

THE "PUNISHMENT" OF PEKING.

The following is taken from the Outlook and vividly portrays the work accomplished by the allied powers in the movement upon Peking:

"There is not only no business doing in Peking, but the very sources of commercial prosperity have been cut up by the roots. In the northern city were four allied banks, each with the character 'Heng,' denoting Perpetuity, and the syndicate (owned by a Eunuch of the palace) was supposed to be as safe as the Bank of England. In the third week in June the Chinese soldiers plundered each of the Perpetuities, which have ceased to exist—as have all other cash shops and banks. The streets are abundantly supplied with bank bills which blow hither and thither with the gusts of wind and the swirls of dust, and are impartially rooted in the gutters by the few surviving pigs.

"That the Boxer movement was essentially an Imperial one is now proved beyond doubt. Its yellow handbills are headed with the words 'Chin Ming,' denoting 'in accordance with Imperial Orders,' and its proclamations embody the same language. The Boxers even went to the length of issuing a new coin of enormous size and thickness, with the legend, 'T'ien Hsia T'ai P'ing'—'The Empire at Peace,' a prophecy remote from the facts as developed. The Manchu and Mongol palaces in which these schemes were devised and carried out are now abandoned. Prince Tuan is reported to have set fire to his palace before he left Peking. That of Prince Chuang is occupied as Japanese headquarters. The hated missionaries, and the remnant of the flock whom they have succeeded in saving, are now living in the handsome dwellings of some of those who lately tried to kill them, as the children of Israel occupied the fenced cities in the land of Canaan, cities which they neither built nor bought.

"The capital of a country is that country in small, and Peking is patrolled and governed by 'The Powers,' which issued proclamations in Chinese forbidding disorder, and directing those who may have complaints to whom to go. The city gates are the center of its life and the symbols of its power. The outer brick tower of the Ch'ien-Men caught fire from the great conflagration set fire by the Boxers, and made a magnificent spectacle while it was burning for a day and a night. The other tower was accidentally burned late in August. The Japanese blew up the outer tower of the Ch'i-Hua Gate and destroyed it, and fire was also set to the outer tower of the Ha-Ta Gate the day after the foreign troops arrived. It is now a wreck, having afforded a picturesque sight to those who witnessed the bombardment of the southern approaches to the palace August 15,

when the three outer gates were blown in by American guns. The Tung Plen and Sha-Kuo gates of the southern city were each broken in by shells the day before; and all the nine gates of the northern city, as well as the seven remaining ones of the southern city, are guarded by troops of the eight Powers coöperating in a military occupation. The stern portcullis of the outer tower of the Front Gate (never opened except when the Emperor passed through) is destroyed, and for the first time there is a straight road from the palace grounds to the southern city, not for the Emperor, but for every Chinese and every foreigner alike. It is a Great-Wall-of-China obliterated at a blow.

The Temples.

"The marble altar where the Emperor worships old legendary Shen Nung is a convenient place for the cavalry horses to be left in charge of the nearest coolie, and the choice spot of earth, which the Emperor is supposed to cultivate with his own hand every successive spring, as an example to the tillers of the soil all over the empire, is, amid the dense growth of omnipresent weeds, quite indistinguishable.

"Across the wide street opposite the Temple of Agriculture, with its Altar to Earth, is the vast area, at least a mile on each face, inclosing the Temple of Heaven. For many, many years it was absolutely inaccessible to foreigners, and even during the minority of the present Emperor it has always been difficult to set one's foot inside. Now there is not a single Chinese anywhere to be seen, the keepers having been all driven away by the British when they took possession immediately on reaching Peking. One can drive his cart quite up to the lofty terrace leading to the triple cerulean domes denoting the threefold heaven. Each gate is sentried by a swarthy Sikh soldier—the very personification of the domination of a greater empire than that of Rome in its best days—who merely glances at you as you pass, or asks unintelligible questions in Hindustani, and makes a respectful salaam when he is informed in several European languages as well as in Chinese that you are unable to catch the drift of his observations.

"The door to the great circular building devoted to the ancestral tablets of the Manchu dynasty stands wide open. It contains a huge tablet on the northern side to Imperial Heaven, and eight cases—four on a side—to the eight Emperors who have thus far reigned during the past two hundred and fifty-six years. Every one of the eight cases, with heavy carved doors, has been broken open, and every one of the eight tablets to the deified ancestors has been taken away by British officers for transmission to the British Museum—an act of more than justifiable reprisal for Chinese treatment of the foreign cemetery, and

also perhaps the most stunning blow which the system of ancestral worship ever received.

"The Emperor's Hall of Fasting is used as the headquarters of the British army in this part of the city, and every day it is partly filled with many carloads of loot—silks, furs, silver and jade ornaments, embroidered clothing and the like—which is daily forwarded to the British Legation, where it is sold at auction for the benefit of the army, and is soon replaced by as much more. The personal apartments of the Emperor in the rear serve as the bed-rooms of the officers, who look mildly surprised when the circumstance is communicated to them at their dinner, and merely give an inquiring glance, as much as to say, 'Well, what of it, don't you know?'

Looting the "Six Boards."

"The Government of China has always been conducted through the agency of the six Boards of War, Rites, Works, Revenue, Civil Office and Punishments, mostly situated on a street named after one of the most important ones—the Board of War. At the wide doors concealing the arcana of this Chinese official life, foreigners have for the most part hitherto gazed from afar. At present the doors of all stand wide open, and any who list can wander through the courts at will. The Board of War is the headquarters of an Indian regiment, the tall and dusky warriors of the hill tribes of the Indian frontier making themselves at home in the ample apartments at their disposal. The thrifty Japanese contrived to get the west side of this same street redistributed so as to come within their lines, and then set a caravan of mules working day and night for a long period, and then carried off from the Board of Revenue treasury a sum reported to be at least three million taels of silver ingots. This same Oriental race, who appeared to know much more about Peking than the Pekinese themselves, promptly fastened their talons on all the principal Imperial granaries, and are said to have in their possession rice to the value of 7,500,000 gold dollars—their indemnity being thus automatically paid with no diplomatic pressure whatever, or any consent asked of any 'Power.'

"Immediately to the south of the Imperial city, and adjacent to the British Legation on the northwestern side, lies a large tract inclosed by a lofty wall, which is generally known as The Carriage Park. There are several spacious halls, one of them among the very largest to be found anywhere in China, and these are designed for the storage of the various sedan chairs, chariots and vehicles of strange and hitherto undescribed varieties built or presented for Imperial use. This Carriage Park, it should be noted, was a grievous thorn in the side of the besieged occupants of the Legation throughout