

about the place, appropriating every valuable which it was within their power to carry. What could not be carried away was destroyed, a spirit of wanton destruction seeming to animate them all. Some amused themselves by shooting at the chandeliers, others by playing pitch-and-toss against large and costly mirrors, while some armed themselves with clubs and smashed to pieces everything too heavy to be carried, finishing the work by setting on fire the emperor's private residence.

Those who paid more heed to observation than to destruction have given us interesting accounts of the Summer Palace and its surroundings, whose vast enclosure extended from the place where the French entered to the foot of the first range of hills north of Peking, six or seven miles away. Over this broad extent were scattered gardens, palaces, temples, and pagodas on terraces and artificial hills. Some of these were like the one seen by Marco Polo in the palace enclosure of Kublai Khan, being from three hundred to four hundred feet in height, their sides covered with forest-trees of all kinds, through whose foliage the yellow-tiled palace roofs appeared. In the midst of these hills lay a large lake, containing two or three islands, on which were picturesque buildings, the islands being reached by quaint and beautiful stone bridges.

On one side of the lake ran the favorite walk of the emperor and his court, winding in and out for more than two miles among grottos and flower-gardens, roofed in by flowering creepers. Where palaces touched the water's edge the walk was