you will see how poor it is at Miao Kou. We are going on to Kuan Yin T'ang, where there is more. . . . You must use your own judgment whether to stay at Miao Kou or to come on to Kuan Yin T'ang. . . ."

[1] Customs Office.

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The accommodation at Miao Kou was poor enough. There still remained two hours of daylight. If Kuan Yin T'ang were reached that evening, it might mean a short passage, easily effected, from one army to the other. On the other hand, the road was bad, the travellers more than weary, the report of cannon warned us that we might be caught in a retreat, and though, should the revolutionary army be successful, the road lay open for us, yet their defeat might mean our undoing. There were differing opinions, but splendid loyalty. We turned in to the inns of Miao Kou.

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CHAPTER LIII

THE DOGS OF WAR: AT MIAO KOU

MEANWHILE, what of the two who had ridden on to the front? Leaving Hsia Shih, they had pushed on east for Kuan Yin T'ang. And now it became evident that they were approaching either a battle or a retreat. The roar of the cannon grew louder, grew continuous. Soon they could see the shells bursting in the air. The sight was sufficiently thrilling to cause them for a moment to forget other interests. For a moment only. The next, they found themselves caught in a maze of flying revolutionaries. Men, mounted and unmounted, men in pairs carrying their pitiable, useless gingals, men who flung away weapons which impeded their flight; muleteers, flogging, screaming at their animals, lifting them by head or tail, striving to save the brutes that meant a living to their owners; but throughout all this confused mass there was but the one idea, to get beyond the "sing" of those Mauser bullets and to some place where shells would no longer scream above their heads.

To the two foreigners, there was presented another picture: a train of a dozen carts and a line of sedan chairs, caught on some narrow path, with hills above and a stream below, and suddenly overwhelmed by this frenzied mob, this mob of raw recruits driven wild by fear and with all restraints removed. If it were possible to get out of the tangled mass, to outstrip these demoralized bandits, to give proper warning to the caravan in

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the rear, it must be done. The road is the worst bit between Sianfu and Honanfu. It had been difficult to scramble up; it would be madness to race down. But it was the hour for well-calculated rashness. Well for them that they knew their horses, that these horses had been treated well. Down they scrambled, sliding over lengths of rocky, ice-glazed slope, galloping over stretches where a thin layer of earth was cumbered only with loose stones. Somehow they reached the ford by Hsia Shih. From here the going was easier; they shook off the foremost fugitives, and at a stretching gallop thundered over the bridge, and under the arch which guards the entrance into the valley, the Kou, of Miao Kou.

"All together," was their cry, as they pelted up the street, "all together, in the one inn. They're coming. They're almost on us."

Amazed carters were ordered, dragged, and hustled to their mules, and these somehow backed between the shafts; chairbearers were routed from the opium smoke to which they had just settled down. From the two inns anything portable was carried off to the one; horse troughs, straw-cutting machine and blade, straw, and benches. The two food-vendors of the hamlet, who, surprising to relate, had not, like the innkeepers, fled the place, sold out their stock and received orders for all that they would or could further turn out. Telegraph poles, left lying about by the soldier-bandits, were dragged in to serve either as barriers or fuel. One hundred and twenty people, twelve carts, seven sedan chairs, horses, donkeys, mules, "with all the appurtenances thereof," were jostled into the one inn, the gates closed, and a guard placed at the door.

And our valiant escort? There is only one phrase wherewith to describe them: "You couldn't see their

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backs for dust." They had taken service in the intelligence department and were rapidly carrying news to the rear. A gentle sigh of relief escaped the Treasurer; at least *their* cumshaw was saved.

As the inn gate swung to, the first of the retreating army appeared on the street; sullen, savage, sore. They looked at the inn, measured up the capacity of the hamlet, and then began to cluster about the foreigner at the door. Of those who were mounted, some stayed their flight. Mules laden with boxes of cartridges, were kept back for some time pending further orders, then were sent on west. Presently an orderly arrived from General Chang. The main body was to stay the night at Hsia Shih. With a sigh of relief we turned into our inn, leaving a good guard outside the closed door. Somehow we could live, if needs must, for a day or two at Miao Kou. Our whole crowd was in one enclosure. And we *might* have been out amongst the boulders, the rocks by Hsia Shih, with a panic-stricken mob about us and no place available wherein to shelter. As it was, though the dogs of war, let loose, were close upon us, yet for the moment we had found a covert.

It was a time for deeds rather than for reflections. Yet gratitude, born "sudden in a minute," of the instant danger and its following quick relief, surges up within the heart, and over from the lips, needing not to wait an opportunity; and whilst mind and body still respond nimbly to the spur of the hour's necessity, the heart may also be busy with its service, its service of thanksgiving, making its dominating strain to be heard amidst all the outer din and clamour, the clear strain of that Laus Deo which comes down the ages, and which one generation still declares unto another.

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CHAPTER LIV

THE CROSSING

SHELTER for the day being secured, arrangements for the crossing still remained to be made. Two of us went forward to Hsia Shih, where General Chang Pei Ying, or, as he is also called, Chang Fang, had stopped. The night was very dark and no lanterns were available as the horses stumbled over the broken ground. At the one decent-sized building in Hsia Shih, we found the general's quarters. Here was confusion worse confounded. Men and horses seemed distributed indiscriminately thoughout the building; good living-rooms were turned into stables. We rescued our saddles and bridles, taking them with us to the general's room. Here were General Chang, two or three of his staff, and the notorious "robber-king" Wang T'ien Chung, a bandit leader called into the revolutionary army in the process of "pacifying" the district. At the doorway the soldiers clustered. Soon the curiosity of those in front, seconded by the press of those in the passage behind, resulted in their crowding into the room, listening to the conversation, scanning the newcomers. This was typical of their discipline; it was the old yamen in its new military dress.

The general made no difficulties about our going on to see the Imperialist commander, his only concern was for our safety; the Imperialist scouts just then expected only one kind of visitor, though even so, an occasional "lao pei-hsing" (peasant) would unconcernedly trudge

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across. One meets a curious fatalistic, apparently indifferent, courage in most unexpected places in China.

For us, the important thing was that Chang Pei Ying promised to make no active demonstration for a day, or for such time as was necessary for our caravan to get through to the Imperial lines. If we could only prevail on the Imperial commander to grant a like favour the difficulty would be solved. But whereas we now knew that we should not be caught in any revolutionary fire, it remained to be seen whether we should stumble across Imperialists out on business.

It was no use returning to Miao Kou that night, and we could not start eastward till dawn, so the general offered us hospitality. When, late at night, the soldiers left the room, we managed to discuss, with the leaders alone, the possibility of making overtures of peace, or at least opening up negotiations with the General Chao Ch'ou for an armistice. Chang Pei Ying entrusted us with a letter for Chao Ch'ou. A mess of coarse gruel was forthcoming for supper, and we separated for the night. The two foreigners shared a brick bed with Wang, the ex-bandit chief. We prepared for rest. But we reckoned literally without our host, for our host was a man of many parts. He is whitewashed now, has made his peace with the Government, has been absolved by the President. To the latter he offered his services for the struggle which all see must come in Mongolia, if Mongolia is to be retained as a part of the Republic. "You will need men who fear nothing and can take hard knocks, and live on hard fare," was the burden of his speech at Peking; and he was given a command, his gifts of leadership, and his surprising energy were turned to account in official employ. What first led him to take to the hills, I know not; bitterness against some unjust decision in a lawsuit, successions of bad

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harvests, flight from officers of the law, or mere madness in the blood, but to the hills he went, and gained a notoriety of which he was vastly proud. Amongst his other attainments was a surprising knowledge of Christian doctrine. Attracted by curiosity to the foreigners of Honan, he had, in addition to pursuing his inquiries as to foreign material progress, listened with intelligent sympathy to their presentation of Christian truth. And now nothing would satisfy him but to pour out his conception thereof. That much of it had not percolated to the substratum of conduct we were soon to see, but that he was sincere in his desire to get at the truth, there is little doubt. From what one has heard of his conduct since, whilst there is evidently plenty of the old Adam left, there is also some sincere attempt to attain to the new. Of all the bizarre situations of those days, few stand out more distinctly than that midnight discussion of Christianity with a bandit chief, whilst sharing his bed and covered by his furs, at the headquarters of a revolutionary general.

We rose at dawn. Breakfast, which we shared with Chang Pei Ying and his versatile ally, consisted of some stale bread brought by camels from Shanchou, and some millet-flavoured water, the flavour being somewhat subtle. There was no distinction of persons in the menus of that campaign. Months later Chang informed us that it was starvation as much as guns which had driven him back, through Shanchou, to T'ung Kuan. For the first two miles out, the two leaders, with a few of the staff and a small guard, accompanied us. They were out for a reconnaissance. Two miles out, high up on a hillside across the valley, some tiny specks were moving; they might be peasants, they might be Imperialist scouts. "When in doubt, shoot," was a maxim that Wang had apparently brought over from

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his brigandage. He and a second man dismounted, and shot off a clip of cartridges each. As they ceased, some genuine peasants came up, and with that ineradicable democracy which is ever the underlying trait of Chinese society, under whatsoever form of government, monarchical or republican, it may be, these peasants took the marksmen roundly to task, informing them that they had no right to shoot at decent hardworking folk. Throughout the incident, Chang Pei Ying looked thoroughly uncomfortable, but his interference had evidently to be exercised charily and in definite limits. How such senseless firing was to help towards a cessation of hostilities was not clear; it was clear that the foreigners would gain nothing by delay, so with a brief word they set their horses moving, leaving the group watching the opposite hill.

By ten o'clock they were nearing Kuan Yin T'ang. Climbing over the edge of a steep gully they suddenly saw the head and shoulders of a sentry peeping over the edge of the cliff. He was clearly as much, if not more, surprised than they. Before his bewilderment allowed him to do anything drastic, they had succeeded in convincing him that they not only wore foreign attire—it was the ambition of the revolutionaries also in those days to appear ultra foreign—but were the bona fide article. They demanded in lordly tones to be conducted to his officer.

But on emerging from the gully the scene filled them with dismay. It seemed as if all their effort had been useless. For, pouring out of the main street of the town came company after company of infantry; and a long train of artillery. And what a turn-out it was. After the pikes, the gingals, the untrained mob we had left, to see the well-made uniforms, the foreign saddles, the magnificent field pieces, the general snap and go

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of the whole, was like leaving the Middle Ages and plunging into the twentieth century. The idea that there could be a battle between such a force and the one we had left seemed absurd; there could only be punishment. One thing alone could have stopped Chao Ch'ou's victory; the defection of his men. And in the present case there was no question of a defection. His men were keen. The privates in the ranks knew of the massacres of Sianfu. They informed you gaily that the Shensi forces were no true Ke Ming Tang, were but "t'u fei," and as such were to be wiped out.

Some day we shall perhaps know why that magnificent Northern army was kept back from the victories it could have so easily won. In Shansi their enemies fled at their approach; here in Shensi it was the same. And wisely so. Not for an hour could they, in the open at least, have held their own. At Hankow and Wuchang, outside the regiments of regulars who went over early in the day, the recruits were drawn from the ranks of rickshaw coolies and junk-men of the wharves and bund. The Northern army could have walked through the forces opposing them. Yet for months the war dragged on, and that army was kept inactive. Chao Ch'ou himself on the present occasion told his foreign visitors that the shells seen the day before and which had carried such terror into the revolutionary ranks, were fired high of set purpose, with intent to frighten only. "I didn't want to hurt the poor wretches," was his remark, "but they had the insolence to fire on me." It was from him that we first learned that an armistice had been arranged, but that from this, the Shensi "Government," as being but a crowd of brigands and not Ke Ming Tang, was excluded.

But all this was to be learnt later. For the moment it seemed as if the two men had arrived too late, that

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nothing could prevent the caravan being caught between the two armies. Shells, such as had hurtled through the air the day before, if dropped in Miao Kou, meant dire disaster. There was only one thing immediately to be done; to push, and wheedle and bluff, until somehow they got into direct speech with the general himself.

The whole street seemed on the move; carts, mules, field batteries. Since their horses could go no further until the procession had passed, the two men separated; one to hold the horses, the other to slip through the throng on foot, in the wake of the soldier guides, until he came to General Chao. A middle-aged, kindly man, this, intent on his business, and with no thought of vain display. The affair was not easy; he had his enemies on the move, and though he had evidently had his orders from Peking as to not precipitating an actual engagement, it was still his cue to keep his opponents moving. It was the method of the Paris police on May Day; "Circulez, circulez, Messieurs," only his opponents were required to "circulez" ever further and further west, until Honan province was cleared, and T'ung Kuan, the key to the west, was safely held for the Peking Government.

Influences, at which we could guess, had, however, been at work. The British, American and Swedish Ministers had not been idle in this matter; the promise of Yuan Shih K'ai's letter had been no vain one. And now, the representations of Mr. Sowerby were forceful, to the point, and not overdone. When the second man, relieved of his ostler duty, got in from the street, good relations had been already established. The concessions of General Chao meant more perhaps than those of his opponents, since he had the ball at his feet, and it was not in human nature to refrain easily from playing it briskly. What he did, however, was to recall his

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men, and *delay all action for twenty-four hours.* We must reach his lines by noon the next day; longer than this he could not delay. And we must come unaccompanied by any of the other side, come they in whatsoever capacity they might. Should they show themselves, then, notwithstanding our danger, he must open fire.

There still remained the question of pourparlers. But here the Imperialist commander was rigid. Let them, three of them, leaders, come into his camp to ask for terms, and he would promise that their lives should be held sacred and they allowed to return at will. But they must come without escort, and unarmed. When one remembers the treacherous execution of the T'ai P'ing "princes" by Li Hung Chang, despite his pledged word to Gordon for their safety, it is not surprising that Chang Pei Ying refused to trust his life to the honour of a Ta Ch'ing general.

The return to Hsia Shih was uneventful. Only a few scouts were to be seen, pushed westwards towards Kan Hao. Reaching Hsia Shih they informed Chang Pei Ying of the Imperial general's arrangement for the next twenty-four hours. The answer as to an arrangement for an armistice was received with crestfallen silence. Then each began to urge the other to go. Thinking pitifully of the wretched equipment of his men compared to that of Chao Ch'ou's, the Englishmen urged him to do all in his power to get terms. "Well, his equipment may excel ours," was the reply, "but our men have the better spirit." So the would-be peacemakers returned to Miao Kou. During the evening Wang T'ien Chung came seeking further help in the matter, and after midnight Chang himself rode up. He had prepared a further letter for us to hand in to Chao Ch'ou. His proposal was that at the half-way village of Kan Hao, three Imperialists, three revolu-

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tionaries, and the present writer, should meet, in order to come to some arrangement for an armistice. His one idea was to keep Shensi safe from the I Chun troops. He had done much to assist the foreigners, and they were eager, for his own sake and for the sake of the district to the west, to help in any such arrangement. They promised to do their best, to deliver the letter, and that one of their number, when the caravan had passed safely through, should return to bring the answer. Months afterwards, Chang said that that period of waiting at Hsia Shih was of a like kind to the waiting at the cross-roads on the opening morning of the revolt in Sianfu.

The night wore away. What would the morrow bring? What would be the nature of the crossing? What foresight could accomplish had been done. We had "made our own arrangements"; the rest must be left.

At earliest dawn the caravan got away. The road had been bad for horses, it was excruciating for cart travellers. The weather, which had treated us well hitherto, now changed. Snow began to fall. Then the chairs missed the main path. We dared not trust to meeting them later at some point ahead; it was necessary for us to pass into the Imperialist lines together. The general was sending out a body of men with a special officer in charge, whose duty it was to inspect us. Thus we were left on the highest point of the road, in the snow, waiting for the missing chairs. Bodies of revolutionary allies, the "dare-to-die's," passed us. At Kuan Ti Miao we left them, sheltering in the caves, keeping a poor look-out across the valley. It was to this temple (miao) of Kuan Ti that the one foreigner was to return with Chao Ch'ou's answer to Chang's proposals.

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At last we were away from the Shensi army. Should we enter the I Chun lines without mishap? Mile after mile was covered and still no sound of firing, no sight of uniforms. Save for an occasional empty hut, and one wayside booth where a peasant stayed, there were no traces of human presence in this white waste.

Two or more miles west of Kuan Yin T'ang we were met by the appointed officer and his troop. Before him we filed slowly by. It was an anxious moment for the various refugees from Shensi. Queues had grown mysteriously in the passage from Hsia Shih, revolutionary turbans had been discarded, and the semi-foreign dress changed for the rigidly orthodox gown.

The scrutiny was over; we were found blameless. The guard closed up behind, shutting us off from revolutionary Shensi, shepherding us into Imperial Honan. And thus we slowly wound our way along the gullies, into the main street of Kuan Yin T'ang. We were under the protection of Chao Ch'ou. The crossing was accomplished.

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CHAPTER LV

IS IT PEACE ?

THERE remained one last act. Chang Pei Ying was waiting for his answer. Perhaps neither he nor we had realized the difficulty of conveying this should it be a refusal. It was to be realized quickly enough now. For Chao Ch'ou refused to entertain the proposal and was ready for an instant move forward. The twenty-four hours' cessation from hostilities was over. He not only declined the proposals, but also refused permission to the messenger to take back any answer. On the other hand, the revolutionary commander was delaying at Hsia Shih, till the promised reply was forthcoming. The thought of allowing him to suffer through his reliance on our promise, a promise not fulfilled, was unbearable. Three of us went again to General Chao pleading for permission for a reply to be taken. Now that the slow-moving caravan was through it would be comparatively easy for one mounted man to get across to the Kuan Ti temple even should hostilities have been reopened. It took some time to obtain permission. The Westerners' insistence on the importance of their word being kept made little impression on their hearers : the argument which perhaps appealed to them more was that should the revolutionary troops suffer through the foreigners having failed them it might make the position of the foreigners still remaining in Sianfu more precarious. Ultimately a written reply was given and

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the foreigner told to hasten. There was little need of such advice. The relief of knowing that after all the pledge might be redeemed, the fear that the grudging permission might even yet be recalled, sent him racing down the street. To the wondering soldiers who slowly heaved themselves into the road to make inquiries he called out gaily that he was acting as messenger for their general, and before they had time to ask more, he had gone. If once they had stopped him some petty, vexatious red-tape might have delayed his errand, even made it impossible. For if 'twere done, 'twere well done quickly. At any moment the Imperialist advance might commence.

At last the outermost pickets were left behind. He rode across the silent valley, and once again felt that sense of loneliness, that hush of expectancy, which rest over the desolate district lying between, and waiting for the tread of, two armies.

There was a short path across the rocks impassable to carts, but over which the Chinese horses could scramble. Coming out at its western end, the messenger came suddenly upon a few revolutionary scouts. They had been given a few apologies for tents, for from the caves they could not command the road. The messenger was in amongst them before they realized that he was near. They sent up a shout of welcome, and clustered round with cries of "Is peace made ?" "Is it all right ?" "Are they, over yonder, willing ?" Knowing what he did the cries held pathos enough for the man. Some of these men were doubtless bandits, others were rough to brutality, yet amongst this army were many simple lads, dazzled by the promise of high pay, attracted by vague hopes of a new earth—driven into any likely employment by dire poverty; and these would be as sheep for the slaughter, if once caught

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within the range of the I Chun fire. They had taken up their soldiering light-heartedly enough, but after the experience two days previously, they were eager to know if peace had been made. Many deserters from these mushroom armies there doubtless were, but others probably were kept in the ranks by the fact that to leave them meant returning home if they were to live, and to sneak back home as self-confessed cowards was too great a loss of face. Punishment for desertion at the hands of the military authorities they, in view of the disturbed condition of the whole province, and the loose organization of the army, feared but little; but the loss of face in their own village was a more serious matter.

In answer to their questions the messenger replied only that he carried a letter for their commander. And so he came to the temple, the place appointed for receiving the reply. Here were a group of Chang Pei Ying's lieutenants. The man handed in the letter. He knew the disappointment that it would cause and thought it well to get away quickly. He had excuses enough, as he thought of the advancing I Chun. Yet it seemed too mean to leave them thus. Largely banditti though they might be, for a little while his lot had been cast in with theirs; some of them were amongst the temporary leaders of Shensi, poor distracted Shensi, so despised too by the coast dwellers, so full of lure to the Westerners who have dwelt therein —and their leader; the gallant, debonnair Chang Pei Ying, hero of their revolution, man of ideals and high hopes, embodiment of youth at the prow; in a few hours, a few days, what might his fate not be? If he fell not from his early promise he would stay with his men, and the result might be another ghastly exhibition of the degrading, contemptuous cruelty which the Chinese

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victor so often metes out to his fallen foe, however gallantly that foe may have borne himself.

So the messenger wheeled his horse and rode back to the group at the temple. Their faces had fallen now, and the spring had gone from their step. "Tell him, your leader, that I did what I could, and I could do no more; and"—he hesitated, striving to pick his words carefully, for it is not easy, when caught in a gust of pity, to betray no confidence, to be just to the other side—"and remember that the truce is over; look to yourselves, and oh! hurry, hurry, hurry!"

He was gone. The few cold, shivering men at the look-out, where the snowflakes fell softly around the tents, again called out wistfully. "Fear it can't be done," he replied in passing. For them it was enough. At the turn of the road he pulled up, and looked back. The orderlies and lieutenants were gone now from the temple, soon there would be a general calling in of the others. It was to be his last glimpse for many a day of that army. Yet not quite the last. The road narrowed at one point, cutting in between the rocky hillside. And on either side of the road were a few adventurous marksmen. They were sharpshooting across the valley at the Imperialist scouts. The sight helped to lighten the messenger's depression. It was a relief to scold some one. He scolded vigorously. "Had he not returned specially for their benefit?" he inquired. "Were not their orders clear to abstain from hostilities? And here they were firing across the valley and only too likely to draw a return fire. And he, their friend, would have to scamper across the ground. Let them ask themselves if this were according to Chinese sense of 'right.' And let them cease forthwith!" Like overgrown schoolboys they grinned broadly, enjoying their own discomfiture, in no wise angered by the rating

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thus delivered. "Just so, just so," they murmured, "we will certainly not again so do." And they kept their word for that time at any rate.

What capital raw material for the army can be found amongst the Chinese coolies has been demonstrated by the British officers who raised the regiment of Weihaiwei; but it means a stiff preliminary struggle to overcome the smiling, childlike irresponsibility of the Chinese private. The general's idea may be excellent, the private himself have good intentions, but to get the general's order promptly conveyed to, and obeyed by, the private, is the problem which is so difficult to solve in the present Chinese forces. "T'sa pu to," murmurs the soldier. "It is about right, the difference is so little." Why worry?

The sharpshooters having ceased, the messenger called on the plucky little beast he rode to do its best. It was the fifth time over this stretch in two days, and the pony, knowing his way well, responded bravely. The landmarks were passed rapidly. Now, come what might, one chapter was satisfactorily closed, the responsibility shed. The man sang lustily as he sped along the deserted roads. And so at length he clattered through the main street of Kuan Yin T'ang, and turned into the general's quarters, where the Captain, that long-suffering man, paced up and down, much exercised in mind as to the safety of the messenger. He drew a long breath of relief as the latter entered, and the two chattered nonsense in the approved manner of Britishers whose feelings are deep, and whose horror of the display thereof still deeper. The Captain had even managed to scrape together some rice, and now stood over the other man whilst he choked it down. Then they set out in rare high spirits to overtake the caravan.

Soberness came suddenly. With a gasp of horror

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a horse was pulled away from some Thing which lay in the road; a thing which had once been a man, which had once even been a corpse, but now! . . . An unspeakable bird flapped its wings, rose slowly, heavily, to the top of the bank, and uttered disgusting protests. The horses were indifferent. After that first horror the two riders were prepared. It was as well. For on ahead the horror deepened. At one village, the bridge of which was strewn with what had been corpses, they asked an old, old man why the village had not, in pity, given sepulture. He made reply that they had so done; at least to all who belonged to the place. "The others?" "Oh, they are strangers. What concern of ours?" . . . The gaunt, atrocious dogs fled guiltily.

And of such is war: war as it is waged, not as it is sung. And it is of no avail to the violated dead, its victims, that one shall somewhere twang the banjo and call upon his world to pay, pay, pay.

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CHAPTER LVI

TO PEKING

Of the expedition little else remains to be told. Mien Chih was reached that night, Sian Hsien the next, and on January the 15th, the caravan broke up on the platform of the railway station in Honanfu. Here the French engineer was genuinely kind, and Madame made a brave effort at tea for "ces pauvres." A special train had been provided owing to the goodness of the future President, and to the unsparing efforts of the three Legations. There were horses to sell, carters, chairbearers to be paid off, the post office to be ransacked. By noon of the 16th we were at Cheng Chou, the junction with the main line from Hankow to Peking. Here was a representative of the American Baptist Mission, a man and a brother. He brought us a bundle of newspapers. We fell upon them and him. And the world again was our oyster, an oyster opened.

Then the train rolled North. The Captain smoked much tobacco and, calmly ignoring all mundane business, refused to talk on any other subject than his wife and babe; the former having been told, in an extravagant telegram, to come to meet her lord in Peking. The Commissariat shamelessly threw open the store boxes and went on strike. "We might pig for ourselves." The Deputy, so long accustomed to the leisurely ways of the interior (it is always convenient to lay things to the charge of the interior), bargaining lengthily for buns at a wayside station, saw the train steaming out

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ONE RESULT OF THE LOOTING
West end of Legation Street, guarded by American soldiers

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thereof. He caught not the train, but its buffer, and on this buffer rode through the bitter winter night until the next new stop was made, where he descended a wreck. The Harvard man turned out to be a perfect chef at camp cooking, and performed wonders with eggs. The Treasurer might as well have been in the Sahara or Fleet Street. For him the world was bounded by a penny note-book in which were recorded the six weeks' accounts. Altogether the expedition was frankly demoralized and rapidly going to·pieces. The two grass-widowers, in particular, were quite beyond control; victims of an *idée fixe*, they could do naught but brag of "my wife meeting me at ——." It became as the burden of a song. One thing only aroused the Captain; the joy of combat, a row. This was supplied by attempts of soldiers at several stations to turn an honest penny by placing would-be passengers on this special train. In lieu of the tickets which could not be issued, they passed their lordly word—of course for a consideration. By midnight, when the train should have been another hundred miles further north, we were crawling weakly along, the engine sorely overtaxed by reason of dragging carriage after carriage, thus coupled on without warrant. Thereupon the stilly night was awakened by a healthy vocabulary, vigorously expressed. After which, at each stopping-place steady resistance was offered to pirate trucks.

Late on Wednesday, January the 17th, the train ran into the terminus, to be boarded by the Good Samaritans of Peking. And once again, whether at the Legations or the Missions, at the Postal Service Mess or at the professional tables, there was shown the Peking welcome, the sterling kindness of that cosmopolitan "Community."

And what of the men and women who had thus

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journeyed together during those crowded, intense days? After Peking they were scattered. Probably none of them would ever again cross the paths of each of the other members. Yet it may well be that for each of them there remains a wider outlook, a swifter sympathy, a deepened regard for some of life's sanctities, and even —for great was the educative value of those days— a readier sense of humour, which have been won as a result of their comradeship. And these shall form the richest (because the most human) memory and reward of what is known to them and some others, as The Shensi Relief Expedition.

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EPILOGUE

ANOTHER SABBATH IN SIANFU

MAY, 1912, the first year of the Chinese Republic, and even in far off Sianfu there is promise of peace.

The I Chun army has retired to Shan Chou, in Honan province, and there does useful, if prosaic, work in policing the road. In T'ung Kuan, Chang Pei Ying, escaped from his dangers and reconciled now to General Chao Ch'ou, watches the gate of Shensi. In the old Futai yamen in Shensi's capital, Mr. Cloudy Mountain busies himself with schemes of industrial enterprise, bears more and more heavily on the would-be firebrands of the Ko Lao Hui, and even finds time for peaceable dabbling in photography. The Tutu yamen is still the home of suspicion and fear; there is trouble with the Catholics; the approval of the President in Peking, though formal, is far from full, but such as it is, is greedily accepted and loudly proclaimed. The hospitals are full, even the "Chelsea Hospital" has its inmates, and now has its formal opening. The pulse of commercial life beats but faintly; confidence is a shy bird and has been rudely startled; moreover there is chaos in the currency; loans refuse to get themselves negotiated, hoary economic fallacies, exposed in older kingdoms, ruffle it once again in the young Republic.

The ebb is low enough. So low is it that the pessimists predict a shore left high and dry for years, if not for generations. But the tide has turned. Slowly, very

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slowly, the civil power is gaining ground against the military; slowly mind is reasserting itself. And the future is with the idealist; in the Government—and happily some such there be even there—in the schools, in the army, in the city, in the church. And in all these members of the body politic they now recognize, some less, some more, the value of the ideals held up to them so persuasively by the Englishman who has stood their friend throughout. In the army, the "brethren"—officers and soldiers alike—of the Ko Lao Hui will talk to you by the hour of their "Taifu-men," the doctors who tended them when their wounds literally stank and were corrupt, and when their own Chinese friends went by with nostrils held and head averted. The Manchus, hunted, wounded, penniless, who finally escaped the slaughter have had no influential friends except in the "Save the World Hall."[1]

But it is the company of men and women and children who have known this group from overseas in an even deeper relation that most shows its appreciation of their efforts, that best responds to their lead. They are members of the church and company of the redeemed who gather now in grief and love about their leader.

A few days previously, at the formal opening of the "Chelsea Hospital," the two groups in the Government, the leaders of the Ke Ming Tang and the Ko Lao Hui respectively, met together to do honour to those foreigners who, now that the crisis was over, were about to leave the city and to seek the hills. That the two rival parties should meet at all, was a tribute to the men who made it possible. That they should dine together at one common table, be grouped together in the one picture, was due to their desire to show these men honour. To-morrow there would be a

[1] Title adopted by the English Baptist Mission in Shensi.

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Author Dr. Young—Governor of Shensi—Rev. A. G. Shorrock Dr. Robertson

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS"

At the formal opening of the Shensi "Chelsea Hospital," the Ke Ming Tang and Ko Lao Hui parties met the Doctors who were the cause of the hospital, and the Senior English Missionary in Shensi, who was of such assistance to both parties.

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triumphal exodus from the city; the military band, the fired salute; to the surgeons who had marched with the army, the hero scarf of honour.

But these were for yesterday and to-morrow. To-day it is the hour of the Church. To-day they gather again to listen to the sonorous voice, the weighty words, the luminous message of a man who speaks with perception and with authority. As the winter had waned the building had been thronged. The rich and the scholarly had forgotten their old superciliousness and had gathered together with the poor and humble. And they had returned again, and yet again. For here, to men standing bewildered amongst the ruins of their fallen world, was shown a possible path whereby they might yet emerge into a realm of order and of hope. To be true and honest, to be pitiful and strong, to be faithful to the best that they had known, and to the Friend Whom they had dimly descried and faintly followed, Whose love might yet be their lodestar; to be thus and to do thus, they were persuaded, encouraged, exhorted.

The voice grew hoarser; grew weaker; but the will sent it on . . . and on. . . .

Oh, little petty souls that can see no greatness in that gathering! Poor starved imaginations that can see but the poverty, the faults, the blemishes of "native Christians"; has this scene for you no value? Is there no virtue in these things? Why is it that the Missions' men are sought to fill posts of trust? It is because they have had rectitude drilled into them. Why have the hunted Manchus sought them out? They have been taught the grace of pity. Why are they judged, criticized, weighed in the balances of their non-Christian neighbours? Because they are known to proclaim a standard and to profess a dynamic which the outsider, reluctantly or otherwise, admits are often

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there. Why are Mission schools at the coast the schools to which this Shensi Government is now sending its own picked scholars, there to continue their studies? Because the education they offer, if less showy on paper, is more real, more solid, and the tone of the institution such as the Government can appreciate.

The morality often fails, the pity at times dries up, the zeal for righteousness cools? Well, and what then? This; that with all their shortcomings, these Christians still stand out, as a mass, from the larger mass about them. Even that whereunto they have attained suffices to mark them well.

And they gather now about the men and women who have been so much the instrument of it all. They crowd to hear the parting precepts of the man they both love and fear; who has been their teacher and who has not hesitated to use the rod; who has stripped away their subterfuges and then directed their naked horrified selves to a better Garment than that of self-complacency; the man who has spent himself for them, who has loved them, prayed with and for them, wept over them in secret and then, in terrible faithfulness dealt with them face to face.

And remember this is no single gleam in a black night. There were in that assembly, Chinese, not many, but they were there, with wit, with learning, with eloquence, with gifts of leadership, with faithful persistence; men who would on the morrow, and through the many morrows, carry on the blaze of this torch and shed light in dark places. And such men, whether natives or foreign, less striking perhaps in personality, but not necessarily in effectiveness, are found throughout the length and breadth of the China of to-day. They are working to-day, natives and foreigners alike, as they have been working for decades, in this great land; on

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邵教士醫榮大夫東行各界諸君送行攝影

"GOOD-BYE TO SIANFU"

Mr. Shorrock and Dr. Young, when the worst was over and things approaching normal, set out with their families for the coast. All the various boards in the Government combined to do them honour

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itinerating tours, in country towns, in provincial capitals, in colleges, in hospitals, in institutes, in editors' chairs, in translation bureaus.

And the result? The result is the Sun Yat Sens, the Li Yuan Hungs, the Dr. Yens. It is found in the tutors in the Government colleges and schools who put right before popularity; the trader who struggles and will continue to struggle even though often worsted, that he may do his business honestly; the peasant who in his toil has found a new self-respect, an awakened intellect, a moral passion, and a great hope.

These are not dreams, not mere hopes; they are results now and actual. That they are not more numerous is to the Church a matter of reproach but not of despair, for they are right in kind. It is only the quantity which is wrong.

These then are some of the results of the kind of work which has been done and is being done by these men and women who labour in this north-west of China's Republic. Surely it is worth while their living there, worth while even their dying there?

The message ends and there rises a volume of song from the massed congregation; song pregnant with yearning, with resolution, with assurance, with love; the expression of over-charged hearts. The voice rises again, firm and even; sinks at last, lingers long and tenderly over the majestic, gracious words of benediction. Weakness is left behind, and fear and foreboding. They go forth, a people with a work to do and a mind to do it. *These* are the hope of the future, the pledge of China's coming place amongst the nations.

Worth while? Yea, verily, it is well worth while!

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