

MISSION CIRCLES.

AT THE MERCY OF A MOB.

By Henry W. Newman, M.D., of Ungkung, South China.

(Dr. Newman is a son of Mrs. A. H. Newman, who was for sixteen years Editor of the LINK. He is himself a graduate of McMaster University, 1899.)—Ed.

On the afternoon of June 18, I was at the mission residence at Ungkung when about four o'clock a number of people from the village, about half-way between the residence and the north gate of the city, came running to tell me that a band of soldiers of the northern army were looting their village. I went with them and found soldiers in regular uniform everywhere through the village carrying off the people's clothes and other property.

I went among a number of them and was about to try to persuade them to leave the people of the village in peace. I started by telling them that I was the American doctor from the hospital; my house coolie was standing beside me, and I had hardly started talking to the soldiers when one of them standing behind aimed a blow with a club at my coolies' head. I reached up my cane to ward off the blow and at the same instant was myself beaten to the ground with blows from heavy bamboo poles and wooden clubs from all sides. I got to my feet and took more blows, my coolie taking a good deal of the punishment intended for me.

One of the soldiers in the crowd of twenty or more had a rifle; he stood off and loaded the rifle and urged on by the others (who then stood off to give him room) was apparently about to shoot me point-blank. My coolie put himself in front of me and as he did so I stepped back through a doorway into a family courtyard. My coolie followed me in and tried to close the gates, the soldiers all the time beating him and beating at the gates. While he held them for the minute, I went through a further door into a compartment of a house. The coolie followed me and managed to close the doors of the compartment. The soldiers beat upon these doors and then fired several rifle shots through the doors aiming toward the different corners of the room. Finally they were successful in beating down a second door to the same room; as they did so I opened the first door and stepped out into the court holding up my hands.

The mob of soldiers rushed upon me and beat me with clubs and poles. By this time my clothes were in shreds and I was bleeding profusely from several wounds—scalp, one arm and both legs. They then bound my hands behind my back with ropes, and still beating me, ordered me to march. They marched me out of the village over the open road toward the north gate of the city, passing the hospital compound with the American flag flying on the left. I stopped and faced them and in spite of their beating and urging me forward told them that I belonged to that hospital and to that flag.

By this time there were two hundred or more soldiers in the mob, and as it gained in size the mob spirit rose. Going by the hospital, one of my assistants tried to join me, but was beaten and kicked into a rice field, and fired at as he made his way off. They drove me, at the end of the rope and with constant beating, in the north gate and through the streets of the city, I leaving a trail of blood