# History of The Siege

## One of the Besieged at Pekin Tells of the Struggle.

## How Chinese and Japs Battled Over a Wall—Heroic Defence.

With the arrival of the Empress of India—which landed the first arrivals from Pekin on this continent since the uprising—complete details were received of the siege of the legations. The news is given in a diary kept by the correspondent of the Asahi, one of the besieged. After detailing the attacks of June 13th, 14th and 19th, the correspondent says that the Japanese made preparations for leaving on the 19th, but owing to the murder of the German minister next day the plans were abandoned. The foreigners then decided to defend their several positions. That afternoon the Austrian legation was attacked and one Frenchman and one Austrian were killed in the fight. Thus began the sixty days' siege.

"On the 21st," to make extracts from the diary, "there was much firing, but as the Chinese were using smokeless powder, the direction could not be ascertained. A French professor, aided by a detachment of Japanese went out and searched the customs house, where it was thought the enemy were hiding. They were engaged in searching when the Chinese and Boxers advanced to the attack. The native Christians charged them, but were driven back and one of them was taken prisoner. It was afterwards learned that he was tortured to death. At nightfall the Austrians were defeated and the Chinese rushed their legation, setting it on fire. The Austrians held out in their grounds all night and next morning retired to the British legation. The French and Japanese soon afterward followed suit. It had been arranged that the foreigners, if defeated, should muster in the British legation. Subsequently that morning the foreigners went out to defend their respective positions. It was fortunate, the correspondent says, that the Chinese did not continue their pursuit when they routed the Austrians. If they had all the defences would have fallen. On the 23rd there was a hard day's fighting. The enemy concentrated their attacks on the northeast section and the Austrians retired to the French legation. A store near the legation was set on fire and only saved through the strenuous efforts of volunteers. On the 24th the palace of Prince Su, opposite the British legation, was attacked by the enemy. If this had been occupied by them it would have cut off communication with the other legations from the British. The Japanese landing party was defending this place. When the enemy attempted to break down the wall the Japanese had some hard fighting. The French, Austrians and Italians went to their assistance. While this force was engaged the British legation was attacked and Captain Ando, of the Japanese, went to its relief with five men. The British and Japs charged the assailants, killing a number, and dispersing them. Thus early in the siege relief was being looked for, and two Germans reported having seen rockets from house tops. The bombardment of the Japanese in Prince Su's palace continued on the 25th and the Japs, breaking open the godowns, took out silk and other costly cloths and made sand bags. They threw up breastworks with these sacks of rainbow hues, which presented a brilliant spectacle. Most of the Japanese residents were supplied only with fowling pieces and the garrison sortied from time to time to pick up the arms of the Chinese dead. One afternoon the Chinese advanced with a white flag, but they having fired when the garrison was exposed, the Japanese fired on them. The Chinese attacked fiercely for three days, and on the 28th broke down the three foot wall. They rushed through the break crying loudly. The Japanese poured in a terrific fire from all sides, and they were ultimately driven back, leaving twenty dead. The Japanese leader was killed. Sir Claude Macdonald sent congratulations to the Japanese on their resistance. The Chinese fired continually from cover and that night thirteen Japs were wounded in attempting to repair the breach. On June 30th the firing continued and while the fighting was at its height, a thunderstorm burst forth. The Americans issued forth during the storm and were seen trying to strengthen the wall they were occupying. The Americans and Germans had taken possession of the walls near the front gate and the Haitamen respectively to defend Legation street prior to the commencement of actual hostilities. The breastworks were easily damaged from the time the enemy began to use heavy guns and the garrisons could do nothing but grind their teeth. The British, Japanese and Italians charged the guns in an attempt to capture them, but were compelled to abandon the attempt because of the hot fire.

On July 2nd the rainy season started. Mr. Kojima, attache, was shot while assisting in raising breastworks. The provisions were all conveyed to the British legation on the afternoon of this day. For two days then the enemy shelled, not using their rifles at all. On the night of the 3rd they attempted a surprise. They never charged. The firing was always from trenches dug in front of the breastworks. On the 5th the fighting was so severe that the defence lines were contracted. On the 6th the Japanese who continued to defend the palace of Prince Su were greatly harassed by the enemy's guns and a charge was arranged. The arrangements were wrong, though, and the Italians did not go out in time, moreover the native converts weakened. Because of these facts the Japanese had to retire, although their leader actually had his hands on one of the guns. This officer, Captain Ando, was killed in the retreat.

Fighting commenced next morning, the 7th, in the French lines, and the French legation was hotly bombarded. The neglect of the Italians in guarding their side allowed the enemy this night to fire the palace of Kwannon, in the grounds of the palace of Prince Su. A large portion of the palace was destroyed and the garrison could not attempt to save it because of the fire. Provisions were now beginning to run low. On the 11th there was so much of the palace ruined that the Japanese and Chinese had only the wall between them. When the enemy made a breach in the wall, the garrison attacked them through it and hurriedly blocked it up. Sometimes they had to use boards, and the Chinese outside poured kerosene on them and tried to fire them from without. It was like children playing. On July 13 reinforcements of British, Italians and Austrians arrived. Of the garrison of 24 Japanese, 10 had been killed. That night the French legation was blown up with mines laid during the day. The German legation was also attacked. The Germans fought well, and in two hours routed the Chinese with great loss. On July 14 a Chinese messenger who had been despatched to Tien Tsin returned. He had been captured and taken to Prince Tuan, who had sent him back with a message, offering to escort the foreigners to Tien Tsin. Prince Tuan also sent news of the retirement of Admiral Seymour, which greatly disheartened the foreigners. On the following day, the 17th, a conference of the ministers was held, and word was sent to the Chinese Tsung Li Yamen that if they wented a conference to send a reputable officer with a white flag. That night the positions were again attacked. Messengers were passing this day and the next between the Tsung Li Yamen and the ministers, and many Chinese, believing hostilities at an end, were strolling about the lines unarmed. A French volunteer was captured and sent back by the Tsung Li Yamen, under escort. On July 18 word was received from Tien Tsin of the preparations for relief, and in the afternoon several Chinese offered eggs and vegetables for sale, but fearing poison, the British minister, as commander of the defenders, ordered that nothing be bought except through a supplies committee. The garrison took occasion of the cessation of hostilities to strengthen their defences. Thence until July 23 there was no serious attack, and then firing was heard from the Petung cathedral, which was guarded by a small force of Italians and French bluejackets and 600 native Christians under Bishop Zavier. This point was cut off from the rest of the defence. The spies came in to the lines next day and reported that 1,500 Boxers had attacked the cathedral. The force in Prince Su's palace were still confronting each other with the wall only between, and at times throwing stones and tiles at each other. The 25th was quiet, and on the 26th the enemy's camp became noisy. They were celebrating, the spies learned, the decapitation of some men who had supplied food to the foreigners. On the 27th several cartloads of flour were sent to the British legation, in the name of the Empress Dowager. On the 28th a Danish missionary, who had become insane, went out and fell into the hands of the Chinese. He was not seen again, and the spies reported that he had been tortured to death. The spies reported that 25,000 Boxers were planning an attack on the legations. The supplies of the garrison at the palace were running very low. They had only old rice and some horseflesh. On August 1 the spies came in and reported that the allies had been defeated, and on August 3 the native converts began to eat grass-roots out of sheer starvation. Chinese came outside the wall on this day, offering to sell rifles and ammunition. On August 4 there was a fierce attack on the British legation, which the Chinese said was occasioned by the refusal of the ministers to leave Pekin. All was quiet until the 10th, and on that day the garrison were thrown into high spirits by the receipt of a message from Gen. Fukushima at Tien Tsin, telling of the relief expedition about to start. The Japanese general said the relief would be at Pekin on the 14th, and that night a proposal was made to make medals commemorating the siege. On the 12th the spies reported news of firing, the advancing allies being common talk among the Chinese, and that evening rifle firing began and was kept up with vigor all night, the British legation bearing the brunt of the attack. On the 13th a message was sent from Prince Tuan that he and his ministers would go to the British legation to make peace overtures, but the Chinese never kept the appointment. At 11 a. m., the time appointed by Prince Tuan, the sound of cannonading was heard, marking the approach of the relief column. The enemy then commenced the most determined of all their attacks on the legations. The defenders held out, though, and at 2 p. m. on the 14th the sound of field and Gatling guns was heard in the direction of the Tung-pien and Tse-hwa gates. Then came the news that the relief had entered, and towards the legations on the run.

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CHARACTER.—We want to be supremely careful about the one thing, and that is, that we must be careful to have a supreme thought of character. Character is a value here and when a man has made it he should keep it beyond the tongue of scandal. In God's grace it is above everything else.—Rev. Dr. McDowell, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

HUMILITY.—Humility must be truth. It recognizes that it we have deserving qualities we have received them from above, and are to regard them not as if they were wholly our own. In the development of the gift we must realize that we stand constantly in need of the concurrent power of God.—Father Mahoney, Roman Catholic, San Francisco, Cal.

SIN.—It may be that sin has come between you and your God. As is the case of the people spoken of in Isaiah, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you that he will not hear." Ask yourself what sin is the trouble. Deal honestly with yourself. Is it a presumptuous sin, one against knowledge and protest of conscience?—Rev. Theron H. Rice, Presbyterian, Atlanta, Ga.

THE SOUL.—You may write with rice water and it is invisible, but moisten it with iodine and it at once becomes legible. So in after years, under different conditions, that writing upon the soul in words, in deeds in the whole life perchance will still live. The soul cannot crumble like clay, with age. As the camera catches the lightning's flash, the soul is impressed with the spoken word or visible deed.—Rev. E. M. Wood, Methodist, Pittsburg, Pa.

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THE MARCH OF CHRIST.—It was the Book of Revelation chiefly in which the New Testament was enfolded. That book is manifestly a prophetic panorama of the march of Christ down the centuries. Whatever minor matters in the borders of the panorama are left beclouded in mystery (intentionally so, I think; till the time of fulfillment), the central figure is unmistakably clear. It is Christ, on the white horse of royalty.—Rev. Dr. Crafts, Presbyterian, Washington, D.C.

POLITICAL LIFE OF THE WORLD.—We cannot pretend that Christian ideals dominate the political life of the world. While we try to do just in our wars, yet it is very difficult to be so to a dark-skinned Filipino or a yellow-skinned Chinese, or a black-skinned negro. It is very difficult for Americans to be utterly just, to be Christian in treatment of foreigners, whether among us or abroad. Now facing these thoroughly unchristian conditions, making all allowance for the advances made in Christian living, and knowing that God's plan for the world is working out, yet what is the Christian's duty? what purpose shall serve him?—Rev. Dr. Babbitt, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N.Y.

# London in The Dog Days

## Comical Criticism of the Hotels of the World's Biggest City.

## His Disappointment When He Called for a Glass of Iced Milk.

From the Argonaut.

In Paris the restaurants are stuffy and unventilated, and the kitchens are in the cellar. In London the restaurants are even stuffier and less ventilated, and in many of them the restaurant itself is in the cellar, as well as the kitchen. Lest this should surprise the reader, let him know that in London several of the most popular play-houses are far below the level of the street. The new grill-room of the Grand Hotel is down in the cellar. It is not one of the most luxurious of London eating-houses, but it is a much frequented place in the heart of the West End. Few of the restaurants of London, by the way, compare with those of New York and Paris. In fact, I may say none. The restaurants of the Hotel Cecil and Hotel Savoy are only fair. The Berkeley, which was a rather good restaurant some years ago, is now fashionable and bad. They give you a great deal of silverware, brass candelabra, wax candles and pink petticoats on them, and very poor food. Probably the best restaurant in London is the one called the "Prince's Restaurant." It is admirably appointed, and richly furnished in a dark style like the old Delmonico's. One side and one end look out on a pretty garden; there are potted plants ranged round the room, and there is a gallery at one end for musicians. It has an excellent maitre d'hotel, and good waiters, but the food is mediocre. That seems to be the trouble with London restaurants. What they lack reminds one of that old story of Texas. A man was praising that State to General Sherman, who did not think much of it. "But," said the Texan, "all that Texas lacks is water and good society!" "Yes," replied General Sherman, "that is all hell lacks." So with the London restaurants. All that they lack is good food, good cookery, and good service, to be first-class.

I will say of Prince's restaurant, however, that it is one of the few places in London where one can be cool in summer, and be well served. The waiters are excellent. The maitre d'hotel talks to them in German, they reply in French and converse with one another in Italian. From this I infer that they are Swiss. Probably they came from the Canton of Ticino. The late George Augustus Sala some years ago told me an anecdote at a certain famous dinner given to him by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. We were talking of polyglot people, and Sala said that he once fell into conversation with a gentleman in a Russian railway carriage. The stranger spoke Russian with a German accent, so Sala changed to German. The stranger's German had a French accent, so Sala changed to French. The stranger's French, like that of Chaucer's Abbess, had such a strong English accent, that Sala began talking English. The stranger's English was tinged with a strong Irish brogue. Sala's vis-a-vis turned out to be an Irishman.

The London hotels during this heated term have been like ovens. Unlike the New York hotels, they make no provision for hot weather. When I was last in London, the newest hotel was the Savoy. I stopped there, and found it only fairly good. Since then the Cecil was erected, and we stopped there. It is on the Thames Embankment; it runs through to the Strand; it has a large court-yard; the embankment gardens are at its river portal, from its windows there are magnificent views, St. Paul's cathedral, St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster, Waterloo, London and the Tower Bridge, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, and the whole sweep of the Surrey side of the river. But despite its admirable site, its arrangements for comfort during the heated term are rudimentary. The ends of the passages, hallways, corridors, instead of being open to the outer air, are stopped up with servants' rooms, housemaids' closets, and such offices, so that there is no ventilation. The interior of the great building the air is stagnant and stifling. Compare this with the airy, well-ventilated condition of the great hotels in New York. Yet the Cecil is one of the newest hotels in London. It aims to be the most luxurious there. But Claridge's is more fashionable and higher priced. It is frequented chiefly by American millionaires and foreign princes.

If the atmospheric conditions are so bad in these new London hotels, what must they be in the old ones? For there are a number of antediluvian hotels in London in such aristocratic quarters as Jermyn, Dover, and Albermarle streets. They are most of them like Brown's Hotel—old dwelling-houses remodeled. They are venerable rattle-traps, sometimes consisting of two or three houses, with the floors on different levels, and with holes cut through the walls for doors. There are no lobbies, no offices, no waiting-rooms, no reception-rooms, no billiard-rooms—nothing except narrow passageways, through which flit flabby-faced lackeys, clad in shabby evening-suits. These establishments have brought discomfort to its highest point. They are frequented by country gentlemen, ruddy-faced squires, who go there because their grandfathers did, and know of no other hotels. Some of our deluded American anglomaniacs go there because they think it is swell. The act carries its own punishment.

Here is a trifle showing the ways of a first-class hotel in London. At the Cecil one sweltering mid-summer afternoon, I wanted a glass of iced milk. There rose before me a vision of a tall glass of rich creamy milk right off the ice. The very thought was delicious. I rang the bell and told the waiter to bring it. After a long wait, he brought me some milk, and as soon as I tasted it I found that it was sour.

"Here, waiter," said I, "this milk is sour. Take it away."

"Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, apologetically, "but the milk is all that way."

"What do you mean," I asked, "is there no milk in the house that is not sour? Don't you keep it on ice?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but not very much ice, sir. Several other gentlemen have complained already, sir. You 'ad better take 'ot milk, sir."

"Hot milk," I cried, "hot milk on a day like this?"

"The 'ot milk," replied the waiter, "'ave been a-settin' on the fire all day, sir, and 'ave not 'ad a chance to sour, sir."

I discovered that milk was only delivered at this hotel once a day. Even a cheap French cafe has the milk delivered twice a day. And so economical was this hotel of its ice, that the insufficient milk supply had to be kept on the fire to prevent it from getting sour!

The London idea of ice is peculiar. In some of the tea-rooms and places of that description, if you want a drink of ice-water, they charge you three half-pence for the ice. Their economy in ice does not extend merely to milk. Several times I had meat served to me in the condition which some people call "high," and which I call "tainted." But I have never been able to feed on the lower animals after mortification has set in.

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### AN EXPERIMENT IN WORK.

The College Youth as a Plumber's Helper and a Swell Girl's Peril.

New York Times.

A New York youth came home from college at the beginning of the vaction season with his allowance so far overdrawn that he had forgotten when the next payment was due. His father, who was a self-made man, and entirely out of sympathy with the obligations of his son's social position, sternly refused further advances. The paternal brand of cigars made the youth ill, and worse still, the sideboard was under strick surveillance. Under these compelling circumstances the youth retired within himself to consider ways and means. Later he emerged from his trance with a smile on his face. The difficulties of the situation had faded like the morning's mist before his brilliant intellect. He would go to work.

In pursuance of this highly original idea, he went to an uncle who was engaged in the profitable if somewhat plebeian plumbing business, and asked for a job. Secretly he hoped for a nice, clean corner in the office, where he might spend a few pleasant hours during the heat of the summer days, perfecting himself in higher mathematics by making out plumber's bills, without danger of soiling his cuffs or endangering his social standing; but in the heroism of his new resolve to labor for his living, he boldly asked for any old job.

"Sorry," said the uncle, "but I haven't anything for you"—then dubiously, "unless you care to go out on odd jobs as helper. You don't mind a little work, I suppose."

"N-n-no," answered the youth doubtfully, being rather uncertain about the duties and social rank of a plumber's helper. Still he decided to chance it.

"Well, come around to-morrow, and we'll see about it," said the uncle, with a smile that carried a sinister suggestion.

The next morning the youth slipped quietly into the shop and hovered timidly about in the background, wondering what he might be called upon to do, yet dreading to hear his name. Presently a large, unshaven man, with nothing between his undershirt and jumper but a pair of suspenders, started out, telling the youth to come along. The man had a fire pot in one hand, and a whole kit of tools variously disposed about his person. While doubtless very worthy, he was not the sort of person the youth would have chosen for his companion on a stroll through the business part of the city. So the youth craftily waited and gave the man time to go half way down the block, intending to follow at a distance. But the man was in no hurry and was found lighting his pipe just outside. The youth wanted to walk ahead, or on the opposite side of the street; he even thought of sending the man on ahead in a cab, but not seeing his way clearly, he continued the promenade with his persistent companion, meanwhile keeping an eye out each side of the street, ready to bolt at the first sign of a request to carry the fire pot or the sight of a familiar face.

A few blocks further on the man hailed a car and climbed into the rear seat with all his accompaniments. The youth hastened to get as far forward as possible. The man was disposed to be sociable, and immediately took exception to this arrangement. So he hissed persuasively at the back of the youth's neck across a bed of flowered hats, which seems, to the youth, to be resting on them, and very poor food. Probably the best restaurant in London is the one called the "Prince's Restaurant." It is admirably appointed, and richly furnished in a dark style like the old Delmonico's. One side and one end look out on a pretty garden; there are potted plants ranged round the room, and there is a gallery at one end for musicians. It has an excellent maitre d'hotel, and good waiters, but the food is mediocre. That seems to be the trouble with London restaurants. What they lack reminds one of that old story of Texas. A man was praising that State to General Sherman, who did not think much of it. "But," said the Texan, "all that Texas lacks is water and good society!" "Yes," replied General Sherman, "that is all hell lacks." So with the London restaurants. All that they lack is good food, good cookery, and good service, to be first-class.

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