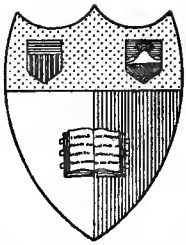
The Second Revolution in China. My Adventures in and around Shanghai during the fighting.

By St. Piero Rudinger.
格定德



THE SECOND REVOLUTION IN CHINA, 1913.

MY ADVENTURES OF THE FIGHTING AROUND SHANGHAI, THE ARSENAL, WOOSUNG FORTS.

Chas. W. Mason
12/19/17

Photo. Burr Co.

St. Piero Rudinger.

THE SECOND REVOLUTION IN CHINA, 1913.

MY ADVENTURES

OF THE

FIGHTING AROUND SHANGHAI, THE ARSENAL, WOOSUNG FORTS,

BY

ST. PIERO RUDINGER

The only Foreign War Reporter during the Chinese Civil War 1913.

H. E. Admiral Tseng Yu-cheng.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

H. E. ADMIRAL TSENG YU-CHENG,

The gallant defender of the Arsenal of Kiangnan,
in remembrance of days passed together
during the fighting.

ST. PIERO RUDINGER.

working as the war reporter of "The Ostasiatische Lloyd" during the revolution of 1913.

My descriptions may perhaps contain facts which will not probably appeal to all of my readers who may not have been soldiers, as being connected with the work of a newspaper man, but when one has worn the coat of H. M. the Emperor Francis Joseph I. of Austria's army as I have, it will be easily understood I took no account of the risks, and went as far as I could when collecting the news during the fighting.

Desiring to serve the public with as authentic and as real a report about the last episode in China's history, I have tried my best to fulfil my duty as a newspaper man, and now submit my labours to an indulgent public.

THE AUTHOR.

Shanghai, October 1913.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ERRATA AND ADDENDA

Page 7, line 7 *should read*...overstrong discipline

Page 23, ,, 16 ,, ...passport

Page 40, ,, 26 ,, ...U.S.A. *instead of* U.S.N.

Page 76, ,, 27 and 28. I noticed on several occasions that many of the shells were apparently fitted with some material, which, on account of the friction with the air, became red-hot and made the shell visible when flying across the night-dark sky. Flying shells, especially at night, are generally not visible to the untrained eye. Expert artillerymen however, may have occasion to watch the way of the shell fired by their gun, and which marks itself from the sky like a flying black spot, especially so when the shell is already in the descendant. Ordinary shells never cause comete-like stripes on the night-dark sky, but quite a number of civilians insisted upon having seen the way of shells marked by a fiery stripe, which naturally can only be an optical illusion.

Page 84, line 5 *should read* "than" *instead of* "that"

former chief of the Government army. The spirit

CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE FIGHTING AROUND SHANGHAI.

At the present moment, when the fighting which took place around Shanghai during July 1913, belongs already to the past, it will be perhaps of interest to the reader, to gain a view from the military standpoint about the material of the soldiers on both sides.

As the reader will find pointed out more particularly on the succeeding pages, the fighting began, as will be remembered, on the night of the 23rd/24th of July 1913, when the Insurgents tried to surprise the Arsenal of Kiangnan, which they attacked at the same time from all three sides on shore, the fourth one being by nature protected by the Whangpoo River and also by the fleet. When the rebels, who outnumbered the garrison of the Arsenal in the proportion of nearly 8.1, did not succeed in storming the Arsenal, the cause of it can only be found in the absolute inability of the rebel leaders and not of their men, of whom not even one had a previous military training of any value with the exception of General Niu-Lung-Chi, a former officer of the Government army. The same

can be said of the fighting about the Forts of Woo-sung and the villages of Kiangwan and Kiating, only with this difference, that at these places the rebels were the defenders and not the attacking party.

The fighting was of great interest from a military standpoint especially from the fact, that armies, equipped with all the auxiliaries of modern warfare, adopted tactics very much on the lines of the "good old days." As instances in support of my contention, the hostile outposts, who were facing one another, were even on the night before the fighting began fraternising together until, at a given signal they changed themselves into rabid enemies who slayed each other with terrible hate and enmity. But the Government troops, who were under the command of Admiral Tseng Yu Cheng, were fighting according to the rules of modern tactics. Field telephone and wireless telegraphy, modern entrenchments, wire entanglements and various other tactical auxiliaries were used by them in a way, which shows that the lessons of European warfare had not been altogether ignored, and that these lessons will be taken to heart in the near future. But it must be remembered that reformations go slow in details. The rebels had good subaltern officers but absolutely useless leaders. Notwithstanding the most modern equipment in the matter of guns, etc., they lacked leaders with the necessary knowledge to use them successfully. Their intelligence service was of no use to them, as it was most badly organized, while that of Admiral Tseng Yu Cheng worked excellently and effectively against the rebels. Tactics were

conspicuous by their absence on the rebel side and even the smallest unit worked for itself, without any formed plan. That under the circumstances a success for the rebels was impossible, could have been foreseen on the very first day of the fighting and I did not hide my opinion, when I had occasion to meet one of the rebel leaders shortly before the hostilities began.

When speaking of military details, I pointed out that the rebels had very good material at their command considering the fact that their soldiers mostly had only a very scanty military training, mostly of only two or three days. Therefore the work they did, remains admirable to a certain extent. The rebel soldiers, partly consisting of runaway coolies, boys, jailbirds, etc., showed after they had conquered the fear when in the outer zone of the fire, a great calmness during the fight, which did not leave them when under heavy artillery and infantry fire. The men were very willing and did excellent work even under very bad conditions, viz., bad food and great heat, while the Northern officers sometimes had trouble with their men, who sometimes declined to do sappers' and miners' work, especially when it happened that the commissariat did not work satisfactorily and the food was bad, even sometimes declining to fight. The Artillery of the Government troops was excellently trained and shot according to the rules of modern artillery, while I often had occasion to note, that the rebel artillerymen approached their guns with a certain mistrust and, when firing, were only ambitious that they "went off." Indirect

shooting was mostly unknown to them. The equipment was about the same on both sides, mostly Mauser rifles or rifles of about the same pattern but Chinese and Japanese make. When mentioning the Artillery used on shore, there were only two models used, viz., the 7.5 cm. bore Hotchkiss field gun with modern pneumatic self-drawback lafette and a mountain gun of the same bore but with the old lafette.

In any case it would have been impossible to bring forward heavy guns, as the country is crossed by innumerable creeks, whose banks are sometimes very steep and make horse or pony teams useless. Besides the already mentioned rifle models the rebels used old Russian repeating rifles Model 1888 and very often Japanese Murata rifles. Maxims were on both sides generally of German make, but I noticed on several occasions some of Danish make (Kopenhagen manufactory of arms) and several Gingals. The infantry ammunition used by the Northerners was modern, mostly smokeless powder, with "S" bullet, by the rebels the old Mauser cartridge with the old-fashioned nickle-mantle projectile, smokeless but often even old black powder of indifferent quality. The various branches of the armies, viz: commissariat, sanitary and ammunition supply were generally in a very bad plight. It very often happened, that during the fights in the open country even small units suffered from hunger for several days, whereas the commissariat could have been arranged very easily, as the hinterland was generally cleaned of any enemies. It was only the fault of the casual leaders who had forgotten to secure a sufficient number of coolies to establish a relay

Photo. Burr Co.

Field-Marshal Hwang-Shing, rebel leader.
One of the heads of the insurgents.

service. The same thing is to be said of the supports of ammunition. The sanitary service, as far as the military branch goes, was in a very bad and sad condition. The Chinese Army doctors, who were only in a few cases trained after European fashion, were sometimes unable even to dress a slight shot, not to speak of serious cases. Dressing material was lacking generally and all the accessories of the modern war-surgery were not to hand. The army doctors had sometimes modern bags with instruments but the latter were rusty and partly of no use. And even if they had been in a good condition, there were not the men to use them.

In returning again to the comparison between the Government troops and the insurgents, I cannot refrain from saying, that the latter deserve full acknowledgment for their discipline. The men were willing, very frugal and gallant, and observed strict discipline, notwithstanding their military training being very slight. The same can be said of the Governments troops, but it must be noted, that their discipline slackened from the moment they got the upper hand of the rebels. They knew very well that, so long as they were besieged, their only safety lay in keeping the strictest discipline amongst themselves, but when they changed into attackers, discipline was forgotten and too often became a lazy gang which did not recognise the commands of the officers and often bullied the civilians, plundering their houses, and maltreating their prisoners. But, all in all, their behaviour was much better than that of the "Christian fighters" during the last Balkan wars.

The nucleus of the Chinese army is a very good one. The raw material is very capable and the Chinese army has certainly a great future, which only needs a corps of officers acquainted with the science of modern warfare and all that which is connected with it. The number of the European trained officers is much too small to work efficiently and the number of foreign military instructors must be increased very largely. The Chinese government has learned already that the European trained officer, when put on duty in an office of the Ministry of War or appointed Adjutant to any general is deficient in calibre and he seldom gets in touch with the soldiers. It would be a very necessary thing to bring these officers in close touch with the men. It would be highly advisable to appoint a greater number of Europeans as officers in the Chinese army in a rank not higher than that of a captain, and these officers, doing duty in the front, living in the barracks and being in an incessant touch with the soldiers, would do much good. Not only European drilled staff officers, but European drilled company officers, who influence the soldiers, that is what the Chinese army wants. And in the same moment, where the soldiers learn to consider their profession a respectable one then will "esprit de corps" appear just as well as in another army and seditions and mutinies will be conspicuous by their absence. But certainly the German system of training soldiers is not adaptable to the Chinese of the South, but I think that the way soldiers are drilled in the Austrian and Italian armies should be very

successful. There are good results amongst the Northern Chinese, who were drilled after the German system, but the Southerner, and especially the Kiangsu man, wants quite another military education. The Southerner, being more intelligent and quickwitted than the Northerner, will very seldom recognise the necessity of a strong discipline. He will easily pick up and keep in memory the field duties but he will object to being taught to obey without thinking. He therefore cannot be effectively and successfully drilled by any instructor, but he wants men who have a certain knowledge and an understanding of the Southern character, and for such a man it will be very easy to make just as good soldiers of the Southerners as the Northerners are at present.

Besides which, there is to be hoped, that the improvement of the finances of the Republic will do its share to keep the peace in the country. It has been proved that most of the rebel leaders and demagogues easily found their victims amongst the soldiers, whom the Government left too long unpaid, which fact added to their dissatisfaction.

CHAPTER II.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF CHINA'S WORK DURING THE FIGHTING AROUND SHANGHAI.

Before proceeding to describe the fighting around Shanghai a retrospect of the work of the Red Cross Society of China, which rendered invaluable services to both belligerents is deserving of attention. The society's work has to be appreciated the more, owing to the conditions and circumstances under which the work was done —the worst possible. Besides the great distances between Shanghai and the Arsenal of Kiangnan and the forts of Woosung, the summer with its terrible heat, and humid atmophere told heavily on the physique of the Red Cross workers. Temperatures registering more than 100 degrees Fahrenheit—yet these good Samaritans had to work in a terrain, mostly denuded of trees, and in the blazing sun. Owing to various difficulties, the Red Cross men had no opportunity of carrying provisions with them, and they therefore had very often to work for hours and hours without food and water. This concerned especially those small parties, which, detaching themselves from the offices of the Central Committee, went out in

H. E. Shen Tun-ho,
Vice-President of the Red Cross Society of China.

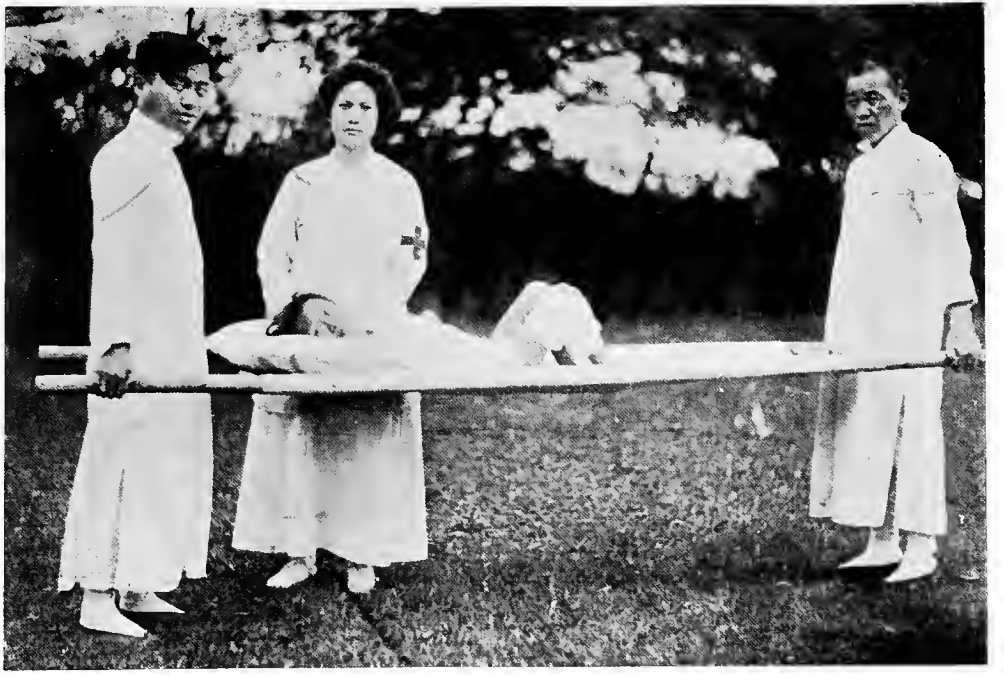
search of wounded and dead in the bushes and in the rice-fields. A circumstance, which made the Red Cross work in this campaign still more dangerous than that done during regular wars, was, that the fights, especially those around the Arsenal, took place in the night, the great heat during daytime making it often impossible to fight, even for the more hardy Northern soldiers who formed the garrison of the Arsenal. Everybody remembers, the special feature of those fights was the exceedingly heavy and strong fire, which, lasting for many hours without interruption, and mostly unaimed, often did more harm to the population of the country than to the combatants, and brought great danger to the fearless Red Cross workers who carried out their work in spite of the shelling and firing.

But it must be acknowledged that the work rendered by the Society was nearly as good and successful as that done by the European Societies during the last wars, considering that the Society's appliances and arrangements are in an elementary stage. With regard to locomotion provision must be made for a sufficient number of motor cars, whose proprietors should be obliged to render regular transporting work during time of trouble.

The Society's organization was a splendid one, owing to the capable hands of the well-known Vice-President of the Society, H. E. Shen Tun-ho (沈敦和). This gentleman, assisted by the society's Director, Mr. Kiang Chu-tan (江 趨 丹) Mr. Wu Ching-chung (吳 敬 仲) Secretary and the very popular Dr. B. Y. Wong, (王培元) a very skilled

doctor, who had finished his studies in America, had wisely made his preparations when rumours of fighting around Shanghai started, and it is to the foresight of these gentlemen that the Society's corps were able to start their work without any delay when the first shot fell on the night of the 22nd of July, 1913.

Already, on the 12th of July, rumours were abroad of an imminent attack on the Arsenal of Kiangnan by the troops of the rebel General Chen-chi-mei. H. E. Shen Tun-ho gathered his staff and preparations were made to meet all eventualities. Dr. B. Y. Wong was appointed officer in charge of the field corps of the Society. According to the scheme, following the practise of medical institutions all over the world, dressing stations and field hospitals were established, the dressing stations having to render first aid to the wounded, who were collected by the field corps, and who after being attended to were forwarded to the field hospitals where they were taken for final treatment, and where the operations were performed. Dressing stations were established in the Police station near Pont St. Catherine, another one close to the Western Gate of the City, a third one near Margaret Williamson hospital. The base hospitals were established at the Red Cross hospital at Siccawei Road under the administration of the Harvard Medical School of China, at the Tientsin Road Hospital under supervision of Drs. K. C. Wong (王吉民) Dzen (陳家恩) Li (李達夫) assisted by the Sanitary Inspector P. Veit, an Austrian in the Sanitary Service of the Shanghai Municipal



Miss Tang, Chinese nurse, accompanying a boy who was wounded by stray bullets to the ward of the Red Cross Society's General Hospital on Siccawei Road.

Council, and a number of European and American Volunteers. A third field hospital was in Nantao under the Drs. Tsang (章文美) and Chan (陳傑初) When fighting around Woosung started, hospitals were established at Chang Hoa Pang in the Naval Hospital under Dr. J. F. Molyneux and at Woosung close to the station under Dr. C. Bennett. The Red Cross train, supplied by the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, with Dr. B. Y. Wong on board, was improvised as a dressing station.

The Society sent three corps out in the field, each consisting of twelve men, partly qualified doctors, four orderlies, mostly boy scouts, and having at its disposal four stretchers and two ambulance carts. To each corps a number of coolies was attached, their number varying from ten to thirty, these being employed in collecting the wounded, placing them on the handcarts, which later on, owing to the increase in the number of wounded, were substituted by motor cars as much as possible. The three corps were under command of the Drs. B. Y. Wong, L. Z. Su and D. F. Lea. According to the points where the military operations took place, the parties marched in different routes. Dr. Wong's corps proceeded along the Lunghua Road, starting from the French Concession via Pont St. Catherine. The City branch of the Red Cross Society, headed by Drs. Sha Ying-tang and Ying Su-tien, chose the way towards the Hangchou Railway Terminus.

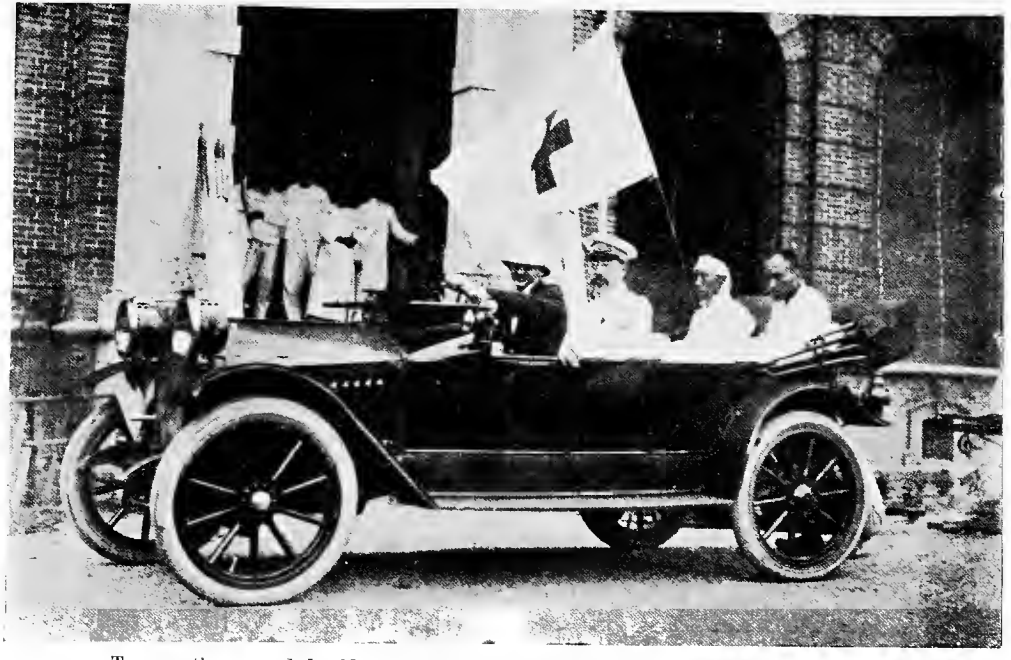
Besides the land corps above mentioned the Society also organised a River Expedition under the charge of the well known Dr. Stafford M. Cox,

who, with the assistance of Mr. C. M. Manners and though his communication with Central Committee often interrupted, yet made a fair success in rescuing wounded from Woosung Forts and the River side of Kiangnan Arsenal with three Ambulance launches.

The outfit of the Red Cross men consisted of a white, half military uniform and cap, wearing the Red Cross conspicuously displayed. They carried a dressing bag, containing tincture iodine, tincture opium, brandy, iodoform, tincture benzoicol, sterilized gauze and cotton wool, bandages, scissors, one pair of dressing forceps and two pairs of artery forceps and tourniquets. Besides that each party had one or more Red Cross flags of sufficient size. The coolies had a Great Red Cross painted both on the front and back of their coats.

The field corps had hard work to do, the number of the wounded being great and often consisting of serious cases. Cool heads and a good deal of personal virtue were necessary to stand the heavy firing on a dark night.

A very disagreeable and very dangerous duty had the burial parties of the Society. Owing to the extremely heavy and dense hail of bullets the Red Cross men often could not reach the different positions where the fights had taken place and collect the wounded, and many of these perished through loss of blood or succumbing to their wounds through mortification. These and the many killed,—there were counted many a hundred —filled the air with pestilential odours, so that Admiral Tseng Yu-cheng, the brave defender of the



Transporting wounded soldiers in Mr. E. J. Muller's motor car. H. E. Shen Tun-ho next to the wounded man.

Arsenal, felt himself obliged to write a letter to H. E. Shen Tun-ho, the Vice-President of the Society, offering protection of guards to the burial parties, to collect and bury the dead, as his soldiers in the entrenchments could not stand any more the terrible smell, which poisoned the air and filled it with dangerous miasms.

The burial parties, under command of Dr. B. Y. Wong, Mr. Wong Tsz-shang and Mr. Li Tsz-shang had a very hard task to carry out. The method adopted by the burial parties when burying the killed, was to at first sprinkle the body with Jeyes' fluid, then remove it in a coffin in which a thick layer of lime was strewn. The place where the body was discovered was equally sprinkled with a disinfectant.

It is nearly impossible to compute the exact number of the losses, as many of the bodies were partly devoured by stray, starving dogs which swarmed the battlefields. The burial parties found innumerable loose bones, jaws, skulls, ribs and hipbones, torn away from the bodies by the hungry beasts, giving a terrible feature to the fights. There have been cases proved, where wounded were attacked by hungry dogs, and partly devoured whilst still alive.

To collect the bones, the coolies used special constructed hooks, observing the same precautions as when finding a corpse, and having collected a sufficient number of corpses, they placed them in coffins, piled them up and covered them by a mound of mud.

And all this hard work was done under the blazing sun, in a hot temperature which accelerated the decomposition of the corpses which were unrecognizable even after a few hours, innumerable flies buzzing around them, the air filled with pestilential odours, it must be considered a miracle that none of the brave men succumbed through infection.

Just as well as the field parties of the Red Cross, the burial parties were strongly supported by the Chinese boy scouts, who had turned out in a strong number under the command of Mr. A. J. Stewart of the Public School. The work these smart boys did deserves full appreciation and opens bright prospects for the future generation of China. The scouts did partly scouting work for the field corps and scanned the country before the parties moved on. They also rendered valuable service as orderlies, many of them using bicycles and finally they helped the burial parties and those detachments which distributed food to the many refugees inside the City and the Settlements.

Many foreigners had voluntarily offered their services to the company. Of the many names which ought to be mentioned that of Mr. Muller, a Norwegian, did good work to the Society, by means of his motor car driven by himself, also Mr. Cole and Dr. Ricou, who placed themselves at the disposal of the Society's Central Committee. Besides actual services, large contributions were subscribed thus enabling the Society to enlarge their services to the wounded and the poor refugees. H. E. Yuan Shi-kai, the President of the

Wounded men being treated at the Tientsin Road Hospital.
Mr. Shen Tun-ho, Vice-President of the Society standing on the hall platform.

Republic, opened the list of donations with the sum of twenty thousand Dollars and was soon followed by General Li Yuan-Hung Vice-President of the Republic and Admirals Tseng Yu-cheng, and Li Ting Hsin, the defenders of the Arsenal, the former handed the Society four thousand and the latter one thousand dollars Every guild did their best. It is also interesting to know, that Chen-chi-mei, the leader and Generalissimo of the rebels, handed the Red Cross Society an amount of two thousand Dollars for their work.

Regarding the fact that the Red Cross Society of China is a comparatively young institution, it can be stated that as mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, her works were very gratifying and successful and opens the brightest aspect for the near future. It must be remembered also that the whole organization was in the hands of Chinese gentlemen and that it was to their merit that everything worked as smoothly as they did.

CHAPTER III.

THE SITUATION IN SHANGHAI BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF THE ASSAULT ON THE KIANGNAN ARSENAL.

For some time prior to July, reports were deseminated throughout Shanghai of an imminent outbreak of a second Revolution, yet the situation in town was an unperturbed one, and uninformed people would never have guessed that Shanghai itself was already selected to be one of the centres of the revolution and was to be the place where fighting would soon take place, probably in some aspects, still more severe than that which took place around Nanking, considering the number of the combatants engaged reached not a tenth of the forces which were gathered around the old capital of China.

The population in Shanghai, both Chinese and Foreigners, learned in the course of time that several leaders of the Rebels were preparing an attack on the Arsenal of Kiangnan, which important place, located at a distance of about 6 miles off the International Settlement and French Concession, had played already a certain role during the first revolution in the year 1911, when Chen-chi-mei, at that time an almost unknown man, had

gathered a handful of desperadoes, who, armed with handgranades, rushed the Arsenal and easily overcame the then weak garrison, who were absolutely unprepared for an attack. It was a play of fate, when the same Chen-chi-mei, who in the meantime had gained and lost again the prominent post of a Tutuh of Kiangsu, was destined to lead once again the attack on the Arsenal, but this time without success.

Already at the end of June 1913 the population was absolutely sure that fighting around Shanghai would be inevitable. There were unmistakable signs of the secret work of the Rebel Leaders, Chen-chi-mei, Hwang-Shing and many others, who gathered troops in Shanghai, under the eyes of the Foreign Authorities in the Settlement. There were many meetings between the leaders, who, joined by Sun-Yat-Sen and other idealistic dreamers, succeeded in harrassing a certain class of people, who, being mostly deperadoes and bandits, were only too glad to join the forces of the "punitive expedition against Yuan Shi-kai," where they expected to find occasion to make rich booty and earn military honours and the thanks of the population, for such was the bait held out by the many rebel recruiting officers.

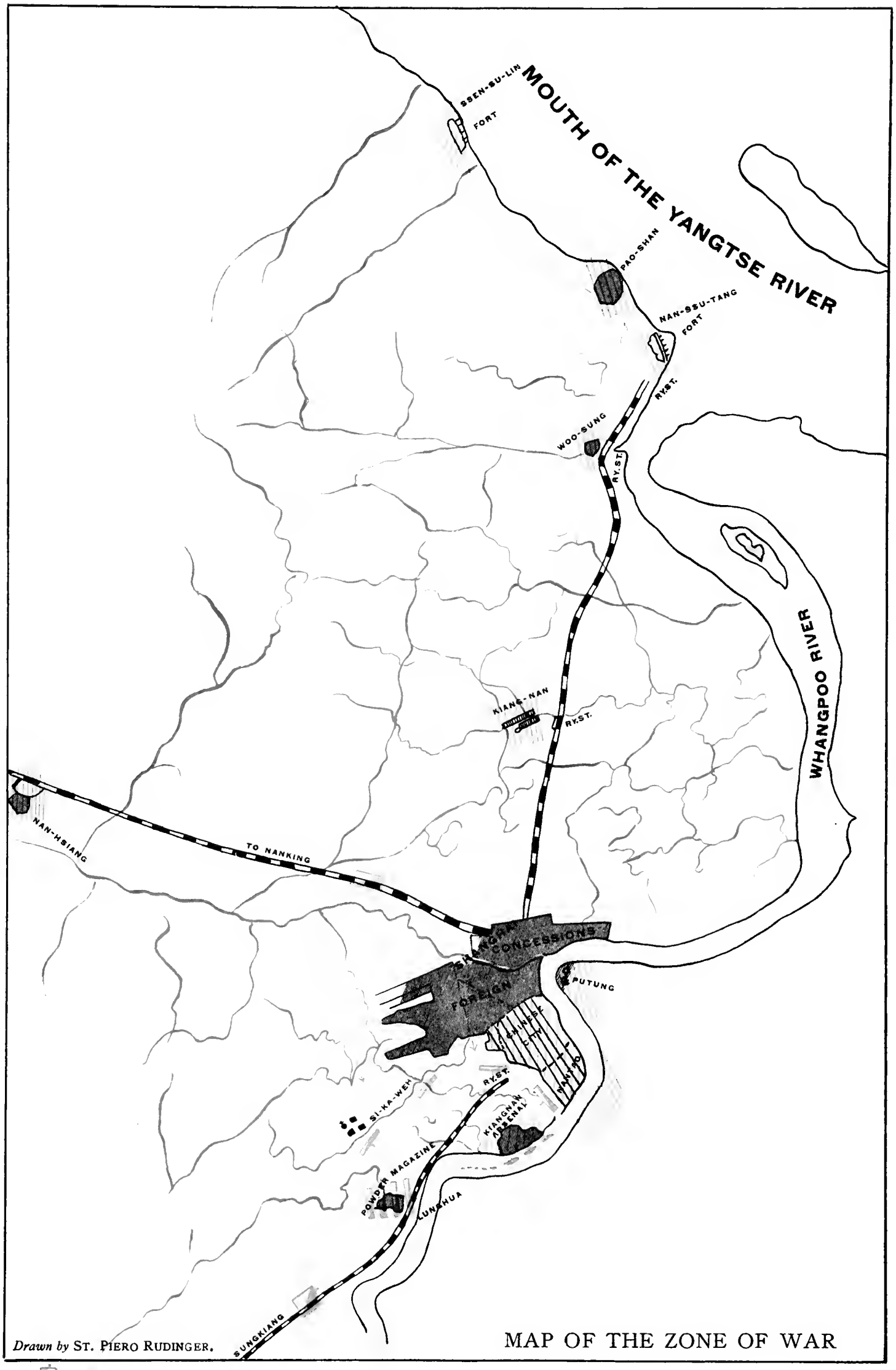
In the beginning of July the situation in Shanghai, whilst not critical, yet was full of rumours and mysterious forebodings, the result of which may easily be guessed. The news of victories of the rebels, mostly exaggerated by the revolutionary papers, caused exitement amongst certain classes of people, whilst other remained

wholly indifferent. Amongst the merchants great excitement was engendered and the Chinese Chamber of Commerce was much alarmed. Letters were written to the military authorities asking them to do their best to preserve good peace and order. On the 18th of July, in the late afternoon, a meeting was held at the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and a resolution was passed to maintain neutrality. The police authorities were instructed not to interfere with any conflict between the Government troops and the slowly massing rebels, the only duty of the police being to maintain public order.

The situation around the Arsenal was still quiet. From a military point of view it was very interesting to see how the outposts of the Government troops and the rebels behaved themselves. Sometimes laying quite close together, they were apparently on the best of terms and seemed to render general protection. In the Chinese city and in Nantao the volunteers and police were keeping order.

Persistent rumours were spread about the fate of the Arsenal. There were reports of negotiations between the garrison of the Arsenal and the rebels to pay off and disband the Government troops.

I, as a journalist, was, as may easily be understood, highly interested in the situation, and spent many a night in the Chinese City, in French town and in Foochow Road, where most of the young Chinese politicians and agitators were to be found in the various restaurants and tea-houses. Whilst not yet well acquainted with and not having



Drawn by ST. PIERO RUDINGER.

MAP OF THE ZONE OF WAR

Rebel units.

Country parts occupied by Rebels.

" " " " " *Government troops.*

Government's men of war.

Creeks

Railway.

many friends amongst the Chinese, I succeeded so far as to make the acquaintance of several Chinese newspapermen and politicians, who gave me enough hints to draw my own conclusions. I furthermore had many rides to the Arsenal and its surroundings, distributing my Chinese written visiting cards and cigarettes amongst the officers and soldiers on both sides, the Government troops and the rebels, informing them of the purpose of my frequent visits, thus avoiding suspicion. It often happened that the soldiers made eyes when I inspected their guns and rifles and so on, but the assurance, that I was a former "wu-kuan" who naturally was very interested in military matters, was sufficient to explain my curiosity. Through these frequent visits, which I generally made on horseback, clad in a somewhat remarkable costume, Khakee and a white sporting shirt, the soldiers became acquainted with my appearance and recognized me already from a distance. I can say, that this costume saved my life on many occasions, when soldiers excited through the events, made an exception with me, though they often shot at everybody who approached their positions. Being always polite with the officers and the soldiers, and treating them as men I soon became on very good terms with them and they treated me with the greatest politeness and hospitality, granting me nearly everything I asked for. After they had the assurance, that I was a neutral man, working only for the Press, they treated me as a good friend and I can say that I had often a good time, when staying in the field.

The behaviour of the officers and men on both sides, the Government troops and the rebels, towards me deserves full praise. When any foreigner came into trouble with soldiers, it was generally his own fault, resulting mostly in lack of politeness on his side.

As an instance I would relate the following incident.

Being in a camp of the Government troops, their leader, a very fine soldiery looking elderly gentleman of a profound Chinese education, had invited me to have a short rest in his room, which I accepted with great pleasure, having had no sleep for more than 140 hours. Awaking, I looked down, and saw that a young foreign chap was approaching the old officer, who, sitting on an ammunition box, was reading a letter or document, in front of him an orderly. The young foreigner, accompained by a soldier, stepped nearer and addressed the officer in English as follows: "Say, old fellow, have ye any wounded, any news?" The old officer who, by the way, understood the English language quite well, gave no reply. The foreigner repeated his question in broken Chinese, with the result that the officer ordered several soldiers to show the man out of the camp, naturally without giving him any reply at all.

When I came down, the old officer spoke to me: "Did you see, Loo-lao-je, that young man? Did you hear how impolite he was to me, being myself an old man and an officer. Do you think he would dare to speak to one of his own country's officers in the way he did to me? He did not even

introduce himself to me. You will certainly understand that I won't have anything to do with such a class of men."

My many visiting cards helped me very much, as nearly in every unit were men who, should they not happen to know me, had already heard of me and explained my presence to their comrades, which often caused the soldiers, who had escorted me to their camp with the finger on the trigger, to change into good-humoured fellows pressing upon me tea and cigarettes, and asking me to share their chow.

By calling upon the leaders of both parties and introducing myself to them, and exchanging cards, some of which I kept, and as occasion arose showing them to the soldiers, I did not need to trouble the various officers for passports and so on, and fared excellently during the whole revolution.

The rumours grew more and more intense until the 20th of July. My Chinese scouts I had posted in Frenchtown and in the Chinese city gave me many reports of the situation and their information was sufficient to convince me that fighting would not start earlier than on the 22nd. I therefore had one spare day in which to finish my regular work and to make preparations for future communication from the zone of war to the editors of my paper.

On the 19th of July, a Saturday, I used the afternoon in making an observation trip to the Arsenal, riding in a ricksha, as I did not think it advisable, to ride on horseback, as I generally did. When taking my way over Nanking road I came across many refugees who, having packed their belongings

on any improvised kind of vehicle, were seeking shelter in the foreign settlement. Riding over the Bund I saw, when coming to Frenchtown, that the authorities of the settlement had already made preparations for an eventual defence. Material to build barricades was heaped in places where trouble was expected. The bridges crossing the Yangkingpang were watched by a stronger force of police than usual, who had great trouble with the many refugees, who came from Chinatown via the French Concession. As I learned, the boundary of the settlement up to Zikawei was guarded by the different naval detachments from the men of war in port. The same precautions were made in Frenchtown only with the difference that several pickets of French sailors were on guard in various places, they being supported by Maxims and light field pieces. There, where the French police station is, quite close at the entrance to Chinatown, a strong barricade, made from plasterstones, bricks and wood, had been erected, strongly guarded by French sailors and Anamite policemen, who were armed with the old French Lebel carbine. Nobody hindered me when passing the barricade and I entered Chinese territory. The Nantao Bund showed its regular appearance and beyond the fact that more Chinese policemen were about there seemed nothing unusual. The population showed no significant signs of unrest, although there was certainly a feeling that "something was in the air." This uneasiness which hovered over the town, is impossible to describe, or to give an exact description, but everybody living in the Orient will understand

that mysterious foreboding which precedes trouble in the East.

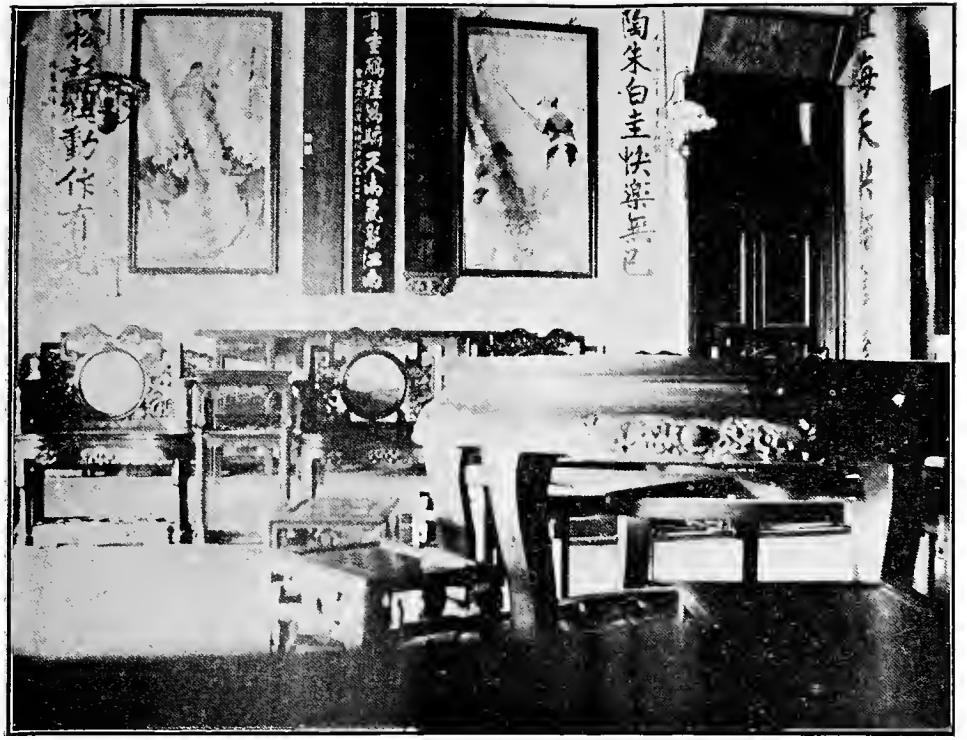
There were no signs yet of rebel soldiers. Later on my way over the Chinese Bund, I saw at first single sentries of the rebels in regular khaki uniforms armed with rifles and bayonets, carrying numerous rounds of ammunition across their shoulders. On their left breast they had pinned a piece of white linen with Chinese characters on it, indicating they were rebel soldiers. I found out, the Chinese characters indicated the unit the soldier belonged to and the others meant "punitive expedition against Yuan-shi-kai" (see photo.) Besides serving the purpose of distinguishing the rebel soldier from those belonging to the government, it was a kind of password for the soldier when getting his pay and was furthermore considered as a talisman which should make its bearer bulletproof.

The sentries became more numerous, as I approached the headquarters of the rebel leader, Chen-chi-mei, who had his offices in a building on the Nantao Bund, in that of The Republican Bank of China not far off the Nantao Municipality building. Chen-chi-mei's headquarters, an insignificant, two storied building, was strongly guarded by rebel soldiers, who let me pass and enter the building without question. Entering the building I noticed in the great courtyard a group of recruiting officers, sitting behind tables and enlisting soldiers. There were many Chinamen, naturally not the best of their sort, who followed the drum of Chen-chi-mei, who in proclamations and manifestos had promised his

followers military honours, plenty of money, rich booty and the thanks of the population, who "suffered under the tyrany of Yuan-shi-kai"; run-a-way boys, ricksha-coolies, followed gladly the calling and crowded before the tables, ready to answer the officers' questions as to their names and places of birth and to accept the little sum they were given as an advance on their pay, after having enlisted as soldiers. Numerous individuals, easily recognisable as jailbirds, were hanging about and many students, who had abandoned the school to become fighters for freedom and who saw themselves already as future viceroys, doing nothing and getting enormous salaries. In the many rooms surrounding the courts I saw large stocks of various stores, ammunition boxes, preserved fruit, weapons of every kind and Red Cross material.

A civilian, like everybody in the building, wearing the white rebel badge, approached me and politely greeting, asked me what I wanted. I handed him my card, asking him to deliver the same to General Chen-chi-mei, with whom I would like to have a talk. The man asked me to sit down and wait while he took my card upstairs to Chen-chi-mei. Whilst waiting for him, I saw the enlisted recruits being marched to a building close to that where I was, in which courtyard they were given uniforms and military outfit and taken to drill under the command of several officers and men who apparently were already regular deserted soldiers from the Government troops. It did not last very long and an intelligent looking man entered the room where I was sitting and introduced himself to

Photo. Lieut. N. Hey.



Room in Chen Chi-mei's headquarter on the Nantao-Bund.

me as Chen-chi-mei's secretary. Explaining to me that his "Excellency" was very busy at the present moment, he asked me the purpose of my visit, which I told him. Talking to him for a few minutes about political matters, I repeated that I should like to see Chen-chi-mei and after a little hesitation he took me upstairs to a room in which already several persons were seated, apparently waiting for Chen-chi-mei. Asking me to sit down he went into the adjoining room and returned after a few minutes, inviting me to enter Chen-chi-mei's private office. (See photo.) Chen-chi-mei, an intelligent-looking man of middle height, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and clad in civilian clothes, shook me politely by the hand and expressed his pleasure to see a foreign journalist. Asking me to sit down, he offered me tea and cigarettes and entered into conversation which me, a conversation which reminded me strongly of the leaders in the "China Republican." The way he clothed his opinions in phrases was simply admirable and was just a printing-ripe leader. He spoke in high terms of the mission of the Kuomingtangs to deliver the Chinese population from the juge Yuan-shi-kais, to introduce progress and modern education and to expel the tyrant in Peking, who had assumed wrongfully rights which are only invested with the throne. Asking him for his intentions, he denied that it was his plan to attack the Arsenal, he only wanted the Government troops to leave, and said that it would be highly deplorable for him to shed blood. I guessed the meaning of his words and their purpose in misleading me as to his

intentions and put a friendly face to the bad game. I had looked about his room as much as I could and had noticed several plans and maps on his table but these did not help me very much. So thanking him for the kind information and excusing myself for the trouble I had caused him by taking up his valuable time, I took my leave. Chen-chi-mei accompanied me to the staircase, where, after a few mutual bows, I left him, stating with a long face that I was just as much informed about his intentions as before my interview.

Using my ricksha again, I rode onwards and saw that many sentries were posted along the Nantao Bund, forming an uninterrupted line from Chen-chi-mei's headquarters to the first position of the rebels, in the old fort, near the Hangchow station. On my way there I noticed that the Chinese hospital on the Nantao Bund was already converted into a field hospital, a big Red Cross flag waving from its top.

Reaching Pont St. Cathérine, I noted a strongly fortified French barricade which was built up on a corner of Route de Zikawei and the road leading to the bridge. There was great traffic and numberless refugees coming across the bridge, fleeing towards the settlement. The Lung-hwa road leading to the Arsenal was in the hands of the rebels, who were in possession right up to where the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway crosses the road.

It was there I struck the first picket of the northern troops and I saw that entrenchments were dug. I spoke a few words to the soldiers, who,

By courtesy of "The China Press"

Chen Chi-mei
Generalissimo of the rebels, who directed the attack on the Arsenal of Kiangnan.

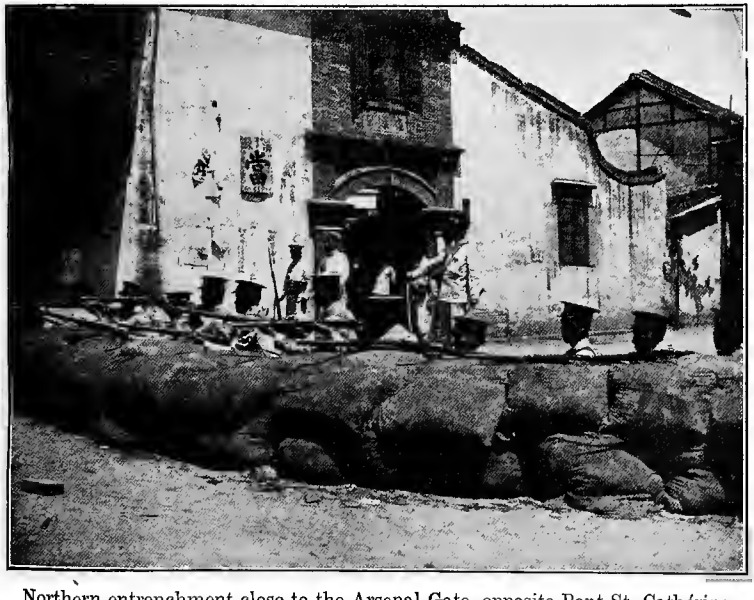
contrary to their previous behaviour were not talkative, which confirmed me in my opinion that operations were in contemplation. Following the Lungwha road I inspected the different positions of the Northerners and saw with great interest that the field fortifications and entrenchments were quite up to date. When I had passed the last position of the Northerners, and proceeded further, I noticed a number of outposts and sentries were scattered in the fields, hiding themselves and taking cover as best they could. A space of about one mile in the circle around the Arsenal was seemingly the so-called "dead space" being free of any forces.

It did not last very long and I noticed the first outposts of the rebels, which formed a connection, leading to the old Powder Magazine, where General Nyiu Yung-chee, one of the most able rebel leaders, had his headquarters, and then to the village of Lungwha, where General Chen-chi-mei had posted a strong force, consisting of approximately 1,200 men, who were quartered partly in the temple near the Pagoda, and partly in the village. Upon seeking information I could not get very much out of the soldiers, who were, as they told me, tired of the many foreigners, who asked them all possible and impossible questions, and mostly in a manner which did not please and I therefore gave up asking questions.

I returned to town, quite satisfied with the result of my trip. Although I had not gathered much information, I had seen sufficient for my purpose when inspecting the different positions.

A false alarm caused me to repeat the same trip on the following night, when I drove out to the Arsenal again. I noticed that the pickets of the rebels who occupied the road to the railway crossing, were doubled. My carriage was followed by a motorcar in which were several foreigners in evening dress. These fellows annoyed me with their constant shouts and laughter, and I noticed that the rebel soldiers we passed, were anything but friendly in their attitude towards them. When I reached the railway crossing, a sharp "Halt! Who goes there," brought my mafoo to a dead stop. Several Northern soldiers in full marching order and carrying electric torches, fingers on the trigger of their rifles, and held "at the ready" approached the carriage and my trembling mafoo. I left the carriage and asked them for permission to pass through their lines. Although they recognized me, they declined, informing me that they had strict orders not to let anybody pass. I asked them to call their officer in command, which they did. Several minutes later a young lieutenant of the infantry approached, who, after having been informed of my identity, allowed me to pass without any further trouble. In the meantime, the people in the car behind me amused themselves with all possible bad jokes and when the officer asked me, whether they belonged to my company, I was pleased to reply in the negative. My answer caused him to order the inmates of the car to return. They started a row but the fixed bayonets and scowling looks showed them they were badly mistaken, when they expected to have "jolly good fun" with the soldiers.

Northern entrenchment on Loonghua Road, near Pont St. Cathérine.



Northern entrenchment close to the Arsenal Gate, opposite Pont St. Cathérine.

Leaving my carriage in charge of the mafoo and several soldiers, the officer accompanied me politely towards the Arsenal. On my way there I noticed that the road just behind the railway crossing was barred by a barricade, erected of earthbags, which material forms the best protection against rifle-bullets. I also noticed that the Government soldiers seemed to be excellently drilled and they impressed me with their smart appearance and the cleanliness of their uniforms. The soldiers were armed with Mauser and partly Japanese rifles, and sometimes carried an enormous amount of ammunition with them. I saw a soldier, who had about 300 rounds in his bandoliers, which sounds incredible to the European soldier. The non-commissioned officers mostly carried, beside rifle and bayonet, a repeating pistol with them; the officers had swords and pistols. Nearly every man also had an electric torch.

The Northerners occupied a space, which, taken from the railway crossing near Pont St. Catherine up to their last position to the west of the Arsenal, had a length of about two to two and a half miles.

Not far from the last position of the Northerners, to the west of the Arsenal, the officer left me and ordered a soldier to bring me through the outposts, to save me trouble. Nearly every fifty yards we were shouted at, but my escort giving his comrades my name and the word, satisfied them. When arrived at the last post, the soldier took leave of me at the salute, clapping his heels together and taking his rifle "by foot."

I had now to cross the so-called dead space, which extended a length of about three miles

westwards. I marched on the road, undisturbed, until a noise in the bushes on the side of the road arrested my attention and in the next moment a rebel soldier, his rifle ready and finger on the trigger, suddenly sprung out of the dark, hailing me "Ssa-ma-sa?" Recognizing and saluting me he passed the word and on my way I saw that the road was strongly occupied by sentries, and smaller parties of soldiers which, either patrolling or sitting on the road, kept a very sharp watch. A field telephone, laid by engineers, provided communication between the stationed detachments. On the sides of the road were several ammunition carts under the guard of pickets.

After a walk of about three hours I reached the old powder magazine not far from the Lungwha Pagoda. The powder magazine, an insignificant-looking building, was strongly guarded by about a ying of Sungkiang men, and served as headquarters to the rebel General Nyu Yung-chi. Over the entrance to the building hung a republican flag, under it the white rebel flag, bearing the inscription "Punitive expedition against Yuan Shi-kai" and stuck on the wall was a big poster, calling upon the people to keep peace or to join the rebels, and so on. This poster was not signed, it only bore a signature: Command of the Chekiang field forces.

The soldiers, whom I asked to lead me before General Nyu were polite, but declined it with the excuse that General Nyu was asleep, but they permitted me to enter and have a look about.

As before stated the garrison of this place consisting of Sungkiang men, therefore natives of

Chekiang, who formed the greatest part of the soldiers, were occuping the road too. There were in the building mostly infantrymen, but I saw several artillerymen who informed me of and showed me a battery of six 7.5 cm Hotchkiss mountain guns and several maxims. I inspected the boxes in which the shells were packed and found that they were mostly grenades and only a few shrapnels. The soldiers showed me a building, in which, according to them, were several tons of infantry and artillery ammunition stored. I later on had occasion to confirm this. There was a lot of traffic in the complex. Every moment small detachments of soldiers came and went and I noticed that several of them still wore police uniforms, apparently policemen who had joined the rebel side.

After I had taken leave of the friendly soldiers I continued my march and shortly reached the village of Lungwha with its Temple and Pagoda. The temple there was also occupied by a strong force of Sungkiang men, who were under the command of General Chen-chi-mei. I introduced myself to an officer, a captain, who came along, and learned from him, that he, Captain Lin, was in temporary command of the men. "General Chen-chi-mei prefers to remain in Shanghai," he said, somewhat sarcastically, when showing me inside the temple, where he had established his quarters.

Following his invitation I sat down to a cup of tea and learned from him, that nothing was expected for that night. Sitting on a tornister at the feet of the gigantic buddha in the temple I started to write up my report.

After a short rest I thanked the officer for his hospitality and informed him of my intention to walk to the Railway Station of Lunghwa. This caused the officer to send with me a soldier, who accompanied me to the Lunghua Railway Station which is situated close to the banks of the Huangpoo river. The station itself was only weakly occupied by a squad of Sungkiang men, to the number of about twenty, who were sound asleep with the exception of two sentries, who, slowly walking up and down, had a look out at the river.

There was not very much to see and so I took my leave. I was warned by the soldier, not to return to Shanghai by following the railway track, as, so he said, many sentries and outposts were hidden in the bushes and in the grass beside the Railway track and I risked being shot at. In spite of it I proceeded along the railway line, trusting to the moonlight, which being very strong, would easily make me recognizable as a foreigner.

I had not proceeded far, when a muffled voice coming from a distance ordered me to stop or something like it. I did not understand, and the next moment a shot rang out and a bullet whizzed past my ears, which warning caused me to make "hands up" although I would have preferred to lay down, which I could not to do, to avoid the suspicion of being a spy. So I had to pass several uncomfortable minutes until several soldiers came running up but, recognizing me as a foreigner and having read my credentials as a newspaperman, they excused the mistake with the explanation, that there were so many spies, Chinese and especially Japanese, who

Photo. Burr Co.

Exodus of the population who left the Chinese city when the rumours of fighting started.

collected information on both sides, the Northerners as well as the Southerners, and sold them where they could.

After that incident I became more cautious and avoided detection, until I came close to the Arsenal. There I saw a not too high wall, over which I climbed. I had scarcely jumped down and reached ground on the other side, when a shout, accompanied by the sharp crack of rifle bolt brought me to a sudden stop. A Northern soldier, evidently a Shantung man to judge by the cut of his face, approached me, and in spite of my trying to give an explanation, led me, without a word, finger on the trigger, to a non-commissioned officer who gave me, in Pidgin, the following good advice: "You come again, I shoot you. You go out." And, as a loaded Mauser rifle with a trained man behind it, who knows how to handle it, and the bayonet which was fixed, makes an impression upon an unarmed man, I did not neglect the good advice but left the place, escorted by a soldier.

I later on visited the strong artillery position of the rebels opposite the Eastern Gate of the Arsenal but did not see anything interesting there. The artillerymen had a good sleep and others, evidently nightbirds, forming picturesque groups, had a good time, playing cards, and drinking Samshu, kindly inviting me to help them, which invitation I, having marched for all in all about seven hours, gladly accepted.

In the dawn, it was already about half-past three in the morning, I returned to Shanghai.

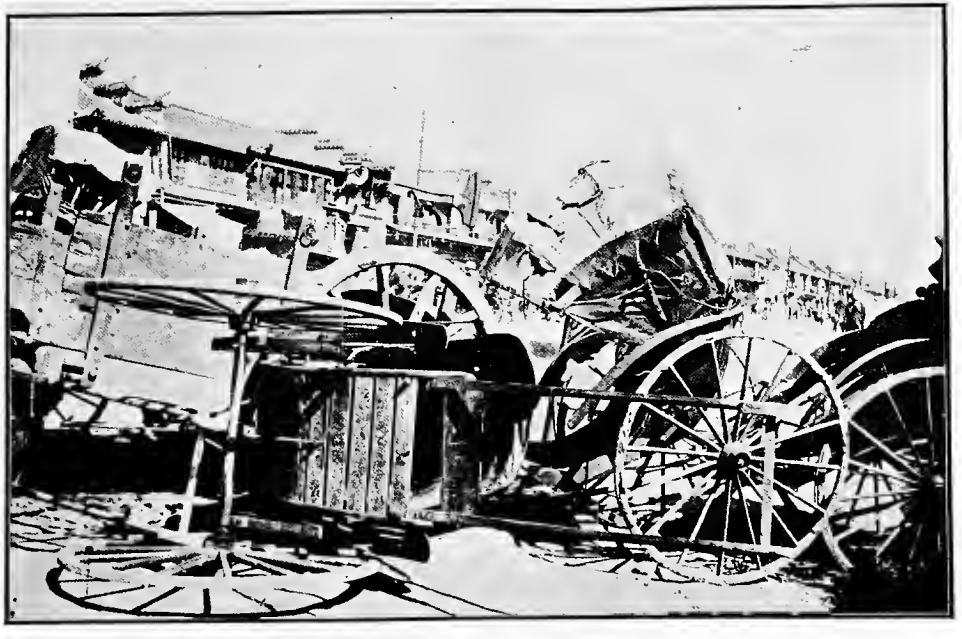
CHAPTER IV.

COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

Several days passed, not without manifold rumours which caused great excitement amongst the Chinese population and which kept me nearly every evening on the watch and caused me to hurry to Pont St. Cathérine, but without any result.

On the 22nd of July, a Tuesday, it looked as if a crisis had been reached. Already in the early hours of the afternoon there was great excitement amongst the natives, even in the foreign settlement, so I went post haste to a certain Chinaman, who, living in the French concession, was in close touch with the rebel leader, although he himself did not take an active part in the revolution. This man informed me that a fight would surely start on the following night. After I had spoken to him I drove to the Chinese city and asking my scouts whom I had there, I heard that the native population was in a great terror and were fleeing for safe shelter as fast as they could, as they expected that the rebels would try to rush the Arsenal with a night attack.

Photo. R. Roth.



Improvised barricade on the Nantao-Bund.

It was about 10 o'clock in the evening, when I, accompanied by Mr. J. Norman, of the "China Press," and two other gentlemen drove to Nantao to find out how things were going on. Our carriage was stopped first at the French barricade on the boundary of the French concession, close to a police station, but we managed to get through. On Chinese territory we saw that the number of Chinese volunteers and police-soldiers, who were turned out, was greater than on the previous days and scarcely had we driven on a few yards, when we were stopped by an officer of the Chinese volunteers, who recommended us to return immediately, as the danger was very great. After having informed him that we were newspaper men he let us pass and we drove at first to Chen-chi-mei's headquarters, where I asked to see Chen-chi-mei. As I had expected, the Secretary informed me, that it was nearly impossible to see Chen-chi-mei, the General being very much occupied with the preparations for the attack. I went back to my colleague, who awaited me in the carriage and we drove back to the Nantao Municipal Council, where we had occasion to have a talk with Mr. Wang Yeng-Teh (王引才), a member of the Nantao Municipal Council, from whom we got the confirmation that fighting was imminent and its outbreak was expected every moment. While we were talking to him a gentleman in the uniform of an officer of the Chinese volunteers entered the room and introduced himself to us as Mr. Yeh-Wai-Chun (葉增銘惠鈞), the president and commander-in-chief of the Shanghai City volunteer corps. He sat down and we discussed the political situation,

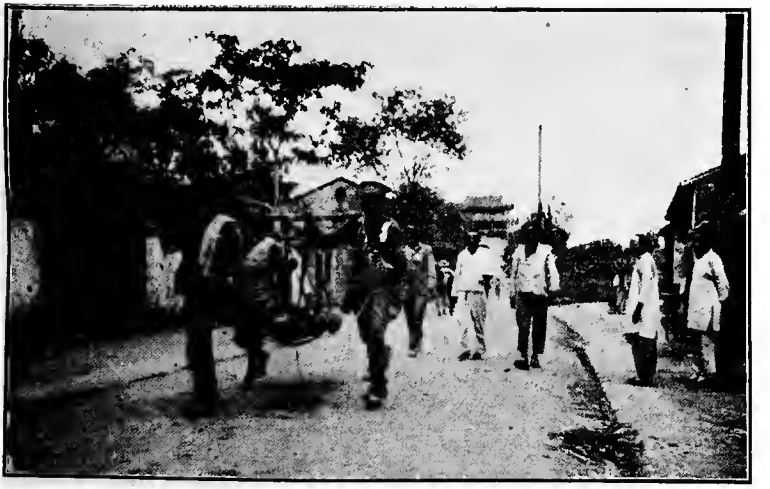
during which talk we learned of a somewhat peculiar step the Shanghai Municipal Council had taken up "to preserve peace and keep order amongst the Chinese population in the international settlement."

Mr. Yeh-Wai-Chun, the President of the Volunteers, is, in spite of his age, a very energetic and active gentleman, and therefore very much disliked amongst the cut-throat and individuals of this cult amongst the Chinese population, both in the city and in the foreign settlement. It therefore, was no wonder, when several fellows, whose friends he had handed over to the law, had tried to assassinate him, and according to Mr. Yeh's account, he had had narrow escapes on several occasions of being stabbed by the rascals, who had laid many traps him. This was the reason why Mr. Yeh always carried a pistol with him, to meet eventualities. Knowing that without a special permission it was not permitted a Chinaman in the foreign settlement to carry firearms he had asked the foreign authorities to give him the necessary permit to carry a pistol with him, pointing out self-defence as the sole reason for his demand.

The French Municipal Council granted the permission without any hesitation, knowing the reasons of Mr. Yeh's demand and satisfied with his guarantee, he being a well known and rich merchant. The Shanghai Municipal Council declined Mr. Yeh's request, pointing out that "according to the constantly growing Chinese population in the International Settlement it was necessary to prevent Chinamen from carrying firearms with them, as accidents caused through carelessness or bad men

Rebel soldier, carrying enormous quantities of ammunition.

Photo. Burr Co.



would increase." The letter in which this was pointed out was signed by the Chairman of the S.M.C. and represented nothing else than an insult to a well known Chinese gentleman, comparing him with "bad men" or something like that.

Both gentlemen were very sad and spoke of the great harm and damage the trade of Shanghai would undergo, if a fighting occurred.

We finished our task and went again to Chen-chi-mei's headquarters, our carriages waiting before the house. We noted there, that strong detachments of soldiers congregated on the Nantao Bund, and after having lined up and having been mustered, formed fours and marched off in the direction of the Arsenal, their number being about 500, formed in five companies. The soldiers carried numerous portable maxims with them and one company carried hand granades, wrapped in white handkerchiefs. The men were followed by numerous coolies who carried sodawater bottles, conserves and biscuits in big wooden boxes. Many rebel soldiers had Red Cross flags with them, but I could not see that any regular Red Cross formation or field corps accompanied them. All the soldiers wore the white rebel badge and had white stripes of linen knotted to the barrels of their rifles, to distinguish them from the Northern troops. We went upstairs to the ante-room, which led to Chen-chi-mei's office and sat down, waiting for the General.

It was about 2.30 in the morning, when I heard a dumb detonation and the next moment a sharp "ratatat" of a flying shell cut the air, striking the roof of the building, partly destroying it, followed

by a strong explosion of the shell, which burst when touching the waters of the Whungpoo river, where it fell. At the same time we heard the boom of heavy guns and the rattling of maxim fire, telling us that the long expected fight had started.

The next moment there was a terrible uproar and everybody cleared out as quickly as they could, soldiers, officers, servants and other persons starting a general exodus. We hurried downstairs, to look about in the open air and circled by several hundreds of gesticulating and terrified natives, we heard the noise of the fight much better than upstairs and I recognised that the fire came from the direction of the Hangchow railway station. Mr. Norman, who was accompanied by his interpreter, and who, like all others had come down with us, was just making a remark to me, when a shell struck the top of a wall next to us, demolishing it, so that the bricks fell at our feet. Every moment howled and whirled something through the air, making it highly dangerous to remain on the street. Mr. Norman and Mr. Lee, the Chinese reporter of the "China Press," who had accompanied Mr. Norman, sought shelter in an alleyway and were lucky enough to get hold of their mafoo, who brought them back to town, as Mr. Norman wanted to publish the news of the outbreak of the fighting in the next morning's issue of "The China Press."

I looked out for my mafoo, too, to bring me as close to the Arsenal as possible, but the fellow had already cleared out with my carriage and I was left on the street, nearly alone, as everybody had sought shelter. The Nantao bund, which road scarcely a

Photo. Burr Co.

One of the many spectators who were accidentally shot.

few minutes before had been populated by many hundred people, was absolutely empty, there was a deadly quietness, only interrupted by the boom and the rattling of the distant fire, and the howling of the shells which passed in the air above my head.

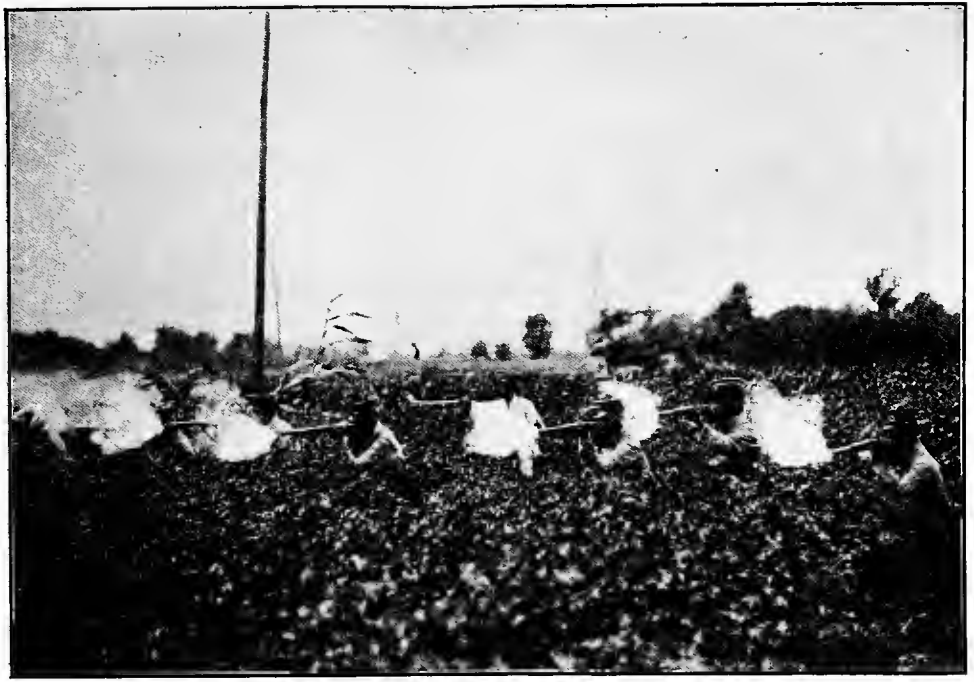
I hurried back in the doorway of Chen-chi-mei's headquarter and ran upstairs, to a room, looking for the telephone, a shell struck the building and damaged a part of the roof, the bricks falling through the ceiling. I finally found a kind of field telephone, which was connected with the regular line. A soldier was there, in the room, hidden under a table, who, with frightened eyes, watched me, but did not stop me, when I, after a few minutes, which seemed endless time to me, got connection with my editor, whom I gave a short account of what had happened. After I had finished my telephone talk with the editor I hurried downstairs, looking out in vain for any conveyance to bring me closer to the Arsenal or at least to the Hangchow railway terminus. But not a soul was to be seen on the street. I was nearly in despair at the absence of any vehicle, which meant such a loss of time to me, so I marched quickly towards the Arsenal along the Nantao bund. It did not last very long when I saw approaching me a group of men, carrying a groaning wounded on a piece of mat, which by means of ropes was tied to a pole and carried by a couple of men, whilst a few others, slightly wounded, walked on the side of the improvised stretcher. The wounded were rebel soldiers, whilst the two men who carried the wounded, were coolies in mufti.

I stopped on seeing the group approaching and was just lighting a cigarette before inspecting the wounded as I intended, when a sudden sharp noise, just above me, and only too well known to me as the sound of a coming shell, made me throw myself down on the ground. A bright blinding flash, followed by a terrible explosion, indicated the bursting of the shell. When picking myself up and looking out for the group I had seen before, I saw only a heap of corpses, which were partly maimed, partly burned. On the hole in the ground I recognized that the shell had fallen nearly in their midst and had killed all.

I continued my march towards the Arsenal, where the fire grew fierce and fiercer, panting through excitement and the great heat of the hot and windstill summer night—mentally swearing at my mafoo who caused me to run, as he had disappeared with my carriage.

A noise of an approaching motor car coming from town in full speed made me listen, and turning round I saw the headlights of a motorcar coming nearer. I stepped in the middle of the road and holding my arms up gave the signal to stop the car. In the motorcar sat beside the Chinese driver three foreigners, Captain Chas. Burt, U.S.N., Mr. John Wilson, of the American Consulate General in Shanghai and a Mr. Graham of Kobe who had come to see as much of the fighting as possible. I told them who I was and they accepted my propostion to give me a lift to the zone of the fight as close as possible. I sat down next to the driver, showing him the way. After a few minutes we came to the

Photo. Burr Co.



Northern soldiers in action.

place where the Nantao bund makes a curve in a road leading to the Hangchow Railway terminus. With half speed we drove through the depopulated street; it was not long before we heard above our heads that uncomfortable whizzing and whistling of rifle bullets. As the bullets were not flying very high, the car was stopped on my advice and left behind. We scouted along till we came to the corner, from which the road leads straight to the Hangchow Station, not far off the old fort. There, in the cover of a house, we met a detachment of Rebel soldiers, Sungkiang men, about 250 in number, under the command of several officers, while the person in supreme command was a man in shabby civilian clothes, with the name of Chue-van-ping (徐文斌乃芳). The men, mostly young fellows, more boys than men, were terribly nervous and cowered on the ground like a herd of frightened sheep. Several of them behaved themselves like madmen, so frightened were they, and tried to discard their uniforms, rifles and bayonets. There we had our first meeting with the rebel soldiers under fire. The civilian Chue-van-ping tried in vain to push the soldiers round the corner from where the bullets came and swore like a regular trooper. The officers swore, too, and tried to show themselves as energetic men but they were just as frightened and tenderfooted as the soldiers. Many soldiers groaned as if they were wounded and tried to hike out, but were stopped.

We peeped round the corner but the bullets came so dense from over there, that we preferred to wait for a while. I finally could not lose any more time through stopping, and, telling this to the gentlemen

who were with me, we started to whistle the "Dixie" and went round the corner. It was interesting to see the effect our behaviour had on the soldiers. They followed us like a flock of sheep and it looked as if we were the leaders, as the soldiers let us always be in front. So we hurried forward, still whistling, and the whole gang after us, having gained apparently high spirits. We came to another corner, close to the old fort and met there another detachement of rebels, who fired upon the Arsenal with maxims and rifles but, owing to the long range, most probably without any result. There we were brought to another stop. The bullets, which came now from a distance of not more than 1,000 yards, came down like hail, causing little clouds of dust when hitting the ground. The fire was very intense and every moment a shell howled through the air, and red flames behind us, which wavered up to the dark sky, showed us that the shells had increased. We noted that many times and the conflagrations in the city confirmed us later on as to the result of the shells we had seen flying over our heads.

The detachment we had met, suddenly picked up their machine guns and hurried towards the railway station, we in the midst of the crowd. At the double we covered the distance between the place and the railway station, several men falling on the march, struck by bullets, groaning and screaming. Once a shell struck a building to our left, setting the house on fire. Men fell or stumbled and we were very glad when we reached the Hangchow Railway Station where the soldiers

took shelter in the rooms on the ground floor, having first smashed the locked doors with the butts of their rifles, after they had climbed over the fence which encircles the railway building complex. In the great hall of the station we had a short rest for about three or five minutes, and Chue-van-ping informed me that they intended to rush the Arsenal from this side, by reinforcing the rebel units who were already engaged in the fight but were apparently too weak to be successful. My comrades preferred to remain in the shelter of the railway building while I joined a detachment of about 100 infantrymen who, forming lines, proceeded towards the Arsenal. The Northerners opened such a strong fire upon us, that our detachment, after having lost more than half its number, had to send messengers to the railway station, to ask for reinforcements. I returned with the messengers but only to look out for a telephone to get in connection with my paper. In the first floor of the building was a telephone, so a soldier told me, who apparently knew the place. We went upstairs, but when coming to the open verandah on the first floor, were nearly hit by a shell, that came from the Arsenal and which passed us at a distance of scarcely ten yards to our left and hit the wall, making a great hole in it but luckily without exploding. After using the rifle butt again, we went into the room and I tried to ring up my paper, but, I found out that the line was broken and I gave it up. I went downstairs to look out for my comrades but did not see them. So I joined again a detachment of infantrymen,

who were just starting for the field and marched on again. The country was very bad for an attacking force. Interspersed by creeks, whose banks were rather steep, the soldiers were often exposed to fire without any cover. We came to a field of cucumbers or something like that, and when crossing it, a shrapnel burst over us, killing three men and wounding about the same number. One of the men fell quite close to me, so that the bayonet fixed on his rifle, cut my right forearm when he dropped his gun, hit by a splinter of the shell. After a hurried march of about fifty yards we reached a long mound, behind which we stopped and sought shelter from the fire. We had a very bad time over there. The rifle fire was very dense and every moment a scream or a yell indicated that a man was hit and I counted four shells which exploded right above our heads, killing and wounding quite a number of our men. The soldiers became more and more excited, the officers lost their heads and did not know what to do. Retreat was next to impossible, as we had to cross again that piece of land which gave us no shelter, and to remain in the position under the heavy destructive fire was just as dangerous. I looked about for any chance shelter, but there was none. So I gave it up, and reconciled myself to my fate. I lighted a cigarette and attended to the numerous wounded, dressing their wounds as well as I could, having no dressing material at hand and having to use my handkerchiefs and a few rags.

My attitude seemed to have an effect on the soldiers. They forgot their danger and tried to help

me in my work as much as they could, but it is sad to say, that many of the men who helped me to place the wounded in more or less safe places were soon needing help themselves, being struck down by the fierce fire. The officer, who in the meantime had ordered his men to fire, and had watched the enemy, came nearer and spoke in caustic and hard words of Chen-chi-mei, who had given the order to attack the Arsenal, but had done nothing to support the attackers or to keep them in touch with one another. There were no messengers, orderlies and no communication with headquarters, the officer not even knowing where it was situated. All he knew was that the attack had commenced from Lunghua and that the troops formed a circle around the Arsenal, but he had never received any orders and every unit had to work for itself, left alone to the ability of its leaders, who mostly were men of no military training and quite raw to being under fire.

The enemy's fire became weaker for a moment, and our men made a dash, coming quite close to the Arsenal, within a distance of about 100 yards. I followed them and saw that the Government troops who lay behind their barricades, were firing with as great a quietness as trained European soldiers. Whenever they were outnumbered by the rebels they kept order and shot as though on the range. But the weakening of the fire was apparently only a feint. Scarcely had our soldiers got close to the enemy, than they were met with a fire of such deadly accuracy that the rebels turned and sought safety in flight. Many of them were

shot from behind and when we reached our first position, there were not half the men who had started the attack.

Whistles started to shrill and we retreated, the soldiers carrying their wounded with them, so far as they could manage it. I noticed on this occasion, too, how badly trained the rebel soldiers were. It was no wonder when their fire did not do much harm to the Northerners, as it was unaimed and undirected, and many soldiers fired by holding their rifles above their heads and firing all the rounds their magazines contained. I ordered and showed the soldiers how to construct stretchers out of rifles, coats and cartridge belts, and so we returned to the point from which the attack was started and from there to the railway station, still under a heavy fire. The rebel soldiers showed good steadiness when under fire and the raw material which formed the bulk of the rebels is certainly capable of being "licked into shape" under good and able leaders—this was the one thing lacking, although their leaders were not devoid of personal courage.

So we retreated to the railway station and on arrival there, I met my comrades, and immediately set about attending the wounded. In a room on the ground floor of the building we found large quantities of dressing material, such as cotton wool, bandages, dermatol powder, tourniquets and so on, several bottles of brandy and quite a number of tins of preserves. We placed the wounded, one after the other, on a matbed, which was in the room and inspected the wounds, but great hurry was necessary,

as the fire had started again and shells were bursting around the building. We covered their wounds with a layer of dermatol powder, placing a piece of sterilized gauze over it and bandaging the wounded limb. Afterwards we removed the men to another room, where they were laid down, to wait the arrival of ambulances. During our work a detachment of beaten rebels came back to the building and was very surprised to see us at work. The officers thanked us and offered us preserved fruit and tea, which we gladly accepted.

When all the wounded were attended to and placed in the room, which was out of the fire zone of the Arsenal we went on the plateform again and looked about.

I discovered that the rebels had—I don't know from where—provided two light Hotchkiss field guns, of 7.5 cm bore, which they brought in position on the causeway upon which the railroad runs. By the manner they sighted their guns, it was evident the men had only a slight idea of artillery drill. When after much trouble, the gun was sighted, the man, who had to loose the gun, pulled the string so clumsily that he brought the gun out of direction. In spite of their ignorance they managed to get in two or three hits, and we saw that the shell of the gun hit a building near the Arsenal, which caused a delightful yell of the artillerymen. But their joy was shortlived.

The artillerymen were just firing another shot and then advanced. About 50 yards from the station on the railtrack towards the Arsenal is a small railway signaller's hut, erected of corrugated iron sheets, towards which the rebels advanced, pulling

their guns with them. Arrived at the spot, I went quite close to the gun, to watch their sighting, as it interested me highly, whether the men would use the so-called "indirect shooting," when a shell from the Arsenal hit the ground scarcely twenty yards on our left, exploded and killed several men. Two of the gunners fell and a splinter nearly hit me, as I threw myself down on the ground. When I was getting up, another shell came and exploded, killing nearly the rest of the men and dismantling one of the two guns, whose wheels were smashed. This was the sign for a "sauve qui peut" retreat of the rebels. Several of them threw away their guns and started to run, but many were hit by bullets. I crept back, rolling myself down at first from the causeway, which place was too much exposed, and crept back on all fours till I reached the station. It was about 6.30 a.m. when I reached the Terminus, where I met my companions, who greated me with pleasure, as they most probably had thought that I would get a bullet, too.

We held a council of war and deliberated how we could get back to our car, which, so we presumed, was still waiting for us not far off the old fort, where we had left it. Besides that I had to get back to town, to deliver the news to my paper. So we finally agreed to creep back as carefully as we could to the car, avoiding as much as we could being seen.

After a short goodbye to the soldiers in the station, we entered the platform to start our retreat when suddenly a shell hit a railway car quite close to Captain Burt, who was in front of us,

Coffins on Boulevard de Montigny.

(Hotel de St. Cathérine)
French barricade near Pont St. Cathérine.

smashing the car, but luckily without exploding. The splinters of the smashed car flew like hail about Captain Burt and it was fortunate he was not hit. On recovering from the shock the sudden crash had given us, Captain Burt took a wooden splinter with him, which had nearly hit his head, as a memento of the incident.

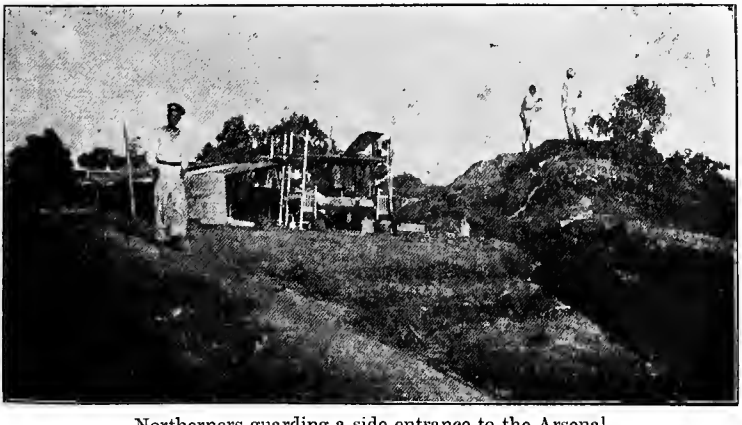
After quite a long time, during which we were obliged to stop several times, owing to the hail of bullets, we reached our car and drove back to town as quickly as the motor could work. Arrived there I had a "chota peg" and a short talk with my editor, whom I informed about what I had seen and hurried back to the zone of war.

There, through many enquiries, I found out that the rebels had opened the attack upon the Arsenal at about three o'clock in the morning, starting their fire at first from Lunghua, where, as before mentioned, a very strong force of the rebels was quartered. The attack was taken up by the rebel positions in the north of the Arsenal near Pont St. Cathérine and those in the East, not far from the Hangchow Railway station. The rebels opened a very heavy artillery fire by which they supported their advancing infantry, who made repeated attacks on the fortified positions of the Government troops, but without success. They had counted on the fleet which was anchored in the Whangpoo river, supporting them, but the five cruisers, two river gunboats and the torpedo boat, of which the fleet consisted, remained faithful to the Government and their heavy guns supported the garrison of the Arsenal, which, by the way, was

very weak in artillery, but were now enabled to repulse the incessant attacks, causing heavy losses to the rebels, who advanced desperately, not fearing the heavy, uninterrupted fire. Not only that, but the Government troops succeeded so far, that they ventured on a sortie out of their positions and succeeded in dislodging the rebels from a very strong position they had held in the old fort on the Whangpoo, West to Shanghai. There the rebels had three batteries, consisting of eighteen field guns. The rebel artillerymen seeing the Northerners approach made but a feeble resistance and then fled, so that the sortie presented an easy game. The guns were brought back to the Arsenal and, after having been tested, formed a strong support to the garrison, as the guns were of the same bore as those in the Arsenal.

At about 11 a.m. I left the Hangchow Railway station and proceeded, following the road towards Pont St. Cathérine, where the French sailors had barricaded the road leading to the settlement by means of heavy concrete sewer pipes, which formed a very good bulletproof shelter. There I gathered that quite a number of rebels had tried to escape from the zone of war into the settlement, after having discarded their uniforms and arms. They waded through the boundary creek, leaving everything behind which could betray them as rebel soldiers, and sought shelter. A small party tried to get into the settlement with their arms, but were stopped by the guards and turned back. Similar scenes happened along the Route de Sicawei, where, in several places, disorganised rebels had tried to

The ruins of the Honan guild on the Loong-hwa Road.



Northerners guarding a side entrance to the Arsenal.

get into the French Concession, but were disarmed and stopped by the sentries of French and Annamite police and the Volonteurs Français who were posted there.

The surroundings of Pont St. Cathérine showed that a heavy fight had taken place in its immediate neighbourhood. The road was in several places riddled with bulletholes, and the houses close to the place showed marks of bullets.

Across the bridge the houses and buildings showed still more signs of the fighting which had taken place overnight. The building of the Honan-Guild, which was quite close to the bridge was struck by a shell, which set the house on fire and had destroyed it. Only the main walls were still standing out of a smoking heap of ruins. Proceeding farther on I noticed that quite a number of houses were partially destroyed. A temple, near the Pont St. Cathérine, was hit by several shells which had partly destroyed the roof. The gates to the temple were open and inside, to my surprise, a number of foreigners, mostly residents of Shanghai, known to me by sight, were busily employed in looting. These fellows had come with overcoats and mackintoshes—in spite of the heat—and used these garments to hide the stolen valuables in them. One man even tried to remove a big brass gong, which was in one of the halls, but owing to its great weight he was obliged to abandon it and to leave it where it was. The fellows were soon reinforced by numerous Chinese and foreigners who took everything which could be removed. There was no police to stop them, and when I endeavoured

to stop them I only got cheeky replies. I tried to gather a few policemen but these men were so scared that it was impossible to do anything. It therefore was no wonder, when the next day brought disappointment to the many looters, who, attracted by the stories of the more lucky fellows, came over there, as the temple was robbed of nearly everything. Even the silken garments of the gods were removed.!

The road, leading to the Arsenal was covered with boughs torn from the trees by the hail of bullets and shells, which had passed through them during the night. When leaving the road and walking through the country I came across several corpses of rebel soldiers, who had been shot during the recent fighting but I was obliged to return to the road as several shots were fired at me by the Northerners, who evidently did not recognise me owing to the distance.

When I had reached the railway crossing I found that the Government soldiers had erected a wire entanglement, thus barring the road. Beside that, the railway railings, which served to close the traffic in case of a passing train, had been shut. Behind these, in the small railway guard's hut, a patrol of about ten Northerners had been posted, who shot at everybody who approached them. When I came nearer, a soldier hailed me but let me pass after he had recognized me. I asked him about the fight of the last night but the man would not give me a satisfactory reply, fearing to get into trouble with his superior officer. I therefore asked him to escort me to the officer in command.

Red Cross Society's Burial Party burying dead soldiers in the vicinity of the Hangchow Railway Station.

The soldier shouldered his rifle and led the way to the first barricade, which, made of earthbags, was erected just behind the railway crossing, and afterwards to the main barricade quite close to the Northern Gate of the Arsenal. I had to wait for a few moments, till Major Weh-Tsin-hu 魏清和 arrived, who greeted me very friendly and gave me information about the latest events. I there got confirmation of the fact, that the Northerners had made a successful attack on the old fort and had captured eighteen guns. Liu-fu-piau, the notorious leader of the "Dare to dies," who was in command over there, was obliged to retreat, partly caused through the cowardice of his soldiers, who left the guns to the enemy.

I learned furthermore, that quite a number of Japanese had tried to get inside the Arsenal. Several of these men, who were evidently spies, had donned a kind of uniform, and wearing the Red Cross, they pretended to be members of the Society, although they had not the slightest idea how to dress a wound. Major Weh told me, that two Japanese in foreign clothes had tried at first to pass as Chinese doctors but, when they were informed that every Chinaman, who had come in the Arsenal without a special permission, was to be tried as a spy, they preferred to give their nationality and started to protest. They were shown the way out of the Arsenal, but they returned again and were caught by the soldiers, who had watched the two fellows making sketches and so on. I don't know their ultimate fate.

When speaking with the soldiers, I soon found out that the spirit of the men was excellent

They laughed merrily, when telling me the different adventures they had during the night and told me that they never had feared the "dwarfs" and "tu-fehs." Unanimously they declared that the rebels had been very smartly attacking and that it was very hard work to keep them at bay. They furthermore told me, that their spies, who, clad in mufti, moved amongst the rebels, had informed them that the rebels were very afraid of the Northerners, whom superstition had declared bullet-proof men.

As I wanted to bring my collected information to the paper, I returned to Pont St. Cathérine as quickly as I could, delivered my message to a man who was waiting there for me and started again for the Arsenal. When reaching the temple near the railway crossing, I saw about two hundred rebel soldiers, Nanking men, so they told me, and who did not wear the rebel badge. These men informed me that they arrived on that morning to reinforce the rebels in their attacks on the Arsenal. The men looked quite smart and behaved themselves well.

When I reached the Japanese College, a Japanese came out of the door, greeted me politely and introduced himself as a Japanese doctor and surgeon. He told me that it was his desire to help the wounded inside the Arsenal and asked me to give him permission to accompany me inside the Arsenal. I declined, but the man shadowed me and managed to get inside the Gate by bluffing the soldiers, whom he had told that he was a friend of mine. I found that out very soon and informed the

Red Cross corps inside the Arsenal.
Cruiser " Hai Chiou " in the background.

Northern infantry inside the Arsenal.
Photo taken during the fight on the morning of the 25th of July.

soldiers of the truth, whereat they turned the Japanese out, in spite of his protest.

I now went inside the Arsenal, where I remained about three hours, wandering from one place to the other and taking as many photographs as there was occasion. I saw close to the Eastern Gate, the captured rebel guns, which, eighteen in number, were lined up. Several soldiers were busy inspecting the barrels and the locks. There I learned from a non-commissioned officer, that too many Japanese had tried to get inside.

I wandered through the many streets and alleyways till I reached the Kiangnan dock. Near this place a field hospital had been established by the Northerners under the supervision of a Chinese army doctor in one building which had served one of the foreign assistants of the Arsenal as a residence, before he had left the Arsenal. I found there only one man, who had a slight bruise on the left hand. There were all preparations made to receive a great number of wounded. When I went to the Arsenal dock, a Chinese marine, who was on guard near the iron fence, hailed me and commanded me to return. After a few words of explanation he called an officer who was near working in a kind of improvised office, and he allowed me to pass after I had given him a brief explanation of the purpose of my visit. When I reached the dock, I saw that several steam launches were towed along the wharf, the Red Cross flag waving from their bows. Here I met Dr. Stafford M. Cox, who, accompanied by H. E. Shen Tun-ho, had come to the Arsenal from Shanghai by means of a steam launch

and who was at that moment busy with dressing several wounded Government soldiers, who after they had received first aid, were brought on board the steam launches, to be transported to the Hospitals at Shanghai. Dr. Cox introduced me to Mr. Manners, of the Hanyang Iron & Coal Co., who was in charge of the steam launch and we went on board, to cross the river. Arrived on the other shore, we were on the way to Mr. Manners' house, when we noticed a steamlaunch, flying the Red Cross flag, but apparently left without any crew. We inspected the launch—it belonged to a certain Japanese shipping Company, but found neither Red Cross men nor any dressing material on board. When approaching Mr. Manners' house, we saw two Japanese, dressed in foreign clothes, who tried to disappear when they saw us approaching. We stopped them and asked them the purpose of their presence and they replied in the arrogance which distinguishes the Japanese. We soon found out, that these two fellows had tried to do espionage, as they had maps, binocles and boussoles with them. Beside that, one of our company remembered to have seen one of the Japanese on board of a Japanese man of war. It was not to be doubted that these fellows were Japanese officers. We gave them a good warning and waited till they boarded their boat and had made off.

Over there, in Pootung, we noticed the different damage the shells and bullets had caused. We remained at Mr. Manners place over the tiffin, which we all wanted badly, and then returned to Shanghai by means of a steamlaunch.

Photo. Burr Co.

Sailors of H. Austrian M.S. "Kaiser Franz Joseph I." on guard at the Siccawei Road.

The afternoon remained comparatively quiet. There was naturally a desultory fire kept up between the hostile parties but it did not come to important fighting. The rebels tried all the time to push their sentries and outposts onwards but did not succeed, as the Northerners kept good watch. In the late hours of the afternoon strong reinforcements for the rebels arrived, partly from Sungkiang and Mikaloong, partly from Pootung, which troops reinforced the circle which was formed around the Arsenal.

There itself everything was quiet. The Northern soldiers used the short interval to have some sleep and rest. Others cleaned their uniforms and their weapons. When I saw that the situation remained unchanged, I returned to town to learn how things went on over there.

In the settlement the volunteers were called to arms at about three o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of July and were distributed at the different places, where a military guard seemed to be advisable. "A" Company had charge of the South Chekiang Road district, "B" Company was distributed in North Chekiang Road surroundings, while the Americans kept guard along the Weihai-wei and Great Western Road. Chekiang Road, where it crosses into the French settlement, was protected by a strong barricade behind which forty men with one maxim were posted. As it was expected that the rebels would make an attempt to get their reinforcements from Chapei to the Arsenal through the settlement, this district was strongly guarded by marine detachements of the men of war in port and by the volunteer Artillery.

In town I learned, too, that the former manager of the Chinese Telegraph Administration, Y. C. Tong, who, after it had been proved that he stood in close touch with the rebel leaders, had been made to resign his office and hand it over to Mr. Yuan, who was appointed manager, had tried to get hold of the telegraph office with the help of about a dozen young Kuomingtangs, who tried to turn Mr. Yuan out. There were no negociations of any kind, and finally, through the intervention of a foreigner the question pending was solved and both parties sat down and had a good dinner after all the excitement and trouble. The whole thing happened in a way that would supply a good plot for a comic opera.

Damaged house near the Arsenal.

CHAPTER V.

A FORLORN ATTEMPT

The rest of the evening remained quiet until about 9.30 p.m. when rifle firing suddenly started, soon to be mixed with the heavy boom of artillery. I tried to get a vehicle to drive me to the zone of war, but it was impossible for me to get one, as the mafoos and chauffeurs were too scared to drive out to places which were even only in the direction of the fight. I therefore had some trouble before I could get a vehicle.

Finally I got a motorcar and drove to Pont St. Cathérine, accompanied by a young foreigner, who had bothered me to take him out to the zone of war.

We drove to Pont St. Cathérine, along the Route de Zikawei, undisturbed, though several bullets passed through the air above our heads. We reached Pont St. Cathérine, where I left the car for a moment, to learn from the French Officers at the barricade what had happened before my arrival, and then to continue my researches by myself. But I had scarcely left the motorcar and was just hiding for a moment behind the sewer pipes, as several bullets wizzed dangerously close to me,

when the man in the car, who was pretty scared all the time in spite of all my persuasions, cleared out with my motorcar and left me alone. I ran, in spite of the bullets, a short distance behind the car and tried to persuade him to stop, but it was useless, the man and the Chinese chauffeur were too scared and the former preferred to return to Shanghai and to boast there of the heroic deeds he had done.

Left in the lurch, I could not do any better than to get behind the barricade and to wait till the hail of bullets became slacker. The French officers in charge of the detachment there, Captain Lefebvre of the "Décidée" and Lieutenant D. Quilici of the French Annamite Police, the latter a hardened soldier who has seen much of active service, gave me a short account of the events of the afternoon. I waited in the "Hôtel de St. Cathérine," so we christened the barricade, for a while, till the coming of a motorcar was to be heard outside. In the car were two gentlemen, officers of the S. M. Police, who were kind enough to offer me a lift to Shanghai, where I intended to get another car to drive me to Sikawei, from where I intended to march over to Loonghwa.

Arrived in town, I succeeded in getting a motorcar, by which means I drove to Sikawei, to see how matters stood. After I had reached the Observatory I called upon the French officer in charge of the detachment of sailors over there and learned that nothing had happened. But, when returning to the place, where I had left my motorcar, I found out that the chauffeur, evidently scared, had returned to Shanghai without waiting for me.

Field guns captured by the Northerners during the sortie in the night of the 23rd of July.

Northern entrenchment at Loonghua Road, close to the railway crossing near Pont St. Cathérine.

I therefore had to walk towards Route de Sicawei. A motorcar, with a foreigner inside, who was driving that way, overtook me and I asked him for a lift explaining to him the situation. The man, a German, refused to give me the lift, as soon as he knew the purpose of my polite request, pointing out that he was "busy." I walked along but had better luck with another motorcar, whose inmates were two American naval officers, who, accompanied by their ladies, had gone out for a drive to see something of the fight. They brought me close to Pont St. Cathérine, where I took leave and sneaked over the creek towards the Arsenal. After a short walk I reached a position of the rebels, who were sharply advancing towards the Arsenal. I followed the advancing soldiers and we came quite close to an entrenchment of the Northerners, when suddenly a few men, about twenty, jumped out of the grass and made a dash for our flank. We had been ambushed by a detachment of Northerners who had watched us advancing. A murderous struggle began in the dark, several of the engaged men throwing their rifles away and trying to strangle themselves. I, being absolutely unarmed, tried to get out of the melé as quickly as I could but several shots were fired at me, two bullets passing through my clothes and bruising me. I was just intending to hide behind a bush, when I was grabbed by the neck. I turned round and had good luck to land an uppercut at the fellow's face, thus obliging him to let me free. Then I threw myself down on the ground, hiding myself as well as I could and waited till the engagement was finished,

which resulted in three rebels being killed and several wounded. The Northerners withdrew after this attack and the rebels rallied themselves and again took up the attack, which was repulsed, the fire of the Northerners forming an impenetrable girdle around them.

From this position I went on and inspected the various positions of the rebels, until dawn set in and the rebels and Northerners both retreated to their original positions, which they both had left during the night. Everything became quiet again and only the hoarse cry of the many prey birds was to be heard or the groaning of poor wounded soldiers, who had nobody to attend to their wounds, as the Red Cross workers were not able to reach them, as, owing to deplorable misunderstandings it happened, that the Red Cross corps were shot at.

The morning had already started and the bright, pitiless sun sent her rays ever the battlefield. A very hard task was now before me, as I had to cross the empty space between the rebels and the Government troops, when proceeding towards the Arsenal and I can say, that these walks were more strenuous than any fight I partook in. Not a soul was to be seen, but bullets were constantly whizzing past my ears, hitting stones and trees close to me. It was not advisable for me to creep on all fours. Such behaviour would have made me suspicious to both sides. I therefore had to walk straight with unbent back, showing myself as much as I could to avoid mistakes. I knew very well that I was in danger. It only needed that any soldier with an anti-foreign feeling should level his rifle at me,

The Red Cross Society's Field Corps were endangered while carrying on their duty near Pont St. Cathérine.

and nobody would have known how and where I perished and nobody ever could have detected my murderer. But I trusted to my good luck and fared well.

I came quite close to the bridge near the West Gate of the Arsenal. Here an interesting event took place. A small detachment of Government soldiers had occupied the bridge, which crosses the creek near the Paper Mill, and kept guard there. A rebel force which outnumbered the Northerners manifold, tried to cross the bridge to get nearer to the Arsenal. The Northerners as well as the Southerners fought with great gallantry but the former saw themselves too weak to resist for a longer time and tried with success a desperate enterprise. Holding the bridge against the rebels, who outnumbered them, they sent a few of their men backwards where they found easy inflammable material and the soldiers set the bridge on fire behind the backs of their comrades. And when the flames wavered high towards the sky, the gallant defenders jumped back through the flames and, firing, they made it impossible for the attackers to proceed further on. The bridge fell a prey to the flames, but the rebels were stopped in their march.

Towards the creek, where a railway bridge crosses it, similar scenes happened, only with this difference that it was not necessary to set the bridge on fire. The bettes of the bridge were not fully covered but showed spaces, as the bridge was not intended for traffic but only to let the railroad pass. Therefore many rebels fell through the bridge

into the creek, where some were drowned, others hit by the accurate fire of the Northerners.

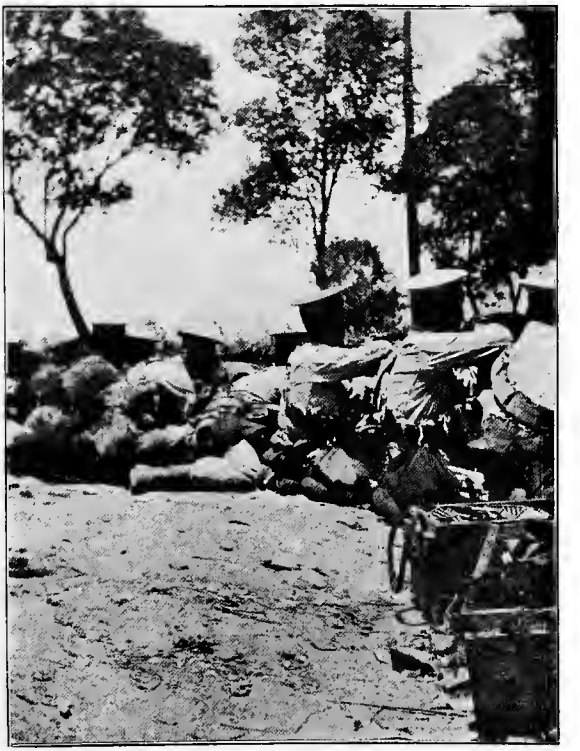
And whenever they were outnumbered the Government troops held the bridge in spite of the desperate attacks of the rebels, who seemed not to fear the death.

I came again to the Northern Gate of the Arsenal, where Mr. Weh-Tsin-hu, the officer in command of this district, expressed his pleasure at seeing me sound and safe and who described to me last night's attack, and the effect on his side. I asked him whether the soldiers who had nearly killed me for a rebel, belonged to his detachment but he was unable to give me any explanation. The soldiers most probably did not notice that they had a foreigner "by the neck." Mr. Weh showed me with great satisfaction an artillery position he had built upon the Arsenal wall, just above the entrance. There a 7.5 cm Hotchkiss field gun had been posted and this gun dealt heavy losses on the rebels, owing to its commanding position high above, and from where all movements of the rebels could be better seen, even at night, when the searchlights of the Arsenal and the fleet dipped everything in a bright, white, and blinding light.

But this position had one drawback, it was comparatively too high, regarding the kind of gun which was brought in action.

It had happened several times, that shells fell down in the French concession and International Settlement, which are situated in a straight line North the muzzle of this gun, and quite a clamour

Northern Artillery position above the Arsenal Gate, from where the shell came, which fell down in the Foreign settlements.



Northern infantry fighting.
Photo taken on the morning of the 26th of July
near Pont St. Cathérine

was raised, it being said that the shots were fired at the settlement on purpose by the Northern troops. I, as a former Artilleryman, can say, that all these rumours are absolutely unfounded. When a shell fell in the settlement, it was only indirectly the fault of the Northern artillerymen, who could not give their gun the necessary high elevation which is needed to give the shell a longer and steep ascent, covering a short distance. A howitzer would have been the right kind of gun to be used in this case, but as the Northerners had none at their disposal, they were obliged to help themselves as well as they could under the circumstances. Besides this there were only cartridges with a certain charge while the howitzer cartridges permit of regulating the portee of the gun by means of reducing or increasing the charge of gunpowder, which was impossible in this case.

When inspecting the artillery position, I found that the gunners attended their gun in a just as accurate and well trained way as any foreign gunner would do. There was a man who watched the target and the "numbers" worked very exact. While inspecting the gun, the rebels made an attempt to rush the first barricade and the gun was brought into action. There I had occasion to admire the excellent work of the Government's artillerymen who sighted and trained their gun very well and in a way which satisfied the eye of the artillerist. The same can be said of the infantrymen, who at a signal given by a whistle, rallied and took up arms, opening a quickfire, that forced the rebels to retreat after a fight which only lasted a few minutes. From

my elevated position I made several photos and snapshotted the smart gunners too.

After the fight I went downstairs and expressed to Mr. Wei-tsin-hu my opinion about the good work of his men. Mr. Wei thanked me and added: "You must excuse the dirty uniforms of my men but they have been on duty about 48 hours and have had scarcely one hour's rest." These words show the sturdy grit of the officers and men. I noticed, too, that many men, who had been hit by the enemy's bullets, did not go to the hospital but stuck to their duty, dressing their wounds as well as they could.

Therefore, H.E. Admiral Tseng Ju-cheng was quite right, when he gave me the following reply, when I asked him for the names of officers and men who had distinguished themselves during the fights: " All the officers and men of my garrison did their duty to defend the Arsenal in uniformity. Therefore no distinction is to be made about their special merit."

Any commander can be proud of being enabled to give such an answer.

I learned that the garrison of the Arsenal consisted of 98 officers and 1,301 soldiers, in which number were included 197 workmen. These men formed one battalion of infantry consisting of four companies, one company in charge of the maxims and one company of artillerymen.

Regarding the defence work, all necessary work was carried out by the defending units.

The gates of the Arsenal and the surrounding parts were under the command of the following officers:

Wounded Northern soldiers who preferred the front to the Hospital.

Northern infantry engaged in fight.
Photo taken during an engagement on the morning

Chwang Chih Ping (臧致平), in command of the Naval Guards.

Wei Tsin Woo (魏清和), in command of the 1st Company.

Chow Hsiao Chien (周孝騫), in command of the 2nd Company.

Kao Chuen Chung (高全忠), in command of the 3rd Company.

A field hospital in charge of several Chinese army doctors had been established and a sufficient number of soldiers was commanded to work as stretcher bearers in case of emergency.

When I had put down on paper all this information, I took my farewell and started to leave the Arsenal and, crossing the country, to reach the positions of the rebels, to see how things were over there.

I walked through an alleyway, which led to the West Gate of the Arsenal, which was strongly fortified by sandbags and armed by a few maxims. Arrived here I asked the officer in command to give me an escort, to lead me through the many sentries and outposts of the Government troops who, as I had already experienced on several occasions, shot at every stranger who approached them. My request was granted, and a soldier "told off" as my escort.

The soldier led the way along the banks of the river, chatting in a friendly way and pointing out to me the places where sentries were posted.

We had walked only few yards along the bank, when my attention was drawn to a group of soldiers who, with bayonets fixed on their rifles, marched along, escorting three pris oners, whose hands were

tied behind their backs. When I had reached the group I asked what offence the prisoners had committed, as it is not usual to fetter war prisoners. I learned from the leader of the detachment, that the men were caught spying around the Arsenal, and, after they had been brought before a court martial, had been condemned to be shot. They were just on their last march.

The prisoners walked quietly along and nothing betrayed whether they were excited over the fate which was awaiting them. Not a muscle moved in their stupid-looking faces.

The detachment reached a place close to the river, where three big wooden posts were rammed in the ground, apparently remainders of a former pontoon, which had been demolished. There the group halted, a few words of command, spoken by the leader, and several soldiers caught the prisoners by the arms and led them to the poles, to which the poor devils were tied by means of thick ropes, which a soldier had brought along. The prisoners showed no resistance and the tying to the poles was executed without any incident, when the youngest of the prisoners, a lad of about 17 years, started to cry and to protest, pleading he was innocent.

I pitied the poor fellows. But I knew that the soldiers had received their orders, which they had to fulfil, and that an intervention would not only be useless, but do me harm in the eyes of the soldiers.

Five men advanced until they were within a distance of about 10 steps of one the prisoners. They made their rifles ready and at a command of the leader, five shots were fired at every prisoner

Martial law.

Rebel soldier, shot by the Northerners.

causing nearly instanteous death. Only one of the prisoners wriggled and had convulsions, his eyes seemed to jump out from their sockets. One more shot and he was still.

After the execution I went and viewed the corpses to see whether the fellows were really dead. Two of them had already stretched their limbs as far as the bonds permitted, but I felt that the heart of the third was still beating. I pointed this out to a soldier, who held the muzzle of his rifle at the head of the man and fired, the shot nearly smashing the head.

The corpses remained tied to the posts, as a warning example for the rebels, a ghastly sight.

The soldiers shouldered their rifles, fell in and marched back to the Arsenal. My guide asked me whether I wanted him still, and when I declined, he took leave in a smart, soldierly way, clapping his heels together and taking his rifle "by foot."

I had now to cross a piece of country which was very difficult, being netted with creeks, swamps, ponds and bushes. I wandered along, carefully avoiding the open as much as possible and getting under cover, as the fighting parties, whenever they ceased firing, would take it up again at any moment. It was not pleasant at all, this walk, and so I hurried on as fast as I could to reach the rebel lines as soon as possible.

I had nearly covered about two miles and was just in front of one of the stronger positions of the rebels, when suddenly heavy firing started again. Several bullets whizzed past my ears and caused me to seek such shelter as the country gave. I

noticed on my left a stretch of country, overgrown with reeds, of that gigantic kind which is to be found out here, and in which a man can easily hide himself. I therefore hurried on and did not notice that the ground became soft and softer, until I found myself sinking in the swampy ground. I struggled and tried to get out of the mud, only to find myself sinking deeper and deeper with every movement. I grabbed the reeds around me, trying to draw myself out, but in the same moment several shots rang out and the bullets buzzed around me, hitting the ground and the small pools of water that they splashed.

When trying to get hold of the reeds, I had caused the tall grasses to move and this was noticed by the rebels who, imagining that the enemy was trying to approach them under cover of the reeds, opened a quick fire right upon the spot where I was fighting with the swamp.

I naturally stopped moving and felt to my terror that I was sinking, slowly but steadily, deeper and deeper. The mud, gripping me like the fang-arms of an octopus, reached already nearly to my waist, the swampy water bubbled up and the disgusting miasms the small bubbles developed made me nearly faint. All possible reptiles crept around me, disturbed and chased out of their holes through my movement.

Well, it will not be ncessary to say that my feelings were indescribable. I do not fear death, with a bullet in the front of the body, or at least do not mind the risk, or else I would have chosen a less dangerous profession than that of a war reporter,

Photo. Burr Co.

Executed rebel spies.

but it is hard luck to be drowned in a swamp. My situation was a terrible one. I had to choose between being suffocated in the swamp or being shot.

I looked at my wrist watch, it showed about 8 o'clock in the morning. I had stuck already nearly three hours in that beastly trap and could not find a way out. Slowly, deadly slowly, crept the hands of my watch onward, it became hotter and the rays of the sun caused my unprotected head to ache, as I had lost my sun-helmet when seeking shelter.

I finally became quite desperate. I renewed my endeavours for freedom with all my strength. Better to be killed by a honest bullet than to be drowned in the swamp. I grabbed the reeds, and began to shout and to yell,—I am blessed with quite a strong voice, which one can hear far enough, but I guess I had never shouted as loud before, and I had good luck. The rebels, who were more than half a mile away, heard my yells, and growing suspicious, they advanced to the thicket of reeds in which I was hidden and hailed me. I was jolly glad to hear human voices again and told them of my position. The good fellows, recognizing the bad hole in which I was stuck, went around the swamp, reaching me their rifles, which I gripped, pulled me up and helped me out of the mud. When I was out of the mess, the Johnnies stared at me, rolled their eyes and laughed in spite of the enemy's fire that it started.

But, believe me, I was not quite in a mood to join them, however I did it "just to save the face" as the Chinamen say.

The evening events of the 28th of July brought very hard work for me. After I came back to Shanghai I had started to write down the day's report and finally sat down to dinner after a bath. I just had started the first dish, when suddenly and abruptly very intense and heavy firing was heard, infantry and artillery fire, mixed with the rattling of maxims. I hurried outside my house, to mount the motorcar, which I had ordered, but was just in time to see the motorcar disappear around the corner. Its driver was too scared to drive me out to the zone of war and preferred to disappear. I rang up nearly every place I knew where motorcars were to be had, but all my endeavours failed as the Chinese drivers were not "on tap" and the owners were not risking their cars to be demolished by a stray shell, so one of these gentlemen told me over the telephone.

I was in a very bad position, as every moment's loss of time meant much to me. Finally I rang up a gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. Rudolph Eiswaldt, an experienced motor driver, who helped me to get a car by a trick. Mr. Eiswaldt ordered a motorcar for himself, pointing out that he wanted it for a joy ride, and it was not long before a motorcar turned up at Mr. Eiswaldt's place. It was a treat to see the face the Chinese chauffeur made when he saw me approaching and recognised me. At first he tried to clear out with the car, but when we succeeded in stopping the fellow, he made another effort to escape, leaving the motorcar behind. But this attempt, too, was fruitless and the fellow, with

teeth chattering, was made to jump into the car, and Mr. Eiswaldt drove me through the International Settlement into the French Concession, where already shells had done great damage, partly falling down in foreign inhabited houses. At the different barricades the men in charge tried to stop us, pointing out the great danger, but we succeeded in getting through and reached Pont St. Cathérine under a literal hail of bullets. We had just time to stop the car and seek shelter behind the barricade. There it was very comfortable, under the circumstances, but there was nothing for me to do. I several times made an attempt to cross the bridge and to get into the zone of war, but the dense hail of bullets, which whizzed about my ears, made it necessary for me to give it up. A sinister rattling above our heads indicated several times that shells had passed and a few moments afterwards red flames reflected on the dark sky showed that the shells had done their work.

Several times I had tried to cross the bridge, but I finally recognized the impossible situation. I therefore had a short talk with Mr. Eiswaldt, who, with a gallantry I cannot pass over, instantly agreed to drive me to Siccawei, from where I hoped to get to the rebel quarters at Lunghua.

I think we both, Mr. Eiswaldt and myself (and the Chinese driver) will not forget that motor ride in a hurry. We drove along the Route de Siccawei at the greatest speed the car could do, every moment bullets passing us, sometimes hitting the body of the car. Beside that we risked being shot at by the French sentries along the

Route de Siccawei, who were very suspicious when they saw our motorcar driving along at a mad speed. But we avoided every accident. After some time we reached the village of Siccawei. We had just passed it, when a detonation in our neighbourhood, accompanied by a loud human cry, indicated that a shell had burst. Siccawei was at that time a very dangerous place, as the fire of the Northerners was directed to the line of rebels who had started a fierce attack from the North West of the Arsenal. It therefore was very unpleasant when our car suddenly stopped. It was one of the oldest types of car and it was some few minutes before we could get the vehicle on the move again. We reached the Observatory of Siccawei where I called upon a Padre whom I knew and asked him whether he could provide me with a Chinese guide, who would show me the way to Lunghua. It is hardly necessary to say that I was unable to find a guide, as the Chinese were too scared and even the reward of several dollars I offered was not strong enough to master their fear.

When I saw that my endeavour to get a guide was fruitless I decided to try my luck, which had not left me till now, and to undertake the march by myself without a guide. One of the Padres was kind enough to describe me the way, which is a very complicated one, as numerous paths cross the country like a net, leading in all possible directions, so that it was very hard for a stranger to find the way at night. But with the help of the Polar star I hoped to get along.

So I informed Mr. Eiswaldt that I had decided to risk the march, as I could not lose time any more. He tried at first to dissuade me, pointing out the great danger of walking through a piece of land where every moment a shell fell down and exploded, but he finally gave it up, when he saw that I was determined to go forward.

I wrote down a short report, which I gave Mr. Eiswaldt asking him to deliver it to my editor and took leave. It was not very encouraging when my companion took leave of me in a manner suggestive of never expecting my return.

So I started my march cross country to Lunghua.

I had scarcely covered the bridge which spans the Siccawei Creek when trouble began. Several starved wonks started a mighty yelling and barking and went for my legs, which were luckily protected by leather leggings. I had no weapon with me and had therefore to try to get rid of the beasts with a handy stick I found standing on the wall of one of the deserted houses in the village. I had great difficulty in keeping my course. I could not follow the paths but had to walk southwards in the direction of the Whangpoo river. The shelling was still continuing in undiminished strength and many shells were falling, most of them not exploding, and soon they began not the trouble me, as their approach was easily heard. I went on as quickly as I could, whistling, when suddenly a shell fell in a creek on my left and burst, a splinter hitting my sun helmet and taking it down over my head. This made me more cautious. I tried to seek as much

cover on my march as possible, taking such shelter as the country gave, avoiding trees, which, as my previous experience had taught me, are very dangerous when under shell fire, the breaking boughs and twigs becoming additional projectiles. And it seemed as if the shell which nearly hit me was only the beginning of a fire of which I was the target. Every moment a shell came down, accompanied by its sinister rattling and howling and caused volcano-like eruptions of the hard ground; or it fell into one of the numerous creeks and ponds and ditches and caused the water to splash in high garbs. Sometimes a shell fell in a group of bushes followed by a yell telling of some poor countryman being hit, who, scared to death, had left his hut and sought shelter in the bushes. I tried once to render assistance to some of these unhappy people, but I could not see them so gave it up. With double speed, quickstep, I proceeded. When crossing a stone "bridge" one of the stone plates gave way and I broke through and fell into the creek, where I had trouble in getting out again. I stumbled over stones and roots, glided on the hard slippery grass, always looking towards the sky where my guide, the polar star, was still to be seen. I unluckily had forgotten my boussole in the hurry of my start and was obliged to use the star. On the dark sky, fiery, comet-like stripes showed the direction the flying shells had taken, their howling, the maxim and rifle fire, the yelling of the fighting and attacking men I began already to hear formed an infernal concert, which made the march a very unpleasant one. But, finally, nobody can escape his fate.

That's what I thought on my march. If I am to be hit, I cannot alter it. Kismêt! And so I went on.

A dark group of trees was to be seen in front of me, and I knew that I had reached the goal of my march, the Lunghua road. As I had come a little more westwards than I had expected, I had reached the road, which meant the same, as it brought me quite close to the battlefield. I breathed a sigh of relief, as I was glad to be again in the vicinity of of human beings, one of whom might probably be induced to carry messages to Shanghai, should I be hit. It is very unpleasant to be quite alone, with nobody around, as it was on my march. I therefore was quite happy when, scarcely having covered a few yards on the road, a sharp crack of a pushed back bolt of a rifle was to be heard and a voice out of the bushes hailed me "Ha, samasa?" A rebel sentry had noticed me and stepped nearer, finger on the trigger. I gave him my name and the word, which I had learned on the after noon and which was "Niu," the first character of General Niu Lung-chee's name.

The soldier asked me something in a dialect which I did not understand and which was, so I found out later, Cantonese. I replied in Kuan-hua that I did not understand him. The soldier produced an electric torch and by its light I showed him my visiting card, where in Chinese characters my journalistic profession was described. Then I showed him General Niu's visiting card, whereupon he seemed to be satisfied. I asked him where his "sse-lin," his officer, was and he gave me to understand that he was in the old powder magazine,

which is situated on the road, near the village of Lunghua. I asked him to escort me there, as I feared to be shot at in the dark when approaching the compound of the powder depôt. He assented and led the way. On the march he pointed out to me that his officer, a Chekiang man, was able to speak in the language of the foreign men, which I was pleased to hear.

After a short walk, we reached the powder magazine. We entered the compound through the gate and the soldier asked me to remain with the guard, whilst he went in search of his officer. I spoke in the meantime to the men of the guard, which was composed of soldiers from Sungkiang, several men being Cantonese and Foochow men. One of them came from Yunnan.

Very soon the soldier returned, followed by a smart-looking young man in the uniform of a lieutenant. The officer came nearer and saluted me very politely and addressed me in fluent French. I returned his greetings and introduced myself to him. He scarcely had heard my name, when he began to smile in a friendly manner and said that he had already heard much of me, I being a man with "ta hsin," and he was very pleased to make my acquaintance. I was very pleasantly surprised to have before me a man who spoke a foreign language and congratulated him on his brilliant knowledge of the French language. He politely invited me to sit down, pointing out that I must be very tired after my hard work. We sat down and I was more than delighted when a soldier brought an unbroken bottle of French champagne which

was opened and proved to be very fine stuff, although it was not properly cooled. I could not help remarking that the rebel armies were plentifuly supplied with all these luxuries and Lieutenant Yin, such was his name, gave me to understand that the bottle came from a stock of liquid which was brought in when General Chen-chi-mei stopped for several hours at Lunghua. The said gentleman seeming to like luxuries even in camp.

From Lieutenant Yin I learned that he was a Catholic and came from Chekiang, in a village of which province he was born and partly brought up by Catholic missionaries, of whom he spoke in high terms. When I asked him how it came that he joined the rebels, he told me that he was studying engineering but in the beginning of the year 1913 emissaries of the rebel leaders turned up who informed the people, that "Yuan-shi-kai wanted to sell China to the foreigners and to bring the Chinese under the juge of foreigners. Therefore a few friends of the people and patriots had gathered to punish Yuan-shi-kai for his high treason and promised high honours and the thanks of the people to all those who would lend their services to punish Yuan." Lieutenant Yin lent his ears to the words of the emissary and being an educated man he was appointed to be a lieutenant in the punitive expedition. But he soon became disgusted with his position when he found out how bad the revolution was managed.

Many soldiers listened to our conversation, although not understanding one single word, but I saw on their smiling faces that they felt a great

pride in being under command of an officer who spoke with a foreigner with the facility of his own language. I pointed this out to Yin and spoke a few complimentary words about his soldiers, which he translated to them to their pleasure. When he learned my previous profession he became quite interested and asked me to show him the foreign rifle drill, which I did, and it greatly interested both him and his soldiers. We soon became very good friends and the soldiers performed an old dance with lances, using their rifles with fixed bayonet in lieu of lances, and which reminded me very much of the lance dances of the Indians.

The fire of the enemy had slackened and everything seemed to be quiet. I learned from the officer that there was a great quantity of ammunition stored in the magazine and that he was in charge of it. He said that he feared that the Northerners would make an attempt to get hold of the powder magazine or at least try to blow it up. He had heard during the afternoon through a spy that the Northerners intended to attack the magazine that night.

I found out that the garrison which lay in this important place consisted of about two hundred men under the command of Lieutenant Yin and several N. C. Officers. According to Yin's statement many sentries had been posted around the magazine to watch the enemy, should he make an attempt to approach the place. I spoke to him about the possibilities of an attack and pointed out that the Northerners, being wisely led and having not only well trained staff officers, but equally well drilled subalterns and N. C. Officers, would certainly make

an attempt to get hold of this place, when suddenly a soldier returned panting and cried: "The Northerners intend to blow us up. They approach with tanks of kerosene, it is their intention to throw burning material into the magazine." Our soldiers began to be excited, several of them tried to escape, discarding their uniforms and arms. Lieutenant Yin, who was close to me, collected several of his reliable men and they succeeded in bringing the desperate back to reason. In the meantime another officer ordered the doors of the powder magazine to be shut, which contained at that time several hundred tons of different kinds of powder, and the barrels and casks to be damped down. It did not last very long. A shot rang out, accompanied by a terrible yelling and shouting. A detachment of about thirty men under the command of an officer left the compound through the gate to meet the enemy. I accompanied them and our soldiers replied bravely to the heavy fire. Bullets were whizzing densely but did not do us much harm. The Northerners supported their infantry with a couple of field guns, from which they opened fire upon us at a very close range, many shells bursting near but without hitting anybody. Our soldiers had lost their nervousness and Lieutenant Yin, preparing an advance, raised himself from his place where he had been lying close to me, when my eyes were suddenly blinded by a glaring light, accompanied by a heavy detonation. I smelt an odour like that of boiling fat and a wave of hot air passed us. A shell had burst above our heads, its splinters killing three men and wounding two

others. Another word of command and the soldiers jumped up and stormed onwards, gallantly attacking the enemy. Several of them hesitated but the inciting words of the more gallant men brought them forward. "Ya-ah, Ya-ah" it went through the ranks and the men rushed forward, rifle in the right, the left on the bayonet, several men loading their rifles on the run, others stopping, kneeling down and firing. Whistles screamed, from a bugle came tattered sounds. Several men soon fell, wounded or killed. One man had an arm shattered by a bullet, he threw himself down on the ground, and laying his rifle over his lifted leg he continued to fire. Another had blood streaming ever his eyes, having been hit by a stray shot. He cleaned his face with his sleeve and continued to fire. I attended to the wounded as well as I could but in only a few cases was my help needed as the soldiers fired in spite of their wounds. Gallantly they replied to the fire and held the place. A rattling gun, pulled on ropes by several men, went through our lines and was brought in position. After a few moments the first shot rang out, being the beginning of a very quick fire. The shouting and yelling on both sides gave me the impression as if two hordes of savages were fighting and the looks on the faces of the men confirmed the terrible hate with which the parties fought one another, South against North.

Incessant quickfire. Sometimes the enemy's fire stopped to be alternated by several volleys which were just as well given as if the men were highly drilled foreign soldiers. Then again quick-

fire, interrupted by the detonations of the field guns. Slowly but steadily Lieutenant Yin's men advanced. The Northerners were apparently much weaker than the garrison of the Powder magazine.

It became lighter and the dark night sky showed already light or tints, when whistles were blown on the side of the Northerners and the attackers began to retreat in full order, the men jumping back, taking cover and firing, jumping back again and so on, following the so-called "Japanese tactic." The rebels, glad to have escaped the danger of being blown up, did not pursue them and remained in the position they had occupied, to the last keeping the attackers constantly engaged through heavy fire. And when the first rays of the sun began to appear, the surroundings of the powder magazine were cleared the enemy, who, in spite of the heavy firing, seemed not to have had any losses, as I did not find corpses or wounded when crossing the field later on. The rebels had about ten dead, mostly killed by shell splinters, and several wounded. Amongst the latter I counted three serious cases. One man was hit in the stomach by a shell splinter and it was a terrible sight to see, when the bowels came through the broad wound in his stomach. The inspection of the wound showed that the man could not live long, as the bowels themselves were partly torn. The poor fellow was still conscious and groaned terribly. He begged his comrades to shoot him and I must confess that I did not stop them when they did so. Lieutenant Yin told me later on, that one of the soldiers, who came from the same village

as the wounded man, put the muzzle of his rifle on the wounded man's head and pulled the trigger, thus relieving him of his pains. Another man had a compound fracture of the left leg caused by a shell and a third one had no less that six wounds all over his body. I helped the poor fellows as much as I could and we retreated into the magazine, carrying the wounded on stretchers I had formed by means of rifles, over which a soldier's tunic was buttoned, after the barrels of the rifles had been put through the coat and the sleeves.

The men were laid down to await the doctors, several of whom were, as Lieutenant Yin told me, at Lunghua village.

The Northerners had cleared the field so far and Lieutenant Yin and myself went over the battlefield to look for wounded Northerners. There we found one man, whom we approached to render first aid. Lieutenant Yin went to the man and put his field flask to the wounded man's lips, when the soldier suddenly got up, and getting hold of Lieutenant Yin's pistol, fired a bullet straight through the head of the man who had tried to help him.

That was the reward Lieutenant Yin, the Christian, got for his endeavour to help a wounded enemy.

I left the place, where I had passed an awful, exciting time and went to another position of the rebels, which was not far from the the boundary creek. There I saw several fieldpieces the rebels had brought back into safety and about one hundred men, who were under command of three officers, two of whom were Japanese. There is absolutely no

doubt about this fact, as I heard these fellows talk one to the other in Japanese, when I approached them. Both were very impolite and tried to get me away by impudent threatenings which had absolutely no effect on me. When one of the Japanese, a little monkey-like fellow, tried to impress me through his wild face, I addressed the soldiers laughingly and told them that I felt very surprised to see Chinese soldiers under command of two monkeys. The soldiers took up the joke and laughed heartily, in spite of the harsh words of the two Japanese, who, seeing that they had lost face, tried to bring the soldiers back to discipline by shouting and swearing, which failed to impress the men. The soldiers were very friendly and gave me several facts about the last events, and I learned that their detachment had not suffered many losses, as both the Japanese were quite able leaders, both apparently being officers in their country's army, so the men told me. When I had that from them, I asked one of the men to see me off, as, to tell the truth, I feared much that one of the Japanese would perhaps try to shoot me behind my back. The soldier, who apparently considered me a guest of his, seemed to think the same, as he went quite close behind me, covering me with his own body, and when I was out of sight of the Japanese the man took leave and told me in the following words: "I was obliged to go behind you otherwise the Japanese man would have shot you, and then I would have lost my face before my comrades." These words prove a noble trait in the Chinese character, even amongst the lower classes.

I thanked him as well as I could and continued my walk, being glad to have come out of that somewhat ticklish situation.

I proceeded on the Lunghua road towards the Arsenal, when suddenly a very heavy fire was opened, started by the rebels and which was promptly replied to by the Northerners. A building near the Arsenal was soon in flames and caused great joy to the rebels, who apparently thought that they had hit the Arsenal in one of its important points. The fire was very dense and the bullets whizzed around me as if I had got into a cloud of mosquitoes. It may sound incredible to those who have not been under fire, when I use this comparison, but it really was so. I will not say that I felt comfortable, but I had to stand the fire. So I trusted to my good luck and went on. I could not even lay down, as every minute meant a great loss of time to me as there was so very much to be seen. I therefore pushed forward as quickly as I could and succeeded so far in that I came quite close to the outposts of the Northerners, who luckily recognized me when I jumped up from my ducked position and waved my arms. The men shouted and ordered me to hurry up, what I did, and after a few steps I was soon in the entrenchment of the Northerners, heartily welcomed by the leader and his men. There I lay down next to the officer and watched the fire. Here I noticed again how excellently the Northerners were drilled. The soldiers took careful aim and the officer did not fail to distribute the fire of his men, by giving commands to the soldiers

where to shoot. The men worked in a way which would have delighted any foreign soldier's *amour propre.*

After a few minutes I left the entrenchment and walked towards the Arsenal and it was not very long before I met a non-commissioned officer, an old man of the Marines, with grizzled hair, whom I knew and who told me that during the night a detachment of rebels had tried the old trick of trying to rush the Arsenal by means of climbing over a wall and getting inside. But the watchful Northerners had their eyes open and awaited the men literally on the points of their bayonets, killing nearly all of the fearless intruders. About twenty-two men lost their lives by this attempt.

Walking further on I soon reached the place where Major Wei Tsin-hu was in command. This gentleman welcomed me in a friendly manner and gave me some information about the fighting. He invited me to a cup of tea and told me that his men were frightfully tired and worn out, having been on uninterrupted duty for several days. In spite of their hard and strenuous work they behaved very well and showed no sign of dissatisfaction.

I walked on his side through the camp and saw that the soldiers, worn out and deadly tired, slept in the entrenchments, their rifles, with open breech, lying on the barricades ready for immediate use. Mr. Wei Tsin-hu told me that the grit of the men was excellent, and that even wounded men would not leave their posts. When I spoke to the men, they told me that they felt proud

to serve Yuan Shi-kai and that they did not fear the rebels. It gives a sign of the spirit of the men, when I mention that one of the soldiers, a smart looking fellow, who apparently was the "swell" of his detachment, excused himself and his comrades for wearing dirty uniforms. He explained to me that he had once already started to clean his tunic, when a sudden attack of the rebels made him stop and hurry back to his post.

I left the position of Mr. Wei Tsin-hu and proceeded towards Pont St. Cathérine, walking on the Lunghua Road. When I had left the outpost of the Northerners which was near the railway crossing, I looked out in vain for rebels. There was not even one man to be seen and I soon found that the rebels had evacuated this part of the country, seeing that further attempts made from this side would be without success. When I reached Pont St. Cathérine and interviewed the officers in the French barricade, I learned that many Chinese in mufti had crossed the bridge and had gone into the settlement and that these so-called civilians were nothing else than rebel soldiers who had discarded their uniforms and had preferred to retreat into the settlement. When I heard that, I guessed most of the material must be in the temple near Pont St. Cathérine. On arriving there I found out that my conclusion was right. There, in the courtyard of the temple were heaps of rifles, cartridge belts, bayonets and soldiers' equipments and several coolies were already busy stealing things, but they cleared out, when they saw me approach.

THE CHAPEI INCIDENT.

When I had noticed this, I returned to Shanghai, where my observations were brought to press. I had a few spare hours till afternoon, when another rumour caused me to mount my pony and to hasten towards Chapei, where, so I was told, "something was up." In Shanghai the wildest rumours were about and it was reported that Colonel C. D. Bruce, the smart Captain-Superintendent of the Municipal Police, was shot, the same was said of Lieut.-Colonel Barnes, the Commandant of the Volunteers, and of several other prominent persons.

The volunteers were turned out and a strong detachment, consisting of the Light Horse, the Reserve Company, the Maxims, the Artillery and the German Company was sent towards Chapei. The volunteers when nearing North Honan Road and Range Road crossing met a detachment of rebels and Chinese policemen who brought their rifles to action by loading them with ball cartridges. This caused the leader of the detachment to distribute his forces in a way which gave the "enemy" to understand that severe measures would take place, with the result that the Chinese retreated, promptly followed by the volunteers, and it did not last very long and no enemy was to be seen. Several shots were fired at the volunteers but apparently the shots were only coming from pistols and did not cause any damage.

The volunteers occupied the Chapei district and left a strong guard over there. The Chinese Police station was visited and, in spite of the chief's

protest, searched for arms with the result that several rifles and other weapons were seized. It finally came to long palavers between the leaders of both parties and in the evening the volunteers retreated, having been assured that nothing would be undertaken.

The next day, the 29th of July, showed me that the siege of the Arsenal had failed. When I drove out to the Arsenal and wandered around it, I found that the rebels had evacuated all the country near the Arsenal. Not even one rebel was to be seen and only a few men were still at Lunghua, preparing themselves for retreat. They told me that they had been given orders to retreat to Sungkiang, where reinforcements would arrive and they assured me that the Arsenal would finally fall into the hands of the South.

I returned to the Arsenal and heard that the rebels had cleared the country during the night and that nothing was to be feared any more. In spite of this, the detachments were still remaining in their entrenchments and used their spare time to reinforce their barricades and to push sentries and outposts far into the country, thus enlarging their sphere of operations.

Only at Pootung, on the other side of the river, were still several hundreds of rebel soldiers but in a very bad condition. The men, left by their leaders, were without money and literally starving. It is therefore no wonder when the men were only too glad to follow the call of the Government who enlisted some of the men, partly paid others off and let all go without punishment.

The 30th and 31st of July were absolutely quiet and nothing was to be done around the Arsenal. But things seemed to become serious around the Woosung forts, which, as already mentioned, were in the hands of the insurgents, and the different rumours caused me to hurry to Woosung.

En passant I may mention that I called again upon the commander of the Arsenal on the 3rd of August. When returning from the Arsenal and taking my way through Nantao, I noticed a very strong detachment of Marines who marched towards Nantao and the Chinese City. Following them I found that small parties where detached and took positions in nearly every street, searching the houses for weapons and fixing up proclamations, in which the population was warned against keeping arms or giving shelter to rebels.

When speaking to the officer in command of the detachment, which was about one ying strong, I learned that the men were sent out to occupy the City and to look out for rebels. There were rumours that a strong force of rebels was still in the Kuang-ti-miao, the temple of the god of war, which is situated in the centre of the city, and in the old taotai's yamen. These rumours were found to be true and the Northerners formed a circle around both places, thus preventing the rebels from escaping. When the blockade was finished, the leader of the Northerners went into the Yamen of the Taotai to confer with the rebel leader about the capitulation of his men. This was about one o'clock p.m. I went to the Yamen, crossing the lines of the Northerners giving my visiting

card to the rebel soldier who stood sentry at the gate. I did not wait very long and I was led to the rebel leader, a small but intelligent-looking Cantonese, whom I pitied, as the man was very depressed and hopeless. He explained to me that he was left in the lurch by the rest of the rebels and told me, too, that he and his men had undertaken nothing against the Northerners. They had at first intended to remain neutral but the threatenings and the persuasion of Liu Fu-piao caused them to promise the rebel leaders that they would act as a reserve. They never had been under fire and they hoped that they would get out of this bad hole and that the Northerners would show pity to them. The officer told me that the conditions of capitulation the Northerners had offered them were too hard and that he had asked the leader to let him consider the conditions for a few days.

And, in the early hours of the morning of the 8th August, these men, the rest of the hopeful rebel army, the "punitive expedition against Yuan Shikai" got orders by the former Tutuh, ChenTehchuan, to retreat. The Northerners promised to let them go, after several palavers, and the rebels retreated to Nanziang and Kiating. It happened that I was on the spot when the rebels cleared the place and their officer took leave of me, telling me that he was glad to get out of this scrape. When the rebels retreated, an incident happened by the mistake of an Northern soldier, who, being apparently nervous, fired a shot at the rebels, which luckily hit nobody. The rebels left the Temple and the Yamen and the Northerners occupied both places

immediately with a strong detachment of Northerners, consisting of 800 marines under command of Colonel Sung-Ying-cha. (宋運禧)

That was the finish of the siege of the Arsenal, which had lasted less than a fortnight.

With great hopes the Kuomingtang had started the attack and proclamations were issued and everything was done to make the population believe that the South would get the best over the North. But as shallow as the education was of the men who had started the rebellion as shallow was their work. They knew that to start a rebellion, soldiers were wanted and weapons to arm them. But they were absolutely unaware that many details are necessary to carry a work to success and the necessary profound knowledge of military science was not to be found in them. It is therefore no wonder when the result of their undertaking proved such a fiasco. The best of raw soldier material was at the disposal of the men who had started the sedition but there were no leaders to use the men.

CHAPTER VI.

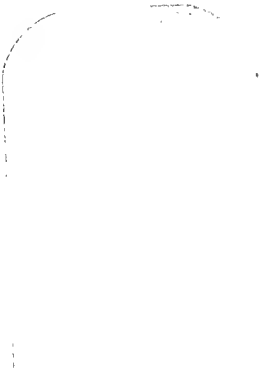
THE FIGHTS AROUND THE WOOSUNG FORTS.

Already on the 28th of July wild rumours were spread in Shanghai about the Woosung Forts, whose garrison had taken the part of the rebellious South, and it was reported that the Government would take severe measures and steps to get the Woosung Forts back. General Kui-Cheng, a native of Hupeh, had taken over the command of the forts and reinforcements were constantly coming to Woosung, augmenting the rebel forces. "Colonel" Liu Fu-Piao, who disappeared after his fruitless attempts to rush the Arsenal, had turned up again, leading his "Kan-tse-tui," his legion of dare-to-dies, which he had reconstructed and reinforced at Chinkiang, and everything showed that the Woosung Forts would soon be the centre of severe fighting. It was reported that three transports with Northern troops, accompanied by three cruisers, would try to pass the forts and that the rebels were determined to sink them. Fighting was already expected on the 28th but nothing took place.

The rebels were not idle at Woosung. The Woosung forts consist of two batteries, the Nan-ssu-tang battery and the Szen-ssu-lin battery (see maps) and are at a distance of about 13 miles from

Rebel general Kui-cheng, Commander of the Woosung Forts.

Court-yard inside the Woosung Forts, on the left rebel Colonel Liu.



Shanghai. Of these two batteries only the Nan-ssu-tang battery can be called a fort, being partially armed with modern guns, whilst the other battery is only armed with old fashioned muzzle loaders, carronades and similar guns, which, being obsolete, were of no account.

In the evening of the 29th of July the rebels distributed their forces, about five hundred Kan-tse-tui men occupied the left shore of the Whangpoo, while the main force was partly quartered in the batteries, partly in a small village near the railway station, while the leader of the Kan-tse-tui took up headquarters at the Tsung-hue-kung-hoi, the Chinese college behind the station. General Kui-cheng, the chief commander, was quartered in the Nan-ssu-tang battery.

At midnight several shots were fired at a mercantile ship which passed under cover of the darkness but the shots fell short.

Colonel Liu Fu-piao was receiving reinforcements and on the 30th of July he had already gathered about two thousand men who were under his command and under his *aide de camp* or something like that Tai-shing, a man of about the same kind as Liu himself. All in all the forces of the rebels which had occupied the forts had already reached the strength of about six thousand men, and reinforcements, to the strength of about eight thousand men, were expected to arrive from Canton.

The Northern transports had tried to get into the Whangpu but had given it up and laid out to sea, well out of the range of the Forts guns, awaiting

the rebel transports from Canton, which, by the way, never came.

On the 31st of July the situation looked as if peace would reign. There were rumours that the forts would go over to the government without any fighting but I later on found out that these rumours were unfounded.

On the 31st of July the quiet situation around the Arsenal gave me the opportunity to leave the place which had so far attracted all my attention, and to make a trip to Woosung. This trip was only intended as an informative one, just to give me a chance of seeing the present condition of the situation at the place.

I started early in the afternoon by means of a steam launch, which was placed at my disposal by the kindness of Mr. G. Boolsen and Captain H. Metzenthien,the managers of the Hapag at Shanghai.

After a trip of about two hours I reached the jetty near the Nan-ssu-tang battery and went straight to the fort. On my way there I noticed how the rebel soldiers were distributed and saw, too, that all the country was strongly guarded by outposts, sentries and patrols. I was several times stopped on my way by soldiers, who asked me many questions, but my demeanour satisfied them. I gave all possible information about my work and was lucky enough, in that several men who had been around the Arsenal recognized me and this helped me very much.

The batteries were not guarded at all on the countryside and I looked out in vain for field defences, wire entanglements and other means by

which modern forts are guarded. The forts had only a mud wall against the country side, which in an angle of about 60 degrees was not steep enough to prevent an attacking force from climbing. The three gates which cut the wall, were made of wooden framework in the usual Chinese form and very weak. There were several sentries walking up and down on the crown of the wall, rifle on the shoulder, but their attention was very divided. The men smoked quietly on duty and I noticed that a man who leaned on the wall of a wooden sentry-box was sound asleep, his rifle leaning next to him.

I reached the first gate of the Fort and was stopped there by the sentry, who gave me to understand that strangers were forbidden to enter the Fort. He would not even carry my visiting card to the General.

After several fruitless attempts to persuade the man, I turned round and went again into the country. I succeeded in finding a soldier who knew me; to him I explained the situation and asked him to accompany me to the sentry at the gate and tell the man what he knew about me. A few cigarettes helped me and the soldier went with me to the gate where the stubborn sentry stood. After a palaver of several minutes the man was persuaded and took my card to General Kui-cheng, while I sat down on a bench near the gate and looked about. In the courtyard were many gunny-bags filled with earth, to barricade the gate in case of emergency.

The soldier returned after a few minutes and beckoned me to follow him. We crossed the length of the courtyard and came to the yamen of the commander-in-chief, General Kui-cheng.

Arrived there I saw that quite a number of men were waiting for the General in his anteroom.

I sat down and was treated with tea and cigarettes until a young, intelligent-looking man in foreign clothes came, who addressed me in fluent English and who introduced-himself as Colonel Yau-Fang-Ting (姚方定) military secretary to General Kui-Cheng. The Colonel asked me the purpose of my visit, which I explained to him, pointing out that I should like an introduction to the officer in command of the forts and to the other leading persons. He complied with my request and asked me to follow him. We entered General Kui-cheng's room, a spacious hall, with a paper covered desk in the midst. All around the room were numerous rifles, ammunition boxes and other equipment.

General Kui-cheng, who wore civilian clothes, was a slim, young looking man, and only spoke Chinese. I talked with him about the chances of a blockade and about several political topics and asked him later on about the strength of his garrison and certa in questions about which I sought information.

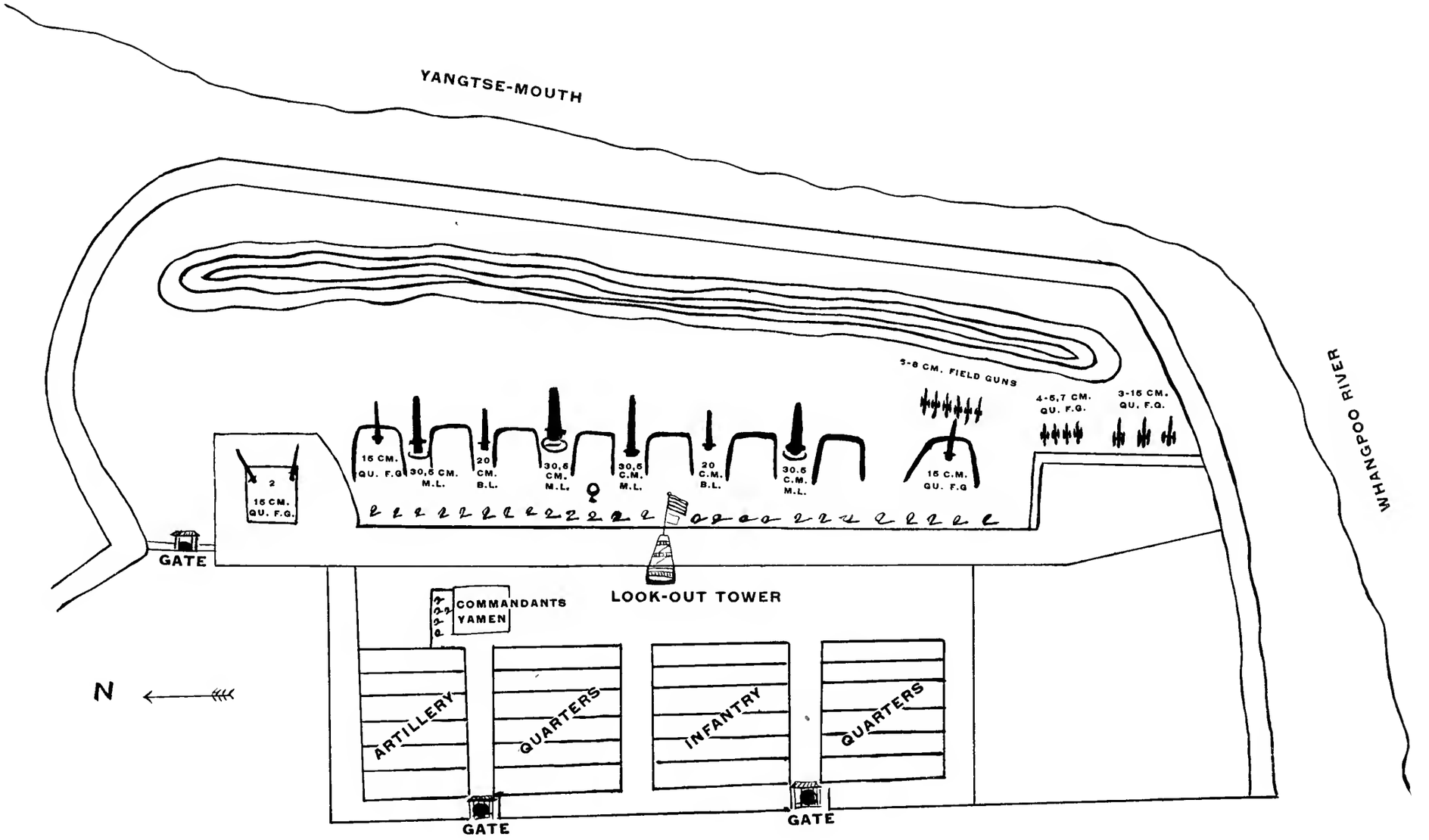
A telephone call brought an interruption to our talk and I used the occasion to leave the room and take a quick walk through the fort. What I saw of the guns and the armament of the fort was not very satisfactory and when I returned I pointed

this out to General Kui-cheng, and gave him my modest opinion that the fort would have a small chance to stand a bombardment by the modern armed men-of-war of the Government. A diplomatic smile spread over the General's face whilst he listened to my words and he was just starting to reply, when a tall, elderly looking Chinese entered the room with a classical characteristic face, strongly bearded. This man was, so Kui-cheng told me, General Liu Ting-hang (劉廷漢) the chief of the forts' artillery. General Liu Ting-hang listened very attentively to our talk and told me that he himself was a foreign drilled artillery officer, having been at the military high-school at Nanking.

After a short hesitation General Kui-cheng gave me what I wanted, permission to stay inside the fort should a bombardment of the fort take place, and I went back to Shanghai satisfied with the result of my trip. I had good right to say so, as, during the interruption of my talk with General Kui-cheng, I had walked through the fort, had climbed the wooden look-out tower from where I made a rough sketch of the fort on the sleeve of my shirt unaware to my escort. Besides that I had managed to take three photographs which were of great importance to me. I also noticed that near the lookout a powder and ammunition depôt was established in a building. To locate the place a photo would have been the best thing but I feared to arouse suspicion, as the soldiers kept me always under close watch. But I managed it as follows :

When I left the fort, a Colonel Liu, till then unknown to me, met me near the gate and offered to accompany me. I would preferred to have been left alone but the man evidently had his reasons, which were to watch whether I was spying. I therefore could not take photos as it was too great a risk. But I adopted a ruse. When we approached the place, from where the powder magazine was just in a right angle to the look out, I asked Colonel Liu, to permit me to photograph him, telling him that I intended to publish his photo in the newspapers. This caught him on his vanity and it need scarcely be mentioned that he was highly flattered and consented to my request. But, when placing him before my camera, I pointed out to him that the light came from a wrong side and so caused him to move sideways, until I had him straight under the lookout. There I bade him stop, and I took the photo, having on the film the object I wanted—the watch tower. It naturally did not matter that Colonel Liu decorated the foreground by his smart personality. Luckily the officer did not smell a rat and was only highly pleased, which he certainly would not have been had he guessed the object of the photo.

He accompanied me at first to the Hotel near the fort, where he intended to take leave. But he seemed to alter his mind, and offered to accompany me to the place where my steam launch lay and to see me off. The fellow was very clever and guessed quite right that I would return. And, by the way, I noticed that he gave some instructions to a group of soldiers which was near us, most probably to watch



Sketch of the Woosung-fort (Nan-ssu-tang Battery) drawn by the Author after a rough sketch he made upon his shirtsleeve when in the Woosung-fort on the 31st of July 1913.

Abbreviation.

Qu. F.G. *Quickfiring Gun*

M.L. *Muzzle Loader*

B.L. *Breech Loader*

Searchlight

Gate

Bushes

Garden

and to report him whether I had really left the place or whether I would make an attempt to return.

I understood his game and preferred to return to Shanghai, where I gave the result of my visit to the paper I represented.

Two days passed without any change in the situation at Woosung. I had my informants posted there, and from these men I learned that seven hundred artillerymen, who were, so was it reported, foreign-drilled, had arrived at the fort to take charge of the guns.

It was on a hot evening of the 3rd of August, a Friday. I had been on night duty and had to bring my paper to press which was done at about half past ten at night. I had just left my office in Nanking Road when I noticed a party of Red Cross men, who, being fully equipped and headed by Dr. B. Y. Wong, marched towards the Bund. Approaching Dr. Wong I learned from him that he had a few minutes before received orders from the headquarter of the Red Cross to start for Woosung, where a bombardment was expected.

I joined the party and we reached the Bund, where a steam launch of the Red Cross was anchored. There I met Mr. R. Wood, a colleague on the "North-China Daily News," and Mr. Manners, who was in charge of the steam launch, which belonged to the Hanyang Iron and Coal Co. In command of the party was Dr. Stafford M. Cox, who arrived after some time and who permitted me to go on board to Woosung with the party.

At about half past eleven o'clock we started and proceeded to Woosung, with half speed, as it

was pitchdark, the moon having disappeared behind the clouds. At about one o'clock in the morning we reached Woosung but the current was so strong that a disembarkment was impossible, so we moored the boat and waited for eventualities.

It was about half-past four o'clock in the morning when we heard a heavy detonation which from its strength I judged that a gun of middle artillery was loosened. The shot came from the fort and the ships seemed to take the fire up, as they replied. The detonations of the middle heavy guns were sometimes interrupted by the booming of heavier guns. I did not hear the detonation of a bursting shell, which, as everybody knows, is quite different in its sound and therefore very easy to distinguish from the detonation when a gun is loosened.

Dawn began to appear and by means of a field glass we found out that two men of war were in sight, the "Hai-chi," and the "Hai-yung," which replied to the fire from the fort. The bombardment lasted for about thirty-five minutes but was without any result. The shooting was bad, some guns of the fort fired too short, others too far. The fire from the men-of-war, however, was more accurate than that of the fort, the shells coming from them falling into the water on the half range.

When the morning broke, the firing was suddenly stopped, and we went on shore. I left my companions and reported myself immediately to General Kui-cheng, who gave me the assurance that the bombardment was without result and did not cause any damage inside or in the surroundings

of the fort, and that nothing would take place during the day. When walking around the fort, I noticed in the country several non-exploded shells.

I went to the station of the Dutch Telegraph Company at Woosung and succeeded so far that the gentleman in charge permitted me to send a short telephone message to my paper at Shanghai, in which I reported the fighting which had taken place.

Then when we saw that nothing was to be done at Woosung we all returned to Shanghai.

Manifold rumours of the course of events caused me late in the afternoon of the 5th August, to look out for a means of reaching Woosung. To go there by railway was impossible, as the traffic had been stopped when hostilities began. I therefore had to look out for a steam launch or another vessel to take me down to Woosung.

In vain I went to the different shipping offices in search of a launch. In several offices they had no launch at their disposal and in several other offices they told me frankly that there was too much risk for their vessels. A proclamation had been issued a day before, signed by Admiral Lee, the commander of the Government's fleet, which after the siege of the Arsenal had moored near the Point hotel warning vessels to leave Shanghai as the bombardment would commence at any moment. I therefore had a very poor chance of getting a launch. To get a sampan or a junk was equally impossible, as the Chinese were very scared.

In my distress I called upon the captain of a man of war in port, whom I knew, and asked him

to help me. The gentleman, whose name I am sorry not to be able to disclose, did not hesitate and placed a smart steam launch at my disposal after I had given him my promise to be careful and not to expose the boat and the crew to unnecessary danger.

When I told him how things were and that a bombardment might take place at any moment, the captain, highly interested, asked me if I would mind him accompanying me, to which I quickly consented. The hour of departure was fixed for six o'clock in the evening and I went on shore, having some work to do more or less connected with my visit to Woosung.

I was still working in my office when the telephone rang and Mr. Chen Kuo-chuan, the Secretary of the Anglo-American Friendship Association, asked me whether I would go to Woosung on the same afternoon. He would be very interested to go to Woosung, too, and when I told him that I would start at six, he asked me to take him along, which I readily consented to do. At six o'clock Mr. Chen Kuo-chuan, accompanied by two gentlemen awaited me on the Nanking Road jetty and there introduced me to his companions, who were Mr. Wong, Secretary to General Kuicheng, and Mr. Li, the latter being connected with the Red Cross.

We went on board and on reaching the Point, noticed that the whole fleet, with the exception of one gun boat, which had remained in the neighbourhood of the Arsenal, had been moved to the Lower Whangpu. When we passed the flottilla, I observed

that the decks were cleared for action and that the men were mustered. We were several times hailed, but the voyage passed without any incident until we reached Woosung.

Low tide had set in and owing to the darkness we made a mistake in our course and ran ashore, quite close to the jetty in the vicinity of the fort. Our men tried their best to get the boat re-floated but it was impossible and we had to wait till the high tide set in, which would take place at about three o'clock in the morning.

We luckily sighted a sampan, and the man in it was pretty scared when he noticed us. But a few words were sufficient to convince him of the harmlessnes of the situation and he brought us ashore.

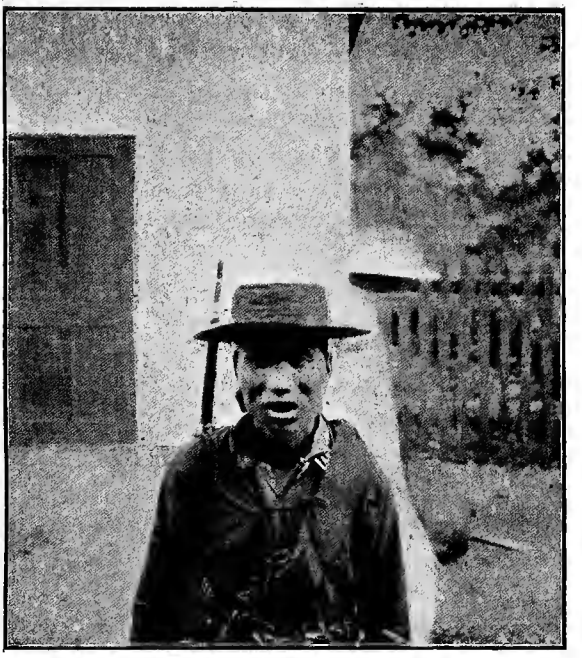
We had scarcely landed when, like rats, out of the dark a group of rebel soldiers approached and hailed us, fingers on the triggers of their rifles.

We assured them of the inoffensiveness of our visit and went then to the Woosung Fort Hotel. After having entered the courtyard we met on the verandah the proprietor, Captain Davies, R.N.R., who, with his son Mr. J. Davies, Jr., and Dr. Cecil Bennett, the health officer of Woosung, were the only foreigners who took the great risk to remain in the dangerous proximity of the fort. These gentlemen enjoyed the interval in the bombardment on the verandah, having a cool drink and—their automatic pistols—close to hand.

We sat down to an improvised dinner which we enjoyed the more as it was mighty difficult to get anything to eat at all, the communications

with Shanghai having been severed. Captain Davies gave us some informations about the events on shore and showed us numerous splinters of shells, which had fallen down close to their place, luckily without doing any harm and which he had collected and kept as souvenirs. The fearlessness of these gentlemen who were prepared to fight for their home did not fail to impress the thousands of rebels all around and not the slightest outrage happened to the fearless men. The British flag was flying on a mast high above the house and it is quite interesting to hear that, later on, when the rebels were beaten numerous rebel soldiers flew to the hotel and sought shelter under the shadow of the flag, apparently thinking it a kind of protecting "joss."

After dinner I started immediately for the fort, the Naval Officer who had lent me his steam launch remaining at the hotel. I was accompanied by my Chinese friends and we went on. We were often stopped by soldiers who hailed us in the dark but finally let us pass. When we came to the railway station, the picture changed. Till now the soldiers had been uniformed but there were the Kan-tse-tui, a very sinister-looking society, partly in civilian clothes, partly in uniforms of all possible kinds. The fellows were awfully dirty and everything about them shabby except their weapons, which consisted of rifles of all possible models, bayonets, boxer-swords whose sheaths were covered with red cloth, pistols, axes, clubs and knives, and immense quantities of ammunition. The fellows looked very warlike, but they too closely resembled the



Kan-tse-tui " (Dare to die) " rebel soldier.

"robbers" in comic operas, and so they failed to scare me. The way they carried themselves was really funny and every one of them behaved like any dragon-killer or something akin to that.

When they saw us approaching, three unarmed civilians, they made very wild and sinister faces, rolled their eyes and flourished their weapons, and one of the gang, apparently a lieutenant robber, approached us with a drawn sword, asking what we wanted. I went up to him, showed him my visiting card, which although the card had Chinese characters on it, he could apparently not read, and I tried to explain to him the purpose of my visit. Whilst talking to him, the chief robbers "hands" gathered around us, rattling the locks of their guns and loosening their bayonets in their sheaths. But I found out that it was best to deal with these fellows with the greatest cheek possible. So I simply told a "dare-to-die" to show me his rifle, which I found to be of German make, being Mauser Model 1890. But the bayonets were French! The fellow was apparently dazzled and handed me his rifle, which I returned to him with a polite bow after I had inspected it. Several of the men suddenly became quite friendly and we exchanged cigarettes and so on. My Chinese friends had in the meantime a long palaver with the chief dare-to-die and finally we were allowed to pass. Now I took the leadership but it did not last very long, as we were stopped again by another detachment of Kan-tse-tui. These men, costumed like the rest, surrounded us and made very wry faces at me, the foreigner, and I

heard the word "foreign devil" muttered by several voices. The situation seemed to become a ticklish one and so I kept back and let my Chinese friends have the pleasure of palavering with them. Finally they escorted us to the fort, as I insisted on going there. But we were escorted by two parties, at first I, escorted by five men, being followed by my Chinese friends, whose escort of only one man was thought necessary. On the way, one of the fellows who spoke a little English, said quiet impudently: "You foreigners help Yuan Shi-kai, we by and by will kill all foreign devils." And the rest of the gang murmured their approval. I replied in all quietness: "Then, if you want to kill all foreigners, why don't you start with me, you gong-doo? (fool.)"

The fellow had apparently not expected such a reply and kept very quiet, while the rest of the gang started a loud laughter and made a fool of their "foreigner-hating" comrade, so that the fellow withdrew and I did not see him any more. My attitude and reply helped me apparently very much, as the "heroes" became very friendly and it was more like a guard of honour when they accompanied me to the gate of the fort, where we gave our visiting cards to the sentry, with the request to hand them to General Kui-cheng.

There the sentry told me that General Kui-cheng had left the fort and had gone to Shanghai. I did not believe it at first, knowing the kind of yarns the soldiers sometimes tell people who ask them for anything expecting a "cum-shaw," but I later on found out that it was true. I asked

the soldier to take my card to General Liu Ting-hang, which the man declined to do. I therefore had to appeal to my "guard of honour" and the fellows, who scarcely ten minutes before had threatened to kill me, became my helpers, persuading the soldier to carry out my request. He finally did so and we were shown into the Commander's yamen, where in the waiting room we sat down. After waiting a little while General Liu Ting-hang turned up, accompanied by a great number of people who all sat around listening. There was at first a general and mutual introduction and exchange of visiting cards and by lemonade, sarsaparilla and "Three Castles" I started to ask the General for information. He was very obliging and seemed pleased to give it. He told me that two days before the Northerners had tried to land a detachment from their ships under the cover of darkness, but their attempt was detected and repulsed by the rebels and the Northerners had very great losses. This story, which by the way was absolutely untrue, led me to think that it was apparently the General's intention to tell me yarns. I therefore made as if I would believe it and put it down on my writing pad, carefully writing in Italian shorthand. I had noticed that one of the fellows who sat about, tried to squint at what I wrote, and as one never can be sure how many languages a Chinaman knows, I preferred to write shorthand, which was certainly a safeguard.

After this yarn was completed, the General started another one, telling me that a very heavy and severe bombardment had taken place on the

morning of the 4th of August and also told me with great satisfaction that two shots from a gun, which was sighted by him personally, had hit the afterdeck of the "Hai-chi" causing great damage through the explosion of the shell. I asked him for further particulars of the damage, telling him that I supposed he had observed the target through his field glass, but apparently he got a little annoyed through my curiosity, and told me that a thick black smoke had made it impossible for him to see the extent of damage caused by the bursting shell. This yarn was sufficient for me, and I knew that in reality no explosion had taken place. A bursting shell, as every soldier knows, does not develop a thick black smoke. I found out later that no explosion at all had taken place on board the "Hai-chi."

General Liu Ting-hang was at this moment called by a soldier who had a message for him, and I was left alone with the General's officers. From these I learned that quite a number of Japanese had arrived, mostly trained gunners and engineers to bring the fort into a better condition for defence. The officer told me, that about eighty Japanese were inside the fort, a fact which I verified later. (I have forgotten to mention that rumours were spread about in Shanghai that the rebels had secured the services of a foreign, non-Japanese gunner too).

I asked one of the officers whether there were any other foreigners inside the fort. The man, apparently unaware of the purpose of the question, nodded affirmatively and intended to say something

to me, when suddenly another man next to the speaker grabbed him by the sleeve, spoke something to him which I did not understand, and made a furious face, whereupon the man suddenly changed the topic. I had now got an important hint and promised myself to find out what was behind these rumours of the presence of a foreign rebel instructor.

I now mentioned the promise General Kui-cheng had given me, that I could stay inside the fort should anything go on, but I noticed queer faces. Liu Ting-hang told me that General Kui-cheng had gone to Shanghai to consult General Chen-chi-mei and to speak with him about an eventual surrender of the fort. He, Liu Ting-hang, was only the second in command and could not grant the permission. He assured me that nothing was to be expected that night and when I insisted on my request, he told me that the soldiers were somewhat anti-foreign and he could not guarantee my safety.

I saw that nothing was to be done in this way and took leave. I went back to the hotel where I met the Naval Officer who had been waiting for me, and my Chinese friends. The boat went back and I handed my messages for my paper to the Naval Officer who was kind enough to transmit them to my editor.

I stayed overnight at the hotel and had my first sleep for three nights.

Early in the morning, shortly after dawn, I got up, and leaving my comrades asleep, I went to the fort, to the gate which leads immediately to the General's Yamen and went inside without being

stopped by the sentries. In the ante-room an officer, whose name I forget, received me with a very disagreable politeness and I learned from him that General Liu Ting-hang, being very busy, had given strict orders not to let any stranger enter the fort, and that therefore he was very sorry to inform me, etc., etc. Well, I understood his manœuvre and retreated, taking leave, and making up my mind to trick the fellows and to get inside the fort at any price. I left the fort by the same gate I had entered, but went back to the gate A where I gave the sentry my visiting card, asking him to take it to General Liu Ting-hang. I was determined to be led through the whole length of the fort, as I wanted to see whether the statement of Liu Ting-hang the old story-teller, that the bombardment had not caused any damage inside the fort was true or not, and beside that I wanted to see how things were in general. And I succeeded. The soldier had apparently no information yet that strangers were forbidden inside the fort and so took my card, taking up his rifle and beckoning me to follow, he leading the way. And so he led me through the whole length of the battery and I saw everything I wanted. I noticed that there was a searchlight, sinkable, the existence of which General Liu Ting-hang had denied in a previous talk. I guess he thought that the Government's men-of-war, trusting that no searchlight was in the fort, would try to approach under cover of darkness, making him an easy target under the light of the unexpected reflector. Now I wanted to take a photo of it, so I stopped and called the soldier,

Heavy gun inside the Woosung Forts.

Sinkable Searchlight in the Woosung Forts.

telling him that my bootlaces were loose and that I wanted to fasten them, I would follow him immediately. The man believed my yarn and continued his walk; I whipped my camera out of the case, took a snapshot, slipped it back and busied myself again with the bootlaces. When I came to a great gun I tried the same manœuvre again, took out some money, talking to the soldier that I intended to give him a cum-shaw, which caused a happy smile on the warrior's face. So I took a handful of coins and let them drop, managing it that a silver-dollar rolled along the slope. The soldier I feel obliged to say—naturally—left his rifle and went in search of the dollar, which was hidden in the grass. I hurriedly made the photo of that big gun and waited patiently till the soldier returned with the dollar. To avoid suspicion I asked for the dollar back and gave him forty cents. I had my reason in giving him a smaller cum-shaw than a dollar as these Southerners are very intelligent and quick-witted fellows whose suspicions are soon aroused.

I thought how I could manage to get out of the fort without seeing General Liu Ting-hang, who most probably would be either annoyed or become suspicious, should he see me again. But there was nothing to be done, as the soldier, after he had received the cum-shaw, trusted me so fully that he left me alone and started to run and had already entered General Liu Ting-hang's yamen. Well, there was the soup ready which I had now to eat!

I thought at first of clearing out right away and leaving the fort as quickly as possible, but this I could not do as the soldier returned after a few

moments, accompanied by a man in civilian clothes, with gold-rimmed eye glasses whom I did not know. This man was followed by a group of soldiers carrying rifles with fixed bayonets and the fellows surrounded me but did not touch me. The man with the eyeglasses, an officer of the rebels so I learned, cried: "I know who you are, you are a spy, you are a foreign officer, and are paid by Yuan Shi-kai to spy us out, we will kill you. You will be brought before a court-martial!"

The man spoke in fluent English. I replied in the same language, quite curtly, that he had better stop this nonsense, and asked him what the comedy of my *satellites* meant. I gave him to understand that I only worked for foreign papers and had never been mixed up with Chinese politics, and that he should be careful not to make a fool of himself. I gave him bluntly to understand that owing to the fact that tactics and other military principles were absent in all actions the Southerners undertook there were absolutely nothing to spy out.

The man looked baffled and gave no reply. He asked me to follow him and the whole group, with myself and the officer in the midst of about ten soldiers, moved on to a building, which we entered. There the officer asked me to sit down and then left the room. A soldier brought cigarettes and soda-water aad I helped myself to a drink. Then I took out my writing pad and put down what had happened.

I had finished my writing and was looking around the room, which contained several chairs and a table, on which I sat. There was no other

person in the room and I went to the open door, to "hike out" when I noticed that a sentry was posted there, who forbade me to leave the room. Well, there was nothing to be done. I assured the soldier that I did not intend to escape and asked him to show me his rifle, which had a somewhat peculiar looking breach. After some hesitation he did so and I noticed that the man carried an old fashioned Russian army rifle, model from 1888. The cartridges were fitted with leaden projectiles.

I made myself as comfortable in the room as I could and waited for whatever might happen. I did not feel in the least uneasy, and was jolly glad to have something interesting to report, should I succeed in getting out of the fort.

After about ten minutes the soldier looked in the room and said to me: "Here they come." And they came in, the officer, this time in a smart uniform with several medals, accompanied by several soldiers who formed in line. A few words of command, and the soldiers loaded their rifles with ball cartridges. I noticed that the men carried different models of rifles, of Russian, German and Japanese makes. After they had loaded their rifles, they fixed their bayonets, which caused me to remark sneeringly to the officer that his command was wrong, as rifles should be loaded after having fixed the bayonets. The officer made a furious face but said nothing.

The soldiers took their rifles by foot and the officer told me that the "Chief-General" had ordered me before a court-martial and that he was commanded to take me there. I stood up and the

escort formed a circle around me. The men led me across a courtyard to a building. There were several persons in a room none of whom I knew. I greeted them when entering and they politely thanked and asked me to sit down. The men sat around a table and one of them, an unknown personality to me, asked me several questions in Cantonese, which dialect I did not understand. I pointed this out and the officer, whose name was Wang, acted as an interpreter. They asked me all possible things and finally they deliberated. There I heard a fellow, who spoke Shanghaiese, propose that I should be shot. Another protested, pointing out that, so he presumed, the "foreign battleships" would kick up a row, as I was most probably an officer from one of them. Then somebody asked me whether I had friends in Shanghai, who knew where I was at the moment. I naturally stated that I had innumerable friends in Shanghai and that everyone of them knew that I was in the Woosung fort. They asked me this question several times and I knew exactly that, had I denied the fact that people knew where I was, they would have shot me. Then another chap made a nasty remark to the others. He said that it would be quite easy for them to get rid of me. He said that it could be easily arranged that some soldiers shot me "accidentally" and that no blame could fall upon the Southern Government, as foreigners had been warned to stay outside the zone of war.

I felt very uncomfortable when I saw that the scoundrel's proposal seemed to find favour. The fellows deliberated for quite a while and finally

they decided that it would be better to await General Kui-cheng's return to Woosung, as he was the officer in command and that he would decide my fate. This was the resolution they took.

The officer led me back to the room, which I had occupied before, and there I was left under the eyes of a hero with a Japanese Murata rifle. I started again to write, when I suddenly heard footsteps which did not sound Chinese. I looked up and saw just for a moment a tall fair foreigner staring at me, clad in khaki breeches, white shirt and wearing a khaki sun helmet. The man was about six feet high, had a fair, curly moustache and a sunburnt face. He disappeared immediately he found me looking at him and when I tried to follow him by jumping to the door, the sentry crossed the rifle, thus barring the door. To my anger I could not follow the stranger.

A few moments afterwards the officer who spoke English came into the room and told me without any enquiry that there was in the fort a celebrated Cantonese artilleryman, who was the chief gunner of the fort. The man, so continued the officer his yarn, was a remarkable exception to the Chinese, being very tall and having white hairs in spite of his youth. I listened patiently to his yarn but could not help smiling when he had finished this cock and bull story. That what I had seen a few moments before was nothing less than a confirmation of a rumour I had heard in Shanghai on several occasions that the rebels had engaged a foreigner to act as chief gunner. By the way, I cannot omit to mention that the rebels were not

very lucky in their choice. They were fooled by a certain foreigner, who having been a former quarter-master serjeant, had pretended to be a former colonel of artillery and had been engaged at a big salary by the rebels, who had believed his story.

I told the officer that it was no use to tell me all these yarns, as everybody in Shanghai knew that there was a foreign gunner in the fort. The officer gave no reply and left me.

In the meantime numerous soldiers of all possible branches came and peeped into the room, making sometimes nasty remarks about killing, which I replied to with bad jokes as much as I could.

The time passed slowly and it began to get very warm in the room. The soldier brought me some lemonade and spoke with me quite friendly, telling me the story how he became a rebel soldier. There I heard about the same things told to me by many rebels, who, having been formerly coolies, hoped to make some money by their promised high wages and by looting. Till now they had fared very badly, with a few exceptions who were lucky enough to get good bags around the Arsenal and in the City during the fighting and conflagration.

After about two hours the officer came in again and told me that the members of the court-martial had found me not guilty and had permitted me to leave the fort, and that I should do so instantly. I remembered the proposal of "shot by accident" and caused the officer to lead me without escort away around the different barracks, avoiding the

soldiers as much as I could, till I reached the gate, where I took short leave and left the fort, keeping always very close to the wall, to avoid being seen by the *sentinels* at the crown of the wall.

After a short walk of about half a mile, which I covered in quickstep, I reached the hotel where my Chinese friends awaited me anxiously. They had heard that I had started for the fort and had tried to follow me, but were stopped by the guards at the fort's gates. They had already feared that something had happened to me and were glad to see me back alive.

We had now burra hazree at the hotel and intended to start on our way back to Shanghai, by means of any vehicle we could secure, as there were no launches to take us back.

It was at about half-past one in the afternoon when I left the hotel, accompanied by my friends, to start on the way back to Shanghai. We went along the railway track and on the way I met Colonel Liu, to whom I had spoken the day before and who told me that at Pao-shan-hsien, a place near the fort, several spies had been caught by the rebels. There were three men with whom a great amount of money had been found and several compromising letters, from which could be gathered that the men worked for the Central Government at Peking.

The men had been arrested and brought before a court-martial which had sentenced them to death but the leader of the said three men, a certain Sa Men-hoo, had been lucky enough to find a means of escape. The two others were brought into the

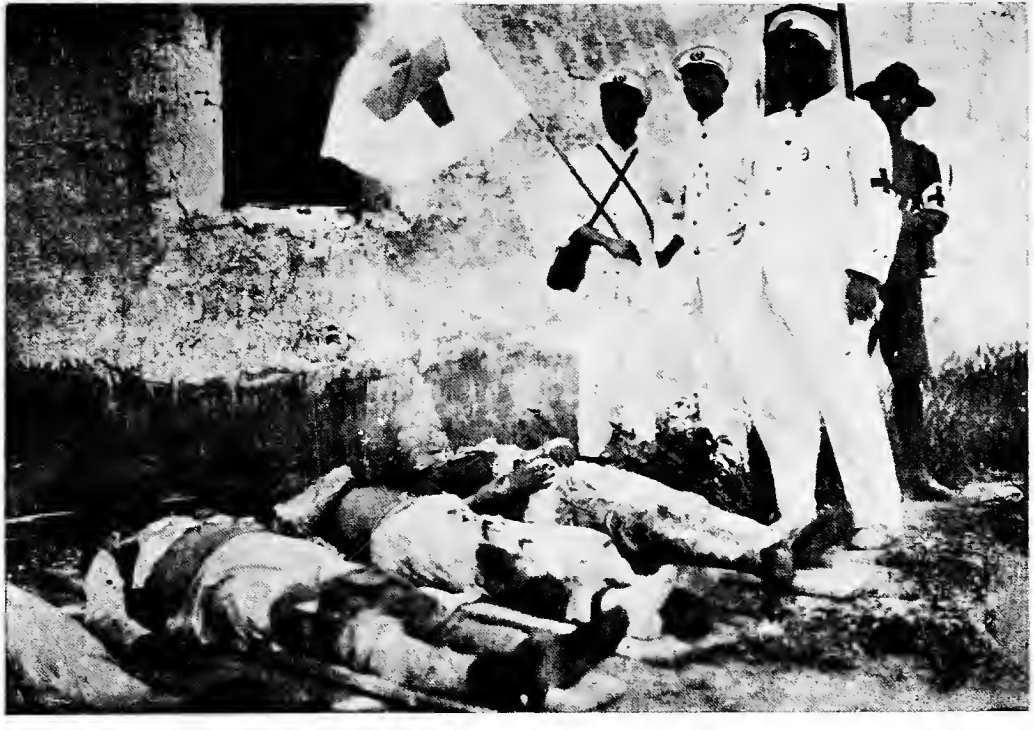
fort and shot, their corpses being exposed for several hours with affixed paper sheets on which the crime of the executed had been described and should serve as a warning for others.

Colonel Liu was glad to hear that I got out of the scrape I had been in, and told me that it was not my behaviour which caused and aroused suspicions, but the story given by a certain foreigner who, being unable to get anything out of the soldiers, had told them a cock and bull story about me, which the soldiers naturally believed and reported to their superior officers, who then tried to get rid of me or at least to find a way to make it impossible for me to remain in the fort.

The colonel himself had not been in the fort during the time of my imprisonment but he had heard on the previous evening the story about me, which he himself did not believe.

We now continued our march and were obliged to walk, as all wheelbarrows, which is the usual means of transport on this *route*, had been requisitioned by the rebel forces to transport their supplies. It was absolutely no pleasure walking in the heat of midday the thirteen miles from Woosung to Shanghai, but we were lucky enough to find two wheelbarrows on our way and the coolies were glad to carry us to Kiangwan for a good cum-shaw. There we got rickshas, by which means we returned to Shanghai.

On our march we had heard rifle firing and several shots apparently from middle artillery. I later on found out what had happend.



Red Cross Society's Burial Corps under Command of Dr. B. Y. Wong burying 87 cases at Kiangwan during two days after the fighting on the 9th of August.

I have mentioned before, that the rebel forces in Woosung consisted of General Kui-cheng's soldiers who formed the garrison of the fort and the "Kan-tse-tui" of "Colonel" Liu Fu-piao, who had to protect the country around the fort.

Between both leaders had been a certain jealousy and finally Liu had attempted to get hold of the fort, by trying to rush it. But the attempt had failed and the Kan-tse-tui were repulsed by the fort's garrison, suffering very heavy losses. Liu Fu-piao preferred to disappear in a steam launch and to retreat to Shanghai, where in the International Settlement he felt quite safe.

The next day I had occasion to see with my own eyes that apparently a very hard struggle had taken place between the Kan-tse-tui and the garrison, as in a house near the railway-station in one room I found several corpses of Kan-tse-tui who had been chased there and had been shot through the windows like rats in a trap. Quite a great number of the men fell in the fight which developed, and the rest dispersed into the country, discarding their uniforms so far as they had one, and about fifty men were captured by the fort garrison and shot as traitors. (This may be perhaps not quite correct as no corpses were found.) Since that time the legion of dare-to-dies had ceased to exist. Liu Fu-piao moved from Shanghai to Fa-wah, a village near Siccawei, where he tried again to enlist men for his legion, but had not the desired success.

The situation at Woosung, which had been a comparatively quiet one, began now to change for the worse for the rebels who held the place. Till

now they had been the attackers and had held their own against the few men-of-war of the Government, in the Yangtse mouth, while nothing was undertaken against the rebels from the Northerners from the shore side.

The bombardment of the fort by the Government's men-of-war had been without a satisfactory result and it was to be expected that the Government would untertake something from the landside. Although the Woosung forts were poorly armed, they had the great advantage every fort has against an attacking ship or fleet. The leaders of the Government forces knew this very well and it was their intention to undertake a concentric attack from the shore and from the sea, to bring the rebels in an encircling *blocade* from all sides. The land forces, under the command of Admiral Lee-shun, were to attack the forts from shore, landing troops which had to proceed via Kiangwan to Woosung, whilst the, fleet, which was under command of Admiral Lee, had to wait for an opportunity to bombard the fort and to support the attacking land forces.

In the early hours of the afternoon of the 9th of August I undertook an information trip to Kiangwan where, so it was reported, the rebels had already posted a stronger force to meet the Notherners, whose arrival was expected every day. The surroundings of Kiangwan seemed to be denuded of everything which wore a military coat and nothing was to be seen. The population worked in the country just as usual and I could not find anything exceptional.

Photo. Burr Co.

Killed in the field.

But when I came into the village of Kiangwan I met at the entrance to the place, where a stone bridge crosses a small creek not far from the Railway station, several *éclaireurs* of the rebels who told me that their officer in command was in a temple situated in the centre of the town.

When going over there I met more and more rebel soldiers in full uniform, and when I had reached the square in front of the temple I saw that the rebels had there a regular camp, in which about 300 men were quartered under command of a captain, whose name I forget. This man had a nickname and his soldiers called him "the pirate" as this gentleman belonged formerly to those "*hidalgos*" who helped the travellers in the creeks to lighten themselves of their valuable burdens. This officer was not to be seen, and so I asked one of the soldiers, a lad of about sixteen years who carried a rifle which was longer than himself, to take my visiting card to the officer, which he did. I had not to wait very long before the soldier returned, beckoning me to follow him and I entered the temple, where the officer was sitting on a table, smoking. He welcomed me and asked me the purpose of my visit, which I explained to him.

The man, a pockmarked tall fellow with an ordinary and coarse face, was quite polite but I noticed by the way he gave commands to his men that he most probably deserved his nickname. He assured me that the rebels had no intention of doing anything, except to protect the country.

While I spoke to him, a loud noise was heard from outside and the officer went to see what was

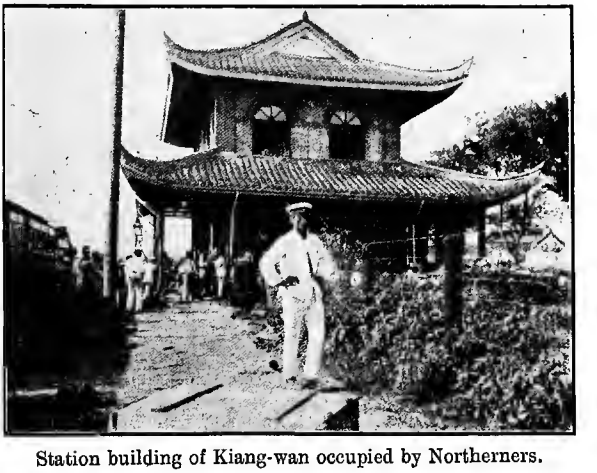
up. I followed him and saw the soldiers bring in a man in civilian clothes, whose features betrayed him as a Northerner. This man had been caught under suspicion of being a spy of the Government's troops, which later on proved to be true. The officer asked the prisoner several questions, to which the man replied in an aggressive manner, and before anybody could have stopped it, the "pirate's" sword flashed through the air and the prisoner fell with a cut in his skull which nearly divided the head, causing immediate death. The "pirate" cleaned his sword, pushed it back into the sheath and returned to the temple, looking out for me and saying: "That's what I do with every spy."

As if nothing had happened, he continued his talk and I learned that he had not taken precautions against an eventual march of the Northerners. "We will drive back these coolies without entrenchments," so he said.

I took leave from this interesting person and went around Kiangwan, but I did not notice anything exceptional. I only found a patrol under the command of a non-commissioned officer near the railway. Except this no other sentries or outposts had been placed.

On the same forenoon Admiral Lee-shun had shipped about three thousand soldiers, mostly consisting of proved Chihli and Shantung men, to a place near the Point Hotel river downwards of Shanghai where the men went on shore and were rallied for the march on to Kiangwan. The progress of the troops was very slow, as the many guns

Northern soldiers occupy the Railway Station
of Kiangwan.



Station building of Kiang-wan occupied by Northerners.

and other supplies the Northerners brought with them had to be forwarded by coolies, a sufficient number of whom was difficult at provide. The Northern soldiers declined to carry their belongings with them and owing to this fact the departure of the expedition was much delayed.

Beside this the country is, like that around the Arsenal, plentifully netted by creeks and is rather difficult for a strong force to cross. This was the case especially with the field guns the Northerners brought with them, which could not be taken to pieces and with the ammunition boxes. It had been forgotten to ship the necessary number of coolies with the soldiers and there was a great difficulty in finding men, as the country people were very scared and declined to do service. Most of them had preferred to clear out right away and and to leave their houses alone. It therefore was nothing to wonder at, when the Northern troops had to remain for nearly three days without any food, except some tea they carried with them.

The Northerners found no enemy on their way and they occupied the railway station of Kiangwan, where Admiral Lee-shun made his headquarters, while a greater detachment went into the village of Kiangwan, which they found evacuated by the rebels, arriving about 4 p.m. The rebels apparently had been informed of the on march of the Northerners and had retreated.

Outposts and sentries were posted by the Northerners immediately on their arrival at Kiangwan, and by means of a wireless apparatus the troops

carried with them a connection with the fleet in the Whangpoo and in the Yangtse mouth was formed.

The surroundings of Kiangwan were sufficiently secured and Admiral Lee-shun sent a patrol of about twenty men under the command of a non-commisioned officer to the village of Chin-chi-miao, near the Railway station, to occupy this place also. This small detachment met a much stronger rebel force on their march, but although outnumbered the Northerners got the best of it, the rebels were beaten and retreated as quickly as they could.

In the early hours of the afternoon of the 11th August I went out to Kiangwan, to see how things were going on. There was nothing exciting. The troops had secured the country around Kiangwan up to the race-course.

There I had an incident which luckily for me had no bad results. When arrived at the racecourse I left my motorcar, which this time was driven by a Chinese, and proceeded alone to the railway station. Near the crossing of the railroad is a small hut made of corrugated iron sheets, where in peaceful times tickets are sold, and in which a patrol of three Northerners was posted. The men did not hear my approach and formed a picturesque group which I intended to snapshot. But something must have announced my presence and the fellows suddenly got up and grasped their rifles when they saw me with my camera directed at them. One of the men ran into the hut and taking cover behind its walls he fired a shot at me through the window which failed in spite of the short distance, which did not exceed thirty yards or so. The

Northern patrol near Kiangwan, who shot at the Author when he took this picture.

Captured Kan-tse-tui (dare-to-dies) at Kiangwan Railway Station.
(The prisoners handcuffed)

fellow most probably mistook my camera for an infernal machine.

I happened to take the photo at the crucial moment the man aimed at me, so the picture showed when developed.

I started swearing mightily at the fellow and several other soldiers came along. These men, who had been in the Arsenal, recognized me and were very friendly, at first swearing at their timid comrade and finally making a fool of him.

I asked for their commander and they told me that he had departed for Shanghai. So I waited and looked about, walking through the camps and parties of soldiers.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, when a soldier told me that several foreigners had turned up. I wanted to know who the men were and started back to the station, when suddenly two shots rang out, the alarm signal of the Northerners, and immediately a sharp firing set in. The Northerners had been surprised by a party of rebels, who opened a heavy fire upon them. A severe fight ensued and the Northerners had to make a great stand, as they were surprised whilst cooking their food. The rebels were under Japanese leaders and had several guns with them which were worked by Japanese artillerymen. There had been several Germans on the platform at the railway station, occupied in fixing up the wireless apparatus for the Government troops when the fire started, but they came to no harm, as they made for safer quarters before the first shot was fired.

The fight lasted for about one hour and resulted in the rebels being beaten, suffering heavy losses. They had two or three dead and several wounded, amongst whom were two serious cases. The Northerners captured forty-two rebels, mostly remnants of the Kan-tse-tui which had been allowed to join the rebel forces and who were in a very poor condition. Besides this a rebel captain with about one hundred men went over to the Northerners, asking for mercy, which was granted them. This deserter and his men were used as coolies.

Admiral Lee-shun had at first ordered all prisoners to be shot, and it was intended to execute them in the evening, but owing to the intervention of Dr. B. Y. Wong, of the Red Cross, this inhuman act was not committed, and the Admiral said that he would decide the fate of the prisoners on the next day. The prisoners were marched on the railway causeway where they were placed under guard. Owing to the fact that several of them tried to escape, their hands were tied behind their backs and the number of guards doubled.

I must mention here, that the behaviour of the Northerners towards these prisoners was not fair. The tying of the hands of prisoners of war is generally not often carried through but in this case it was necessary to a certain extent, as most of the prisoners were former Kan-tse-tui, which "legion of dare to dies," recruited generally from jailbirds, who are not accustomed to a specially mild treatment, but it certainly was not necessary to let them lay unprotected under the burning rays of the hot August sun and the myriads of mosquitoes during

General Poh talking to the Author.

Funeral of an executed officer at Kiang-wan.

the night, also that the prisoners did not get any food. I heard with my own ears the guards of the prisoners tell the unhappy fellows that they were to be tortured the next day, burned to death or cut to pieces and so on, so that several of the prisoners who were scared enough, started to cry, a rare sight by men who were not in the least cowards.

I remained at the Railway station till dawn and then returned to Shanghai, as I guessed that the rebels, having suffered heavy losses, would not undertake anything against the Government troops before the next day. On my way to Shanghai I met a Chinaman in a motorcar, in which to my surprise I recognized Colonel Liu of the Woosung forts who, in civilian clothes, most probably had some "business" at Kiangwan. From him I learnt that the rebels had had bad luck in the afternoon. Being under the command of a certain Japanese officer, they had been divided into two troops, one of which, consisting of two hundred men, had to attack the Northerners at the railway station and to draw their attention on them, while a much stronger detachment of about eight hundred men had to fall on the Northerners in the rear.

The plan failed, as the stronger detachment arrived first at Kiangwan and started the attack without ascertaining whether the other troop had arrived.

The next day brought several rumours in town which had one point in common, that heavy fighting would take place in the afternoon and that a great battle was imminent, which rumours caused me to drive to Kiangwan, from where I walked towards Woosung.

When approaching Kiangwan I saw that the fighting which had taken place on the previous days had left its mark on the different places in its surroundings. On my way I met many refugees, who, when they saw that the situation had become serious, went into the Foreign Settlements of Shanghai for shelter. Nearly all the peasants' houses on the road were deserted by their inhabitants. Near the farm of Mr. R. Neumann I noticed a deserted rickshah, from the wheels of which some smart "businessman" had stolen the rubber-tyres. A large number of stray dogs, "wonks," were around and the beasts looked more starved that usual.

I soon reached Kiangwan and there I was introduced to Admiral Lee-shun, the commander in chief of the attacking Government force, and to General Peh, who was attached to headquarters. I was invited to a cup of tea and spoke with Admiral Lee about the chances the rebels had. Admiral Lee's headquarters consisted of an engine, and a saloon car, which was kept waiting under steam in front of the station. Many soldiers were busy with cooking their food or cleaning rifles and there was a constant coming and going of messengers, orderlies and detachments going on guard or returning from duty. Admiral Lee-shun was very busy, but in spite of his work he found time for me and gave me all particulars about the movements of his force. The wireless apparatus, which had been erected before the station building was much used and its humming was constantly heard.

There was not much to been seen, so I took my leave and went on towards Woosung,

following the narrow path along the railway track. Undisturbed I proceeded and soon reached the last outposts of the Northerners which I passed and came into touch with the first positions of the rebels.

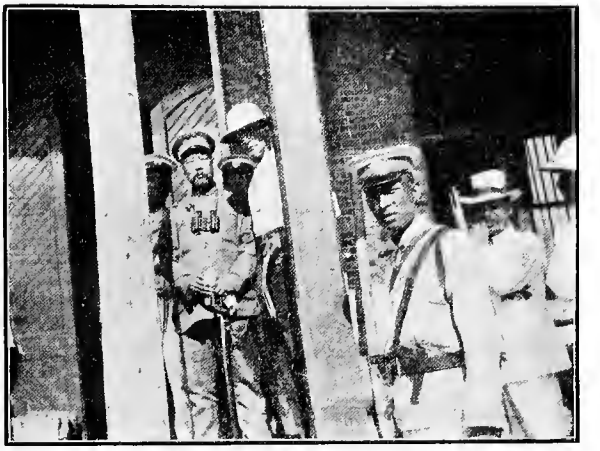
There were several buildings and huts, forming a small village, where I found a group of countrymen gathered in a temple, bewailing the loss of several members of their community, who had been killed by stray shells and bullets during the previous day's fighting. I passed the village and went across the country. There I noticed several corpses decomposed by the fierce heat which had lasted for the last few weeks and smelling terribly. In spite of the odour several wonks were busy tearing the flesh from the bones of the carcases, a most disgusting sight. The dead lay thick in the ricefields, the fallen being rebel soldiers as I recognized by the white linen badges the men still wore on their tunics and on the cartridges which where scattered around. By the way they had fallen I could judge that the men had been hit when attacking. Several corpses were hanging on fences evidently killed when attempting to climb over the obstacles.

At another place, left of the railway track, I found a corpse which was nearly divided in two parts by a shell splinter. The man was nearly nude and I suppose that he, in the heat of the fight, had discarded his coat.

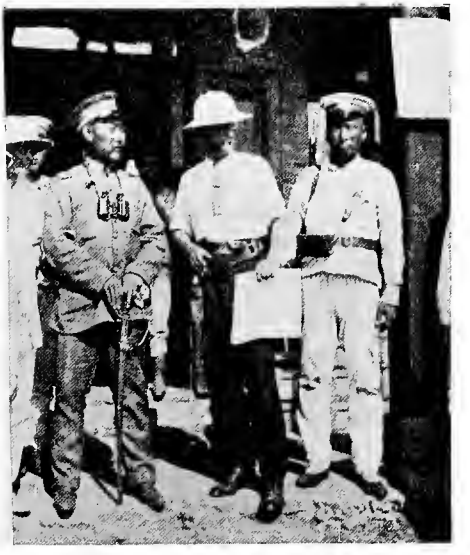
I went along again, returning to the footpath by the railroad when suddenly several shots rang out, which were apparently directed at me, as the bullets

whizzed quite close to my ears. I looked out in vain for the enemy and continued my walk, putting a bold face on the situation and moving my outstretched arms above my head to show the men who had shot that I did not belong to the combatants. But in spite of this, the fellows shot again and to avoid further risks, I lay down on the ground and crept forward on all fours. I had not gone far when somebody shouted something at me which I did not understand. I stood up and again several bullets passed me. I shouted back and a patrol came along, consisting of five or six rebels under the command of an officer who pointed out to me that he could not allow me to proceed. He did not accept my explanation but insisted on my returning to Kiangwan.

Well, there was nothing to be done, and unarmed as I was I had to obey. I asked him for an escort, to see me back through the outposts I had passed and who had shot at me when approaching them. This was granted to me and, followed by a soldier, I started on my way back to the camp of the Northerners. I had a somewhat exciting adventure, as, before I reached the positions of the Northerners a small fight was started and both parties fired very heavy and close. There remained only one thing for me, and that was to creep into a ditch and wait there till the whole business was over. It was not very pleasant to stay in the water, but I have the satisfaction that I was not the only one who had such an experience, as on the same afternoon my old friend, the well known Dr. B. Y. Wong, of the Red Cross, had the same



General Lee-shun talking with the Author at Kiangwan Railway Station.



General Lee-shun, the Commander-in-Chief of the Government's Army which attacked the Woosung Forts, talking with the Author, at Kiangwan Railway Station.

adventure, only with this difference, that he rolled down into the water when quickly retreating under fire and that he had to remain in this uncomfortable position for about one quarter of an hour.

The fighting soon ceased, having been just a skirmishing, to engage the attention of the Government soldiers. When I was sure of the position I crept out of the ditch and continued my walk back to the railway station. There I saw that the fire of the rebels although reckless had not failed to cause some damage, as the Northerners had two killed, and their list of wounded amounted to three more cases.

These men who had been wounded in the previous fighting were brought on board a special Red Cross train, which had been sent from Shanghai and which arrived at Kiangwan at about five o'clock in the aftenoon.

As everything remained quiet and it seemed that perhaps with the exception of some sniping nothing was to be expected in the immediate future, I went back again to the place where my motorcar was waiting for me and returned to Shanghai to get a short rest, as I intended visiting Kiangwan again at night as my experience had taught me that nighttime always brought a resumption of hostilities.

In the evening it was rather difficult for me to get a motorcar, as the Chinese drivers, recognizing that the situation at Kiangwan had become a serious one, declined to take me and all attempts to persuade the men failed. I therefore got again in connection with Mr. Eiswaldt who was lucky enough to get me a car, and soon turned up

accompanied by a gentleman of his acquaintance, Mr. Jacobi.

We had at first a drive through Chapei, to see whether there was anything going on and then started for Kiangwan.

The road was quiet, and nothing was to be seen until the race-course was reached where a patrol of Northerners was posted. The car went on half speed and we had no trouble with the soldiers, who let us pass without delay when they saw foreigners in the car.

We reached the railway station and I went in search of Admiral Lee-shun but as he had already gone to bed I was unable to see him. I therefore had to be satisfied with a longer chat with General Poh, the second in command, with whom I spoke about the losses the Northerners had suffered and which were comparatively small. There were only four dead and about twenty wounded, several of them serious cases. The wounded were brought into the waiting room at the railway station, where they were laid down to await the arrival of the hospital train, which, under command of Dr. B. Y. Wong, had been supplied by the Red Cross Society.

I visited the wounded and found the poor fellows in a terrible condition. Their wounds had been dressed by unskilled hands. I saw men with wounds out of which blood still oozed, the wounds being only partly covered with dirty rags, and innumerable flies settled on them. There was one man who had no less than thirteen wounds, caused by a maxim gun, between his shoulders. The man was still alive in spite of his terrible condition

and breathed heavily. Another had been hit by a shell splinter which had nearly severed his left hand from the wrist. The hand was only hanging by a thread of skin and was rudely tied to a splinter of wood. The man, by the way a veteran who had seen and taken active service in no less than forty fights and battles during the last three years, was very depressed. He had never received any wound in all the fights when he was in the front, so he told me, and had always good luck. During the July-revolution he had been one of the defenders of the Arsenal, and in spite of the fact that he was commanded to an outpost near Lunghua, where the most severe fighting had taken place, he had remained unhurt. He described to me that afternoon's attack and told me that he and several of his comrades were hit by a shell splinter, when fixing up a machine gun. Another man had lost his right eye.

The atmosphere of the room was suffocating and I asked General Poh to order the windows to be opened, which he did after some hesitation as one of the Chinese medical men had advised him to keep the men warm—in a temperature where the thermometer showed more than 40 *degres* Celsius in the shade.

In the room next door to the waiting room was the temporary office of General Poh. This room, being the station master's office, had two windows on different sides and contained a telephone. There I saw several officers and men busy with service papers, reading rolls and so on.

In general, the situation was still unchanged and there were all the prisoners sitting on the railway causeway, their hands still tied behind their backs.

It was at about one o'clock in the morning and I was trying to ring up my editor in Shanghai to give him a short account of the last events, when the telephone bell rang and when I asked the speaker who he was, I learned that the head-office of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway wanted to know how things were getting on. The railway official who spoke at the telephone at Shanghai was most probably very surprised to hear that a newspaper-man was on the telephone instead of the expected station master, who, like the other *personnel* of the station staff, had cleared out when the fighting began. I gave the gentleman some information and after having finished this talk I rang up my editor and was so lucky as to get connection. I was reading the notes I had put down on my writing pad, when suddenly a yell was heard, followed by a fierce and wild firing, accompanied by many shouts. Receiver in hand I bent forward to look out for the cause of that firing, when suddenly the window panes fell down with a crash and bullets whizzed past me, apparently directed at me. From nearly all three sides were openings in the walls and several bullets passed me, making deep holes in the walls and the ground next to me. I recognized immediately that escape was fruitless, so I remained at the telephone and continued my message, while the unknown fellows outside continued to fire into the room. Two bullets pierced my breeches, one of them

grazing my left leg, but I did not notice it at the moment. The firing lasted for about three minutes, not more, but I thought that it lasted for an eternity. My companions had been more lucky, as they were safely in the waiting-room when the firing started.

I went on the *perron* and learned that a small number of rebels had made an attempt to help the prisoners to escape, by rushing the guards. The attempt failed and the Northerners immediately counted the prisoners and found that one of them was missing. The word was given and a great number of soldiers searched the country by means of the electric pocket torches, which nearly every man carried with him. They had not to seek very long and found the escaped prisoner in a ditch near the station, his hands still tied. The man had rolled himself down the causeway, hoping to be able to escape in the turmoil the first alarm had caused. A frightful yelling was started by the men when they found the prisoner and with the help of several other soldiers who came along they stabbed the poor devil with their bayonets till life was extinct. It was terrible to hear the yells of the tortured man. Then, when the work was done, the men returned and reported the matter to their officer.

This incident and several other remarks made by the men, gave me a sign of that terrible hate with which both parties fought one another. Mercy for a captured rebel was unknown by the Northerners and they generally shot down every insurgent they could get before the muzzle of their rifles. It must be said that the Southerners had more humane

principles, placing the captured—provided that they made any—before a court-martial which not always condemned the accused to death.

But, I am pleased to state, that Admiral Lee-shun, who at first had intended to shoot all the forty-two "Kon-tse-tui" prisoners, did not carry out his intention. The men were sent to the Arsenal and had there to work on the fortifications, some of them having been paid off and asked whether they would like to be sent home to their native place.

After this incident, which again meant quite a narrow escape for me, I went back to Shanghai, but returned in the early hours of the morning. Then I met Admiral Lee, and I spoke with him about the last night's events. I learned from him the confirmation of my hypothesis, that the bombardment of the Fort would not begin before the rally of the land force was finished. It was not to be expected that the heavy artillery of the men-of-war would try to make the forts harmless, the Admiral pointing out to me that it was the intention of the Government troops to cause as little damage to the fort as possible, to avoid great expenses of rebuilding and reconstructing. Admiral Lee-shun spoke with sadness of the bad and hard work his soldiers had to undergo and spoke in hard, bitter words of the many Japanese who openly fought on the side of the rebels and not only that, but tried, under the disguise of "war correspondents," to spy where they could and had the cheek to threaten with their government's interference when they were forced to disappear from the place.

I cannot omit to mention here that quite a number of Japanese, naturally all "very harmless men," disappeared during the revolution, and especially during the fighting around the Arsenal. Even to-day, the second manager of a certain Japanese concern is missing and nobody knows where the man is?

I think that several men, who are still alive, know the story of a man who, pretending to be a Chinaman, when caught red-handed spying around a certain place and found in the possession of a rough sketch of something and notes which were written in Japanese, was made harmless for the future by the soldiers, whom the prisoner had still the cheek to threaten.

The Admiral gave me permission to join his staff and promised me all possible help. "I hope" said Admiral Lee to me, "that this revolution will be over very soon." Then, so he continued, we all will go to the Kalee Hotel and have a good drink!

Admiral Lee mentioned his wounded men and complained that the wounds of the men had to remain unattended until the Red Cross train arrived. I therefore offered the Admiral to take the most serious cases to Shanghai into one of the hospitals, an offer the Admiral thankfully accepted.

I again visited the wounded and took the man whose left hand had been hit by a shell splinter. This man was, according to my instructions, carefully lifted into my motorcar and I brought him to the Tientsin Road Hospital where he got first treatment by Mr. Peter Veit, an Austrian, who was at

that time in charge of the Tientsin Road Hospital. There I received a receipt which I brought back to Admiral Lee, telling him that the man was well under treatment.

In the meantime the Red Cross train had arrived and removed all the wounded to the different hospitals in Shanghai.

Before I left Kiangwan, to return again to Shanghai, Admiral Lee, who was always accompanied by a bodyguard of two men who did not leave him even for one moment, thanked me again heartily for the service I had rendered him by removing the gravely wounded man and told me that he was to start for Woosung.

In the same afternoon rumours at Shanghai reported that the Woosung forts had surrendered to the Government. I hurried again to Kiangwan, which was already partly left by the Government troops and from there I started to walk to Woosung. Whilst proceeding I noticed that the Northern troops behaved themselves in a manner far from that when besieged at the Arsenal. They had committed several cruelties towards the civilians, had robbed and plundered several houses, and I saw many times, how soldiers who were on search for rifles in the country even robbed the corpses of their valuables.

When walking on I saw a wheelbarrow approach, on which a man in civilian clothes was sitting. I recognized the man as a rebel officer, who had belonged to the staff of General Kui-cheng. This man told me, that on the same day in the morning at about ten o'clock the capitulation of

The surrender of the Woosung Forts.
General Lee's vanguard entering General Kui-cheng's headquarters inside the Woosung Fort occupied by General Niu-lung-chee.

the Woosung forts had really taken place, by the intervention of Dr. Stafford M. Cox, the chief medical officer of the Red Cross Society. (For further particulars and the truth of this much discussed incident see the Appendix: Private correspondence between Dr. S. M. Cox and H. E. Yuan Shi-kai about the surrender of the Woosung forts.) The officer told me that the Woosung forts were already occupied by the Northerners who had partly disarmed the rebel garrison. He told me, too, that quite a great number of the rebels had preferred to leave the fort before the surrender had taken place and he hoped that these men, who intended to meet General Niu Lung-chee, the able rebel leader, would form another army, and would return to take up fighting again. He, the officer, had had a narrow escape, but by pretending to be a harmless citizen of the village of Woosung he had passed the lines of the Government soldiers without being detected.

There were rumours that the commander of the fort, General Kui-cheng, and the garrison had been bribed by a sum of one hundred and fifty thousand taels. It has been proved that the rebel general did not take any payment but asked the government to pay off his officers and men.

He told me, too, that he feared that the many rebels, who had left the fort and had not gone over to the Government, would turn into robbers, as the men had no money. And this proved only too true.

After a few hours already the population of the villages on the line between Shanghai and Woosung, was alarmed by the appearance of numerous

robbers, former rebel soldiers who plundered and got as much booty as they could secure. And when I later on met Dr. B. Y. Wong, of the Red Cross, this gentleman told me that his party, which was on search for wounded and dead in the rice-fields, had been shot at by these fellows, who did not even respect the Red Cross. It came to several encounters between these men and the newly formed military police, or better, *gensdarmes*, Admiral Sah Chen-ping had orgainzed and these men, although being weak in number, succeeded in scaring the numerous robbers, who finally retreated northwards.

The losses of the rebels were very heavy and the Red Cross had hard work to do. I myself had opportunity to count many dead in the ricefields, many of the fallen men not being found at all being covered by the reeds and having been partly devoured by the many stray dogs which swarmed all over the battlefields.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOSING INCIDENTS.

After the surrender of the Woosung-fort the situation looked as if the revolution around Shanghai had reached a crisis, but it was not quite so. There was still a force of about two thousand rebels, who had been reinforced by the men of Liu Fu-piao, who had recruited soldiers in Fah-wah, hoping to get occasion to fight again. After the surrender of Woosung Liu Fu-piao had his men paid off, but the few dollars the men had received were not sufficient to enable them to stand for a while and so the moneyless men hastened to join the rest of the rebels.

On the 7th of August were several rumours in town, that the rebels had occupied Pao-shan-hsien, but these rumours proved to be false. The rebels had retreated to Kia-ting, a place several miles off the railway line which leads to Nanking. There, in the fortified old town, they had quartered themselves and General Niu Lung-chee had taken up the command. The rebel soldiers used this occasion to ransack the town and to gather as much booty as they could get. They had seen that their game was over and thought it wise to provide themselves with money for worse days.

The rebels erected barricades outside the town and dug entrenchments. They had several field-pieces at their disposal and brought them in dominant positions.

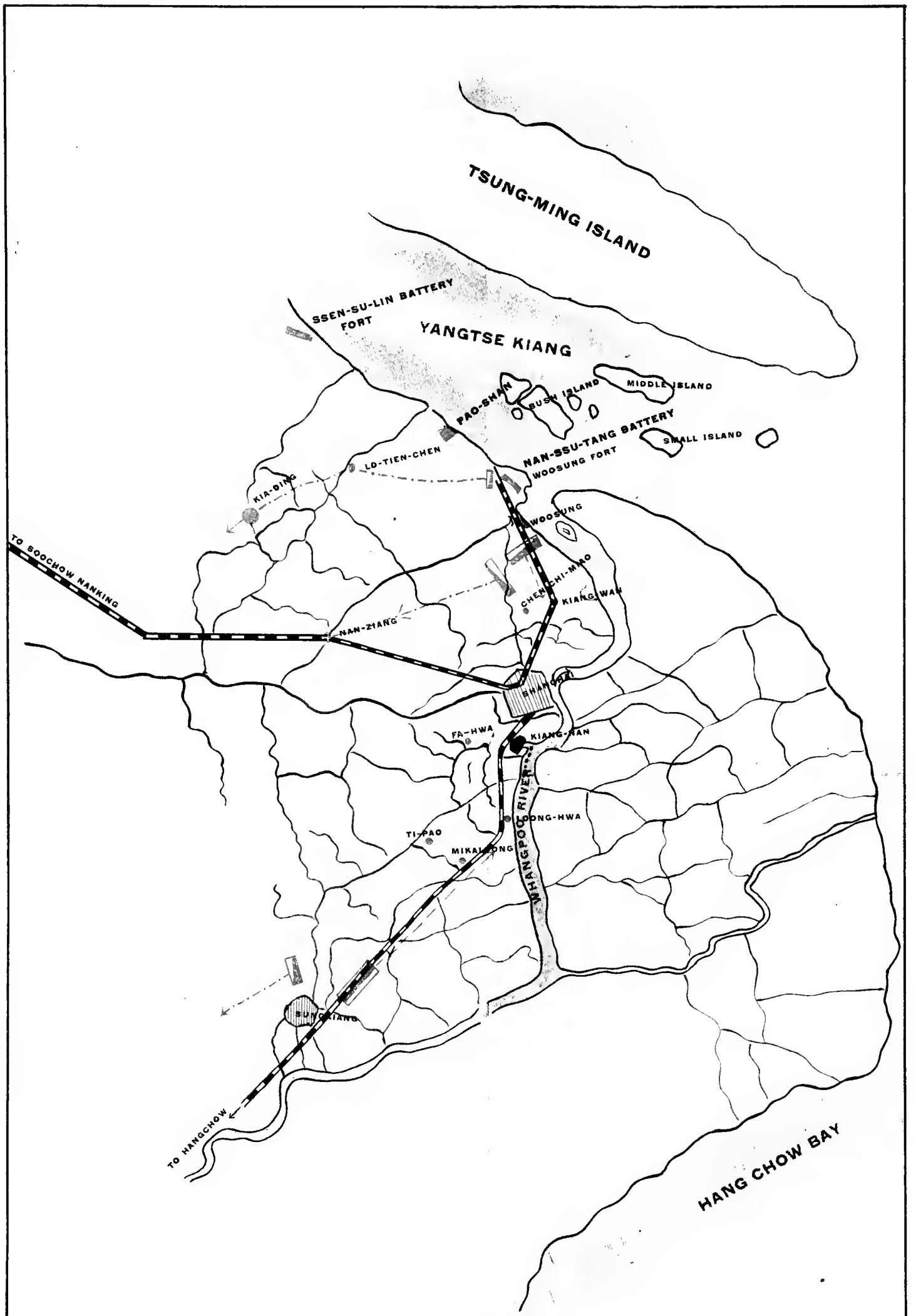
Rumours on the same afternoon caused me to start for Kiating, where, so said the Chinese in Shanghai, a great battle had taken place.

On my way to the railway station I met a Chinaman who told me that a transport train with several hundred Northerners was to leave Woosung in the afternoon, their destination being Kiating, to reinforce the Northern troops, which lay near the town, waiting for an occasion to attack.

I arrived at about 3 p.m. at Nan-ziang and had occasion to see how a detachment of about 300 Northerners marched off. I learned that they were for Kiating and I joined the party. The march was a very heavy and strenuous one, the heat being terrible and it was no wonder when quite a number of men went sick and had to be left. I myself felt already the first symptoms of a sunstroke, and only the desire not to set a bad example to the soldiers kept me going.

We finally reached the village Lo-tien-chien, which place is not far off Kiating. There a halt was commanded and small outposts were sent off in the direction of Kia-ting, to secure the country.

By means of a wheelbarrow I reached Kiating, and learned there that General Niu Lung-chi and his staff had left the place and had returned to Shanghai. "He will most probably sell and betray us to the Government," so said the man who gave me this information. The rebels at Kiating did not feel



PLAN OF THE MILITARY SITUATION DURING THE REVOLUTION, SHOWING THE REBELS EN ROUTE.

Drawn by ST. PIERO RUDINGER.

Places occupied or hold by the Rebels.

Rebel units - - - - → shaws the approximate direction of the on march of the rebel forces.

" " " " retreat " "

Kiangnan-Arsenal hold by Government's troops.

Government's men of war.

Railway.

Creek.

any more as soldiers of the South, but more or less as free lances and they looted as much as they could, in spite of the offer of the population to pay them off. There I noticed again a strong anti-foreign feeling amongst the soldiers, who said that the foreign powers had helped the Government to suppress the South, but in general the men kept quiet and did not trouble me.

I then returned to Shanghai, but only to start again for Nanziang, as I learned in town that a fight would surely take place during the night.

I went to the station only to learn that no train was running. When I wanted to hire an engine or a trailer, it was declined. I therefore played a trick. I went outside the town and lay down near the Railway line, waiting for an opportunity to be transported to Nanziang. After a while an engine came along, driven by a Chinese driver and a stoker. I jumped to the middle of the rail and brought the engine to a standstill, explaining to the frightened men that I was an official of the Railway Company and that they had to bring me to Nanziang Railway station, which they did.

I hope the gentlemen of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway will forgive me this trick but it was the only way left for me to reach Nanziang.

Arrived there I went as quickly as I could to Lo-tien-chen where the Northerners were still encamped. There I waited nearly all the night, when suddenly heavy firing was opened upon us and a severe fight commenced, which lasted for about one hour. The Northerners were suprised by a strong detachment of rebels who, supported by

several field guns, tried to rush their enemies. The fight was a very hard one and ended in the Northerners repulsing the attack of the rebels, capturing two guns, which the rebels had to leave behind them. The Northerners had several dead, and about twenty more or less seriously wounded.

And when we reached Kiating in the morning, we found that the place had been evacuated by the rebels, who had retreated towards the forts of Kiang-yin, several miles north of Kiating.

This fight was the last one in the revolution around Shanghai. In spite of all their gallantry the rebels had been repulsed everywhere and not even a fight between skirmishers had been won by them.

The rebels, who had left Kiating, went in the greater part to Kiang-yin, whose garrison had themselves declared for the South when the revolution had started. A great number of the men who had been engaged in the fights around Shanghai preferred to discard their uniforms and to lead the life of robbers, many of them still carrying their rifles with them.

THE REVOLUTION HAD REACHED ITS END. THE LEADERS HAD FLED AND THE "PUNITIVE EXPEDITION AGAINST YUAN SHI-KAI" WAS DISPERSED TO THE WINDS.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ADMIRAL TSENG YU-CHENG, THE DEFENDER OF THE ARSENAL.

Admiral Tseng Yu-cheng was born in the year 1864 in the Ching-hai District, West of the City of Tientsin, and is therefore 50 years of age at the present time.

At the age of 17, he began his career by entering the Tientsin Naval College as a Cadet in 1881, where he had a most brilliant career, winning many medals for efficiency and prizes, passing successfully and with distinction the full prescribed course of study at that Institution.

After five years, having completed the course of training in the College, he was appointed as a Midshipman to the Training Ship "Wei-Yuen," belonging to the Peiyang Navy.

In the year 1886 he was amongst the few who were sent to England by the late statesman Li Hung Chang for a higher course of training. After studying for some time at the Greenwich Naval College, he was transferred to the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron for special sea training, after which he was on shore again to take the theory and construction of gunnery and mining etc. at

the Gunnery School at Portsmouth and also at Woolwich Arsenal, at which place he obtained a Certificate as Naval Lieutenant as well as that of Gunnery Constructor prior to his return to China in 1889.

Upon his return, his first appointment (under the late Imperial Government) was that of Gunnery Lieutenant on board the Cruiser "Ching-yuen." During the following years he was appointed to the responsible post of a Sub-Director and Professor in the Naval College at Weihaiwei, which place at that time was one of the bases of the Chinese Fleet.

In 1895 he was appointed to take charge of training of Naval Officers at Tientsin, in 1896 as Director of Taku Government Dockyard, in 1902 as Assistant Director of the Peiyang Military Organization Department, at the same time also acting as Superintendent of the Training School for the Military Staff, by Yuan Shih Kai (now President of the Republic of China), who was then the Viceroy of the Metropolitan Province, and in 1903 he was made the Director of Peiyang Military School, which was and is still the most important school, at which place the introduction of Military Instruction and Organization took place in recent years.

From 1902 to 1907 his whole time was devoted to the training of Officers for the Chinese Army. There were no less than 3,000 students who passed examinations under his care, many of whom are now holding responsible positions almost as high as the Admiral himself, the lowest post being a Lieutenant in the Army; all these were once his

pupils, who are met with anywhere in the vast Republic of China this present day.

In 1907, when the matter of re-organization of the Chinese Navy was brought up, he was appointed Director of the Navy Department, which at that time was attached to the Board of War at Peking.

In 1909, when the Naval Organization was independently established by itself, headed by Prince Tsai Shun, uncle of the Emperor Hsuen Tung, he was made the Director of the First Department as well as Inspector of Gunnery in the Navy.

In 1910 he was made Director of Naval Law Department; also First Grade Aide-de-camp attached to Prince Tsai Shun. A medal of the 2nd Order, 3rd Grade was conferred upon Admiral Tseng for good work done by him in helping the Prince. He was one of the few of the other members of the Naval Mission, who was appointed as an Attaché to accompany Prince Tsai Shun to America and Japan in the summer of 1910. In Japan he was decorated with the Medal of the 2nd Order of the Rising Sun. On his return from the Naval Mission at the end of 1910, when the Naval Board was established, he was appointed as Director of Naval Personnel Department as well as First Grade Aide-de-Camp to Prince Tsai Shun, the then President of the Naval Board at Peking.

As soon as the authorities viewed the seriousness of the importance of the education of young officers, that the efficiency of China's future Navy must depend greatly upon education and training, Admiral Tseng was the one selected from the Board to take up the post in 1911 as Director of

Naval School at Chefoo, but before taking over the said appointment he made a special trip to England to visit most of the British Naval Ports and quarters to investigate the method of educating and training the officers for the Navy.

When the Republic of China was formed in 1912, and Yuan Shih Kai appointed the Provisional President, Admiral Tseng was again requested to join his office. He was twice sent out by President Yuan on most delicate matters to Nanking, Shanghai, Yangchow, Ngankin and to various other places for the purpose of disbanding the already superfluous soldiers. Being a hard worker and most successful in carrying out the many delicate missions entrusted to his care, he was decorated, receiving the rank of Rear-Admiral in November 1912, and subsequently in the beginning of 1913 he was promoted to be Vice-Admiral.

When the unsuccessful attack on the Kiangnan Arsenal at Shanghai took place at end of May 1913, by a number of insurgents, of whom Hsu Chi-wen was the ringleader, the Central Government recognised the situation at the Kiangnan Arsenal as an exceedingly precarious one. In the following month (July) President Yuan despatched Admiral Tseng with a force of three battalions of about 1,200 men all told, to Shanghai to be stationed at the Kiangnan Arsenal to prevent further eventualities.

It was mainly through his influence and firm hand at the time that the scheme of the combined defence by the Army in the Arsenal and by the Naval Squadron (stationed in the Whangpoo River, opposite the Arsenal) was carried out successfully.

Though greatly outnumbered by the rebels, the defenders in the Arsenal on the morning of the 23rd July, 1913, withstood all assaults by the rebels, who after several continuous attacks were repulsed with heavy losses.

From that day (23rd July, 1913) his distinguished services were highly praised and recognized by all, especially so by the Central Government, who had implicit faith in him and of his devotion, so that he was immediately appointed Military Governor of Shanghai and Woosung, Chief Officer for enforcing Martial Law in the said districts, and Chief Director of the Kiangnan Arsenal, with the decoration of the 3rd Order of Merit and a brevet rank of full Admiral for his meritorious deeds and for faithful and hard work during the siege of Kiangnan Arsenal.

From the above short sketch, one can readily understand that although he was educated and trained from youth as an efficient naval officer, yet through his long connection in late years with army affairs, where he gained considerable experience in various branches of the service, he is as familiar with this branch of the service as with that for which he was educated.

Before closing it may not be out of place to mention that under the late Manchu Dynasty Admiral Tseng had the official rank of Tartar General, which rank is almost equivalent to that of Rear Admiral in the Navy, besides holding several other responsible posts in the Government Service, which to mention here would lead too far.

Admiral Tseng Yu-cheng, in holding the Arsenal entrusted to him by his Government against a sevenfold stronger number of enemies, rendered a gallant soldierly deed which can be placed to the side of the gallant defences of Mafeking in the Boer war, that of Lucknow during the Mutiny and the Austrian General Hentzi's defence of Ofen during the Hungarian Revolution in 1848.

AN EXAMPLE FOR EVERY CHINESE SOLDIER !

Dr. Stafford M. Cox, M.D.

PREFACE TO APPENDIX II.

DR. STAFFORD M. COX'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH H.E. YUAN SHI-KAI IN REGARD TO THE CHAPEI AND WOOSUNG INCIDENTS.

It will be remembered that quite a clamour was raised amongst the population of Shanghai, both Chinese and Foreign, about the steps Dr. Stafford M. Cox, then Chief Medical officer of the Chinese Red Cross Society, had undertaken or was supposed to have undertaken, on behalf of the Central Government of Peking, and the most absurd rumours and stories were abroad. To lay the truth before my readers and to clear the mysterious veil which even now is partly hanging over Dr. Cox's actions, this copy of the authentic correspondence between the Medical Officer and H.E. the President of China, in two reports, is published, which until now have not seen the light of day.

I am not espousing any cause; I only consider it justified when "*audiatur et altera pars*" the other party is heard too and I hope that the publication of these important documents will not fail to clear the whole *Affaire*

ST. PIERO RUDINGER.

APPENDIX II.

[*Copy.*]

RED CROSS SOCIETY OF CHINA
CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

26, KIUKIANG ROAD,
Shanghai, 26th August, 1913.

H. E. PRESIDENT YUAN SHIH KAI,

SIR,

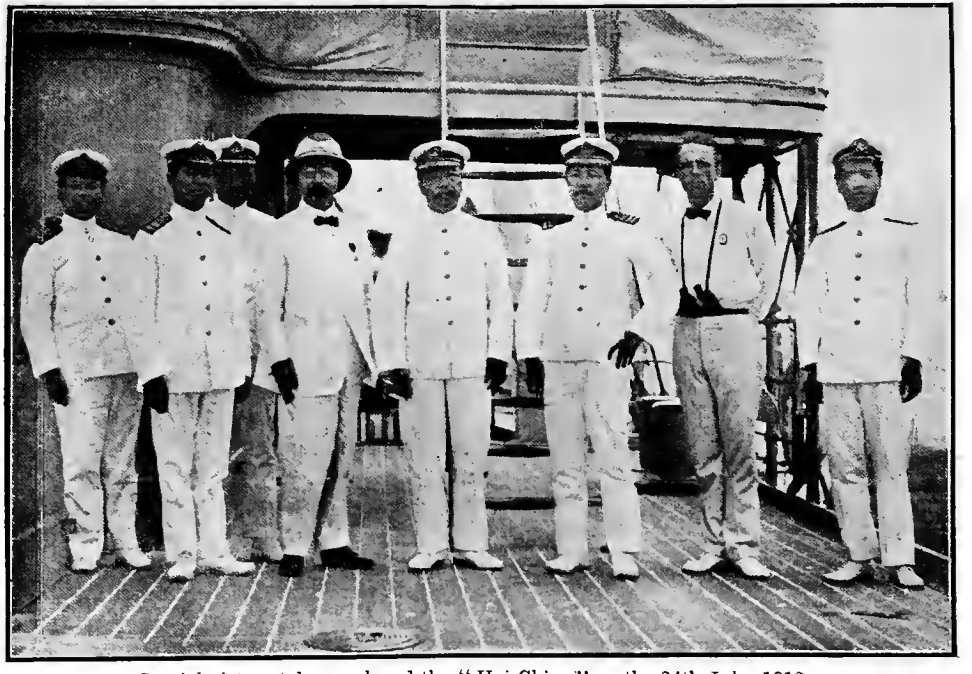
I have been asked to make a Report concerning my individual Red Cross work in Shanghai during the recent Revolt and more especially with regard to the surrender of the Woosung Forts.

It seems to me that such a Report if complete in detail should only be issued at a later period, when the hostile feelings aroused by warfare have died out. And yet, on the other hand, if a partial Report is issued, wrong impressions with regard to our Red Cross work might be implied. Under the circumstances, I think it best to present the Report in detail to Your Excellency, sending additional copies to His Excellency Vice-President Li Yuen Hung and the President of the Red Cross Society, His Excellency Lu Hai Whan, feeling that having done so I have fully discharged myself of all

responsibility with regard to publication, requesting however, in the event of criticism of my personal conduct, Your Excellency's permission to use it.

Concerning the work performed, Mr. Shen Tun Ho and myself are responsible, the general objects having been discussed previously by Mr. Shen with myself and the details being left in my hands. With regard, however, to my work in connection with the surrender of the Woosung Forts, Mr. Shen Tun Ho was not aware of it until its completion. There was no opportunity of discussing it with him, I being at Woosung and he at Shanghai. When I left Shanghai for Woosung I had no idea of such a situation arising.

Red Cross work in China presents many difficulties compared with such in other lands. Abroad, warfare has been practically confined to conflicts between different nationalities. Each nationality has provided its own Red Cross workers and equipment, working in conjunction with its own Army Corps. Thus, abroad the humanitarian efforts of the Red Cross are free from all suspicion, their work being confined to their own military unit. Moreover, Red Cross work has been established in foreign countries for many years and its objects are clearly recognised and respected. In China, Red Cross work has only been in existence for a few years, and the lack of education of the people has prevented them clearly recognising its purposes. Since its inception in China its work has been confined to civil warfare and a different position has been created for it from that in other countries.



Special picture taken on board the "Hai Chiou" on the 24th July, 1913.

Chief Lieut. of "Hai Chiou" — H.E. Shen Tun-ho Vice-President Red Cross Society — Admiral Lee — Capt. Ling of "Hai Chiou" — Mr. Manners Member of Red Cross

The Red Cross Society of China has thus had the burden of establishing a precedent by attending to the wounded of both sides, a position which must necessarily entail criticisms from both parties. Handicapped as the Red Cross Society was by its obligations to both sides in the civil war of 1911, it earned golden opinions from them both. Later, in 1912, the accounts of its operations, when detailed to the Red Cross Associations' Conference in America, made such a strong impression that the representatives of many nationalities indicated their intention to recommend modifications in the Geneva Convention of similar intent to those of the Chinese Red Cross Society which would meet similar conditions of warfare if present in their own countries.

Visit to the Admirals, 23 July.—As the duty fell on me of conducting the medical work of the Chinese Red Cross Society during the recent revolt, I took the earliest opportunity of meeting Admirals Tsen and Lee, and gave them full particulars of my previous Red Cross work in Hankow, so that they might feel confident that all Red Cross duties entrusted to me would be faithfully carried out. On the same day we dressed five wounded Northern soldiers from the Arsenal and took them to Shanghai in our launch.

23 July.—The Engineer of the Kiangnan Dock placed three launches at the disposal of the Red Cross and Red Cross flags were issued for them.

24 July.—To-day it was found difficult to obtain any of three Red Cross launches lent by the Kiangnan Dock, the Engineer having issued instructions

that they were not to go without his permission. The British America Tobacco Co., however, lent a launch. On our way to the warships we were fired at by the rebel troops in Nantao and again close to the Arsenal. Having attended to some minor wounds of the Northern troops, I asked permission from Admiral Tsen to land a party on the bank of the Whangpoo River above the Arsenal to search the battlefield for the wounded and dead which Shanghai newspapers computed at 400 to 500. Admiral Tsen agreed to a truce for this purpose for a few hours; but on seeing the rebel leaders they wished for two days, and as Admiral Tsen was of opinion that the two days' truce asked for by the rebel party would be utilised in gathering reinforcements, the project fell through. On the occasion of seeing the rebel leaders I reported that our boat had been shot at many times and asked for the issue of strict orders not to fire on the Red Cross.

25 July.—This morning I found that there was only one of the three Kiangnan Dock Red Cross launches at the jetty. It was in charge of a foreigner, who refused to allow it to proceed with our party without the permission of the Dock Engineer. I went and saw him and he refused to give the boat, saying he had other duties for it. I told him that he had lent these boats to the Red Cross Society and they were under its control whilst flying its flags, and that if he refused to allow the launch to go with us I would remove the Red Cross flag. He then consented. On our way up we were again fired at by the rebels, and one of my subordinates reported that the reason we were fired on was that

the Kiangnan Dock launches were carrying supplies of all kinds to the warships whilst flying the Red Cross flag.

On my arrival on the "Hai Chow" I reported this matter to Admiral Tsen, mentioning that if such proceedings were taking place it would be contrary to the Geneva Convention. On this occasion I again asked Admiral Tsen's permission to despatch a party to search for the rebel wounded, but as we were speaking an engagement broke out and I myself saw that its despatch was impossible. We therefore returned to Shanghai, taking two wouuded Government soldiers.

26 July.—We were able to provide an excellent Red Cross service for the Government troops, our communications with our Hospitals being open. All their wounded received prompt attention and suffered no discomforts. The skilful tactics of the Government Generals and the care which they took of their men are the causes of the small number of casualties among their men; our daily visits therefore resulted in the gathering of a comparatively small number of wounded.

We had so far received from the rebels and the country-people only 80 wounded, and in the public opinion this constituted but a small proportion of the casualties. It was impossible to approach the main body of the rebels from the land side, and such wounded as had reached us had been conveyed in the intervals of fighting to some of our five outlying stations. Considering that the published statement of wounded lying untended on the battlefield for three or four days was a severe

reflection on the utility of the Red Cross, on my again seeing Admiral Tsen I asked his permission to my going to see for myself whether these reports were true or not. He agreed, but made the reservation that if the rebels should advance under cover of our Red Cross work he would be forced to open fire without considering the safety of the Red Cross party. I quite agreed with this decision and we set out, landing at the Hangchow Railway Wharf above the Arsenal.

We advanced along the railway line, our party consisting of myself, Mr. Manners and a flag-bearer, towards the Longwha Pagoda, and when near there we came in touch with the rebel troops. They told us that there was one doctor in attendance on their army, named Wang, and directed us to where he had his temporary hospital. Dr. Wang said that such of the wounded as he had been able to get at had all been sent to our hospitals in Shanghai, and that there were about 20 dead lying unburied. He stated that the actual battle zone he had never been able to examine, as every time his Red Cross party advanced there they were fired at by the Northern troops. I told him I had just come from Admirals Tsen and Lee and they had said their soldiers were warned not to fire at Red Cross parties. He repeated his statements and I then told him I would go with him that day and see for myself, as I was especially anxious to set at rest once and for all whether there were wounded lying untended. He then formed a stretcher party, which, with Mr. Manners and his loadah and myself, proceeded to the zone where most of the

firing had taken place. As we moved along on the railway line, which passes the Arsenal, we searched the ground on either side, finding some dead bodies but no wounded. We were at length brought to a halt by seeing 20 or 30 of the Northern troops who on first seeing us covered us with their rifles. I halted our party, and placing all the rebel Red Cross party on the railway line with their flags, myself with Mr. Manners and his laodah bearing our party's flag, advanced to the Northern troops. I told them we were a Red Cross party searching for wounded and that they must not fire their rifles. They were quite friendly and told us we might proceed without fear. A little further examination convinced me that the reports in the newspapers of wounded lying exposed were not true.

I promised Dr. Wang that I would bring up 30 coffins next day to bury his dead if I could obtain permission from Admiral Tsen.

27 July.—To-day it was reported to me that the Engineer of the Kiangnan Dock, who had obtained from us Red Cross flags for his boats, had said that Dr. Cox knew what he was doing with the launches and had done nothing to stop it. On receipt of this information a messenger was despatched for the Red Cross flags, which were duly delivered.

In the afternoon, towing the coffins behind in a Chinese boat, we proceeded to the "Hai Chow" lying off the Arsenal. Our boat was not allowed to come alongside, remaining under weigh about 100 yards astern while we proceeded on board in a ship's launch. On arrival I reported to Admiral Tsen that I had removed the Red Cross flag from

the Kiangnan Dock launches. I also told him of our expedition to the Pagoda and the battle zone, and that I was glad to say that the papers were quite erroneous in their statements concerning the wounded. He said he had heard of our expedition from his own men on shore. He agreed to the coffins being taken up to the rebels and to my request that the boat should be searched before proceeding. This was done and all was found in order. I then left, and on boarding my launch heard from my assistants that four shots had just then passed close to the boat from the mud fort at the Arsenal.

I went on board again and reported the occurrence to Admiral Tsen, who called in the officer from the deck and he corroborated the story. He then sent an enquiry on shore and received a reply that no shots had been fired. As there were no rebels within one or two miles it was quite clear from what source the bullets had come. I told Admiral Tsen that I had no option but to return if he could not protect the Red Cross from his own men so close to his own ship. Admiral Tsen expressed his regret for the occurrence and promised to take all precautions against a repetition. It was then rather late so we returned with our tow of coffins. After consulation with Mr. Shen it was decided to keep both these matters private and they are only submitted now for your information and to make clear the many difficulties which encircle our Red Cross work.

11 August.—On August 11th I visited General Lee, the Commader of the land forces at Kiangwan

and arranged about the conveyance of a sick officer to our hospital in Shanghai. At the same time I give General Lee a rough plan of the provisions the Red Cross were making for the wounded of both sides in such further fighting as might occur at or near Woosung.

(1) That a special Red Cross train with doctors, attendants and stretcher bearers would follow in the rear of his army during their advance and carry all the wounded of the Government forces to our hospital at Shanghai.

(2) That the Woosung Naval Hospital, which had been lent to the Red Cross as our base, would be employed for the rebel wounded. We would make landings at the Woosung Forts Railway jetty and from there carry the wounded to our hospital. General Lee signified his approval of these arrangements.

12 August.—In the morning a telephone message came through from our hospital at Woosung asking for my presence and assistance and stating that there had been heavy fighting in the vicinity of the hospital. Accordingly I started soon after daybreak with Mr. Manners, Mr. O'Shea and a party of 10 assistants. On our way down we called on the "Hai Chow" and saw Admiral Lee and received his approval of the Red Cross arrangements detailed above. Admiral Lee, however, was of opinion that our hospital might become untenable later on and recommended, when possible, the daily transfer of patients to Shanghai.

An examination of the surroundings of the hospital and of a mile and a half of the railway

line to Kiangwan showed no trace of wounded or fighting. The country-people were unanimous in declaring that the fighting had taken place at Kiangwan, three miles distant from our hospital; they told us that all the wounded had been carried past to Paoshan.

An attempt to reach Paoshan was made soon after 10 a.m. by steam launch to the railway jetty, Woosung Forts, but had to be relinquished owing to heavy shell fire and the return journey to Woosung had to be made on foot. One wounded man was found and taken to the hospital. Again, in the afternoon, at 2.30 p.m. another attempt was made from the same place and this time we were able to reach the city of Paos han. On enquiry we found 10 wounded, some of them in a very bad condition, the dressings used being pieces of dirty clothing. These we promptly dressed with antiseptic dressings. A soldiers then told me that Mr. Nyeu, who was in command of the rebel forces, wished to see me. He asked some particulars concerning the wounded, whom I told him we would take back with us to our hospital. I told him I was sorry to see the poor condition of the wounded, which was worse than if they had been untreated, and deplored the waging of war where so many of the country-people were wounded or killed and where no provision was made for skilled help. He agreed with me that no good and much harm must come from further fighting under such conditions. I said "If you are prepared to surrender I will, if you so "wish it, carry your letter of surrender. China is "sorely in need of peace and it is wicked to prolong

"a useless struggle, sacrificing many lives." He said he was ready and prepared to write a letter of surrender, and he would be grateful if I would deliver it. I asked him to make it as brief and clear as possible.

When he had completed the letter, as I cannot read Chinese, he briefly summarised its contents, which were as follows :—

It was addressed to Minister Liu.

"As I have had previous friendly relations "with you it is easier for me to write to you than to "anyone else.

"I have heard from Dr. Cox of the Red Cross "Society that great suffering and misery must come "to the people and that no good can possibly come "from further fighting, and I am of the same mind "myself. I therefore agree to surrender to-morrow "if required the Woosung Forts, the yacht 'Lien "Ching' and all the guns and ammunition of the "soldiers. And the only condition I ask for is "that the officers and men be pardoned and receive "a small amount of pay sufficient to take them "to their homes For myself I ask nothing and "deserve nothing."

Some of his officers said when he read this paragraph that "he must have the same privileges" but he refused to write it. He then closed and sealed the letter and handed it to me. I then asked Mr. Nyeu "was he in a position to carry out all he had stated?" He said "Yes." I told him I could only carry that letter on his absolute assurance that the contents were true and that the promises he made he could carry out. He said I might rest

assured it would all be done as he said; he had only one uneasiness and that was with regard to the "Lien Ching," that she had explosives on board. He asked me to deliver personally the letter to Minister Liu.

It was then 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I had hoped that I might be able to get a large launch to go down the South Channel where the "Hai Chi" was anchored some nine miles down, but on arrival at the jetty I found none except our own small launch, on which we had our wounded and which was not large enough to go outside, especially as I could not possibly be back before dark.

I decided therefore on bringing my news to Admiral Lee on board the "Hai Chow," which was anchored in the Whangpoo River. Just as I was boarding the launch an officer from the rebels came up riding on horseback. He said Mr. Nyeu asked me to return again to Paoshan. I declined as I was completely tired out, and offered to return the letter if he so wished. He said Mr. Nyeu did not wish the letter returned, but wanted two conditions attached. I said, if it would do, I would write them on the letter in English and when I saw the Admiral I would mention them, to which he agreed. They were

(1) That the bombardment and advance of troops should be stopped from that night.

(2) That the men-of-war should remain wheed they were.

On reaching the "Hai Chow" the launch with the wounded was sent on and I called on Admiral Lee. The letter of surrender from Mr. Nyeu was

handed to him; its contents as summarised by Mr. Nyeu to me were detailed and his wish that it should be personally delivered by me.

Admiral Lee and his officers then drafted a telegram in English to Minister Liu, which I agreed comprised what Mr. Nyeu had told me were the contents of the letter. It was as follows:—

"Nyeu Yin Chien willing to surrender the Forts "and 'Lien Ching' under certain conditions "contained in a sealed letter now on boarr "the 'Hai Chow' addressed to you. Dr. Cox, "Red Cross Society, is the bearer and has given "the rough particulars of its contents as follows:

"(1) Hand over the Forts and 'Lien Ching' intact to-morrow if required.

"(2) An allowance of money to enable the soldiers to return home to be made.

APPENDIX III.

ADDITIONAL REPORT CONCERNING RED CROSS WORK AT SHANGHAI AND WOOSUNG, JULY AND AUGUST, 1913.

RED CROSS SOCIETY OF CHINA
CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

26, KIUKIANG ROAD,
Shanghai, 1st September, 1913.

H.E. PRESIDENT YUAN SHIH KAI,
YOUR EXCELLENCY,

In writing the Report already submitted on this subject, I endeavoured to avoid all contentious matters, and suppressed certain details which I now submit. I did so on the principle that disputable affairs, when incidents which gave rise to them are closed, are better not discussed, if at all, until sufficient time has elapsed to enable judgement free from party feeling to be arrived at.

A severe criticism of our Red Cross work, which it is acknowledged is based on newspaper reports and of my own personal share in it, makes it essential that further details showing the difficulties under which our Red Cross work was carried on should be supplied.

Shanghai work.—The first concerns our work at Shanghai. On page 6 of my Report mention is made of an interview with Admiral Tsen: on the general principles stated above certain facts and details were omitted.

On informing Admiral Tsen that our expedition to the Pagoda and battle zone had got through and found that the newspaper reports of casualities were exaggerated, he very angrily accused me of asking the Northern soldiers whom I had then met questions as to what division they belonged to. I denied the truth of this statement and asked for the production of the soldiers who had made it. He refused. I told him that I had taken every care to gain his confidence in my uprightness by showing him my past records of Red Cross services, the appreciations that had been awarded me, and the testimony of Vice-President Li Yuen Hung, and that surely he could not credit my acting in such a way, against all Red Cross principles and the Geneva Convention.

I asked him to send for Mr. Manners, the foreigner who was with me at the time, a trusted employee of the Hanyang Ironworks which is associated with the Government, and question him. He then apologised, stating that he had merely quoted the statement of the soldier and the incident ended.

It was this occurrence, showing a distrust of our Society, which decided me on at once requesting the examination of our tow of coffins before they were carried to the rebels. Admiral Tsen at first refused to have them examined, stating that he was

quite sure the Red Cross would not infringe the Convention and carry supplies. On my repeating the request, a thorough examination was made, with the result already detailed. Unfortunately, quick on this came the incident of the firing on our Red Cross party as they waited for me a hundred yards astern of the "Hai Chow," where I was talking to Admiral Tsen.

My fears for the safety of my party left me no option but to return to Shanghai, leaving my mission of the delivery of the coffins unfulfilled. I told Admiral Tsen that I would lay the facts before the Central Committee of the Red Cross Society and ask for their instructions. When I returned I reported the facts to Mr. Shen Tun Ho, the Vice-President, and asked him to call a meeting of the Central Committee for the following day. I then returned home and soon after had a telephone message from Mr. Tyler, the Naval Accountant, telling me he had been asked by Admiral Tsen to act as intermediary with me in the matter, and that he had refused to do so but that he hoped a way out would be found. I reported to Mr. Shen and we decided no good would result from further action on our part.

The next morning I visited Admiral Tsen and told him it had been decided to let the matter drop for the present, and asked for his assistance and protection for our Society in its future work, which he stated he would gladly provide. From this date (28th July) although Mr. Shen and I have paid many visits on Red Cross business, Admiral Tsen has granted no further interviews.

Woosung Forts, 12th August.—At this time Admiral Lee was Commander-in-Chief on the Inner Squadron then lying in the Astraea Channel. At our interview he expressed his approval of my having carried Mr. Nyeu's letter of surrender to him, and on my reporting to him and his officers that Mr. Nyeu had said that there were bombs on board the yacht "Lieu Ching" and in this respect only was he uncertain of his men, a suggestion was made that Mr. Nyeu should be asked by me that the yacht should be temporarily handed over to the Red Cross Society. This suggestion was very welcome to us, as we expected at any moment notice to vacate our Hospital at Woosung, as it would be in the line of fire if further hostilities took place.

Knowing that in all probability I would have to proceed to the "Hai Chi," then lying outside 15 miles away, to see Minister Liu next morning, I could not therefore personally see Mr. Nyeu and make the request suggested. Mr. Nyeu does not understand English and I am not able to write Chinese; Mr. Yao Whie Wun, one of the naval officers, however, kindly wrote a letter for me in Chinese asking for the temporary transfer of the "Lien Ching" as Red Cross Hospital Ship. This letter was drawn up in Admiral Lee's presence and seen by him. This I think conveys sufficient evidence of the approval of Admiral Lee of my work in this connectien. Minister Liu's approval of this part of my work is also evident in that he asked me by telegraph to deliver personally Mr. Nyeu's letter to him, and instructed Admiral Lin to write an acknowledgment of delivery by me.

On the fall of the Forts on the 13th, on my return journey to Shanghai I saw Admiral Lee and detailed to him all particulars of the part I had taken in the transfer of the Forts. He was very pleased with it all and stated that he would like the Red Cross flag to be flown for two days at least.

It seems clear that thus far each detail of my work in connection with the surrender of the Forts met with the approval and appreciation of the responsible leaders. If at any time the slightest lack of appreciation had been shown, I would immediately have severed all connection with it.

There appears to be a misapprehension derived from the reports published in the newspapers that the Red Cross party interfered with the naval flag flying over the Forts and substituted their flag for the naval one, and it is probably in consequence of this misapprehension that Mr. Lu Hai Hwan has indicted our party for an abuse of the Geneva Convention. Our flag was hoisted on a minor flagstaff in a corner of the compound apart from the main Fort to serve, in accordance with Article 23 of the Geneva Convention, as a point for assembling the wounded.

Surrender of Woosung Forts.—An occurrence to which I did not attach importance at the time proved to be of great moment later. I allude to the arrival of the patrol party consisting of a non-commissioned officer and six men from the Land Forces half a minute before the Naval part at the Forts. On this account the surrender was considered as made to the Land Forces and its subsequent control and arrangement passed into their

hands. I am not in a position to say whether Admiral Tsen and General Lee, the leaders of the Land Forces, were cognisant or approved of the negotiations that had been begun the previous day between Minister Liu and Mr. Nyeu.

I have been working in the profession to which I have the honour to belong in China for 12 years. My position in the profession is therefore not that of a man who is unknown. For my Red Cross work at Hankow (1910-1911) I have received many appreciations, including a letter of appreciation from my own Minister. I was then and now the Chief Medical Officer of our Society and it is not claiming too much to say that the prestige of the Red Cross Society of China was enhanced by our work in Hankow. In every respect in the present revolt we have endeavoured to maintain and still further enhance this prestige, and we are all convinced that we have done so. An attempt has been made to prejudge our work, based solely on newspaper details, without waiting for a report or defence from us. Such proceedings are highly undesirable. Our divided duties make us singularly open to criticism, and the arm-chair critic finds us an easy target. With the exception of our Dressers, Boys and Coolies, we are all voluntary workers, enduring many privations for the general good. Instead of hostile criticism we need help, in carrying out our self-imposed tasks. Criticism, as I have said, if it is not definitive in character and is not aimed with good intent for the Red Cross Society or for the correction of gross abuses of its privileges, is best given later on.

In conclusion, with regard to the risks which our workers undergo in the pursuit of their duties, such as are unavoidable we must cheerfully endure; but where they are of an avoidable character as elsewhere detailed, they constitute a flagrant abuse of the usages of warfare, and the responsible commanders should be held to account.

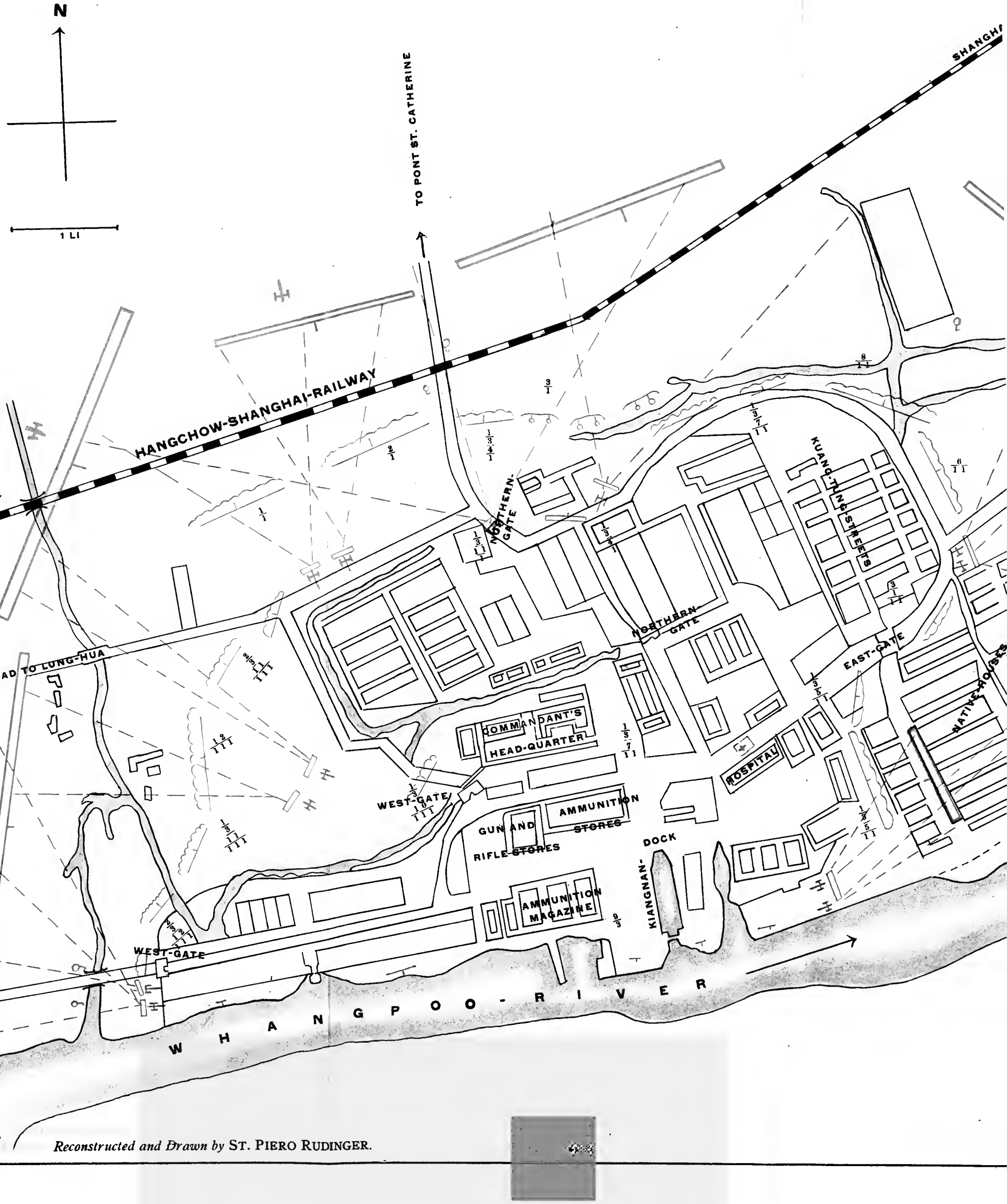
I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

STAFFORD M. COX, M.D.,
Chief Medical Officer,
Red Cross Society of China.

THE PLAN OF THE SITUATION AT THE KIANGNAN ARSENAL

From the 23rd—28th of July, 1913.



Reconstructed and Drawn by ST. PIERO RUDINGER.

TUATION AT THE KIANGNAN ARSENAL, SHANGHAI.

From the 23rd—28th of July, 1913.