

A GREAT AMERICAN ADVENTURER

"CHINESE WARD," SOLDIER OF FORTUNE AND MAKER OF HISTORY

BY G. T. FERRIS
© BY RIDGWAY CO

IN THE early autumn of 1860 a New York merchant interested in the machinery and junk business received a letter from Shanghai, China, which interested him curiously. It was from an old friend and associate, whom he had believed to be another example of unaccountable disappearance.

Frederick Townsend Ward had gone to Mexico more than two years before to sell some old ordnance to the government. Having accomplished this in due season, he had suddenly dropped out of ken, on the eve of supposedly returning home. Fancy, then, the surprise which greeted these words, if any act of so erratic a person could amaze.

"I have entered into the Chinese service, have very fine prospects at present and hope soon to have a comfortable fortune. I have been transformed from a Yankee into a Chinaman in good style, with a good establishment. I, a few days ago, took the second city of importance in the viceroyalty from the rebels. I have made a pretty good thing of it and hope in a few weeks to take another city."

This communication was a veritable bolt from the blue. A restless, almost penniless vagabond of a man, whom his friends had given up as lost, suddenly emerging in China as a master of men and a conqueror of cities! Our own bloody slaughter house had not yet opened its shambles, but the newspapers were so absorbed in an extraordinary political situation that they gave scarcely a paragraph to such a curious piece of news when it was made known to them.

A few weeks later another similar letter reached the staid merchant:

"I was then [referring to his first letter] about starting up country, but I have since returned, having been badly wounded while attempting to scale the walls of Sing Poo City, and was compelled to return to Shanghai for treatment. I got several shot wounds, the worst one went through the cheek and down through the roof of the mouth. They, that is, the missionaries and some English and Dutch merchants, talk very badly about me and my measures, I having used both rather unceremoniously when found having connections with the rebels; but, Jack, I am independent of them all and consequently do not care a — for them.

"China is the country for a man who is able to take risks and is gifted with good common sense. I have made more money in a few weeks than I could at brokerage in New York in twenty years."

Sixty years ago American pulpits and church conventions rang with the glad tidings that a Christian movement had sprung, spontaneously as it were out of Chinese soil. The future of missionary effort was thus assured, it was hoped, in the blossoming of a far-reaching native force that would speedily win the heathen to the banners of the cross. These hopes, however, were blasted, as the rise of the religious cult of a Makka schoolmaster developed into one of the most ruthless and devastating civil wars of history, and the nature of the outrageous travesty, which had perverted a few Christian doctrines into a grotesque blasphemy, came to be understood.

Hung Su Tsuen had sought in vain for that recognition before the literary boards at Canton which was the passport of official ambition. In Canton he had absorbed some crude notion of Christian doctrine from a Methodist missionary, and when he returned home, crazed by disappointment, to live as a humble pedagogue, he began to dream dreams and speak prophecies as one directly inspired from heaven. As time went on, his propagandism drew to its banner hordes from the ranks of discontent and crime, and an army of ragged desperadoes began to move from west to east in the early fifties to establish the claim of the crazy fanatic (who professed to be the younger brother of Jesus Christ and directly consecrated by the Holy Ghost) to be the imperial head of the empire, the annals of Oriental barbarism. It was estimated by conservative opinion that in ten years this infernal regime known as the Taping rebellion had cost the empire some two and a half billions of dollars and the destruction of several millions of lives by war, starvation and wholesale massacres.

Hung Su Tsuen, as Tien Wang or "Heavenly King," was enthroned at Nanking and he practically controlled the great provinces of Kiang-Su and Sheh-Kiang, the heart of the richest tea and silk production of China. His robber bands indeed raided down to the very gates of Shanghai, and the foreign merchants there were sometimes hard put to it to defend the city, though nominally on amicable terms with the Nanking despot, on whom their trade so largely depended.

One autumn morning at Shanghai in 1859 a slight, dark-complexioned, insignificant-looking man called at the office of Tah-ke, a mandarin of the third button, a banker and merchant well regarded by the foreign residents.

It was Frederick Townsend Ward, who had just landed in Shanghai from San Francisco. He was rough and seedy-looking, with a sailor's roll in his gait, but with a glance of fire and a solid, squareset jawbone to redeem his face. Tah-ke was not encouraging when Ward spoke of his desire to enter the Chinese service as a free lance, and answered that he could get a belly-full of fighting by joining the Shanghai volunteers.

"Thank you for nothing," said Ward, "but I can do that without your help. I didn't come for that sort of advice. I could make you help me and help yourself at the same time. You don't see it now, but you will."

Who, then was Ward? Born at Salem, Mass., about thirty-two years before his arrival in China, he came of a race of deep-sea skippers, who had sailed on all oceans, arctic and tropical, and been noted for their handsipike and belaying-pline discipline. Daring and resolution ran in his blood.

At the age of nineteen he had won his first



mate's certificate. He took a turn in New York at the business of ship brokerage and marine supplies. Thence he disappeared for several years and was heard of in Central America, where he had joined Walker, the filibuster, narrowly escaping the fate of that adventurer. Rumor also associated him with the ill-starred exploits of Wheat and Henningsen in the same region. He had been heard of also in the Crimea as enlisted in the French zouaves, from which he managed to escape by desertion to save himself from drum-head court martial after having slapped his captain in the face.

These and other adventures loomed in his background.

Not disconcerted by Tah-ke's cold reception, he took things into his own hands. He had enough money to hire a small force of rascalions, native and foreign, the kind that infest an Oriental seaport like rats, and among them a few deserters from the British military and naval forces, who knew something about drill. The most important of these acquisitions was James Burgevine, a North Carolinian adventurer, who had severed allegiance to the "Heavenly King." Tah-ke had sold to Ward for a bagatelle a batch of condemned muskets and bayonets which armed his ragged and unreliable battalion. Ward and Burgevine whipped them into shape not only by camp drill but by skirmishing with the Taipings at every opportunity, for from their cities of Sung Kiang and Sing Poo, only two or three days' march from Shanghai, the rebels made constant irruptions.

Ward's primary object was to inspire his men with confidence in him and in themselves. He lived on the country and when he captured Taipings he converted them into recruits instead of refusing quarter, as was the habit of the imperialists. Very soon the exploits of Ward's irregulars began to make a buzz in the foreign clubs and counting rooms. He had created his own standing and when he went again to Tah-ke that worthy received him with low salaams.

He went straight to his mark like a bullet, with the manner of one dictating, not accepting, terms. He proposed a formal contract, which Tah-ke was to negotiate with the Futal of Shanghai. Ward was to have \$100,000 from the government for every city he captured, of which \$25,000 was to go to the Chinese partner. He was to have the first day's looting, after which the captured place would be turned over to the imperialists.

Tah-ke was pledged to finance Ward for one year, furnishing him with arms, ammunition and stores, within a certain limit of cost which the other thought would suffice.

Within a month Ward led his first expedition against Sung Kiang, which was garrisoned by about 5,000 Taipings under the command of an Englishman named Gardner, an ex-officer of the British army. The attack failed, with serious loss to Ward's 500 assailants.

One thing had happened, however, which proved of vast import to him. He had taken a rebel prisoner of some rank, who confessed to him that one of the bastions had a choked-up subterranean sallyport. If he could make a secret entrance through this, it would save the necessity of a desperate and bloody assault.

General Ward reorganized his little command and, with 5,000 imperialists to co-operate, made his second attempt. Sung Kiang, with its five-mile circuit of wall twenty feet high, was captured; and to Ward's great credit he prevented anything like indiscriminate massacre.

Leaving Sung Kiang with an officer of his own in command, he returned to Shanghai, where his achievement had caused a tremendous sensation.

There comes now an interim in Ward's fighting toils, for half a score of unhealed wounds compelled him to go to Paris for treatment, but we find him back again in the early summer of 1861 where his presence was sorely needed. The foreign powers still pursued their hands-off policy and allowed the Taipings to sound their drums and tom-toms within earshot of the swarming treaty port. In a diplomatic way, indeed, formal recognition of the "Heavenly King" as the dominant power was in the air.

Ward's coming shattered that intention, which, if carried out, would have destroyed the empire. He grasped the situation and, through

the Futal of the province of Cheh-Kiang, obtained directly from the Peking authorities a commission to raise and command an imperial Chinese levy. His experience told him that, well drilled and dextrously handled, the natives had plenty of good soldier-stuff and would fight, and die in their tracks.

A singular thing happened at this time. At the principal temple of Confucius one day he discovered in one of the consecrated niches a scepter-like staff of ebony with a curiously carved head of jade minutely inscribed. The effect on his native valet was remarkable, and he learned that it was one of the great talismans of the empire. When he appeared with it before his troops the next day they fell to their knees in ranks. Thenceforward he carried no sword, only this magic baton attached to his wrist with a thong. In the eyes of the Chinese, even the Taipings, it made him an invincible leader. Shortly afterward, indeed, it saved his life.

A large detachment from the main force of Chung Wang camped too near his city of Sung Kiang. Sallying forth with two regiments, he struck their camp like a thunderbolt at night, cutting the force to pieces.

The clock now struck twelve for Frederick Ward. A courier arrived post haste from the Futal of Shanghai, ordering him to report there for co-operation with the Anglo-French contingent. He obeyed with two picked regiments, leaving Sung Kiang strongly garrisoned under Colonel Forester. Admiral Sir James Hope had arrived and had insisted that General Ward should be fully recognized as the most efficient factor of salvation.

The first move was against Kaschiaou, which threatened the supplies of Shanghai. Ward and his Celestials carried the defenses in the most gallant fashion, leaving Sir James Hope's contingent but little to do except gather in two thousand prisoners.

All the English officers were delighted with the splendid dash and confidence marking Ward's attack, and when Sir James Michel, the British commander-in-chief, arrived from Hong Kong with Sepoy reinforcements he agreed cordially with Admiral Hope when these two reviewed Ward's forces at Sung Kiang.

It was advised that Ward be commissioned by the Chinese government to raise from 6,000 to 10,000 men and be invested with a large range of authority.

The result was an extravagantly phrased rescript from Peking that commissioned General Ward to raise and command 6,000 men, named him admiral-general, and made him a mandarin of the "peacock feather." With it came the famous "Yellow Jacket," equivalent in China to the Golden Fleece or the Order of the Garter.

The new force was designated Chun Chen Chun, "The Ever Victorious Army."

It was in April, 1862, that a council of war was held at Sung Kiang. Sir James Hope, General Staveley, the French Admiral Potret, General Ward and Viceroy Lech being present. It was here that Ward's general plan was fully sanctioned. This showed great grasp of military strategy. The proposition was to capture the cities of Kahding, Sing Poo, Najaor, Tsaolin and lesser fortified places within a radius of forty miles from Shanghai.

Needless to linger on the details of the on Kahding, Sing Poo, Najaor and Tsaolin. General Ward in each case, magic baton in hand, headed the assaulting column through the breach made by artillery, and his men charged to the very gates of Tophat, resistless in their ardor, mad with the joy of battle. In the Tsaolin affair the gallant French admiral Potret was shot dead at his side.

Tz-ki fell before his assault like a house of cardboard, but one of the last hostile bullets fired pierced Ward's chest with a fatal wound. He was taken aboard a British gunboat commanded by Lieutenant Roderick Dew and was brought down to Ningpo.

Splendid funeral obsequies at the temple of Confucius in Sung Kiang were held, at which all the foremost personages of that part of China, native and foreign, attested their grief and paid their homage to the deeds of the man who had practically arrested the disintegration of the empire.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

J. P. DON'T KNOW AND HAS NO THINK



J. Pierpont Morgan, who knows a few things about finance and art, music and ecclesiastical history, got back from Europe the other day.

He had been away about six months during approximately the period the Stanley committee has been occupied in taking testimony and reporting. He has been up the Nile, in the art and money centers, and has done some yatching on his Corsair, which arrived ahead of its owner.

The yacht, with members of his family and grandchildren aboard, raking the steamer fore and aft with marine glasses, was at quarantine early in the morning. Son Jack Morgan went aboard the ship and found his father at breakfast. Mr. Morgan's niece, Miss Annie Tracey, and her friend, Miss Berwind, who were passengers, were at the same table.

The banker was very affable, if uncommunicative, when seen later. He wore a gray sack suit and a small Panama with the rim turned up all around and bit one of the Morgan dollar cigars and held his cane in the air. He said: "Good morning" to the newspaper squad, but gave no chance for an interview.

"Go away. Get out. Nothing to say. Wouldn't say it here if I had! "Way. Leave me alone," was his answer to the request for a talk.

"Mr. Morgan, will you—"

"No, I won't. You know I won't. Why do you bother me this way?"

He glared not so unpleasantly. Mr. Morgan's face was ruddy, showing that he had been out in the sun.

The young man suggested to Mr. Morgan that he could get his salary raised if he could extract an interview from him.

"All right. How much will they raise it? I'll pay the difference. Give you a check right now. But tell me how much and then get out."

"Mr. Morgan, you were pretty close to Emperor William?"

He whirled. "Who said so? Who told you that?"

"It was cabled to the newspapers."

"Well," the Wall street power snapped, "what of it? For God's sake, what of it?"

"Winston Churchill made a speech in parliament."

"Did he, did he?" inquired Mr. Morgan, becoming interested, and turning upon the companionway. "What did he say? What did he say?"

"He called for 500,000 pounds and expressed an open fear of Germany."

"Humph!" said the kaiser's guest.

"Do you think that means war?"

"How should I know?" he replied, without turning. "How should I know?"

"But you were with Emperor William?"

"He did not tell me he was going to war. He didn't tell me anything about it. See, here," continued Morgan, putting his emphatic fist under the reporter's nose, "I don't know and I don't think. I have got no think. Understand?"

THE RAPID RISE OF CHARLES D. HILLES

C. D. Hilles, today field marshal of the Republican forces, was, less than four years ago, guarding the interests of several hundred orphans in a juvenile asylum at Lancaster, Ohio, of which he was the superintendent. His rapid rise in public life is a dramatic story and intensely American in its illustration of the opportunity that, even in these days, awaits the young man who does his job well.

From the hour of his renomination President Taft steadily insisted that his secretary was the right man to head the national committee, and after a little consideration of the character of Mr. Hilles the seasoned politicians reached the same decision.

Who is Mr. Hilles and why has he succeeded where his predecessors have consistently failed? By what art does he succeed as secretary to the president, recognized as the most difficult official billet in Washington? Why does the president prefer him as a leader in the campaign? The answer to these questions, direct from the White House, is Hilles has "the poise and the touch."

It was the Chicago pre-convention campaign that made Mr. Hilles a national figure in politics. He had quietly organized the campaign in a thorough and painstaking manner that permitted Representative McKinley, the president's political manager, to start with an efficient organization.

At Chicago, where Mr. Hilles was the personal representative of the president, he surprised friends and foes alike by his deep insight into every move of the opposition and his ready defence for each attack.

His capacity for work kept him going until three and four o'clock in the morning without his feeling it. He went about his work in his orderly way, carrying it to his rooms with him in his suit cases, as if he were about to start on a long trip.



HETTY GREEN TO JOIN CHURCH



Mrs. Hetty Green, who is in her seventy-eighth year, was baptized the other day in the Episcopal faith in order to prepare for confirmation as a member of the church.

The ceremony was performed in Jersey City by the Rev. Augustus El mendorf, rector of Holy Cross Episcopal church, Arlington and Claremont avenues, in the presence of Col. Edward Howland Robinson Green, on whose shoulders have fallen much of his mother's great business responsibilities.

Father Elmendorf, as the clergyman is called by his parishioners, is distantly related to Mrs. Green, and for five or six years he has been endeavoring to induce her to think less of things earthly. He kept his secret to himself and labored diligently in his role of missionary by writing letters or carrying the message to her office in person.

Father Elmendorf went to the Trinity building, in New York city where Mrs. Green has her office, on the day of the ceremony. Although the great majority of workers in the financial district had taken advantage of the Saturday afternoon holiday, Mrs. Green was still busy, but as soon as she could straighten out everything she said she was ready to go with the minister. Colonel Green had his car in readiness and the trip across the river to Jersey City on their spiritual mission was made.

Several persons noticed Mrs. Green as she alighted from the car and entered the rectory, but nobody recognized her. Even the sexton of the church was kept in ignorance. The baptismal ceremony was conducted in the church. Owing to the advanced age of Mrs. Green sponsors were not required, according to the church laws, and Colonel Green merely acted as a witness. The Greens returned to New York after the ceremony.

Mrs. Green will now prepare herself for confirmation, a ceremony that will be conducted by Bishop Edwin S. Lines of the New York diocese.