

## The Chinese Massacres

An Account of the Murders of Many Missionaries by the Boxers.

The New York Sun correspondent has obtained from an officer of the American forces taking part in the expedition against Pao-ting-fu the following account of the massacre of missionaries at that place in June last. Many stories of these massacres have been printed, but the following account is based on personal investigation, and corrects many statements hitherto put forward and accepted as facts:

Having accompanied the expedition of the allied troops against Pao-ting-fu, China, Oct. 2 to Nov. 2, 1900, it became my duty to investigate and report upon this expedition, and in particular the massacre of the American missionaries in and around Pao-ting-fu.

Knowing the interest attached by the public to events that have taken place in China during the past few months, and the desire of the relatives and friends of the deceased missionaries to obtain an accurate statement of facts, I have in the following account endeavored to collate and set forth the stories of eye-witnesses, native Christians, missionaries familiar with the situation, and, in fact, all persons who were thought to be able to throw any light whatever upon the subject. To Dr. Lowrie of the American Board Missions is due great credit for the prompt and vigorous manner in which he pushed the investigation to a speedy close. Prejudiced as he must have been from the fact that the murdered persons were his most intimate and beloved friends, he nevertheless, carefully eliminated all sensational features and told his story in a simple, straightforward manner. Deeply touched as he was when compelled to recall the details connected with the horrible crime, with a true spirit of a man of God he did not allow his feelings to lead him into crediting all the exaggerated stories current at the time.

It must be borne in mind that the events described herein happened over four months ago, and although they created great excitement at the time, the details have now, in the light of events more important to the Chinese mind, passed from the thoughts of the people. At the time, and immediately following the atrocities, they were much talked about, and many horrible stories were circulated, as is the custom of the Boxers. The facts were, therefore, jumbled and distorted until all the agonies and tortures possible to conceive were connected with these crimes. Besides, all the principal actors had fled when we arrived at Pao-ting-fu, and under the circumstances it was exceedingly difficult to find any person who from fear of being blamed himself, would acknowledge having been present, and the task was made still more difficult by the fact that most Chinese have but little regard for the truth.

The city of Pao-ting-fu, China, was considered until recent events proved otherwise to be one of the safest cities in northern China in which to pursue missionary work. It is the capital of the Province of Chihli, situated on the main highway to Central China, about ninety miles south of Peking. It is connected with the latter place by a railroad of first class facilities, since destroyed by Boxers, and with Tientsin, ninety miles distant, by water, navigable for Chinese junks only. It is a city of the usual Chinese type, surrounded by a ponderous brick wall which is surmounted by a crenelated parapet, and pierced by four enormous gates, which are in turn surmounted by parapets, turrets and watch towers. Opposite each gate on the outside of the wall are situated villages, known to the Chinese as the North, South, East and West Suburbs.

In the North Suburb of the city, called Chang Chia Chang, there lived in several buildings located in one compound Presbyterian missionaries named as follows: Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Simcox and three children. Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Hodge and Dr. Geo. Y. Taylor. In the South Suburb there lived in the same compound the representatives of the American Board Missions, Mr. H. T. Pitkin, Miss Mary S. Merrill and Miss Annie A. Gould. Nearby there lived in another compound Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell and one child and Mr. William Cooper, English missionaries. Most of these people had been living among the Chinese for years, spoke the language fluently and had adopted Chinese customs and dress to a greater or less degree. They were doing splendid work among the sick, poor and needy in the villages surrounding Pao-ting-fu, and were on as friendly terms with the inhabitants as foreigners ever are. The Chinese, it would be understood, and especially the provincial ones, are taught to

consider all foreigners beneath their contempt. They call all Christians pigs, and as far as they dare treat them as such. The peculiar connection between Christian and pig is derived from the fact that the words are similar in the Chinese language. So it can be readily understood why friendly relations are difficult to establish, and why people living in what they consider comparative safety and protection are liable at any time to be insulted and to be compelled to submit to all manner of indignities. In fact, one gentleman, a missionary doctor, told me that he never went upon the street of Pao-ting-fu unless he was insulted, at least once, by some street loafer or hoodlum hurling vile names and epithets at him, for no reason other than he was a foreigner.

At the beginning of the recent Boxer disturbances, and after the murder of the Belgian engineers, which happened between Pao-ting-fu and Tientsin, the missionaries in the contiguous country were warned by their friends in Tientsin and elsewhere, that more serious developments were expected, and they must either leave the country or place themselves in a position to withstand a siege. No apparent heed was given to this warning beyond the purchase of a gun or two and a small quantity of ammunition. This will perhaps seem strange and unnatural at first, but when it is considered from the point of view of the missionaries living in Pao-ting-fu it is only natural. In the first place the outbreaks that took place prior to June 30 were confined to outlying regions and were simply riotous mobs with no strong hand near to control them.

It was thought at that time that the Imperial troops stationed in Pao-ting-fu would never allow any rebellious organization to be formed in their midst, and even if such a thing was accomplished, it was not believed for an instant that the soldiers of the Imperial Chinese government would not only make no attempt to suppress it, and prevent outrages and murder, but by their very presence lend countenance to the uprising and sanction the outrages committed. Having considered these points it is not strange that the missionaries in Pao-ting-fu, not only failed to leave the country, but made no attempt to consolidate and provide a common defence. In fact, it is believed that until the attack was actually made upon the first compound, no one in Pao-ting-fu appreciated the awful danger of the situation.

On the fourth day of the sixth Chinese month, June 30, between the hours of 4 and 5 p. m., the Presbyterian compound in the north suburb was attacked by Boxers and villagers led by the notorious Boxer chieftain, Chu-tu-tai, whose activity and noted prejudice against the Christians and foreigners had the previous day been recognized and rewarded by the Nieh-Tai, a very important provincial official, with the presentation of the gilded button as a mark of distinction and esteem, thus giving official sanction to the action of the Boxers.

The occupants of the compounds were made aware of the approach of the crowd by the cries for the lives of the Christians, and the usual amount of noise that would naturally attend such a mob bent on such a mission. The outer buildings of the compounds were taken without much resistance and were looted of everything valuable.

Mr. Simcox, Dr. Hodge and Dr. Taylor collecting the women and children about them, took refuge in the second story of a chapel in the rear part of the compound.

It may be well to call attention to the fact that all the buildings have since been destroyed, even the bricks and building material being carried away, so that an accurate description cannot be given. After having taken refuge in the chapel, barricading the doors and preparing for a defence, Dr. Taylor went to the second story window of the building and spoke with the mob in the court below, asking them what they wanted. They called to him and said: 'The lives of all Christians, native and foreign.' He then attempted to argue with them, asking: 'Why? What have we ever done to harm you? Have we not helped the sick, the poor and the needy, have we not gone among you, lived as you lived, suffered and died with you; have we not given up our homes, our families and our friends to teach you; why will you kill us?' These arguments he used and many more, but all to no avail. The mob infuriated by the delay renewed the attack with redoubled fury, attempting to force an entrance into the chapel. The

inmates defending themselves nobly with what arms they had, drove the Boxers out of the court and under cover killing the Chief, Chu-tu-tai, and wounding ten others. After a short delay the attack was again renewed, but was repulsed without an entrance having been effected. The Boxers then withdrew from the court and set fire to the surrounding buildings, which were soon enveloped in smoke and flames.

The doomed missionaries, so far as can be learned, made no further effort to escape, evidently resigning themselves to the fate which soon overtook them. In a few minutes the fire travelled to the chapel, which was quickly consumed, the whole party perishing in the flames, except two small children of the Simcoxes, Paul and Francis by name, aged respectively 9 and 11, who becoming terrified at the suffocating smoke and the unbearable heat, unfastened the door and rush from the burning building. They were quickly seized by the mob, their heads cut off and their bodies thrown in a well nearby. The remains were afterwards taken out and buried. The bodies of those who perished in the burning building were entirely consumed, at least no trace of them could be found. The Chinese Christians and servants to the number of about twenty living in the compound, true to their masters and benefactors to the last, perished at this time, but whether they were killed or burned to death does not appear clearly. One Chinese convert rather than face the horrors of death by fire threw himself into a well in the vain attempt to commit suicide. He was taken out, resuscitated and carried to the Boxers' headquarters in the city where a futile attempt was made by the usual Chinese method of inhuman treatment, forcing from him a confession with a view of getting evidence to substantiate the many outrageous stories current as to the Christian method of obtaining converts, of kidnapping children and cutting out their eyes and hearts to concoct medicine and potions, and as to many other ridiculous and foolish beliefs current among the ignorant Chinese. It being now quite late in the evening, the mob, apparently satisfied with its afternoon work, carried away the wounded and dispersed.

The next day being the 5th day of the sixth month, July 1, the Pitkin compound in the South Suburb was attacked, the attack commencing between 6 and 7 a. m. Despite the earliness of the hour the occupants were ready to receive it. Word of the previous afternoon's proceedings having been received during the night Mr. Pitkin prepared for a defence, buried his valuables and with them a letter of farewell. These are afterward dug up by the Boxers and carried away, hence the contents of this letter have never been learned. Mr. Pitkin with the two young ladies and the Chinese servants and converts took refuge in a building in the rear of the compound. The Boxers, profiting by their previous afternoon's experience, did not expose themselves carelessly so that while Mr. Pitkin defended himself and those under his protection most bravely, until his ammunition was exhausted, he was not able to inflict any great loss upon the Boxers. As soon as the buildings in the compound not covered by Mr. Pitkin's fire were thoroughly looted the mob in a body made a rush for the brave defenders, but what could one man with one pistol do against such a crowd? There was only one end possible. The door was battered down and the crowd rushed in. Mr. Pitkin, brave to the last, fell fighting at the door of the young ladies' room; he was immediately beheaded, his body buried in the compound, and his head carried away, it is believed, to the Official Yamen of the city as evidence of the good work of the Boxers. This could not be certainly proved, however. The young ladies were seized and dragged outside, where it was seen that Miss Gould was so overcome with fright that she was unable to walk. She was accordingly bound hand and foot, slung on a pole passing between the ankles and wrist, as pigs are carried in China, and, with Miss Merrill, her hands tied behind her and led by the hair, headed a procession into the city to the Boxers' temple, Chi-Sheng-An. Seven native Christians were killed before leaving the compound.

During all the proceedings a number of Imperial Chinese soldiers stood in and about the Pitkin compound with a full knowledge of what was being done, but taking no active part. While these poor girls were marching through the village and into the city, the streets were lined on both sides by thousands of people who clutched and tore at their clothing, struck them, spat upon them and in a thousand ways showed their approval of what was being done. Before reaching the Boxer headquarters the clothing of the two young ladies was considerably torn and deranged but it is not believed, as has been reported that a deliberate attempt was made to

parade them in a nude condition; neither is it believed that they were, while held by the Boxers made to submit to other indignities than those of being roughly handled and knocked about.

After reaching the Chi-Sheng-An Temple the ladies were put in a room together and held throughout the day. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell, their child and Mr. William Cooper, the English missionaries, were brought to where Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were held. In the afternoon a mock trial of the whole party was gone through with. No exact statement can be given of what took place at this trial, but it is safe to say that any amount of imaginary testimony was given to show that the foreigners deserved death. About 6 o'clock the same day the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, of whom no trace can be had after he entered the temple, were taken out of the building and bound together in single file, after the Chinese custom; the wrist held at the height of the chin by a stout rope, which was then passed around the neck and thence back to the wrist of the following person, and so on throughout the entire party. The little child, a girl of five or six years was not bound, but ran along clinging to her mother's dress. After all the preparations were completed the party started on the last march through the city led like condemned felons, jeered and scoffed at by the crowd that thronged the streets, out through the south gate and the wall to the southeast corner, where in the presence of an enormous assemblage they were led to the block one by one, and beheaded. The little girl escaped this fate, but was run through with a spear by a Boxer. And thus the bloody tragedy was completed.

After an investigation by the commanding general of the 'Pao-ting-fu expedition' an international court was ordered to investigate occurrences which led to the murder and outrages committed on the subjects of the several nations in the neighborhood of Pao-ting-fu. This court was composed of president general Bailoud, French; members, Major Van Brizen, German; Lieut. Col. Ramsey, English; Lieut. Col. Salsa, Italian; Mr. Jamieson, English (member of British Legation). After a careful investigation the court found the following persons guilty of complicity in the outrages and murders described and recommended follows: The Fan-Tai, lieutenant governor, or provincial treasurer, to be beheaded; the commanding officer (a colonel) of the Imperial troops at Pao-ting-fu during the massacre, to be beheaded; the Nei-tai, or provincial judge, to be degraded and deposed from office; the Tao-tai, a provincial official, to be sent to Tien-tsin for additional trial. The decision of the court was sent to Field Marshal Count von Waldersee for his approval, and in addition, as a punishment to the city for the atrocities committed within its limits, the temple of the 'Tuteary God' and the Chi-shen-an temple were blown up. Besides this, the destruction of the gate towers, several more temples and the south east corner of the city wall were ordered. Later it was learned from Field Marshal Von Waldersee himself that he had approved of the recommendations of the court throughout, and doubtless ere this the guilty parties have paid the penalties of their crimes.

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### A Lost Dog.

There are many touching sights in a great city, but none much more so than to watch a lost dog. At first there is a look of startled surprise on his face when he loses the scent, quickly followed by a grim sort of humor, as though pretending his bewilderment is but a joke. He circles round and round, and his face grows thin and his eyes almost human in their anxious pleading. He starts off in one direction, sure that he has found the trail. He is baffled, and turns back. He looks in the face of all who pass, as if questioning to know his way. He thinks he recognizes his master, and is off like a flash, only to return more anxious and eager than before. He gives himself no rest, but doubles and pursues and turns back until all hope is dead in his faithful canine breast, and he starts off with a long lunge down the street. Then it is that some demonic boy or some detestable man flings a stone at him or kicks him as he flies by, and the cry is raised: 'Mad dog! Kill him!' So the great host of idlers in ambush, who wait the opportunity for mischief as bees await the blossom of the buckwheat, are turned loose upon his track and his doom is sealed. From a lost dog to a hunted and dead cur is an easy transition.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

'My dear, why don't you hit the nail on the head sometimes?'  
'I do. Look at my thumb.'

McSwatters—Huh! he's a liar.  
McSwatters—How do you prove it?  
McSwatters—He ca'led me one.

'That youngest Miss Spedlow reminds me of a fresh carna'on.'  
'Yes, she is in the very pink of condition.'

Bacon—'Samson was noted for his strength and his long hair I be'ieve'  
Egbert—'Yes; too bad they didn't have pianos in 'those days.'

'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'  
'Ont on my auto, sir,' she said.  
'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'  
'I have gas enough and to spare,' she said.

'I don't understand, sir, that you referred to me as a dog.'  
No, sir! You are misinformed. I consider a dog man's truest and most faithful friend.'

'I made an awful bad break last night while I was calling on Miss Sigher.'  
'Your fiancée, too—how?'  
'Cracked a joke about orr' engagement that broke it.'

Assistant Editor—I've found out at last who 'Vox Populi' is.  
Editor—Who?  
Assistant Editor—'Constant Reader' under a nom de plume.

Landlady—I rather like having one dyspeptic at my table.  
Visitor—How queer!  
Landlady—Oh, no; he makes the other boarders ashamed to find fault.

'I made a dreadful mistake last night.'  
'What was it?'  
'I went to buy my wife a diamond ring, but the jeweller's shop had moved, and I stumbled into a church bazar.'

'Are you going to have a Christmas tree at your house this year?'  
'No; my wife decided some time ago that we must economize, and got our children to go to Sunday school regularly.'

'Why do you say that bonnet is adorable?' he demanded, irritably. 'That's not the word to use. You might as well say it is lovable and you can't love a bonnet.'  
'You can't,' she replied quietly, 'but I can.'

'Is your son pursuing the usual studies?' quired the visitor.  
'Yes,' answered Farmer Cornstossell, 'he's still pursuing 'em, an' from what I hear, without much show of ketchin' up to 'em.'

He—My dear, it is of no use for you to look at those hats, for I have only a few shillings in my pocket.  
She—You might have known when we came out that I wanted to buy a few things.  
He—I did.

Wife—I am sorry I bought one of those door mats with the word 'welcome' on it.  
Husband—Why so?  
Wife—Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night.

Have you heard that Turnabout has changed his business again?  
'No. What is it this time?'  
'Live-y.'  
'Well, he can't complain of not being on a stable basis this time.'

Eustacia—Edmund, what shall we give our clergyman?  
Edmund—Give our clergyman? Why, Eustacia, he gets five times the salary I do! The delicate thing to do is to hang back and see what he gives us.

Mrs. Hocorn—But, Maudy, I don't see why you don't want to marry Silas Beanblossom. He's prosperous enough. He's just put a new 'L' on his house.  
Maudy—I don't keer, maw. He kin put the whole alphabet on his house, if he wants to, but this here literary life never did appeal to me.

'I see that in one of the English towns they weigh the mayors when they go into office and when they come out.'  
'Say, it would be much more interesting here in Cleveland if they weighed each councilman's pocket book and bank account when he went into office and again when he came out.'

Barroughs—What's the matter, old man? You've got a far-away look in your eye; what's that for?  
Markley—Ah! My thoughts have gone back about three years, but I really don't like to tell you what I am thinking about.  
Barroughs—Something you'd rather forget, eh?  
Markley—No, but I think it's something you have forgotten. It's that 'river' I loaned you in the fall of '97.

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