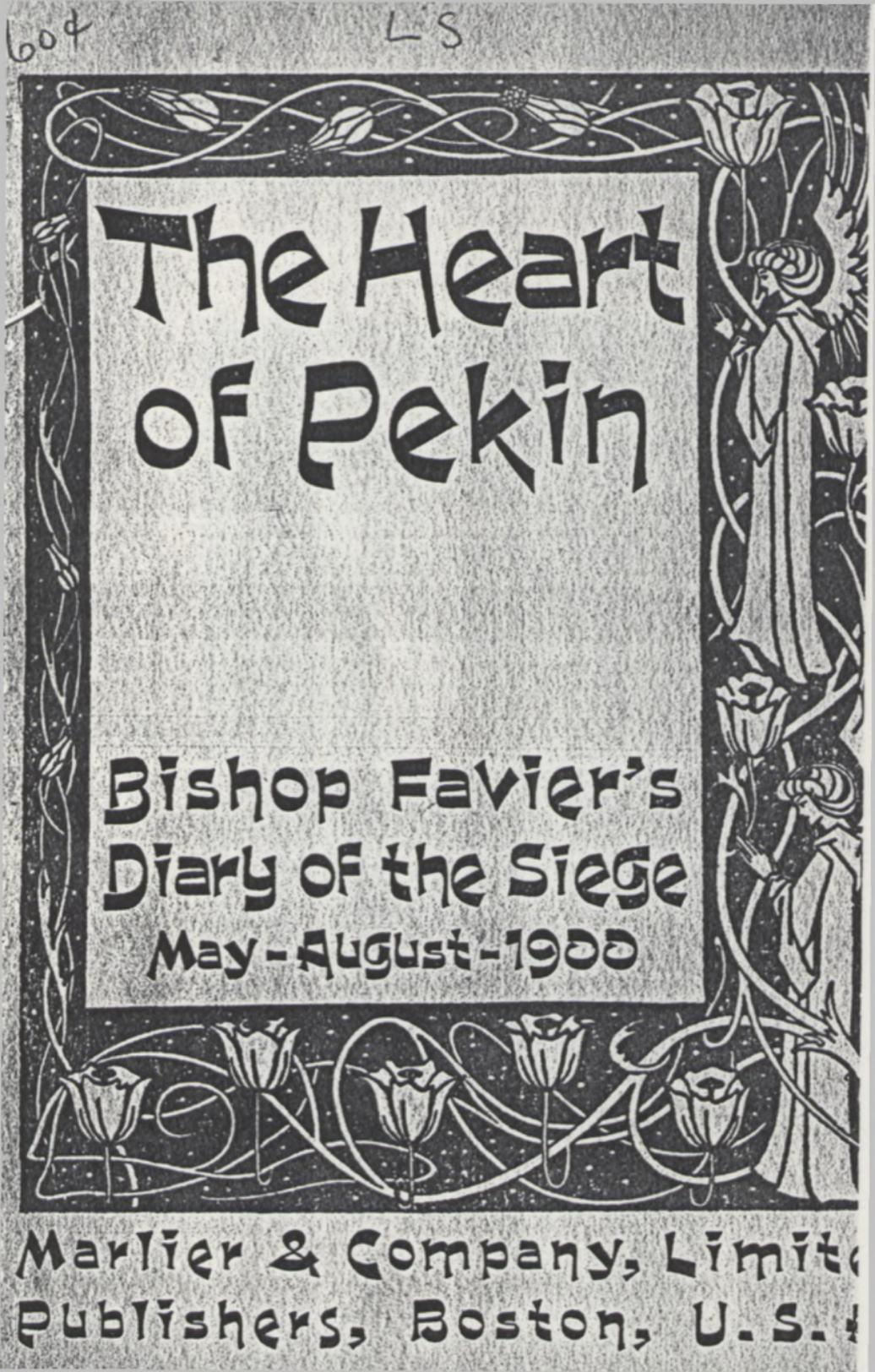


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The Heart of Peking

Bishop Favier's
Diary of the Siege
May - August - 1900

Marlier & Company, Limited
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RT. REV. A. FAVIER, BISHOP OF PEKIN.

THE HEART OF PEKIN

BISHOP A. FAVIER'S
DIARY OF THE SIEGE
MAY—AUGUST, 1900

EDITED BY

REV. J. FRERI, D. C. L.

ASSISTANT GENERAL DIRECTOR OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR
THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH



BOSTON
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1901

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THE HEART OF PEKIN

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ARCHIEP. BOSTONIENSIS

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BY REV. JOS. FRERI

MAKLER & COMPANY, LIMITED

1901

THE HEART OF PEKIN.

*A CATHOLIC BISHOP'S DIARY OF THE SIEGE.
MAY-AUGUST, 1900.*

PART FIRST.

THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

By way of introduction to the following pages, it may not be out of place to present a few general statistics of the Catholic Chinese Missions.

There are at present some ten Catholic Missionary societies engaged in the propagation of the faith in China. Among these may be mentioned the Society of the Foreign Missions of Paris, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Jesuits, the Lazarists, the Society of the Foreign Missions of Milan, the Society of Mary Immaculate, the Little Brothers of Mary, the Sisters of Charity, etc. A few years ago the Trappists founded a monastery near Peking, where their laborious and pure lives are in striking contrast with the laziness and dissolute conduct of the Bonzes.

The total number of Vicariates is 40 ; there are 40 bishops, about 800 European missionaries, 500 native priests ; and the number of native Catholics throughout the whole of China proper is estimated at 700,000.

The Vicariate of Peking, the mission of special interest to us, dates back to 1288, when it was intrusted to the sons of St. Francis. About 1582 it was taken charge of by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, when the renowned Father Matteo Ricci and his companions made Peking their headquarters. In 1784, on the suppression of the Society of Jesus, Pope Clement XIV. at the request of Louis XVI. of France confided the Vicariate to the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission, more popularly known as the Lazarists or Vincentians. They have continued to serve the Vicariate ever since.

According to the last report issued by Bishop Favier, C.M., Vicar Apostolic of Peking, at the end of 1899 there were 31 churches, 577 stations, 46,900 Catholics, 2,322 baptisms of adults during the year, and 6,506 catechumens. The missionary staff comprised about 28 European missionaries and 30 native priests ; a Trappist monastery with 5 priests, 18 choir religious, and 33 brothers ; a community of Marist brothers, with 18 members, and also communities of Sisters of Charity and Sisters of St. Joseph.

In the London "Tablet" of Aug. 11, 1900, appeared a graphic description of the mission of Peking, from which the following is taken :

“M. Marcel Monnier, in his delightful book ‘*Le Tour d’Asie, L’Empire du Milieu*,’ writes as follows of the Lazarist missions at Peking:—

“‘At the missions the welcome was indeed a cordial one. The road thither is easily found. Hours pass swiftly by in conversing with the men who for so many years have passed their whole lives in the midst of these strange Chinese races; men who have adopted their language, their habits and customs, who have studied their literature, their art and their annals, and who possess the gift, so rare and scarce, of evoking in their conversation, by a few ornate and vividly descriptive touches, men and matters of the present and the past; men with minds alert, not given, however, to the fostering of illusions, convinced that they are laboring on ungrateful soil; still tenacious, possessed of a joyous ardor, wholly happy in the enormous difficulties of their self-imposed tasks.

“‘It would be a mistake to look upon these missions simply from the one point of view of religious propagandism. Their activity is manifest in many different ways. Their missions in Peking are far removed one from the other, situate at the four cardinal points, as their names indicate: Pei-tang, Nan-tang, Top-tang, and Si-tang,—the Church of the North, of the South, of the East, of the West. Around these churches are grouped not only the residences of the Fathers, the seminaries and the novitiates, but also the schools, the workshops, where the young people are taught wood and metal work. Then there

is the printing-office, where the young native compositors are equally skilled in the setting up of the Chinese and Latin characters.

THE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY.

“Near the Church of the East, Ton-tang, is the hospital where the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, assisted by the medical staff of the French Legation, are ever assiduous in their care and nursing of the most repulsively afflicted patients. This suffering class of humanity exhibit afflictions, sores, and complaints and suchlike pathological phenomena seldom to be met with in European clinical institutions. This institution is the only one of its kind in all Peking. Needless to say it is ever crowded. On certain days there are to be seen hundreds of stricken patients awaiting the arrival of the doctor. Those who are unable to find room in the hospital make their way to the dispensary. There their ailments are seen to, wounds washed, and a large bowl of rice given to each. In the neighborhood of this mission — the most ancient Catholic settlement extant in Peking, one founded by the Portuguese Jesuits over two hundred years ago — there is a never-ceasing influx and exodus of spectral figures, disease-stricken and fever-marked sufferers.

“The headquarters of the mission is the Pei-tang, — Church of the North. It is situated in the yellow quarter of the city, close to the Imperial Palace. There are two small pavilions flanking the entrance

surmounted by a dragon; affixed to the wall are marble slabs on which are inscribed the Imperial Ordinances, setting forth the terms upon which the concession of the land was made to France some one hundred years ago. But a few years back the Emperor, wishing to enlarge the grounds of his palace, took the site previously held by the Fathers, and gave them the present site in exchange, and built the present cathedral, episcopal residence, and all the many dependencies at his own expense, — a cost estimated at over \$150,000. A huge tablet suspended over the façade of the Cathedral records this fact. Pei-tang is the residence of the Vicar-Apostolic, a man whose name is widely known, who is much beloved by all those whose privilege it has been to know and meet him, Bishop C. M. Favier.

THE SCHOOL OF THE MARIST BROTHERS.

“A mile or so outside the walls, near to the old French cemetery, in the village of Cha-la-eul, is the wonderful school established and directed by the Marist Brothers. There are about one hundred native students attending the classes. This institution enjoys a deservedly high reputation. Many of the youngsters who have made their studies in this school are now holding good posts in the Civil Service and Custom House offices. One of the recent members of the Chinese Embassy at Paris, the Minister Tsing, was a student of Cha-la-eul.”

II.

MUTTERINGS OF THE COMING STORM.

During the early part of the year, Bishop Favier had gone to Europe in the interest of his mission. Hearing that signs of the approaching storm had been seen, he returned at once, and on May 18, 1900, wrote from Peking the following letter¹:—

PEKIN, *May 18th, 1900.*

My stay in Europe was very short indeed; but no amount of kindness could have kept me away from my vicariate longer, and I am thankful now that I have returned. I felt, by intuition, that grave events were about to happen and that a storm was brewing. In case of a cyclone, a commander must be at his post, even if it means to be tied to the mast.

To understand the insurrectional and anti-Christian movement that has gained ground so rapidly, we must investigate the causes. Permit me a few preliminary explanations.

Seeing that the emperor, Kuang Hsu, could have no heir, and that, moreover, he was plotting to deprive

¹ From the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," September, October, 1900.

her of the regency, the Empress nominated a new emperor, or rather an heir presumptive. This future sovereign of China, twelve to fourteen years of age, is a grandson of Prince Tuan, the fifth brother of Emperor Shien Fong, who died in 1860.

The son of the Prince Tuan mentioned, who has the same name and is the father of the new emperor, is filled with hatred against Europeans and their religion. His animosity is easily accounted for. Prince Kong, the sixth prince who has assumed the regency since 1860, and his younger brother, the seventh prince who succeeded him as father of the Emperor, Kuang Hsu, were both younger brothers of Prince Tuan, who by right should have governed since 1860. Besides, when there was question of choosing a successor to the Emperor, Tung-Che, who died without issue, the son of the seventh prince instead of the son of Prince Tuan was unlawfully selected. These two acts of injustice so incensed the latter that he retired to Moukden with his family. The choice of the new heir presumptive has given Prince Tuan great influence with the Empress. He has returned with his old hatred against Europeans, treaties, and all that has happened since 1860; and, besides, in complete ignorance of European affairs, the progress accomplished and concessions granted. In fact, he is still imbued with all the old ideas of forty years ago. The old party and all persons of note who have preserved the feeling of hatred against Europe and the Christian religion have rallied around

Prince Tuan. The result is two decided parties: that of the prince, and that of the princes and mandarins who have been in power since 1860; these have accepted progress, and issued the protective laws and decrees for religion, culminating in that of March 15, 1899, which the Empress herself brought about and signed, and which has not been revoked, though the old party has since come into power.

Numerous sects under the names of *Boxers*, *Large Knives*, etc., whose insurrection originated in Shantung, have for the past seven or eight months spread throughout Chi-li, directing their movements toward Peking.

The *Boxers* are a truly diabolical sect; invocations, incantations, obsession, and even possession, are common among them. Savants may attribute their extraordinary doings to magnetism or hypnotism, or may look upon them as victims of hysteria and fanaticism; but to us they seem to be even more directly instruments of the devil.

The hatred of the name Christian drives them to the greatest excesses. Established, as they are, in every village, they unite on a day specified to attack any one Christian settlement. On Saturday, May 12, they burned the village of Kao-lo, and massacred more than 70 persons; several other villages were burned immediately afterwards. The Christians took flight, leaving all their worldly possessions behind them. The city of Peking itself is not safe. Boxers are there in great numbers, and everywhere placards

are posted announcing the burning of churches and the destruction of Europeans. The movement seems to be approved by those high in authority, and converges from all quarters toward Peking. The standards of the rebels bear such inscriptions as: "Protect the dynasty and destroy Europeans;" By "order of the Emperor, let us destroy all Europeans." Danger, therefore, is imminent.

We have taken all the precautions dictated by prudence.* I have written letters to all the upper mandarins. At my request, troops have been sent to a number of Christian settlements; but they are nearly all inadequate and some are ill-disposed. Nevertheless, I believe there would be greater evil done without them.

In our pressing necessity, I have ordered public prayers for peace, which God alone can grant. Besides, I have written an official letter to the foreign minister, who has convoked the diplomatic corps. It has been unanimously decided to force the Chinese government to prompt action under the penalty of calling in foreign troops. Despite the danger, all are ready at their posts. The conduct of the Christians is admirable; apostasy is proposed to them, but they prefer flight, ruin, even death. Several catechumens have received the baptism of blood.

May 28th. This letter, commenced ten days since, has been interrupted by ten days of sorrow. Every hour brings fresh news of misfortune. The massacre in Kao-lo was horrible: the victims numbered more

than eighty. Small children were quartered, women were burned in church or run through with a sword, men were stabbed or shot; it is rumored that some were crucified. Twenty persons escaped because they were absent at the time of the massacre. A young man, eighteen years of age, was thrown into a well where he remained forty-eight hours; when the assassins left, he made his escape and has just arrived among us. In another village, two Christians were cut into pieces. In a third, several were massacred. Thirty villages at least have been abandoned by the Christians; six have been burned to the ground, together with their churches. The poor Chinese, who are pursued, take refuge in the mountains or in the largest cities. We are giving shelter to more than 2,000. The last few days, in particular, have been a terrible experience.

The Boxers united in arms, May 26, to attack Cha-la, at the very gates of Pekin. Only a miracle saved the place that night. We had, fortunately, taken the precaution of bringing the Sisters of Charity into the city. The next day, the terrible and, unfortunately, true news, was circulated that the Boxers, with unheard-of audacity, had burned the Hankau-Pekin railroad for about ninety-five miles, as far as the terminus station, near the capital. All was destroyed,—material, stations, stores; we do not yet know whether all the foreigners along the road were saved or not.

The same evening our large establishment of

Pei-tang was to have been burned. The announcement had been proclaimed and posted for several days, and I consider our escape miraculous. The different foreign ministers have met in consultation, and have decided to call in special detachments. If they do not arrive within eight days, the fault will surely not be theirs.

Chinese troops have taken possession of the railway, and have reëstablished communication with Tientsin, interrupted for forty-eight hours.

A most insufficient imperial decree was published this morning, but that protects neither religious establishments nor the Legations in Peking from a *coup de main*. The Christian settlements in the province are in the greatest danger. Every minute may bring us the news of a fresh catastrophe. We must hope, nevertheless; we are in the hands of God, and not a hair of our heads shall fall without His permission.

Such is our position to-day, May 30. I hope that I shall be able to write better news in a few days. But the revolution against foreigners and the persecution against Christians seem so well organized that we may expect anything. Perhaps our prayers and those of our poor Christians will appease the anger of God.

III.

AFTER THE CLOUDS HAD BROKEN.

From the date mentioned (May 30), with the exception of one brief dispatch, telling of the brutal murders of some religious, no word was received from Catholic sources at Peking, until the following September. Then, when regular communication with Europe was once again established, among the most important and interesting documents received was the journal of the Right Reverend A. Favier, C.M., Vicar Apostolic of Peking, with its accompanying letter.

TIENTSIN, *September, 1900.*

The conduct of our Christians has been admirable; all devoted themselves to most fervent prayer without fearing for their lives. The couriers sent to the Legations were in danger of death; several never returned. On the 10th of August, one of them again sacrificed himself to inform the minister of our being in the last extremity of need. Poor young man! he was flayed, and the Boxers exposed his skin and head within a few yards of our own walls.

It was a sad sight to behold Christian women

depriving themselves of their own meager allowance of food to nourish their infants; for a long time they had had no breast-milk; with small pieces of tin that served as spoons, they introduced the weak gruel into the mouths of their poor children. Our number was increased during these two months by thirty new born babes.

One morning, before Holy Mass, one of these brave Christian women, who had been confined during the night, threw herself at my feet, with the words, —

“Bishop, Bishop, let me have some millet, that I may have a little milk.”

I was obliged to refuse her with tears in my eyes; there was nothing more to give.

We were obliged to cook the leaves of trees, and roots of dahlias and cannae, stems and the bulbs of lilies; these, stewed together, increased the small pittance of food allowed to each.

At night all occupied the one place, trying to protect themselves against bullets, and, especially, mines. Two or three hundred children were crying for hunger; the intense heat kept me from sleeping, and I felt as though I were listening to the bleating of a flock of little lambs destined for sacrifice. These cries, however, grew weaker day by day, for we buried one hundred and seventy of these innocents.

Misery, hunger, sickness, and bullets have more than decimated the Christian population; the number of dead buried in our garden exceeds four hundred. All died good Christians, saying, “We die for our

religion, killed out of hatred for the faith; the good God will give us Paradise."

Our Sisters of Charity have behaved admirably; more tried than we ourselves were, perhaps, they deprived themselves of everything for their children. Excepting one or two whose nervous debility excused their apprehensions, all manifested truly manly courage. The frightful shock of the last mine was the final blow to the venerable superioress, Sister Jaurias, who was seventy-eight years of age, and sick; she died a happy death, for God did not call her until after the deliverance.

How shall I speak of the missionaries? My coadjutor was everywhere, watched over everything, encouraging, consoling, and supporting everyone, crossing the most dangerous places constantly without heeding shot or ball. The director of the seminary with his young men watched night and day on the roof of the church, on the barricades, and in the trenches. The seminarians with one of our young colleagues still not in Orders promptly filled the places of our dead or wounded soldiers, and used their guns like trained men; several were struck by balls, but, thanks be to God! none was killed.

Our procurator continued to fulfill his duties with astonishing calmness, attending to everything, and though in delicate health, suffered privations with uncommon fortitude. Our native missionaries multiplied themselves to establish a little order in the house; they directed the workers, watched over the

distribution of food, preserved peace, and administered the last consolations to the dying. Only myself did nothing worthy of mention. In constant retirement in my room, I prayed to God, to the Blessed Virgin, to the holy angels, and to all our patron saints. I tried to preserve in myself, and to impart to others, the spirit of resignation, patience, and calm so necessary in times like these.

I do not think that I exaggerate in estimating the number of victims in the Vicariate of Peking alone to be 20,000 at least; 20,000 victims, dead, burned, cut to pieces, or thrown into the rivers, without making the slightest idolatrous prostration that would have spared their lives. I do not believe that two out of a hundred have saved themselves by a single superstitious act where the heart was not involved. Not one of our missionaries left his post, though the mandarins offered to conduct them under escort to a place of safety; not one forsook his Christians. At the present hour, notwithstanding the arrival of troops, more than twenty-five are besieged in their residences. May God protect them!

In Peking, three churches, seven large chapels, the colleges, hospitals, and establishments of the Sisters of St. Joseph (native) — all are destroyed. The cemeteries in which missionaries have been buried, from Matthew Ricci to Bishop Sarthon (three centuries), have been robbed, monuments overthrown, bones, yea, even the coffins, reduced to ashes and cast to the winds. The Pei-tang (northern cathedral),

damaged by shells, is the only building undestroyed. Fathers Addosio, Garrigues, Doré, and Chavanne were killed in Pekin, and several Chinese priests in the mission likewise lost their lives.

The Vicariate possessed one hundred and seventy-seven Christian settlements, of which nearly all had their chapels; hardly one-fourth have been spared: the houses of Christians have been pillaged and burned. I know but one in Pekin that has been left standing.

In short, the ruin is almost entire, the work of forty years is nearly annihilated; the courage of missionaries, nevertheless, is not on the wane; we shall begin over again, assured of success in the end, for "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians;" unless God design to punish unhappy China, that has abused His grace for centuries. Let us hope that He will grant pardon, so many persons, even among the mandarins, are innocent of the atrocities committed. We love, and will ever love, our poor people of China; pray for them and for us. "*Gratias agamos Domino Deo nostro!*"

PART SECOND.

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, DAY BY DAY. MAY—JUNE.

THE last news which I was able to forward from Peking was dated May 30. Permit me to give you a short account of the terrible siege which we have sustained in the Pei-tang until the day of deliverance granted by God.

Wednesday, May 30th. — To-day we received proof that the Boxers are assisted by the Chinese government and regular troops. These last themselves set fire to the railway buildings. The Tsung-li-yamin tried to delay troops; but the foreign ministers held out, replying that they would come on foot if the railroad were not left open to them. From nine till eleven o'clock in the evening, several small red balloons, sent off by the Boxers, floated over the city; they were signals for assembling; the Chinese soldiers had possessed themselves of a supply of cartridges.

Thursday, May 31st. — My vicar-general, Father Guilloux, whom I called to Peking, left for Tientsin

with Father Capy. Will they be able to reach their destination? We are sure of nothing; they say the route is intercepted by soldiers. A telegram from Father Dumont was received at ten o'clock; seven other Christian villages burned! At half-past twelve I received a letter from the French minister; himself and the Russian minister were called upon to exert an unusual degree of energy in order that the French and Russian marines who landed in Taku the evening before might reach Peking by rail. At half-past three a mandarin from our friends came to see us; he told us that the Empress could not resist the anti-European movement. The good mandarins have been discharged from office, or have resigned. Seventy-five French, 75 Russians, 75 English, 40 Italians, 22 Japanese, and 60 Americans left Tientsin for Peking at half-past three; they are expected this evening.

Friday, June 1st. — Refugees from all quarters are arriving; our missions of Pa-tchou are nearly totally destroyed. The brave Father Lon Grégoire was the last to remain in his residence, and escaped from the Boxers by flight. Sisters of St. Joseph, Children of the Holy Childhood, have been massacred. The French minister came to see us at half-past nine o'clock, and told us of the coming of thirty marines, who, in fact, arrived at the Pei-tang at ten o'clock, accompanied by nearly all the French in Peking. The Tsung-li-yamen had specified that the troops were destined to guard only the legations! But M. Pichon himself brought us nearly the half of his

detachment; may he be assured of our lasting gratitude! At midnight Father Guilloux telegraphed to us that refugees from Pa-tchoo were arriving in large numbers in Tientsin, and that the river was filled with floating bodies of massacred Christians.

Saturday, June 2d.— We are placing posts everywhere; the ensign of the vessel, Mr. Paul Henry, a young man twenty-three years old, who is in command of the marines, is as pious as he is brave—a true Breton. The news from Tientsin is bad: the grants themselves are exposed. The engineers have left the city of Pao-ting-fou, and the mandarins would like to get our European colleagues to leave likewise. They are refusing, declaring that they must remain among their Christians until the end. May God protect them!

Sunday, Pentecost, June 3d.— The Sovereign Pontiff having delegated me to present a letter and a gift to the Empress in his name, I proceeded to fulfill this mission of confidence. His majesty not being in the city, he appointed Prince Ts'ing to receive me in his name; which event took place to-day, at two o'clock, in his own palace. This prince was surrounded by high mandarins. Letter and presents were delivered with full imperial ceremonial, and were accepted with the greatest marks of respect and appreciation. I had, besides, drawn up a *petition* for the Empress, in which I explained the actual position. I asked protection for our Christians, and the punishment of the Boxers. The prince consented to take charge of

it, and I know that the next day it was delivered to His Majesty.

Monday, June 4th. — The Pei-tang, examined by our commander, seemed impossible to defend with thirty men. There are, in fact, nearly fourteen hundred yards of wall! It has been decided that in case of too violent an attack, all are to unite in the church, and the plan of defense is being prepared. We are, besides 70 Europeans, including Sisters and Brothers, about 1,000 male Chinese and nearly 2,200 women and children. At one o'clock we received a visit from several gentlemen of the Legation who told us that the fifteen soldiers already sent to Nan-tan were obliged to be withdrawn as given up to certain death by the impossibility of an efficacious defense. In case of attack, what is to become of our colleagues, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Marist Brothers, and so many Christians who live in this parish? To God's protection! In the evening, at six o'clock, twenty Christians were armed as guards: the danger increases.

Tuesday, June 5th. — I telegraphed since morning to the superior-general "*in Peking and in Tientsin peril is extreme for all.*" A dispatch from Father Guilloux informs us of many fires and as many more massacres of Christians. Here, everybody is working on barricades, lances are being made, and the supply of provisions is being increased. At six o'clock in the evening, the Italian minister sent ten of his marines to defend the establishment of the Sisters,

who belong to the Holy Childhood, with whom are several Italian Sisters. At half-past seven the governor of the city came to me and told me, —

“You have nothing to fear: the Boxers will not dare to attack the Pei-tang.”

This great mandarin is perhaps sincere, but, for my part, I believe his assertion to be absolutely false.

Wednesday, June 6th. — We are multiplying the means of defense. We have learned that the Empress has sent two members of the Grand Council to arrest the Boxers *by persuasion!* It is altogether useless.

Thursday, June 7th. — We are constructing a small turret to protect the eastern wall of our residence. I am going to the Legations, where they still hope; for a new imperial decree, better than those preceding, has just been issued. For myself I cherish no hope, and do not fail to repeat that an attack is imminent. At eight o'clock the Marist Brothers of Cha-La came back to the Pei-tang.

Friday, June 8th. — Villages are burning on all sides, fires are multiplying during the night; the firing of guns is heard everywhere, and we are obliged to watch till morning.

Saturday, June 9th. — Some Boxers have been seen in the *k'ou*. (The *k'ou* is the northern part of the large park, the southern part of which was given to us by the Emperor to construct our Cathedral.) I am going to the Legations again, where all optimism has not died out. The Empress has re-

turned to the city with the court, and issued a very strong new decree. The governor has himself written to me that he has received a special order to protect the churches of Peking; I have but little confidence in his words; they will be overridden.

Sunday, June 10th. — I shall telegraph to Paris again, because I am afraid that in a short time I shall be unable to do so; then I am going to the Legations, where there is great uneasiness, because of the revolt of the soldiers of General Toun-Fou-Sian. Fresh troops left Tientsin this morning under the command of Admiral Seymour; we hope to see them arrive here to-morrow. . . . But the Boxers have all left the city; the regular soldiers are on the walls with artillery. At eight o'clock the telegraph wires were cut between Tientsin and Peking, as well as between Peking and Pao-ting-fou. These facts are bad signs; I shall be very much surprised if the reliefs can arrive.

Monday, June 11th. — From the top of our church we see the summer residences of Europeans, on the western hills, in flames. At a quarter before ten many Boxers with their standards passed along the wall of the Yellow City; serious alarm; everybody is at his post. Nevertheless, I left for the Legations; confidence is felt there; detachments from Admiral Seymour and numerous troops are expected, because the admirals have received orders to send all they have as soon as the telegraph wires are cut, and that has been done. I share little of this hope. Prince

Tuan, grand chief of the Boxers, and high mandarins, their friends, have just been named members of the Tsung-li-yamen. At five o'clock in the evening the chancellor of the Japanese Legation, going before the expected troops, was massacred near the southern gate by the soldiers of Toun-fou-sian. They have united with the Boxers, and are trying to keep all Europeans from entering or leaving Peking.

Tuesday, June 12th. — The Boxers have set fire to the stacks of straw next to the house of the Sisters of Cha-La. At seven o'clock in the evening fresh alarm made us take up arms, but our fears were without ground. A half-hour later Mr. Pichon wrote to us that the new members of the Yamen had come to see him, that they had been very kind, and that Admiral Seymour would enter the city without difficulty. God grant that the words of the mandarins may be sincere, but . . . we cannot believe them.

Wednesday, June 13th. — General Toun-fou-sian is in open revolt, the Christians of Peking are leaving their homes. Three of them have been massacred in the Chinese city by the Boxers. We have learned through the Legations that Admiral Seymour with his troops slept in Lang-fou yesterday; this village is about forty miles from here; the railroad has been burned; we can hardly dare hope that the troops can arrive now. At midday we learned that the French cemetery was burned and completely destroyed. The watchman, his wife, and children have been massacred. Bad night; fires and cries of death,

to some extent, everywhere; women are taking refuge in the church. At half-past nine o'clock we saw our beautiful church of St. Joseph in Tong-tan in flames. Toward ten o'clock ominous noises. The Boxers are heard giving the word of command to the west of our establishment. At eleven o'clock two Christians confirmed the burning of this Church. We watched until morning, because the trumpets of the Boxers sounded on all sides.

Thursday, June 14th, Feast of Corpus Christi.— At eight o'clock in the morning we saw from the top of the church the constant blaze of Tung-t'ang and several other fires. We can no longer hold communication with any one; the gates of the Yellow City are closed, guarded by the troops of Prince Tuan. At half-past eleven o'clock the old cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Nan-tan, the residence, the college, the hospital, the orphanage, all took fire; it is a horrible sight!

Toward midnight much firing of cannon and guns to the south; will Lord Seymour arrive? . . . Cries of death from Boxers all around us. *Cha, Cha, kill! kill!!! Chao, Chao, burn! burn!!!* Till two o'clock in the morning everybody was up and about; then the cries grew fainter, and the Boxers seemed to be retreating.

Friday, June 15th.— All the Sisters expected death, and received Holy Communion; children and women have taken refuge in the cathedral. At eight o'clock we learned from an escaped Christian that

the missionaries, Brothers, Sisters, and children of St. Joseph, in Nan-tan, are safe in the Legations. A detachment of volunteers, as courageous as devoted, went to save them at one o'clock in the morning. At half-past eleven we saw the Tower of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors in Si-t'ang, the bricks of which are reddened by fire. All is surely burned. A courier, sent by us to the Legation, came back at three o'clock, bringing a letter from Mr. Pichon, and one from Father Addosio, pastor in Nan-tan: "No news of the detachments; fight with the Boxers. Father Garrigues, pastor in Tung-t'ang, is surely murdered. Many Christians taken refuge in the palace of Prince Sou, to the north of the Legations."

At six o'clock we learned that Father Doré, pastor in Si-t'ang, had been murdered. At seven o'clock our establishments were surrounded on the south, east, and west by a large crowd of Boxers. A half-hour later, their horrible cries were heard; we were surely going to be attacked. The Sisters and all their children came to the cathedral, where there were already eighteen hundred women and babies, maddened by fear. They were just in time. The Boxers arrived by the south at a quarter to eight. Their leader, on horse, is a lama or a bonze; he precedes an immense red flag, surrounded by young Boxers who have undergone the incantations and are likewise dressed in red. They burned perfumed sticks, prostrated themselves on entering our street on the south, and then advanced in compact bands.

The marines of our great gate let them approach within two hundred yards, then sent a volley into their ranks, which laid forty-seven of these so-called "invulnerables" low, and put the thousands of Boxers, who followed, to flight. We went out at once and captured five swords and one lance. The Boxers, driven back, at once set fire to the houses which adjoin ours on the south. We have been preserved by God, who changed the direction of the wind in our favor; moreover, wet covering, pumps, nothing had been forgotten to assist Providence.

Made furious by their failure, witnessed by a crowd of ten thousand persons ready to plunder, the Boxers redoubled their noise and ferocious yells until after midnight, but did not dare to attack anew.

This first serious encounter has given us hope in manifesting the cowardice of our enemies. The Christians, whom we had armed with about five hundred lances, had, besides, seven or eight poor guns; made courageous by this first success, they promised to keep watch with the marines on the fourteen hundred yards of wall.

Saturday, June 16th.—Through a fugitive, we learned the admirable constancy of many Christians massacred without the gate P'ing-tze-men, of whom not one would deny his faith; that is very consoling. At half-past twelve serious alarm; cries of Boxers; arrival of regular soldiers, who guard the gate of Si-Hoa; they are evidently not to defend, but to attack us. Our purveyor refuses to sell anything;

he is threatened with death if he gives us the least supply. Towards half-past-four an immense fire begins to rage in Tsien-Men; the Boxers, after having burned all the houses of Christians, are now burning the stores where a few European articles are sold. A courier sent to the Legation, came back at five o'clock. Always no news from Admiral Seymour. At half-seven every-one is at his post. More than three hundred soldiers, and numerous Boxers, have surrounded our residence; the Sisters and Christians again pass a sad night in the church. An imperial decree, issued during the day, announces officially to all China that the churches of Peking have been burned.

Sunday, June 17th.— From two till half-past three in the morning many cannon-shots and volleys from the side of the Legations. Toward ten o'clock, Boxers and troops blockade us completely. However, a Christian gives himself up, leaves, and brings us word from Mr. Pichon: "More than two thousand houses have been burned in Tsien-Men, of which twenty-six large Chinese banks." Afternoon very disturbed. The Boxers and their fires are seen all around us.

Monday, June 18th.— We are fortifying ourselves against a possible attack from artillery, as several cannon have been brought to the south of our buildings. Prince Tuan himself is not far away. At half-past four, a large number of Boxers came in vehicles, and preparations for attack began. A heavy rain

sent by God at a quarter before six prevents the attack.

Tuesday, June 19th. — A servant from Si-t'ang, after having wandered about in the city several days, succeeded in coming to us, and told us that Father Doré was burned to death in his room together with twenty Christians; he would not make use of his arms. A few days before, this brave Father said to me, —

“Bishop, if I am attacked, may I make use of my gun?”

I answered him, —

“Of course it is permitted in case of legitimate defense.”

He added, —

“But, if it were to defend myself alone, would it not be more perfect not to make use of it?”

I then said to him, —

“Assuredly; to be murdered for God without making any defense is true martyrdom.”

That is what this beloved brother has done!

In the street ten pieces of cannon are turned toward us. Are they to defend the palace, or to attack us?

Wednesday, June 20th. — A Christian has reached us despite the blockade. He has informed us that the German minister was killed in going to Ya-men, and that the other ministers have received orders to leave within twenty-four hours.

Thursday, June 21st. (30th anniversary of the

massacres of Tientsin.) — A brave Christian has given himself up to go to the Legations again; he has brought back this short message from Mr. Pichon, —

“The French Legation and other ministers are obliged to withdraw to the English Legation; the German minister has been really killed and his interpreter wounded; the Austrian Legation has been evacuated and will be burned. The project of leaving Peking has been abandoned. Let us prepare ourselves for the last journey, but let us still hope.”

On his part, Mr. Darcy, lieutenant and the superior officer of Mr. Paul Henry, has written to him: “You should have received the order to rally, but remain at your post for the present.” God permitted that this order to rally never reached us, otherwise we should all have been lost. The situation is grave. Are we going to join the martyrs of Tientsin? We are preparing ourselves for all things.

Friday, June 22d, Feast of the Sacred Heart. — We are *completely* blockaded, and are no longer able to hold communication with any one without.

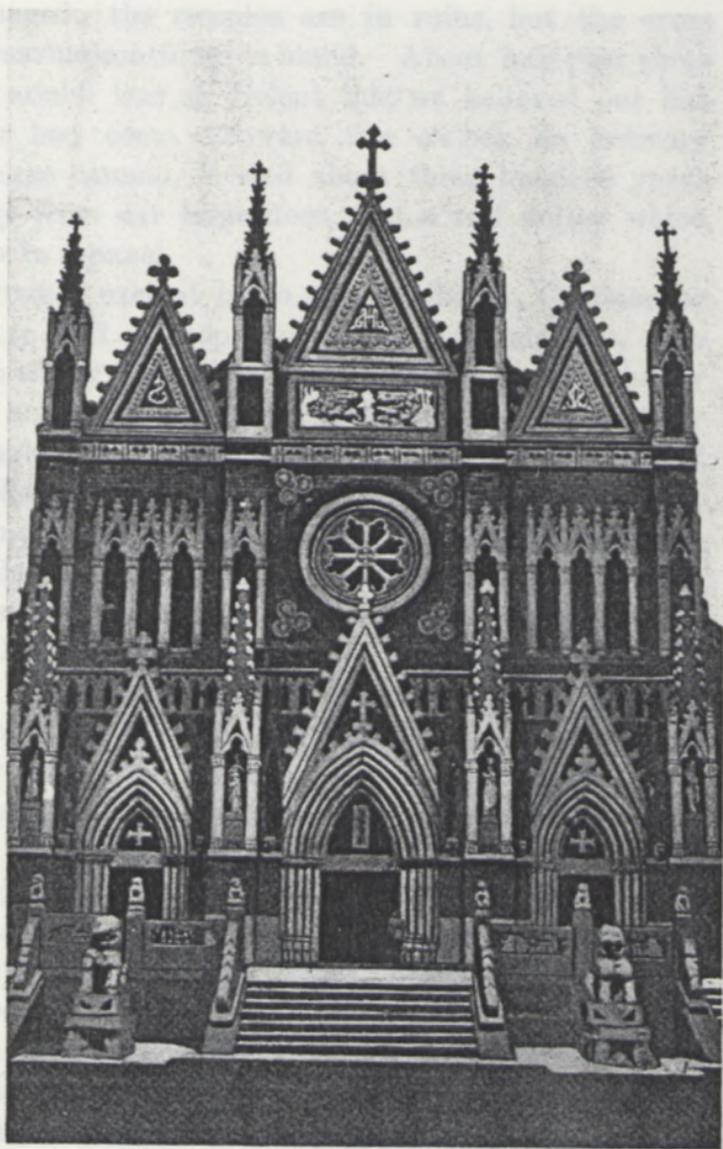
Those besieged are as follows, —

Bishop Favier, Bishop Jarlin, coadjutor, Rev. Ducoulombier, procurator general of the Vicariate, Rev. Giron, director of the seminaries, Rev. Chavanne, professor recently arrived, Mr. Gartner, student not yet in Orders, Brother Denis and Brother Maes; the Visitor of the Marist Brothers, the Superior and four Brothers of the same society; twenty-two Sisters of Charity, of whom eight are native; thirty French

marines of the *d'Entrecasteaux*, the ensign in command, Mr. Paul Henry, ten Italian marines, besides an adjutant and an ensign, Mr. Olivieri; one hundred and eleven pupils of the Grand and Little Seminaries; 900 men and youths, refugees; 1,800 women and children; 450 young girls from the schools and orphanages; 51 infants in the cradle; approximate total, 3,420 in all, of whom 71 are Europeans.

With a pound to a person a day, we have enough provisions for more than one month; our arms consist of forty guns of the marines, seven or eight guns of all kinds in the hands of Chinese, a few poor swords and 500 lances, or rather 500 long sticks tipped with iron. These are all. The line to be defended measures exactly 1360 yards.

I had determined, in a pastoral letter, that the consecration of the Vicariate to the Sacred Heart should take place to-day. At half-past six o'clock, the priest kneeling at the foot of the altar was reading the first words of consecration, when a severe cannon-shot broke a window of the church, where all had assembled, and killed a poor woman. A panic, readily pardoned, seized the people; all crowded in the chapels and sacristies of the west, as we had been attacked from the east. Cannon reports succeeded one another at minute intervals: the church was speedily evacuated. Fourteen Krupp guns sent forth without interruption the latest improved Schrapnel bombs. Several small brick columns, double windows, flew into pieces; the façade of our cathedral is badly



CATHEDRAL OF PEKIN.

damaged; the steeples are in ruins, but the cross of marble continues to stand. About half-past three the attack was so violent that we believed our last hour had come. Toward five o'clock an ordinary Chinese cannon, leveled about three hundred yards away from our large door, sent a full volley which blew in a panel.

Greatly excited by so great audacity, Commander Henry and Bishop Jarlin led four marines, who with thirty Christians, hurried without, after a heavy fire, and took possession of the cannon, which they brought back with them despite a heavy discharge of musketry. Two Christians met death and two were wounded in this bold venture. A short time afterwards all firing of cannon ceased. The Boxers uttered fierce cries, and set fire to the houses of our neighbors on the south; they will not go far away, and when they do they leave the place to their friends, the soldiers of Prince Tuan. To-day alone they fired five hundred and thirty cannon-shots against us! We mourned the loss of but three men and one woman. That was little for so much powder burned.

Saturday, June 23d. — The night was comparatively calm, but the attack recommenced at nine o'clock, as violent as the day before. I was seated with the commander on a small bench near our Great Gate, watching the marble of the façade of our beautiful church being blown to pieces, when a clever gunner sent a bomb even to the foot of the

cross, which, broken, fell on the parvis. I felt so happy in fixing this beautiful cross of marble on the top of the building only thirteen years ago! However, if God spares us, it will again take its place.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the bombardment ceased; we had received but 360 cannon-shots during the day; not a single man was wounded; everyone had prayed fervently, ready for death. God and the Blessed Virgin are protecting us perceptibly.

Sunday, June 24th.—The regular soldiers, sheltered behind the walls of burned houses, have, since morning, aimed thousands of shots from Mauser rifles against us; their guns are repeaters and the latest improved. Up to midday we counted only thirty cannon-shots, which worked comparatively little damage, throwing nothing but loaded balls. About four o'clock in the afternoon a battery of four pieces was stationed in the R'on to the north of our establishments; the Tartars sent murderous shells against the church and into the courts, taking all our posts on the east by enfilade fire. Two Christians were killed. The Italians, having very few cartridges, Commander Henry procured them some by a bold venture with 10 French marines. The volleys, sent at a range of 750 yards, silenced the fire of the artillery. The Tartars lost over 50 men, and hastened to move their cannon. Spirits are raised, the sanitary condition is excellent, divine protection is manifest, and we now hope to be able to resist attacks that cannot be more serious than those of

the past three days. God grant that we may have enough provision, and that the army of relief may not be too long in coming!

Monday, June 25th. — The night, like the morning, was comparatively calm, but it seems that a great battle is being fought on the side of the Legations; the cannon of yesterday are silent behind their intrenchments. We sustain well a hail of projectiles sent by guns on the ramparts: we have become accustomed to so much noise during the past three days that we hardly pay any more attention to it. The Boxers have placed mannikins on the roofs of the houses; this childish stratagem does not make us waste ammunition. There remain 275 cartridges to each man, and they will not be put to other than good use.

Tuesday, June 26th. — The Boxers have set fire to all the houses which adjoin us, and are working back of the imperial wall, where they are placing ladders and scaffolding, so as to be able to shoot more conveniently. They are firing on us from all sides, but no one has been struck. In the afternoon there was a hard fight on the side of the Legations.

Wednesday, June 27th. — Since six o'clock in the morning the Boxers have been again attacking us on the south; they have entered our street with a large red flag, thinking perhaps that our post at the gate of entrance had been destroyed during the bombardment of the preceding days. Like the first time they were put to flight by well-directed volleys; they were

chased in pursuit, and the arms which they threw down have been collected. In this sortie of scarcely one hundred yards, the second mate was unfortunately wounded by a shot in the shoulder. From the tops of houses, ladders, and scaffolding, the enemy has covered our courts and porches with shot for more than six hours; a young girl has been killed, and a woman wounded in the head. About eleven o'clock in the evening we were surprised by a large band of Boxers throwing explosive bombs and burning arrows against our Great Gate, which, at the same time, they wet with petroleum, by means of fire-pumps stolen by them. During this time the regular soldiers rained a shower of balls from their Mauser rifles. Everybody is behaving well. The Great Gate is saved, and only one Christian has been wounded. Our marines are truly admirable; they all wear a scapular and a crucifix, and feel themselves protected by God.

Thursday, June 28th. — After a calm enough day, we suffered a vigorous attack at six o'clock in the evening, and counted as many as 42 gun-shots to the minute; terrible night. The Boxers began anew their attack against the Great Gate. Our people, infuriated, decided about midnight to venture a sortie. They threw themselves on the Boxers, who wet us with petroleum at a distance of less than thirty yards. Ten Boxers were killed, the others put to flight; two petroleum pumps, powder, shot, and even several chests of clothing, were captured. De-

spite the terrible discharges from the regular soldiers, the most dangerous houses were set afire. The pumps taken still contained about twenty-five gallons of petroleum apiece!

Friday, June 29th, Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. — We offered our congratulations to the brave commander, Paul Henry; we spoke of Angers, his country, and the happiness of his parents upon seeing him again. He said to us, "You will see that we will save the Pei-t'ang; perhaps some of us will be no more; I shall be happy to die in so worthy a cause; I hope that God will open Paradise to me. If I am to die, I shall not die until you no longer need me," etc.

I implored him, as on every day, not to expose himself. I fear for him, he is so brave, so full of courage, so devoted.

It seems as though the Boxers intend to leave us this day of joy; apart from the balls which are putting holes in our windows or flattening against the walls as usual, all is quiet, and we are not called upon to sustain any serious attack. At ten o'clock in the evening a frightful storm broke, and the thunder seemed to fall on the palace; nevertheless, heavy firing on the side of the Legations.

Saturday, June 30th. — The morning was saddened by the death of the poor second mate, Joannic; we believed him saved, when his wounds gangrened, and occasioned his death in a few hours. Alas! we had neither doctor nor surgeon. He died like a brave Breton, fortified by all the sacraments.

At half-past eleven we were surprised to see ourselves again bombarded; a dozen bombs of very large caliber burst in the air without harming any one. At the end of a quarter of an hour, this cannonading, accompanied by heavy firing from the east, ceased all of a sudden. What did it mean? I saw on the mountain of the White Tower, in the midst of the lakes of the palace, twelve hundred yards from us, twenty persons magnificently clothed. It was thought that Prince Tuan, the Empress, and other high personages, had come to look on the bombardment as upon a display of fireworks. Our marines had a great desire to send a discharge from their Lebel's on this group, but I thought I should keep them from doing so in order not to excite an already too violent hatred.

At half-past five we buried the second mate, very simply and quickly, in our garden, for balls rained mercilessly around those present. Our brave Christians are all saddened, and say, "Why not one hundred of us dead instead of this brave seaman?"

Sunday, July 1st.—About eight o'clock we heard a number of cannon-shots in the south; are they the reinforcements? We still hope against all hope. For the first time we begin to eat asses' flesh; mules and horses will follow; there are eighteen of them. Smallpox has broken out among the children; seven to eight are dying every day.

Monday, July 2d.—The attacks are less lively than on preceding days, but the food is very bad; no more vegetables, no more salted herbs, for our

poor Christians; they commenced to lose spirit; heat, 38° C., atmosphere damp; no news for twelve days. What a long time!

Tuesday, July 3d. — A very heavy rain disturbs us greatly. If the rainy season has already commenced, all hope of deliverance must be abandoned. As every one knows, everybody smokes in China. We have no more tobacco; our people are making it with leaves from pear-trees, dried and powdered. Mortality is on the increase; we are now burying as many as fifteen children a day.

Wednesday, July 4th. — This morning the Legations were more severely attacked. About midday we saw the soldiers and Boxers erecting a large platform of earth to the north of the Yellow Wall; they evidently want to place their cannon so as to bombard us from the rear, at eight hundred yards. Our gunners struck down twelve of these bandits.

At five o'clock in the evening the Boxers again appeared opposite our Great Gate. The cannon which we had taken was loaded and pointed; the Chinese artilleryman, a Christian formerly in the army of Prince Tuan, fired without orders and much too soon; the enemy fled, with only a few wounded. Christian watchmakers who have taken refuge amongst us, make excellent Lebel, Mauser, and other cartridges; we shall not, therefore, lack ammunition.

Thursday, July 5th. — We have been able to manufacture powder for the cannon taken from the enemy, and placed to protect the Sisters, so as to return the

fire that threatens us from the north; but it is very little compared with those who are firing against us. During the whole day we were aimed at from the south of the Yellow Wall, without any serious result.

Friday, July 6th. — We begin to fear famine. Rice, wheat, beans, millet — all is weighed exactly; the total is better than we had hoped, — nearly sixty thousand pounds. With a pound to a person a day, we are safe for twenty days: at the end of that time we shall have surrendered or been delivered. At five o'clock in the evening an unusual noise was heard: it was a fuse hurled at the church, which went through a window, leaving a long train of fire in its wake. We picked it up; it was composed of a tube about two feet long, of hammered copper, tipped with a strong triangular point; the end is formed of a wooden handle about ten feet long. These fuses go through a roof as easily as a loaded ball, and, besides, are a great menace of fire.

Saturday, July 7th. — Since half-past four in the morning, the Boxers have thrown explosives on our roof for two hours. More than two hundred and fifty of these projectiles have ignited, but our precautions were well planned; casks, bathing-tubs, buckets full of water; men provided with hooks and pumps, were ready, and the fire did not spread. As six o'clock the cannon on the north was discharged, and at first sent simple balls against us. We answered by a full volley and several shots from our set cannon. The Tartars, surprised, quickly changed their cannon, and

replaced it by a Krupp gun. The first shell blew our gunner to pieces; the position became untenable; all the structures to the west of Jeu-tse-t'ang are bored through. Moreover, during the whole day several hundreds of fuses were thrown on our roofs. This day is one of the most disastrous of the siege. Toward evening only, shells were replaced by Chinese bombs, many of which did not explode; total, three hundred and sixty cannon-shots in twelve hours. But one of our number was killed and several were wounded. Without miraculous protection all would have been in flames to-day.

Sunday, July 8th. — Since morning, we have strengthened the places weakened by the cannonading of the preceding day; but the bombardment began again, more lively than before, at nine o'clock; at first, simple balls, then shells. The clock tower is completely demolished. Total, one hundred and two cannon shots and new fuses, which like those of the day before, did not set fire to anything.

Monday, July 9th. — At five o'clock in the morning, the Boxers again began to throw explosives; intense firing all day, and one hundred and seven cannon shots; only two Christians were wounded. We are beginning to be somewhat fatigued and disquieted, especially as the enemy is preparing, it seems to bombard us from the south and the west. From eleven till midnight, we heard a terrible battle on the side of the legations.

Tuesday, July 10th. — After a tranquil morning,

fighting was renewed at ten o'clock; the cannon on the north continued to demolish; at two o'clock, the attack became more vigorous; two enormous pieces of artillery set on the south wrought much damage to our Great Gate and the church. A full volley silenced them for an instant, but the Chinese artillerymen protected their gunners by iron masks. At the Great Gate, the sailor David received a ball in the head, dying a half hour afterwards, fortified by the sacraments. But five men remain at this dangerous post; the others have taken refuge in the casemates; one hundred and seven loaded balls, twenty-five pounds each, have been fired; one of these, after having blown the windows of our room into pieces, fell on the bed which I had just left. Still another miracle! We no longer count them.

Wednesday, July 11th.—A casemate has given way; it is being speedily repaired despite the firing. A Mauser ball has passed through the hat of Bishop Jarlin; a hair-breadth below, and I should have had no coadjutor. The Blessed Virgin has saved the beloved and brave bishop.

The bombardment began again at half-past one; a few minutes afterwards a fearful explosion shook all our buildings. A column of earth and stones is being raised over thirty yards high to the east of Jen-tset'ang. We all flee to it. Fortunately, the mine was not carried far enough, and we have escaped with a few damaged houses, that can be propped; one killed and several wounded. We thank

God. The bombardment continues; a shell has fallen in the chapel of the sisters, on the benches which they have just left to go to supper.

During the night, we set fire to houses which the Boxers occupied only yesterday; we found twenty casks of petroleum, some swords and guns, which are burning with the other things.

Thursday, July 12th. — The morning of this day was so quiet that we thought the soldiers had left. But, about half-past ten, enormous balls commenced to rain down on us until six o'clock in the evening. Sent at long intervals apart, but fifty reached their aim; that is to say, our Great Gate, which is now in a deplorable condition.

Friday, July 13th. — The fear of mines decided us to undertake an exploration about two o'clock in the morning. Several holes were found and filled in, that were beginnings of mines in which rolls of electric wire had been placed, evidently intended to set off the powder. At midday, the firing of cannon began again. A sailor was seriously wounded in the head by splintering bricks; another was sadly bruised. From seven till nine o'clock in the evening bombarding and firing on the side of legations.

Saturday, July 14th. — Several Christians are going to set fire to the houses which interfere with the shooting from the Great Gate. At Jen-tse-t'ang, about eleven o'clock, an Italian marine was killed by a shot in the head. A Christian, who wanted to find out whence the fire came, was likewise killed. Ex-

cepting a few hundred gun-shots, the day has been quiet enough.

Sunday, July 15th. — One would suppose that the Chinese artillerymen had repented their not bombarding us yesterday; from nine in the morning they recommenced their work of destruction; the cannon on the south and south-west wrought the greatest damage at the Great Gate and to the church; only one hundred and forty shots during the day, and they continued during the night. Fresh nocturnal exploration; two unfinished mines were again discovered and destroyed.

Monday, July 16th. — The Boxers continue to throw explosives without effect. From nine o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening, they sent hundreds of balls against us. One Christian woman has been killed; a sailor has been wounded in both eyes by the splintering of bricks: one is certainly lost.

Tuesday, July 17th. — This day has been the most quiet, perhaps, of the siege; no cannon-shots and scarcely and from guns. It seems as though the Boxers are preparing a scheme. We have begun a novena to Saint Ann, patroness of our brave Bretons. Our beloved commander Henry will present the ex-voto which we have promised if we are delivered.

Wednesday, July 18th. — We are energetically pushing the work of a counter-mine already begun, because, for some days, we have been hearing heavy blows on the west side of Jen-tse-t'ang under the

Yellow Wall. About eleven o'clock we ascertained that our enemies were moving away on the side of the Pagoda of the lamas which adjoins us on the east. Fifty vehicles are transporting the chests and bundles of Boxers and soldiers. Is the army of relief approaching, or do the lamas think that the neighborhood is going to be blown up? Mystery!

Alas! the second supposition is true. At five o'clock, mine explosion — twenty-five dead, twenty-eight wounded. The whole part west of Jen-tse-t'ang in ruins! We make a rush, expecting attack from the Boxers; they did not come. Unfortunately we number among the dead Brother Joseph, a Marist, who led the workmen of the counter-mine, a young man, twenty-five years of age, as pious as he was brave, loved and lamented by all. The explosion occasioned a panic, and subterranean noises were supposed to be heard everywhere. Women and children ran about, frightened to death, and, despite the danger, most of them took refuge in the cathedral, which occupies the central site of our buildings.

Thursday, July 19th, Feast of St. Vincent. — Burial of Brother Joseph; exchange of fire with Boxers. The marine Franc, who exposed himself too much, received a ball in his head, and died almost instantly. He lived just long enough to receive absolution.

Friday, July 20th. — Our Christians are again going to burn the most dangerous houses; about six o'clock the Boxers, on their part, set fire to a house south of our Great Gate. Work on the mine where the Sisters

were was continued ; we need not urge our Christians to work ; they have not forgotten the catastrophe of the 18th.

Saturday, July 21st. — Provisions are beginning to get low ; with great economy they will last fifteen days. The attempt was made to get some from a small store only two hundred yards distant ; but stopped by soldiers and Boxers, our Christians returned empty-handed.

Sunday, July 22d. — Firing continued all night ; the enemy evidently fears that we are going for provisions ; two Christians have been wounded, and one sailor lost his left eye by a ball that lodged back of the ear. One of our Chinese sighted the Boxers digging a large ditch back of the Yellow Wall. Four men ascended the ladders, the barrels of their guns well-filled, and shot down twenty of the enemy, as well as two mandarins. In the evening, diluvian rain ; the casemates are uninhabitable.

Monday, July 23d. — After a half-day's quiet, we were attacked in the afternoon at four o'clock by several thousand Boxers, and as many regular soldiers, called together by tam-tams and trumpets that sounded without interruption.

The attack was made simultaneously on the north, east, and south. The death of several marines and the serious wounds of some others deprived us of five guns. We had trained and drilled so many of the Marist Brothers and Chinese students of the seminary not in orders, so that our thirty Lebel guns were all

in constant use, besides the ten Italians defending the Sisters. The attack was extremely vigorous. Boxers, lamas, and regular soldiers, to the number of more than one thousand, tried to scale the wall. They left one hundred and fifty dead on the ground, and took to flight. Enraged, the soldiers of Prince Tuan discharged all their ammunition on the side of our Grand Gate, and, without exaggeration, during one hour sent five thousand Mauser bullets that did not wound a single one of us. The trumpets then sounded a retreat, and we were left undisturbed. It was nine o'clock in the evening.

Tuesday, July 24th. — In the north-east near the Pagoda we see a number of Boxers wearing yellow turbans and belts. These are the brigade of lamas. They carry a French flag. This puerile ruse makes us laugh despite the sadness of the hour. About half-past four tam-tams again united the Boxers, and we anticipated an attack which did not take place. Yesterday's lesson was profitable. Three Christians were wounded during the day, and a new mine discovered on the south. From the top of the church large numbers of flags were seen, and at night as many lanterns on the walls of the city.

Wednesday, July 25th. — Quiet enough day. Our Christians went out and burned several embattled houses without being disturbed. The Boxers dug very deep trenches back of the Yellow Wall; we do not know why. Our marines killed a dozen of these brigands.

Thursday, July 26th. — At one o'clock very loud explosion. An exploded mine was the first thought of all, and every one ran to his post. It was nothing. A bold Boxer had carried a large bomb to our eastern wall, and it exploded without doing any damage. At three o'clock Father Chavanne, a Lazarist priest, died almost suddenly. A few days before he had been wounded on guard at his post by a ball probably poisoned, since it brought on black smallpox which caused his death.

Friday, July 27th. — We hear very severe cannonading distinctly on the south and east; we always hope to see the army coming. Several fuses thrown at night made us think that the Legations are communicating by signals with troops outside of the city. What is hoped for is easily believed. . . .

Saturday, July 28th. — We are again very seriously concerned about provisions; we have fixed the rations at eight ounces a day for a person. We can thus survive ten days. Cannon were again heard about ten o'clock. One was set only 100 yards away from Jen-tse-t'ang; the gunners were quickly shot down, but the cannon was moved farther away and sent 75 projectiles against us. The enemy seem to be short of ammunition, and are loading their cannon with almost anything, even stones. During the night we received 35 bombs and numberless shots from guns on the ramparts.

Sunday, July 29th. — The bombardment continues; the soldiers have shot off 115 filled balls, and bullets

have been so numerous that all our battlements are demolished; three Christians were killed.

Monday, July 30th. — The night was bad; they continued to fire on Jen-tse-t'ang. From seven o'clock in the morning, the cannon commenced their work, assisted by heavy firing on the part of regular soldiers. Commander Henry is descending the break with twelve men; Boxers enter in large numbers, carrying fagots wet with petroleum, which they light against the northern wall.

Commander Henry multiplies himself; several hundreds of the Boxers have been killed; unfortunately, two sailors were wounded by a ball which entered the commander's neck. He then descended from the scaffolding, and received a second mauser bullet in his side. Notwithstanding these two mortal wounds, he still kept up; finally he succumbed under the veranda, in the arms of a priest, who administered the last Sacraments to him. At the end of twenty minutes, he died as a brave soldier and good Christian. We shed tears but once during the siege, and it was on this day. Never before have we been so low down; the simple quartermaster Elias took command of the detachment; but Bishop Jarlin is there to watch over our Bretons, who cry like children over the death of their leader. One hundred and fifty shots from cannon were fired during the day. One hope is left to us; the commander had told us, "I shall not die until you no longer need me." He will protect us from Heaven with St. Mauritius and St. George, whom he has joined.

Tuesday, July 31st. — The Boxers have sent arrows against us, to which writings of similar character have been attached. They contain about what follows:—

“ You, Christians, shut up in the Pei-tang, reduced to the greatest misery, eating leaves of trees, why do you resist with so much animosity when you are no longer able to do so? We have leveled cannon and set mines against you, and you will be destroyed in a short time. You have been deceived by the devils of Europe; return to the ancient religion of ‘Fono,’ deliver up Bishop Favier and the others, and you will have saved your lives, and we will give you to eat. If you do not do so, you, your wives and children, will all be cut into pieces.”

It is needless to say that not one of our brave Christians was so much as tempted to accept these offers, and yet each received but ten ounces of food a day.

To-day eighty shots from cannon were fired against us without much damage, excepting to our roofs, which are nearly all riddled.

Wednesday, August 1st. — Since six o’clock in the morning the Boxers have returned to the north; they are only three to four hundred in number. They were quickly routed; at least fifty were killed.

A short time afterwards we heard on the side of the Pagoda of the lamas, cries and firing. It seems that there was a quarrel between the Boxers and the soldiers, and that the latter killed some of their opponents.

Thursday, August 2d. — We are lessening our own rations and those of our Christians; weakness is general. We have only just enough to keep us from starving to death. The dogs that are feeding on the dead bodies of Boxers are hunted, killed, and eaten; our unfortunate people are adding this miserable food to leaves of trees and roots of all kinds. The time for the rainy season has come long since, but no rain falls. God has left the roads passable for the army of relief.

Friday, August 3d. — It seems as though we are no longer watched, shots are so rare. There is even some talk of venturing a sortie at two o'clock in the morning in quest of grain; but for this we would be obliged to expose the lives of two-thirds of our marines; we shall not do so until there is absolutely nothing more to eat in the house.

Saturday, August 4th. — As usual, for four days we have been left undisturbed during the day; but at night severe firing always begins again. The Boxers and regulars know that we are in the very last extremity of need, and are trying to keep us from going out. Urged on by hunger, several Christians escaped, entered burned houses, and brought back a little burned rice found among the rubbish; it is very sad.

Sunday, August 5th. — The question of food is the only one that now engages our attention: we can resist balls, bullets, and bombs, but we can make no resistance against famine. We have carefully weighed

all that there is to eat; the total amount is 7,000 pounds. It is decided to distribute 1,000 pounds a day among 3,000 persons. Thus we can survive seven days. We fervently hope that the army of relief will arrive this week. God has granted us such strong protection until now.

Monday, August 6th. — A few Christians, unable to suffer the pangs of hunger any longer, again ventured out; three were captured by the Boxers, who led them away to be cut into pieces. To this sad occurrence another is added: the sailor on duty at the Great Gate has had his right eye shot out. There are already three among our poor soldiers blind in one eye!

Tuesday, August 7th. — Severe cannonading has been heard in the distance. Soldiers and Boxers are attacking us feebly. This makes us hope that the army is approaching; but our Christians are so weakened that they are sleeping under the verandas, thin, pale, and as if in a faint. If the enemy were to attempt an assault upon our five hundred armed men of the start, hardly twenty-five would be in a condition to repulse them.

Wednesday, August 8th. — Always the same quiet, without a total cessation of firing. A Christian gathering leaves on a tree was struck by a ball, and fell like a poor bird pierced by an arrow.

Thursday, August 9th. — We are constantly on the watch, as the Boxers have promised that we shall all perish; in face of the danger, east of the Great Gate is being explored. One Christian has been killed, and

two have been wounded, but a mine was discovered, and just in time to be destroyed.

Friday, August 10th. — We acknowledge with terror that in two days our provisions will be exhausted; we have set aside four hundred pounds of rice and a mule, so that our defenders may survive ten days.

The question was proposed whether anything shall be reserved for ourselves and the Sisters. The answer was unanimous, — “No: we shall die with our Christians.” Some one, however, remarked that we deserved greater pity than the poor people, since they could eat the leaves of trees, and we could not. It was then decided that a two-pound loaf of bread should be given to each one of us. This last reserve was kept in our rooms.

The rations have been reduced to two ounces per person. Six days are thus assured; but what days! Still water is plenty, and with it, life can be preserved some time.

At midday the cannon on the north was again fired against us, as well as that on the east, — only fifty balls, however. The aim is poor. The Boxers, inexperienced, are handling the pieces. About three o'clock a captive balloon was seen on the south: our confidence increases.

Saturday, August 11th. — Sixty shots from cannon, to-day again. Instead of balls they are firing anything at all, — old iron, nails, stones, even brick. In the evening, we discovered and destroyed another mine on the south of the Great Gate.

Sunday, August 12th. — At quarter-past six in the morning, violent explosion, a mine more terrible than the others burst where the Sisters were. All, at once, ran to the scene. Happily, most of the children and religious were at Mass in the chapel, otherwise half would have perished. The damage done is fearful; all the eastern part of Jen-tse-t'ang is a heap of rubbish. A hollow seven yards deep and forty in diameter marks the place of explosion. Five Italian marines and their officer disappeared; more than eighty Christians, including fifty-one children in the cradle, have been buried forever under this ruin. Notwithstanding a shower of balls, we go to help the wounded.

Brother Julius Andrew, Visitor of the Marist Brothers, met his death in trying to save a half-buried woman. He was a man of great courage, who, during the whole siege, manifested intelligence, devotion, and bravery beyond compare.

The French marines, who at once appeared on the scene of disaster, killed fifty Boxers that tried to force an entrance; the others took to flight. Until evening we worked trying to save the buried. We rescued Mr. Olivieri, commander of the Italian detachment; he is covered with bruises, but he will be spared. Of his five marines, two were discovered living, but their wounds leave no ground for hope. A post of French marines is stationed at Jen-tse-t'ang with some seminarians to defend, in case of need, the break, which is eighty yards long. Since eight o'clock

in the morning the cannonading has not ceased; we have received more than one hundred projectiles. We are at the very last extremity.

Monday, August 12th. — All are suffering very much from famine; despondency is general, but the repeated firing of cannon heard in the distance leaves us a little hope. At eleven o'clock a new mine exploded in Jen-tse-t'ang; thanks be to God! it was not carried far enough, and the damage done is comparatively insignificant.

In the evening we heard the Boxers cry, "The devils from Europe are approaching: we will die if we must, but you shall perish before us."

At four o'clock in the evening the brave marine, Robours, was killed at his post by being shot in the forehead. We have only enough food to last two days, and what food!

Tuesday, August 14th. — A terrible battle is being fought on the south-east; we hear cannon, mitrail-leuses and volleys, from the top of the church; the Chinese flags are seen to disappear from the walls. At eleven o'clock the bombardment is stronger; we see fugitives making their escape, people who are moving away. Despite the balls sent against us from all sides, hope reigns in our hearts. We are again able to speak, smiles come to our lips, for the army of relief is evidently attacking Peking. At five o'clock in the evening we see at a long distance five strange officers on the walls and a marine signaling to the east; not far from there, an American flag is

waving. Until nine o'clock missiles are multiplied; we see two to three hundred wounded Chinese carried away.

Wednesday, August 15th, Feast of the Assumption.

— Before daybreak, a gate of Peking, on the east, was in flames. From seven till nine o'clock, noise of cannon, volleys and firing of mitrailleuses are incessantly heard. The army is probably making an assault. Numbers of European soldiers are seen in the place where the five officers were yesterday.

. Until nine o'clock in the evening we hoped that they would come to deliver us. The Blessed Virgin, who has led the troops into Peking on the day of her glorious Assumption, will send them to us to-morrow, please God! Four hundred pounds of food are left for three thousand persons! Providence seems to have counted the grains of rice; could He have counted more exactly?

Thursday, August 16th. — I had just celebrated Mass at six o'clock, and was making my act of thanksgiving under a veranda, when I heard severe firing from a large band approaching from the south. About half-past seven the shots came perceptibly nearer, and before eight o'clock were heard about three hundred yards away, behind the gate of the Yellow City called Si-Hoa. This gate had been closed, large numbers of regular soldiers occupied it, and in the street which leads from this gate to the Imperial Palace, several strong barricades had been built of sacks of rice which were defended by at least

fifteen hundred men armed with repeaters, not counting the Boxers and regulars stationed in the embattled houses provided with embrasures.

Our people, who climbed the walls, thought that they recognized some European soldiers stationed behind the gate of Si-Hoa; others, Chinese soldiers; we did not know whether it were a last attack or deliverance that was in preparation. At all events, I sounded the *Casquette du Père Bugeaud* on the bugle three times. No response, no hurrah, came back from without; but from within, a rain of projectiles poured down upon us. A bomb exploded at my feet; I had time to shelter myself back of a brick column. At the end of a half hour, a bold Christian, who climbed the wall of the Yellow City, came running to me and said:

“They are surely Europeans; I saw an officer dressed in white, with stripes.” We had already raised a large French flag on top of the church, with the signal, “We ask for immediate relief.” The director of the Seminary, and his students carried another new flag two hundred yards farther north and repeated the bugle-calls. The officer seen came up to the flag; a ladder was passed to him, and he pressed the hand of my coadjutor who had gone to that side. It was a Japanese captain. He asked, “Can you open the gate of the Yellow City?”

It was impossible considering our small number:

“Very good,” he replied; “I shall try to force it.”

And he went down on the other side of the wall.

At this moment we saw a new band of soldiers, dressed in blue, quickly approaching with cannon.

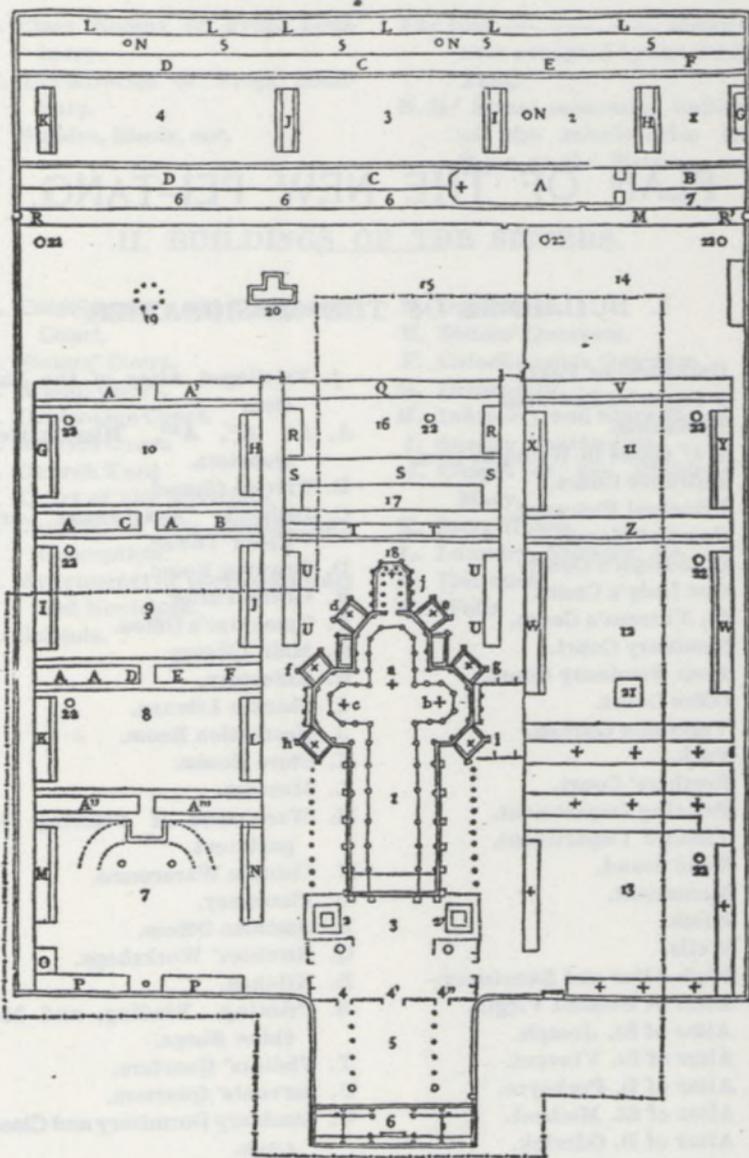
"This time," they called out to me, "we are no longer in doubt; they are French." They ran directly up to the flag, set some ladders on their side, and we placed others on our side. In a few minutes, fifty of Marty's company with their commander were among us. During this time the Japanese, scaling the wall farther south, had opened a panel of the gate; the French artillery, stationed opposite, finished the work, and despite the fire of several thousand shots to the minute, the barricades were attacked.

The marine infantry that had entered our lines had time to cross our ground, and take the large barricade in the rear after having scaled and burned the embattled house, and met their defenders at the point of the bayonet.

The battle was over. More than eight hundred dead bodies of Boxers or Chinese regulars were strewn on the ground. We had cause to mourn only the loss of two killed; three were wounded, among them Commander Marty.

It was about ten o'clock. The French Minister, Mr. Pichon, and General Frey had been in the Peitang for a quarter of an hour. Needless to say that mutual greetings and congratulations were offered from the depths of our hearts. We were saved!

✱ A. FAVIER.



PLAN OF THE NEW PEI-TANG.

PLAN OF THE NEW PEI-TANG.

I. BUILDINGS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

1. Cathedral of Pekin.
2. 2' Imperial Pavilions.
3. Esplanade.
4. 4' 4" Gates in Wrought Iron.
5. Entrance Court.
6. Principal Entrance.
7. Court of Honor.
8. St. Joseph's Court.
9. Our Lady's Court.
10. St. Vincent's Court.
11. Seminary Court.
12. Prep. Seminary Court.
13. Office Court.
14. Vegetable Garden.
15. Park.
16. Brothers' Court.
17. Printing Department.
18. Visitors' Department.
19. Band Stand.
20. Monument.
21. Kiosk.
22. Wells.
 - a. High Altar and Sanctuary.
 - b. Altar of Blessed Virgin.
 - c. Altar of St. Joseph.
 - d. Altar of St. Vincent.
 - e. Altar of B. Perboyre.
 - f. Altar of St. Michael.
 - g. Altar of B. Odorick.
 - h. Altar of St. Peter.
 - i. Altar of St. Philomena.
 - j. Privileged Altar of the Passion.
- A, A', A'', A''', Missionaries' Quarters.
- B. Private Chapel.
- C. Bishop's Apartments and Clock Tower.
- D. Drawing Room.
- E. Grand Parlor.
- F. Treasurer's Office.
- G. Main Library.
- H. Refectory.
- I. Chinese Library.
- J. Recreation Room.
- K. Store House.
- L. Museum.
- M. Warerooms of Printing Department.
- N. Chinese Warerooms.
- O. Pharmacy.
- P. Business Offices.
- Q. Brothers' Workshops.
- R. Kitchen.
- S. Printing, Binding, and Machine Shops.
- T. Visitors' Quarters.
- U. Servants' Quarters.
- V. Seminary Dormitory and Classroom.
- X. Seminary Refectory.
- Y. Seminary Chapel.

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| Z. Class Rooms of Prep. Seminary. | The line —. —. —. shows the area occupied by the old Pei-Tang. |
| W. Dormitories of Prep. Seminary. | R. R.' Street separating buildings of the missionaries from those of the Sisters. |
| + Stables, Sheds, etc. | |

II. BUILDINGS OF THE SISTERS.

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|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Catechumen's and Dispensary Court. | D. Orphanage. |
| 2. Sisters' Court. | E. Sisters' Quarters. |
| 3. School Court. | F. Catechumen's Quarters. |
| 4. Orphanage Court. | G. Dispensary. |
| 5. Service Court. | H. Infirmary and Store House. |
| 6. Church Yard | I. Sundry Apartments. |
| 7. Court of the Novitiate. | J. Chapel of the Children of Mary. |
| A. Church of the Immaculate Conception. | K. Store House. |
| B. Apartments of the Superioress and Novitiate. | L. Laundry, Nursery, etc. |
| C. Schools. | M. Entrance. |
| | N. Wells. |

Association for the Propagation of the Faith

*Headquarters for the United States,
St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.*

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