

Sacked Palaces.

The just published annual report of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington contains an unusually large number of articles of popular interest, perhaps the most remarkable of which in some ways is a vital account of the looting of the summer palace, so called, of the Chinese emperor near Peking on the occasion of the expedition undertaken against China by France and England in 1860. The writer, Count D'Herisson, acted as secretary and interpreter to the French commander, General Montauban, and in view of what has occurred within the last year his narrative offers abundant confirmation of the time-worn saying that history repeats itself. Curiously enough, however, no note has apparently been previously taken in this country of the fact that such a record existed.

The summer palace had been abandoned by the emperor. Hien-Fong, on the approach of the allies, and measures were taken by General Montauban and his English colleague, General Crant, to guard it against pillage. To Count D'Herisson, as a Frenchman, it recalled in many respects the palace at Versailles, built by Louis XIV.—a resemblance which he explains by the influence of the Jesuits, who had maintained an almost semi-sovereign state at Peking until the suppression of their order in 1773.

For the splendor which he found within the enthusiasm of Count D'Herisson can hardly find adequate words. 'There,' he says, speaking of one of the outer halls 'were gathered all the wealth in precious stones and fine fabrics presented by tributary princes, and all that the kings and emperors of Europe had sent to Hien-Fong and his predecessors, all the bric-a-brac and curiosities, as well as all the goods which the simple-minded merchant, wishing to obtain rights in a port, abstracted from his cargo to propitiate the sovereign. Everything was preserved with care and equalled honours from a cloth of gold ornamented with pearls, which had come, perhaps, from the sublime porte, up to a doll that cried papa and mamma, which a Marseilles captain had taken from his little daughter at Christmas and carried to China to grease the palm of the chief mandarin. This multitude of treasures had overflowed the private apartments of the sovereign and his wives, and spread itself into these immense cathedral halls. The dazzling— from the richness of the articles, extraordinary from their number and variety.

But this magnificence was as nothing compared with the splendors of the throne room itself. In a small oratory to the left of the throne, for example the walls, the ceilings, the dressing tables, the chairs, the footstools, were all in gold studded with gems. Rows of small gods in massy gold were carved with such wonderful skill that their artistic value was far beyond their intrinsic worth. On supports of jade were two pagodas, of enameled gold, 'as large as corbins,' with seven superposed roofs, from each of which pear-shaped pearls hung like so many balts. In another oratory resembling the interior of a monstrance, were gathered all the articles for the emperor's daily use when occupying the throne room his tea service, his cups, his pipes—the bowls of which were gold or silver, and the long tubes enriched with coral jade, rubies, sapphires and little tufts of many colored silk, his ceremonial chaplets of rows of pearls as large as nuts. Here also were his speaking trumpets of silver gilt which he used at times the better to impress his audience.

'I shall not attempt to portray,' says Count D'Herisson, 'the wonder and admiration of the barbarians who penetrated into these precincts. Involuntarily we spoke in low tones and began to walk on tiptoe on seeing before us such a profusion of riches for the possession of which mortals fight and die, which their owner had abandoned in his flight as indifferently as a citizen closes the door of his house, leaving his mahogany bureau exposed to the chances of war. All was so natural, so familiar, so commonplace to him that he did not even try to save these treasures.'

In the rooms of the empress the walls of closets of the secretaries were furnished from top to bottom with pigeonholes, in which, one above the other, like files of lawyers briefs, were red boxes of old lacquer of Peking, wonderfully engraved in intaglio, containing ornaments, necklaces and bracelets in pearls, in jade, in precious stones, tiny rings for feminine fingers, and huge ones of jade for men when they drew

the strings of their bows. Other boxes were with artistic objects, with materials to be transformed into jewels, with unique specimens of transparent jade, of rock crystal, of milky jade, of moss agates, of uncut diamonds, of precious stones still in their natural state. On opening any one of these boxes, says Count D'Herisson, it appeared to send out sparkles and sheaves of light. Beyond, great wardrobes of old lacquer set into the walls contained the garments of the empress, both those for daily use and for ceremonious occasions—enough to dress from head to foot 10,000 princesses from the Arabian Night. Everything was silk, satin, damask, furs with embroideries sometimes as delicate as spiders webs, sometimes as heavy as those on bishops copes.

But it is necessary to pass to the count's story of the loot itself. It began, it appears, according to the most approved psychological formulae. The generals had given orders to remove the articles of value systematically and the work had begun. The troops—French, English, Arabs, Sikhs, Chinese coolies, cavalry, infantry and artillery—thus had an opportunity to estimate the value of the treasure which the palace contained. And there was some natural grumbling. Suddenly it was learned that a mob of Chinese pillagers had scaled a wall on the other side and must be turned out. There was an alarm of fire, causing the obvious thought 'these Chinese will cabbage everything' or 'the ascals are going to burn everything.'

The action followed the thought—a mad indiscriminate scramble in which every man endeavored to seize what he could. 'What could the general or his officers do?' asks Count D'Herisson. 'Absolutely nothing. If they had tried to stem the torrent they would have been swept away by the rush; they would have compromised their influence and reputations and with it in the future of the expedition. With us as with the English, the generals had only one thing to do, to shut their eyes. It was one of those psychological moments in military life when, as Count Von Bismarck said later, the artificial regulations which serve to bind nations as well as armies disappear, leaving primitive human nature in all its crudity and absolute surrender to its free instincts. Such moments occur at two points in the history of armies—in overwhelming defeat and in supreme victory, and at such times there are no longer regulations or authority.'

From the very first moment, it is amusing to note the French soldiers went on the theory of each man for himself, while the English systematized the pillage—arriving in squads, like gangs of workmen, with men carrying large sacks and commanded by non-commissioned officers, who even brought with them jewelers touch stones with which to test the quality of their booty.

'I was simply an onlooker,' says Count D'Herisson, 'a disinterested but curious spectator, and I enjoyed this strange, unforgettable vision. There was this and that of men of every color, of every race, this entanglement of individuals from every nation on the earth, swarming on this mound of riches, hurrying in all the languages of the globe, hurrying, struggling, stumbling, falling, picking themselves up, cursing, exclaiming, while each carried off something. I say it looked like an ant heap, crushed under one's foot, where the terrified workers fly, in every direction, one with a grain of wheat, another with a bug, another with an egg. There were troopers, their heads buried in the boxes of red lacquer belonging to the empress; others half smothered in the folds of brocades and pieces of silk; still others who had placed rubies, sapphires, pearls and rock crystals in their pockets, in their hats, in their cloaks and who hung around their necks strings of great pearls. Others carried off clocks and dials in their arms. The sappers of the engineers had brought their axes and broke the furniture to secure the precious stones with which they were entrusted. There was one smashing a lovely Louis XV. clock to secure the face, one which the hours were marked with crystal figures; which he mistook for diamonds. Now and again the cry of fire was heard. Everybody rushed out, letting everything fall, and extinguished the fire that was already licking the precious wall, by heaping on it silks and damascenes and furs. It was like a dream of a hashish eater.'

When the court returned to camp—after an agreeable adventure in rescuing 27 ladies to the emperor's harem—night was

falling. The men came back loaded with booty, bearing the most heterogeneous collection of articles, from silver saucers to astronomical telescopes and servants—a prodigious mass of material which it would have been impossible to carry away. The English camp filled up in the same way, but there everything was carried off in perfect order. In the French camp the soldiers were masquerading. The artillerymen arrived enveloped in the garments of the empress, their breasts decorated with the collars of mandarins. In the English camp on the other hand, the article had been placed in piles in each tent and they had already begun to sell them at public auction.

Count D'Herisson noted one curious fact. 'Nothing,' he says, 'tempted soldiers like clocks and other objects containing mechanism. Now, the Chinese like all people with whom machinery is still in a rudimentary stage, greatly admire mechanical articles, especially of the amusing kind. From time immemorial our sovereigns and officers of customs have turned this mania to good account and have had taken to them all the curious inventions of opticians, or toymakers and of manufacturers of automatons. It will never be known how many musical boxes, toy organs, with complicated chimes, alarm clocks, turning windmills, crowing cocks, climbing monkeys, rabbits with tambourines, singing birds in brass cages standing on pedestals, which are wound by turning a key, mechanical flute players, monkey violinists, trumpeters, players on the clarinet and even whole orchestras of monkeys seated on an organ, little tight rope dancers, waltzers, and so on, were found in the summer palace. The rooms of the empress and of the women were literally overflowing with them.'

Amused by Musical Toys. Part of our soldiers were wide awake and part were but overgrown children; the latter in the majority. The clever ones had supplied themselves with jewels, the coined money and the dollars, bonbonnières, snuff boxes, dishes of gold and collars of pearls. The others had been principally tempted in the midst of unheard of riches by these mechanical toys of European origin, all of which had been most generously left them by the Englishmen.

Therefore, the second night that we passed near the summer palace was exciting, insensate, head splitting. Each trooper had his bird, his music box, his monkey, his clock, his trumpeter or his rabbit. The clocks struck continuously in every tone, at all hours, now and then accompanied by the sad snap of a spring broken by inexperienced hands. Multitudes of rabbits playing on their tambourines formed a bass, accompanied by the cymbals of monkeys playing 4,000 waltzes and quadrilles, together with as many music boxes, which dominated the cuckoo clocks, sweet notes of the flute, the nasal notes of the clarinet, the screeching of the cocks, the notes of the horns and cornets, as well as the hearty bursts of laughter coming from the easily amused crowd.

'It was a nightmare.'

PALE YOUNG GIRLS

HOW THEY MAY GAIN BRIGHT EYES AND ROSY CHEEKS.

The story of a Young Girl Who Suffered from Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells—Her Health Became so Bad That She Was Forced to Give up School.

Miss Catherine McLellan is a young lady well known in Charlottetown, P. E. I., and greatly esteemed among her acquaintances. Like so many other young ladies throughout the land, Miss McLellan fell a victim to anaemia, or poorness of blood, and although several medicines were tried, she found nothing to help her until she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Miss McLellan tells the story of her illness, as follows:—'I am now eighteen years of age, and for a considerable time suffered much from anaemia. My blood had almost turned to water and I was very weak and pale; in fact could not undergo the least exertion. My appetite failed me; I suffered from headaches; if I stopped I would become dizzy, and frequently I suffered from fainting spells. I tried several kinds of medicine and doctors prescribed for me but instead of getting better I was gradually growing weaker, and eventually had to discontinue going to school. About this time I read the testimonial of a girl whose condition was similar to mine, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try these pills, and have every reason to be gratified that I did so as they have completely restored my health. Every one of the symptoms that had made my life so miserable have dis-



If The Washboard could talk how it would urge you to use PEARLINE!
"Go easy," it would say; "let up on that rubbing! You're wearing out the clothes, yourself, and even me. Get something that washes your clothes, instead of wearing and tearing them. Soak the things in PEARLINE and water. Follow the directions on package, and you won't need me much."
Pearline Saves

appeared, and I am enjoying as good health as any girl of my age could wish and I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss McLellan further stated that while she was not desirous of publicity in matters of this kind, she nevertheless felt that her experience, if known, might be the means of bringing health to some other sufferer, and it is this very praiseworthy motive that has induced her to give the above statement for publication.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give tone to the nerves. It is because of this that they bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks and light footsteps to girls who have been weary, pale and listless and had begun to feel that life was a burden. Pale and anaemic girls everywhere should give these pills a fair trial, as they are certain to restore health and strength. See that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50¢ a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A wink of Cleopatra—four-tenths of a second—and Antony is undone. A wink in Wall st.—four tenths of a second—and down tumbles fortune in a wreck of speculation. A wink at the city hall—four tenths of a second—following "Devery is the best chief of police New York ever had," and Robert A. Van Wyck is nominated for a judgeship in the supreme court.

Oh a truth, a very little time will work very great wonders when discreetly accentuated with a wink. It is not surprising that the quick and alluring action of "the other eye" has become a matter of tradition and song among an acute and observant people.

Two Boston policemen rebuked by Judge Dewey are now on the sick list. Here seems to be an example of the fact that there are policemen who are conscientious in their business, and therefore cannot stand public rebuke.

BORN.

- Annapolis, Oct 16, to the wife of J Cary Woodworth a son.
- Annapolis, Oct 18, to the wife of James H Halliday a son.
- Yarmouth, Oct 23, to the wife of Edward M Murphy a daughter.
- Forks, Oct 22, to the wife of William Johnson, a daughter.
- Hants, Oct 20, to the wife of S B MacAloney a son.

MARRIED.

- Annapolis, There a Refuse to John Feener.
- Milton, Oct 28, Herbert Coles to Edith Bell.
- Digby, Oct 16, Clarence Tibert to Olive Tibert.
- Annapolis, Oct 23, Henry Woodbury to Eva Jackson.
- Wellington, Oct 8, David Walsh, to Fricilla Larkin.
- Georgetown, Oct 22, George Yoston to Mary Crossman.
- Annapolis, Oct 23, Catherine Rice to Avarad A Rice.
- Bridgetown, Oct 23, Herbert Hicks to Lida Slocomb.
- Annapolis, Oct 23, Percy Dennet to Vinnie Marshall.
- Port Hawkesbury, Oct 23, Alex McCalder to Maggie MacKinnon.
- New York, Oct. Rev. J W Buchanan to Margaret McMillan.
- Port Hawkesbury, Oct 23, Duncan Morrison to Rebecca McPherson.
- Windsor, Oct 23, by the Rev J A Mosher, E Rafuse to Jessie Davis.
- Kings, Oct 23, William Banks to Minnie Kesner, of Rural Street, Virginia.
- Yarmouth, Oct. 22, Anabel Richon Rogers, to William S Cunningham.
- At the residence of John Rice, Oct 23, Catherine Rice to Avarad A Rice, both of Lake La Rose.
- Petite Riviere, Oct 22, M A Lunenburg, to Bertha M only daughter of Captain Wm Arenburg, of Petite Riviere.

DIED.

- Montana, Oct 22, Mrs Miller.
- Argyle, Oct 12, Mary Jeffrey, 89.
- Digby, Oct 28, George White, 69.
- Baltimore, Oct 24, William Jones.
- Halifax, Oct 25, Margaret West, 83.
- Halifax, Oct 26, Chas Stubbing, 68.
- Halifax, Oct 26, Edward Cornish, 29.
- Falmouth, Oct 22, John Aylward, 64.
- Red Point, Oct 21, Eliza M Harris, 22.
- Berwick, Oct 14, Hannah Rainforth, 91.
- Karsdale, Oct 20, Abigail Johnson, 93.
- Little York, Oct 25, Mabel R Brown, 17.
- Sea View, Oct 9, Mrs James Brander, 79.
- Sydney, Oct 23, John Ferguson, 4 months.
- Charlottetown, Oct 26, Ashleigh 4-12 mos.
- Karsdale, Oct 20, Mrs Abigail Johnson, 93.
- Great Village, Oct 23, John M Campbell, 81.
- Orwell Cove, Oct 24, Donald C Nicholson, 87.
- Vernon River Bridge, Oct 23, Lizzie M Forber.
- Charlottetown, Oct 26, John George Eckstadt, 77.

Bed ridden 15 years.—'If any body wants a written guarantee from me personally as to my wonderful cure from rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure I will be the gladdest woman in the world to give it,' says Mrs John Beau mont, of Elora. 'I had despaired of recovery up to the time of taking this wonderful remedy. It cured completely. Sold by A. Chipman Smith.'

'Chayley, dear, said young Mrs. Torkins, does the baby's crying annoy you?' 'Terribly,' 'Well, I'll tell you what to do. Make believe baby is at a game of base ball and has just seen a home run.'

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—'It is not within the conception of man to measure my gr at sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle.' Thos. Hicks' Perth, Ont. Sold by A Chipman Smith, & Co

'I'm going into the business for myself,' the plumber's announced. 'What?' exclaimed his employer, 'you don't know nothin' about plumbin'.' 'I know all I need to,' replied the clerk. 'I've been making out your bills for the last three or four years.'—

Where Doctors do Agree! Physicians no longer consider it catering to "quackery" in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nerve. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'I know that Justice is blind,' mused the fair defendant, adding the finishing touches to her toilet, which consisted of a Paris gown, a picture hat and other beautifiers; I know that Justice is blind; but, thank goodness the judge is not.'—

Fossil Pills.—The demand is proof of their worth. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are beating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box. They're better medicine easier doses, and 10 cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver. Keep the liver right and you'll not have Sick Headache, Biliouness, Nausea, Constipation and Sallow Skin.

Kidney Experiment. There's no time for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some one form or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and has cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre eminent in the world of medicine as the kidney sufferer's true friend. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Piles. Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

'That's funny,' she said, 'puzzling over the City Directory. I'm sure that's the name Mr. Kidder gave me, but I can't find it.'

'What is it?' asked her friend. 'Why, we were talking about fortune-tellers, and he said the best and surest one in town was named Bradstreet, but I can't find her at all.'—

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von San's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the diarrhoeic dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health "pearls" in a box, and they cost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—Rev. W H Main, pastor of the Baptist Emanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has tried many kinds of remedies without avail. 'After using Dr Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefitted at once,' are his words. It is a wonderful remedy. 50 cents. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.00
- Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....12.15
- Express for Sussex.....15.30
- Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00
- Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.35

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Halifax and Sydney.....6.00
- Express from Sussex.....8.30
- Express from Montreal and Quebec.....12.40
- Suburban express from Pictou.....12.30
- Express from Halifax and Rothesay.....16.00
- Express from Halifax.....19.15
- Express for Moncton Saturday only.....23.50
- *Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.
D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager.
Moncton, N. B., October 16, 1901.
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.,
7, Ket St. John, N. B.