

A MODERN CAMPAIGN
OR WAR AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY
IN THE FAR EAST



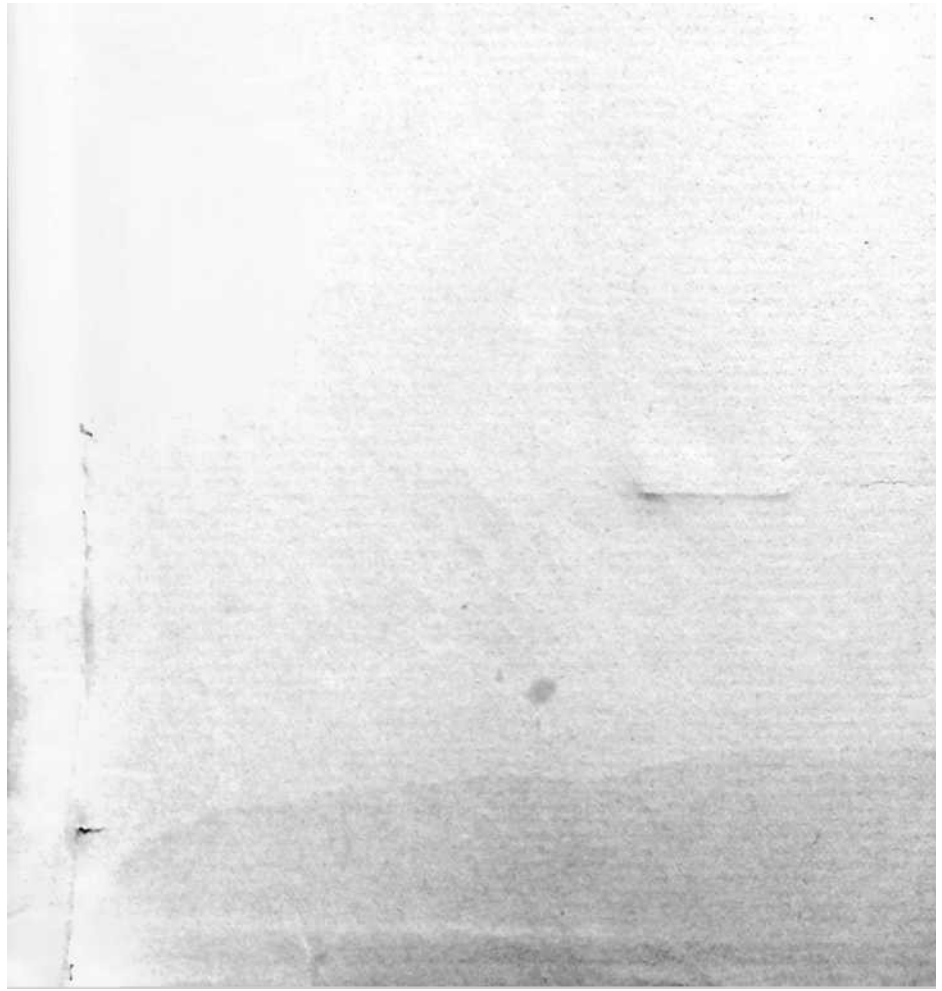
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A MODERN CAMPAIGN

WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

With Twenty Illustrations and Three Maps.
Second Edition, enlarged. Demy 8vo.
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A
MODERN
CAMPAIGN

BY
DAVID FRASER
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT TO "THE TIMES "

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS AND FOUR MAPS

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**TO
L. AND M. J**

PREFACE

THE descriptions of fighting, which appear in this volume, were all written a few days after each battle, while events were fresh in my mind. I have since carefully read official reports from both sides, and also some accounts that were not official, without finding anything to suggest that what I had already written was incorrect. Until a military history of the war is compiled, perhaps my version of the fighting with General Kuroki will be acceptable as being the narrative of an eye-witness.

D. F.

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A MODERN CAMPAIGN

CHAPTER I

FROM YOKOHAMA TO WEIHAIWEI

NEARING Yokohama towards the end of January, 1904, the passengers on the good ship *Siberia* were greatly exercised in their minds on the subject of the relations between Russia and Japan. Our last port of call had been Honolulu, where all the latest news pointed to the probability of an early declaration of war. Now we were nearing the Japanese coast, and soon to know what had happened during the twelve days which had elapsed since our departure from the Sandwich Islands. On board we were divided into three parties. Numerically the strongest of these was the one, including all the ladies and all the ship's officers,

passed beyond the diplomatic stage. Party three, of which I was an humble member, consisted of nine newspaper men, all spouting Jingoism, but all of whom were in the lowest depths of pessimism in regard to the prospects of war—for how is it possible for a man to voyage to the other side of the world, and find that which he came to see? Such an in version of the natural contrariness of things defied expectation.

We sighted land without encountering the Russian fleet, nor did we find Yokohama in ruins. Hardly had we dropped anchor in the Bay when we heard that the Japanese Government had taken over as transports the vessels of an important shipping line.

A step of this sort indicated serious preparation for war, It behoved those who meant to follow the im

pending conflict to put their houses in

FROM YOKOHAMA TO WEIHAIWEI 3

Where to establish the station, I had to decide;
and
how to place so mighty a mast, the cable told.
But
how to get the thing to stand up, how to procure
the
materials, where to find lunatics mad enough to
climb the mast when it was up, were problems
which
refused to solve themselves. It was with a heavy
heart that I watched the vast, white-capped bulk
of
Fujiyama, Japan's sacred mountain, recede into
the
distance.

Yet the project was an attractive one. A war
between Russia and Japan, if the latter elected to
close the negotiations and fight, must needs be
conducted in Korea and the southern provinces
of
Manchuria. And with the Russian naval base at
Port Arthur it was inevitable that the Japanese
fleet
must operate in the waters around the Laotung
Peninsula, and hold the Russian ships at bay
whilst
troops were being transported across the Korean
Strait. Thus, not only would the naval fighting be
enclosed within the limited area of the Gulf of
Pechili and the Yellow Sea, but the land fighting
could never be any great distance beyond the
eastern

telegraphy station on the Shantung coast, at a point in easy communication with a European cable office; and the chartering of a speedy steamboat, fitted with wireless telegraphy, which should cruise the seas and coastline referred to and keep the land station advised of the latest naval and military developments. War appearing imminent, I was now on my way to choose a suitable point for our station, and to erect the sky-scraping mast essential to wireless telegraphy, so that on the arrival of the plant there would be no delay in the installation of the instruments.

Shantung suggested missionary-eating natives and other vague horrors. The little red dot on the map, not far from the Promontory, was obviously the place upon which to base operations. Weihaiwei, then, was my immediate destination. How to

FROM YOKOHAMA TO WEIHAIWEI 5

requisitioned by the Japanese Government, which set advertised sailings at naught.

In much doubt, then, I continued my voyage through that most wonderful of regions, the Inland

Sea of Japan. We touched at Kobe, where I obtained

a passing glimpse of daintinesses in kimonas, that

made one wishful to tarry by the way. Then at Moji there came a sudden wrench. I had to bid farewell to the *Siberia* in the dead of night and rush

for the railway station to catch a train for Nagasaki.

Otherwise I would miss the *Santa Mara* leaving for

Fusan, Chemulpo, and Chefoo on the following morning. Bag and baggage I was bundled out of the great ship that had been home to me for many

long days. Her black hull and twinkling lights grew

smaller and smaller as the steam launch crunched

through the dark water of the Bay, and soon I lost

her amid the ships that crowded the busy roadstead.

On the train there was no sleeping

Santa Maru was the last passenger boat to leave Japan for Korea for many a long day.

About dusk we sighted a big vessel steaming towards us. It was my friend the *Siberia*. Her bows rose higher and higher out of the water, and then, in the falling night, her outline began to fade.

As she came abeam her lights suddenly were lit and she swept by in the glory of a hundred blazing portholes. Dimly I could see her foaming forefoot and the smoke streaming from her funnels.

A ship passing in the night—one whose decks I had trod but twenty hours past, whose bows I had watched rearing and plunging into the orange and red of many Pacific sunsets. Yet she passed — without a sign—into the night.

The traveller to Korea by way of Japan usually ships from Nagasaki, and if he has reached that port by traversing Japanese waters from Yokohama he will have grasped one of the fundamental features of the Japanese Empire. From end to end

FROM YOKOHAMA TO WEIHAIWEI 7

commodities, and a pleasant path by which to visit relations in neighbouring isles.

The distance between Nagasaki and Fusan, the nearest Korean port to Japan, is about 170 miles. Outward bound from Nagasaki, the first 70 miles of the steamer's course is completely land-locked,

but thereafter the Korean Channel is reached and

comparatively open water entered. Yet the strait separating the two countries is very far from fulfilling

the usual acceptation of the term. Whilst the English Channel dividing France and England forms a natural and effective barrier against either

intimacy or aggression, the Korean Channel is full

of islands, each one of which invites the native of

Japan proper to extend his trade and increase his

possessions. In reality, the sea between the southern

end of the Japanese archipelago and the mainland

of Korea is so studded with islands that it is only by

the aid of maps that the traveller can tell where Japan ends and Korea begins. So much so that

such extension of Japanese territory would jeopardise

communications between—in fact, isolate, one from

the other—Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

The entrance to Fusan is characteristic of Korean

harbours. At the time of writing the season is practically mid-winter, and whatever vegetation the

Korean hills may boast of in spring and summer,

just now they are destitute of verdure. Yet the

stunted grass struggling for existence upon the

brown wind-swept bluffs and promontories mellows

away the harshness of the coastline and likens it

somewhat to that of the bracken-clad mountains of

the western islands of Scotland after the first glory

of autumn has departed from them. Guarding the

narrow passage on the right of the entrance there

rises out of the water a succession of Titanic pillars

of rock amongst which the tide surges, whilst on the

FROM YOKOHAMA TO WEIHAIWEI 9

import trade of Fusan is in Japanese hands. A reference to the shipping returns shows that of 1,742 vessels entered at the port in the year 1902 no fewer than 1,628 flew the Japanese flag. During the same period the imports from Japan were 80 per cent, of the total, leaving 15 per cent, to China,* 5 per cent. to the United States, and the significant proportion of -3 per cent, to Russian Manchuria. So far as exports are concerned, Japan monopolises them, the returns showing that 96 per cent, of a total export value of 2,607,876 yen (£260,000) was cleared for Japanese ports.

Interesting as are these figures in their bearing upon the relations existing between Japan and Korea, the position of the former as regards local affairs in Fusan does more almost, if that were possible, to accentuate the dominance of Japan's interests in Southern Korea. Side by side in the Bay lie the Japanese town and the Korean city, known collectively as Fusan. The one community

* Of which a considerable portion represents British manufactures

The Japanese town is lighted by electricity, served by a telephone system, and supplied with water by works that are as complete and elaborate as any in Europe or America. There are courts, civil offices, newspapers, barracks, and soldiers. In the Bay the Japanese are sinking millions of yen to reclaim 160,000 square metres of land which is to form a basis for a comprehensive harbour scheme. They are building a broad macadamised road from one end of the town to the other. Finally, Fusan is the terminus of the Seoul-Fusan Railway, an undertaking financed by Japanese capitalists, guaranteed by the Japanese Government, and being built entirely by Japanese engineers.

The Korean part of Fusan is a maze of indescribably filthy lanes, wherein dwell fowls, pigs, ponies, and human beings under common roofs. There is no

ability to establish abroad the civilisation she has adopted at home. It is inconceivable that Russia can prevent her assimilating a country which every natural law proclaims to be her destiny.

Not the least remarkable instance of Japanese ambition in Korea is the railway by which it is designed to connect Fusan with the capital of the country, and in time to extend to the north. Ultimately it is the intention to effect a junction with the Siberian railway beyond the Korean border; but there is little possibility of such a consummation whilst the Far Eastern question remains in its present state.

It is significant of the tendency of American iron to supplement British, in markets where the latter until recently has been supreme, that all the beams, and girders for bridges, the wheels for rolling stock, and the locomotives are being imported from the United States, whilst England has to be content with the furnishing of the rails. Japan herself is con

for Japanese guns. Besides the two Russians there were British, French, Italian, American, Japanese, and Korean vessels of war, the last-named a white-painted, unprotected, converted tramp, that looked like a woolly sheep beside the tigers that surrounded her.

Landing at Chemulpo I went on to Seoul, a strange city of which I was to see a great deal within the next two months. I then returned to Chemulpo, where, at this time, there was not a symptom of the irruption of Japanese soldiery that took place a few days later. The captain of the *Santti Mani* expected hourly to receive a summons to return to Japan instead of completing his voyage, in which case I should be stranded in Korea. It was, there fore, with some relief that I saw our anchor weighed and a course set for Chefoo.

In due time we reached the oldest of the

FROM YOKOHAMA TO WEIHAIWEI 13

I stayed two or three days in Chefoo waiting for a steamer to Weihaiwei—it turned out to be three days' ride by the road—and during that time I made the acquaintance of a wonderful sound.

It came to me first as I was being shaved in a barber's shop. The barber was a Japanese, and when the first wild strains broke upon my ear, I sat up with a jerk that put my jugular in jeopardy, and asked what it was. He did not know enough English to tell. Whatever it was it was approaching. It sounded like ten thousand pigs being killed inside a heavy-lidded box that opened and closed at short and regular intervals. The sound was always present, but alternately muffled and clear, like the baleful lamentation of a steam-blown brass band.

I put my besoaped countenance out of the shop door to look. There was nothing visible except a patriarchal Chinaman straining at an enormous wheelbarrow. The noise came out of every doorway and window in the street, from the heavens above

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that the cause was the greaseless wheel of
the
barrow. Laugh not, O reader, for so terrible a
thing is this wail of the China wheelbarrow
that His
Honour of Weihaiwei has promulgated an
Ordinance
awarding imprisonment for the first offence,
death
for the second, and a five-dollar fine for the
third.
So wheelbarrows are of blessed memory in
Wei:

CHAPTER II

ESTABLISHING THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

I ARRIVED at Weihaiwei on the evening of 6th February, and found myself in trouble ere I put foot on shore. Travellers had told me that I was going to a place where were a club, a mess, and two hotels; that the social amenities included the society of about twenty ladies, frequent racing, a hunt, a Turkish bath, a British fleet, and a Government House. Whoever has known a British station east of Suez will understand that my heart beat pleasantly at the prospect, for in these things are comprehended all the elements of a polite existence.

My mission was to be kept a profound secret, for obvious journalistic reasons. So when I heard from the agent of the ship, who stepped aboard as we

I therefore put personal predilections on
 one side
 and stepped into a dirty sampan, the skipper
 of
 which promised to take me to the mainland
 in half
 an hour, and actually did so in one hour and
 a half.
 Government House was on the mainland,
 and where
 the King's trusty servant was, there might I
 depend
 upon receiving counsel and comfort. The
 voyage
 across the Bay was rough and cold, and
 when landed
 upon the beach below the hotel I was chilled
 to the
 bone. It was also pitch dark, and the water
 swirled
 among the rocks on the shore in no inviting
 manner,
 but the boatmen carried me safely through
 and
 dropped me upon the sand, a stiff and
 frozen remnant
 of the optimist I had been.
 The hotel was shut up for the winter. Its
 hundred
 rooms were empty, and its big corridors
 dark and
 draughty. But the manager mobilised the

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY 17

which precluded the establishment of any telegraphic apparatus without Government sanction.

But on the return of His Honour some days hence,

it was possible that that difficulty might be smoothed

over. Then about the big stick—well, *if* a certain Engineer got leave, and liked to spend his holiday

joining wood and wire together, that was his business.

And as for the best point for a wireless station, Colonel Bruce's stable was at my disposal, and I might ride around and choose.

The kindness with which I had been received, and

the nuttiness of the port, were conducive to a return

of optimism. "I walked back to the hotel through the frosty, starlit night building masts that towered

to the very heavens, and evolving battle telegrams

that would reach London before the Generals in Manchuria left their beds to fight them.

In the morning I interviewed Griffin, the Engineer,

and he said that leave was due to him, that he liked

building masts, and would build one for me that would have to be lowered when the moon went

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I went riding over the sandhills to find a spot thirty feet from the shore.

When I came back Griffin was not quite so cheery;

his little book had been making difficulties. I advised

the cremation of the book and the immediate

purchase of the poles — practical measures toward

which I was impelled by receipt of a cable, dated

Tokio, from the Man Behind * saying—

"Expedite forestry scrap imminent."

In the afternoon Griffin set out to buy the poles

for the mast. Next day I went to see him at his

Yard. Protruding from the gate was an enormous,

pointed stick of what appeared to me the oldest and

most rotten of wood. But Griffin tapped it with a

piece of iron and said it rang as true as a church bell,

a rather unfortunate simile in view of the doings in

the Kirk of my native land. But Griffin had never

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY 19

in Chinese junks, and that he had been compelled to pay the owners of the junks high prices in order to induce them to despoil their crazy vessels. Other wise the kind of spars required was unobtainable in Weihaiwei.

Meanwhile I had visited the Island and chosen a place for the erection of the mast. The mainland had proved unsuitable partly owing to the distance from the cable office, which was on the Island, and partly because there was no spot that commanded a clear outlook. It was necessary that mountains should not intervene between the wireless station and any of the points of the compass from which the steamer would be likely to signal. The next thing to do was to join all our sticks, lengthwise, with iron bands, into a single mast; then to launch the mast into the sea and have it towed to the Island, trusting it might not be mistaken for the Sea Serpent, and

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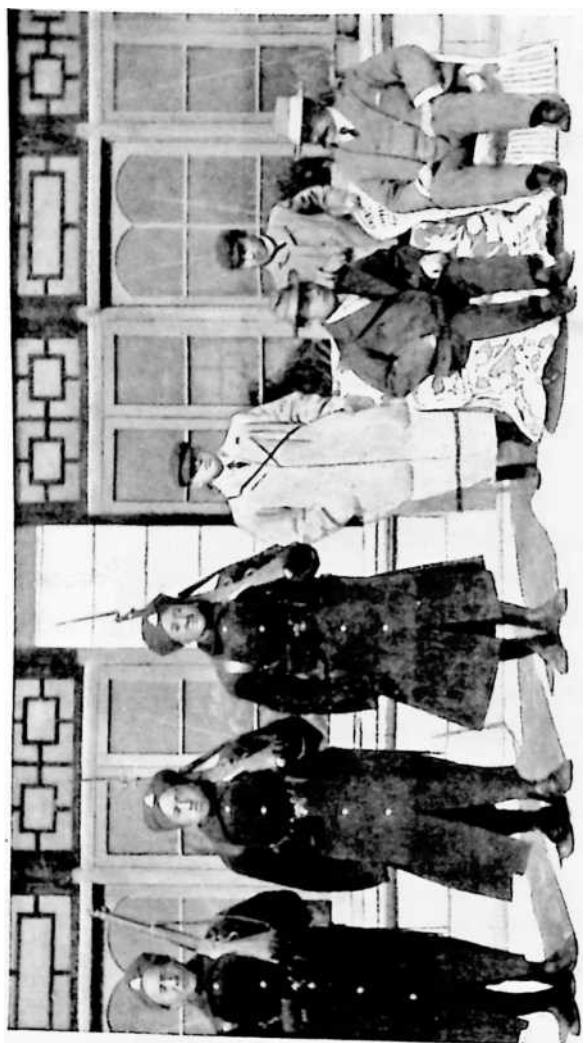
and formed a high ridge of an island in the mouth of the bay, and the coast of the bay to have been pushed back by the bite into a ring of hills, and you have the topography. Think of the Bay of Naples, and you have the scenery; of the Riviera, and you have the climate.

It is the presence of the Island that makes Wei-haiwei a harbour. Lying across the entrance to the bay, and measuring two miles in length, it shields the bay from the violent winds and raging waters of the inhospitable Yellow Sea. Under its lee float in safety every size of vessel from the gigantic man of war to the bumboat of the Chinese comradore.

The Island is a Naval institution, where our ships can obtain coal and minor fittings; there is no dock, but repairs on a small scale can be executed. A big Naval Hospital is building, and the



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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY 21

built the forts they did not send any guns. The picturesque manner in which costly brickwork lies tumbled about is very attractive, and makes one singularly sympathetic towards that simple being the British taxpayer.

On the mainland are the barracks of the Chinese Regiment, a body now about 500 strong. Not long ago the strength *of the* regiment was over 1,000, but the Government decided it was cheaper to keep half that number, and so they disbanded the other half, leaving a number of buildings, erected at great outlay, empty. The Chinese Regiment distinguished itself in the China Expedition in 1900, demonstrating the fact that the native of Northern China makes a fine soldier and a bold fighter. The men are stalwart fellows, taller by some inches than the British Tommy, and broad in proportion. Their discipline is of a high order, and the seriousness with which they take their profession marks them out as of a type calculated to form an auxiliary force as valuable as our Indian Army—perhaps more so,

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diplomatic triumph. But Mr. Balfour, soon after wards, rather discounted the value of the arrangement by stating in the House of Commons that Weihaiwei had no population, that the construction of railway communication was impracticable, and that any British subject who was foolish enough to go there for commercial purposes would be granted every facility. And he capped these happy remarks by intimating to the German Government that we should preclude ourselves from the right of building railways in Shantung. This naive declaration seems most unfortunate, for Weihaiwei was then, and still is, populated to the extent of 500 souls to the square mile, and is universally allowed to possess all the essentials for the development of trade except—rail way communication.

Our concession at Weihaiwei covers 285

remain in Weihaiwei, arranging with China that our lease shall be permanent instead of dependent on the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, and trade, from being stagnant, will immediately flourish. There is an English firm ready to invest capital in silk manufacture, and many wealthy Chinese from the Treaty Ports have signified their intention of establishing branch houses so soon as the British have made up their minds to stop. Chefoo, with inferior shipping accommodation, and many disadvantages as compared with Weihaiwei, trades to the extent of £5,000,000 per annum. A goodly fraction of this might easily be diverted to Weihaiwei. If it does not gravitate towards a British port, it certainly will gravitate to the German one at Kiauchou.

It duly happened that Griffin joined the sticks, and that in one long mast they lay a quarter inside and three-quarters outside his Yard, thereby greatly exciting local curiosity. Between the mainland

over towards the other and spoke with *einpressement*.

" Don't you believe it's a flagstaff "

" I never did,"

" It's a mast for wireless telegraphy! "

"What! Who for?"

" Who for I The Japanese, of course."

" What do they want it for ? "

"Want it for! Don't you see that they have spies in Port Arthur who'll send word of everything

that's done there ? Then the Japanese fleet will come

in here and know exactly what the Russians are

about. It's a very grave matter."

" Has the British Government any right to allow

such a thing ? "

"Most certainly not. It's a breach of neutrality.

I can't think what the Commissioner is about. I'm

going to write to the papers about it. Disgrace

ful----"

Here we landed, and the two worthy gentlemen

stepped on to the quay, and I heard no more.

But I

was told afterwards that they went to visit the mast

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY 25

positive affection as she lay on the beach awaiting the incoming tide. I rather wondered why Griffin attributed the feminine gender to so unwieldy a thing. But he is a sentimental fellow, and, certainly, the mast proved very coy to erect. A great difficulty had arisen, for though Chinamen could be induced to work on the mainland, no power could persuade them to cross to the Island during their New Year.

At the anchorage lay a great first-class cruiser, commanded by the kind of officer who is Captain in his own ship, and Emperor of everything within range of his guns. I had dined with him ; played bridge with him ; spent the night in the next cabin to him, with a red-hot shot in a bucket to defeat the cold ; been out class-firing in his ship, and stood the thunder of the whole armament for two mortal hours; had climbed into the tops at the risk of my neck ; and narrowly escaped mangling by the machinery in the

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go up because the Chinese won't work. Pipe
off a
hundred men—Will a hundred do you,
Fraser, or
would you like two hundred ?—and send
them to put
it right. Better see the job through—the
bo'sun's
a handy man at this sort of thing. Send him
too—
and I'll go over and have a look at the thing
myself."

From that moment the enemies of the
British

Navy became my sworn foes.

The spot I had chosen for the mast was
wild and

inaccessible. It was situated near the end of
a spit

of rock that jutted out from the northern
coast of

the Island. Owing to the sides of the spit
running

almost straight down into the water, my
point was

hundred feet above, and nearly two
hundred from

the water instead of thirty. To build a mast
thirty

feet from the shore was a physical
impossibility, for

there was no shore. It was also necessary to

had to be hauled up a precipitous slope from the water below—not a smooth slope, but one littered with enormous boulders and sharp-edged rocky debris.

In due course the mast was towed over to the Island and lay floating in the water. Griffin was in command of nearly fifty Chinamen, whom he had scraped together; I had brought the hundred blue jackets. The latter, on the way across the Island, had had great sport snowballing each other, an amusement in which, to my chagrin, I could not join, as I had to walk in dignity with the officer in charge of the party. Griffin and the bo'sun had provided an enormous block and tackle with which to haul the mast up the declivity.

In due time the component parts were dragged up the ridge, but of mast there was nothing left but five broken joinings. The three days of iron-banding by the Chinese blacksmiths went for naught when the hauling began, and, one by one, the joinings crumpled up as they felt the strain of the tackle. The tars were very merry over it, and ran

It took the hundred sailors and the fifty Chinamen the whole day to get the pieces of the mast up to the ridge. They then arranged them with the butt at the point where the mast was to be based, the others lying along the ground in order of thickness and strength. They must all be joined again. Griffin, the bo'sun, and a cunning carpenter from the Naval Yard now held a consultation, the outcome of which was a scheme of lashing and clamping, which would take three days to execute, and in which no Chinese were to be allowed a part. I was a free agent for that time, my only duty being to prepare a sufficient force and sufficient material to hoist the mast when it was ready. It would take three hundred men and heavier tackle than existed at Weihaiwei to do this, but grave winks and nods, and half-whispered sug-



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY 29

me at the jetty with a longboat, and in no time the six lusty Chinamen were bending to their oars, whilst my friend explained that the ship was the *Fuping*, which had left Port Arthur the night before. As we got alongside her anchor was being heaved aboard and the Captain was busy giving orders on the bridge. "No time for talking—there's the log, read it for yourself." The whole story of the attack was there, and I hastily took notes, shouting the while to the Captain for additional facts. The Captain was soon in a rage, and from the sea below came the piteous calls of my friend to hurry. I got all I could and then rushed for the gangway. The *Fuping* was steaming out of the bay at eleven knots, and the longboat was sheering and plunging madly along side, whilst my friend clung valiantly to the ship with a boat-hook, despite the surf that broke over him with every dip. I leaped, and he let go, and the *Fuping* went steaming away to Shanghai.

war progressing by leaps and bounds—
history
making—whilst I raged impotently in this
backwater
of the Yellow Sea. Utterly unreliable news
trickled
in from Chefoo, where Satan had an arsenal
of his
own for the speedy equipment of the largest
and
most ponderous lies; but I dared not cable,
for it is
only the New Journalism that likes
imaginary information. It was whilst bemoaning my
helplessness
in the matter of furnishing London with
reliable
intelligence that my spirit was further
chastened by
the failure of the first step towards the
establishment
of the wireless.

Though I had proceeded so confidently
with the
matter there was still wanting the sanction of
Government. Whenever the Commissioner returned
I went
to call upon him. It was a delicate moment,
for the
Ordinance was clearly framed to check

Africa, had yarned each other to sleep, round cheery camp-fires, about our Indian experiences.

When I left His Honour I remembered that I had completely forgotten to ask him about the wireless.

I think I did ask him some days later, when he said

The Times would have to pay rent. I asked how much. He said \$10 an acre was the usual thing for

Crown lands. I said I thought that a very fair charge—having in my mind that the base of the mast was only twenty-three inches in diameter, and

that it would only cost *The Times* about -ooi of a Mexican dollar.

And now arrived from Tokio the following cable:—

“ Chartered steamer arrives twentieth. ”

This was quickly succeeded by—

‘••Everything will arrive on 'Haimun' about ten days also lady interpreter stop you will have direction steamer base yourself Weihaiwei expedite forestry.’

The atmosphere was becoming decidedly thick.

Then again—

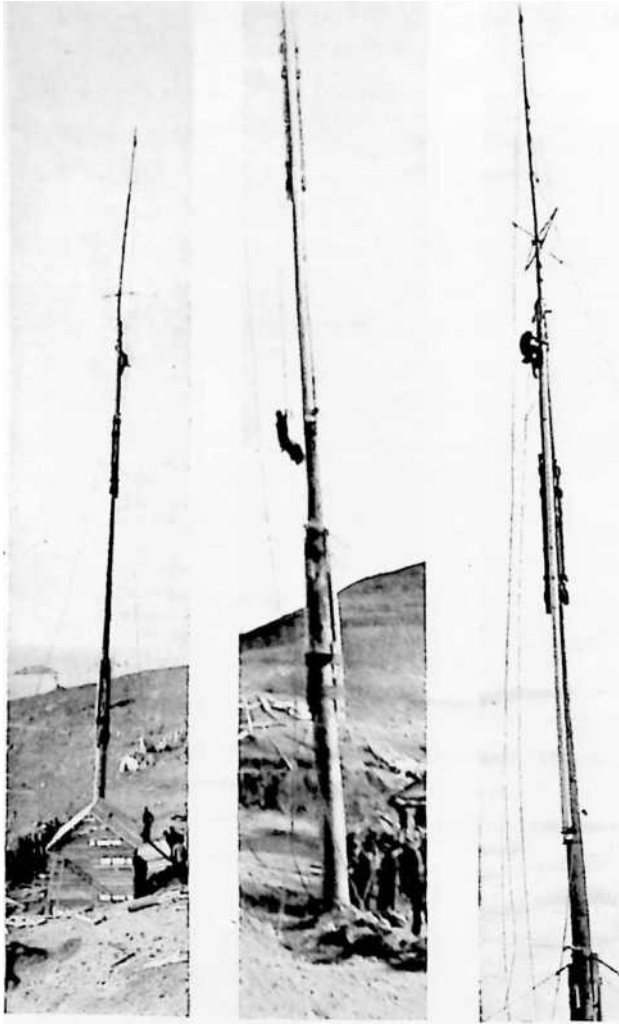
“ ‘ Haimun ’ arrives Thursday first duty get

3f>

A MODERN CAMPAIGN

The three days required by Griffin and his myrmidons passed quickly, and the mast was girded and a deep hole built as a foundation. Assembled near it were a hundred bluejackets, a company of the Chinese Regiment, a hundred tatterdemalion Chinamen, the Staff of the Naval Yard, many officers of rank and distinction, and all the ladies in the Station. Griffin ran hither and thither, as full of importance as a midwife.

Trailing from various points in the length of the mast were wire stays that measured altogether nearly a mile long. Fifty feet from the base a monster tackle was attached, and seventy feet further on was another. The pulling ends of the tackles were up the side of a slope, the mast itself on the opposite slope, so that the straining ropes hung across a low valley at the bottom of which was the butt of



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The weans are the children of an English mother and an Irish father, who was murdered in the disturbed times in Ireland. They live at Rowallan, an old house now falling into decay, among the Mourne Mountains. An old nurse and an old coachman are their guardians, and the tale is some account of their life, their philosophy, and the people they meet with at the back of beyond.

HIS ISLAND PRINCESS. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Illustrated.

The scene of this story is an island in the South Pacific, where the second mate of a convict ship has been wrecked. He is rescued by a beautiful girl and her father, who, like the hero, have been thrown on the island. The father is demented, and the daughter is a wild and artless creature, who quickly falls in love with the hero. The story gives a spirited description of the wrecks and of the various adventures through which the actors in the drama pass, incidents of a most striking and tragic character.

THE GATE OF THE DESERT. By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of 'Barbe of Grand Bayou' and 'A Weaver of Webs.' Illustrated.

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MESSRS. METHUEN'S NEW NOVELS

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been a miscarriage of justice, is brought, through a love affair between his daughter

and a young English officer, into intimate relations with a family in whom he docs not

at first recognise the descendants of his father's alleged victim. Owing to his pride and

obstinacy, which are equalled by those of the young man's relatives, the results of

discovery seem likely to destroy the happiness of two pairs of lovers, when a solution

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which have often found their chroniclers. Mr. McCarthy has chosen the dawn of the

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courts were centres of wealth and chivalry. In this brilliant world of knights and

ladies, of tournaments and gallantry, some marvellous adventures happen which link

the new world with the Age of Gold.

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT. By ROBERT BARR,
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A characteristic, breezy, and humorous romance of an over-rich girl with a craze for

titled personages. The story is told by Rupert Tremome, a former member of the

English diplomatic service, who has found himself stranded in Japan by a series of

curious circumstances. He becomes the secretary of the father of the heroine, a multi

millionaire, travelling in the East in his yacht. Here the story begins, and the action

at once becomes as rapid as that of a Japanese campaign. Tremome takes

sagging and swaying with the impulse to rise.
Then
the second tackle was applied and the top began
to
lift, only the point of the whip-like topmast
seeming
loth to leave the ground. There was a horrid
curving
of the upper lengths of the mast, which bent like
a
bow and looked as if it must break. Then the
lower
tackle was hauled upon, and as the men
strained upon
the rope—something gave.

The lower mast sank back to the ground,
leaving
all the weight on the upper, which cracked with
the
noise of a thousand pistols, sprang into the air
and
then fell back in pieces, completely broken. The
two
teams of men were tumbled into inextricable
heaps as
the ropes on which they hauled suddenly
slacked off.

Ten days' work and planning destroyed in a
moment 1

One hundred and ten feet of the mast had re
mained perfectly rigid under the strain imposed,
and
in a consultation of experts they decided that it

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a twig, gave a bound and plunged over the cliff. The

sailors on the tackle had held on like men and were

trailed along the ground and piled in struggling

masses. My despair at this second catastrophe was

forgotten in thankfulness that nobody was killed.

There was only a crop of bruises sustained by the

plucky fellows who were dragged by the ropes.

Once more they tried, and this time the remain

CHAPTER III

CRUISING IN THE *HAIMUN*

THE *Haimun* was well known in the China Seas.

She had been used as a transport by the British in the Peking affair of 1900, and latterly as a despatch boat by the U.S. Army in the Philippines.

She could do her sixteen knots at a pinch, her engines being particularly powerful for a boat of her size. She was signalled on the morning of 18th

February, and soon after glided like a swan into the bay.

I lost no time in getting on board. Whilst being

rowed out, I perceived a lot of wreckage on both masts; evidently something had gone wrong. The Captain met me at the gangway, and I made the acquaintance of the ship's officers, the two wireless

operators from America, and the Japanese lady-inter-

preter. The wireless plant and the operators had

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ship's crew had declined to sail owing to the hazard-
ous nature of the cruise, and the Captain had been
compelled to ship ricksha men and coolies, at
double pay. Fortunately, beside the Captain, there
were six European officers who were game for
anything.

I ordered steam for six o'clock, and then proceeded to examine the ship. She was certainly a
trim craft both in outward looks and inside comforts.

A big upper or promenade deck ran aft from the
bridge, and below was the maindeck, upon which
opened the saloon doors. The saloon itself was
quite a spacious apartment with a cosy fireplace at
one end. Off the saloon were twelve cabins with
accommodation for double that number of passengers.

Below there were second-class cabins and a deck for

CRUISING IN THE *HAIMUN* 37

anchorage. Meanwhile there was swooping down upon us an unmistakable Japanese man of war. When within a mile up fluttered her signal flags, "Who are you?" We replied, and she bore down upon us and passed within two hundred yards at full speed. As she went by every gun of her starboard broadside was trained upon us, and as we went ahead the muzzles were swung after us with a blood thirstiness that, my military friends said, had been learnt from the British Navy.

Having taken stock of us, the Japanese cruiser now put about and steamed after us. She was dropping behind fast, but soon the white began to foam under her bows, and she evidently meant coming after us. But the *Haimun* was doing her thirteen knots, and old-fashioned cruisers don't beat that very often. She tried to catch us for some minutes, when it became evident she was being left—in itself a suspicious sign. Out fluttered her signals, "

pedocd—and dropped a boat which bumped through

the floating ice towards us. As she approached we

saw that every sailor wore a cutlass, and had a rifle

leaning upon the thwart beside him.

Presently the boat reached us and an officer stepped

on board, his boat's crew tumbling up the gangway

after him. Eight of them formed up on the deck,

under command of a petty officer, and grounded

their rifles with a bang, whilst the officer was escorted

into the saloon. The Captain produced the ship's

papers, which meant very little, as we had not cleared

for any port. Our visitor began to ask a great

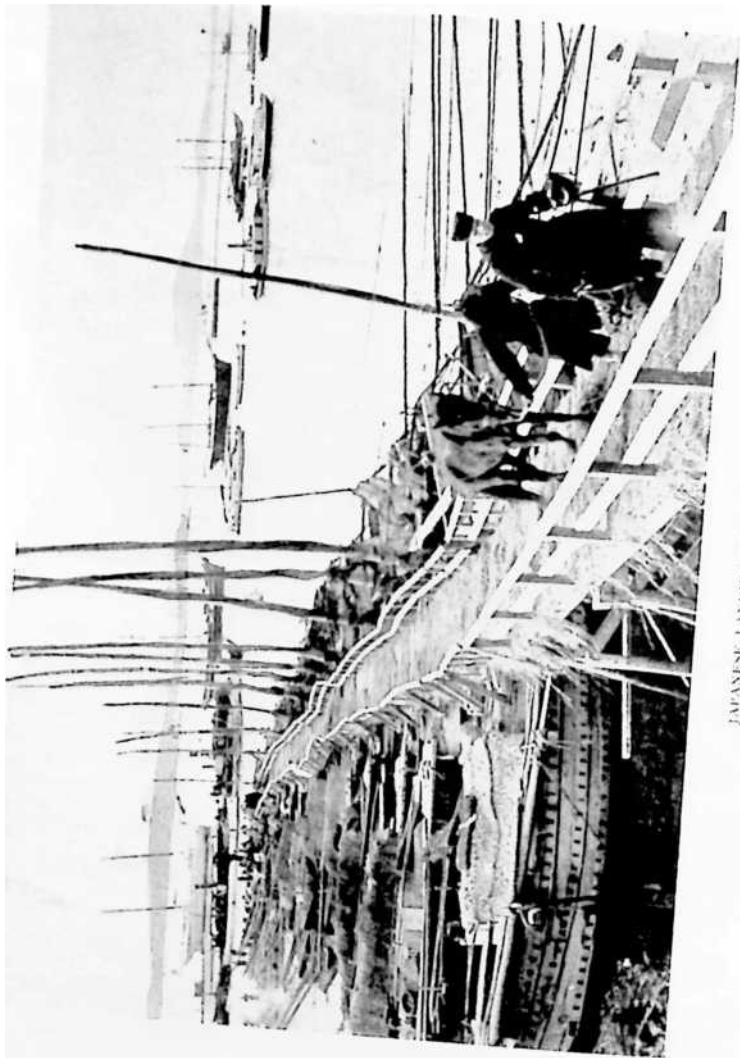
many questions, in good English, until I thought it

was advisable to employ my talisman. I drew him

aside and produced a paper covered with Japanese

characters and a big red-ink stamp. He laughed

when he saw it, and asked why I did not



JAPANESE LASHING-STAGE AT OCHIBI-DO

CRUISING IN THE *HAIMUN* 39

The *Haimun* was the first private-owned vessel to arrive since the naval battle ten days before; the long and devious approach to the anchorage was thronged with transports arriving and departing, and the roadstead was so crowded that it was no easy matter to find a berth for her. Our arrival created a flutter amongst the men of war, most of which sent to see who we were, and *if we* had brought any letters. In these exciting times mails were not very regular. There were about thirty transports lying at anchor, all busily discharging troops, horses, and stores into lighters that were towed to the shore in long strings by steam launches.

The men of war were the same I had seen a fortnight before, but two, which then floated proudly in the water, were now lying on the bottom, showing nothing but wreckage above the surface. The *Variag* lay on her side with her long guns protruding above the water. In the muzzle of one of them

which had been abandoned and sunk when the warships were scuttled.

Immediately on anchoring a boat was lowered, and we started for the shore intending to catch the

first train for Seoul. In due time we arrived at the

Korean capital, and at the hotel I met some of my fellow-passengers of the *Santu Marti*. From them

I heard all about the naval action, and a great deal

about current events. They expressed much admiration

for the bearing of the Russians when challenged

to come out and fight by the Japanese squadron.

Their bravery, however, does not detract from the

blame due to the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet, who

allowed two of his vessels to be caught in such a

corner.

Next day I called upon Sir John Jordan, with

whom I had an interesting conversation on the situa-

CRUISING IN THE *HAIM UN* 41

“ Sixty thousand men had been landed at Chemulpo.”

“ Eighty thousand had been landed at Gensan, on the east coast of Korea.”

“ The two armies were now converging on Ping yang to annihilate an Army Corps of Russians waiting in ignorance of the impending attack.”

“ The lives and property of the Europeans in Seoul were in imminent danger, as a revolution was momentarily expected.”

“The Tonghaks throughout the Provinces were mobilising and were expected to attack the Japanese army in its march between Seoul and Ping-yang.”

“ The Russian army was expected in Seoul within the week.”

“The Pacific Fleet of the United States was coming to Chemulpo for the protection of the interests of her citizens.”

“ The property of the many Missionaries in Seoul was to be confiscated by the Korean Government.”

“ France was about to declare War upon Korea”

complete contents of my note-book and, then, to contradict it all on the following day. Perhaps I might have done it if the cable had worked only one way, and there had been no possibility of consequences to myself. London would have been delighted with some of the items, for a good-natured appreciation of the extremely improbable is one of the leading characteristics of the newspaper readers of the day; they like to have their imaginations touched up, especially in foggy weather. Anyhow I elected to be cautious, particularly as there was every prospect of my being a frequent visitor in Seoul.

The voyage back to Weihaiwei was not so pleasing as the outward one. I had to separate the wheat from the chaff for a long telegram, which should make them forget in London what a lot of money was being spent and there was the

the Island. When I had found one suitable I went to the Naval authorities and said I wanted it, and would put up a new one so soon as the material could be procured. In a few hours the chosen stick was lying alongside the others—the Navy understands a business proposition. As for the missing gear, there was nothing to do but stamp about, and spend money in telegrams.

Once more I got matters in train as regarded the mast, and again set forth for Korea. This time I took only one friend, so that our party consisted of two men and one lady. Miss Osaki had purchased the materials for making sponge-cake, a delicacy in the manufacture of which the Japanese excel, and we beguiled the outward voyage by helping her to beat eggs and worry dough in the sacred precincts of the saloon. And when the sponge-cake materialised—we gave it to the fishes; for the Chinese cook, jealous of this interference with his divine right, had spoilt it in the baking.

Instead of reaching Chemulpo the next evening

we found ourselves mixed up among the

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friend the *Sanin Marti* was busy salvaging the

Pariag:

On reaching Seoul I heard that the whole of the

12th Division had been landed, and that the other

two divisions required to complete General Kuroki's

Army would probably be landed at Chinampo, as the

Japanese troops were now in occupation of Ping

yang, and so made the northern port available

as a sea base. The Tonghaks were still going strong, and the army from Gensan was closing on

Harbin. Neither the American Fleet nor the French

Army had arrived. Port Arthur, of course, had

fallen. I was lucky enough to get a translation of

the Agreement between Japan and Korea just then

signed, and other information which so far had not

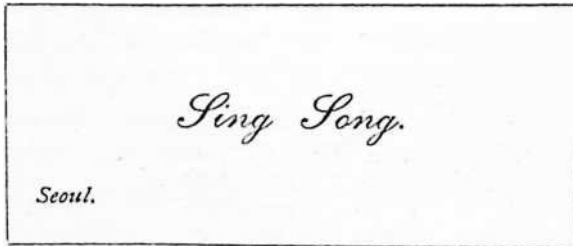
reached the London press.

I also took back to Weihaiwei a Korean servant,

promoted to cook, wash, wait at table, and

CRUISING IN THE *HAIMUN* 45

printed some Korean characters, on the other
the



I must now relate that on the previous voyage a number of distressed Chinamen, fearful of the coming clash of arms, had sent me a deputation praying for a passage to China. I consented—at \$10 a head. Over a hundred came, and so helped the coal-bill.

This time the Chinamen crowded the wharf, and I began to think there was more money in passengers than in news. Just before starting I got a letter asking if I would take a Korean gentleman and his retinue—first class. I said yes, again—at \$40 a head. Two ladies of Russian and Austrian persuasion, who had helped the soldiers at the Russian

Legation *pour passer le temps*, also wanted to

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shot, and then fell at my feet and embraced my knees.

When I went on board I found a gentleman in the uniform of a full general, and another dressed as a junior officer, parading the deck with clanking swords and bidding farewell to hosts of friends. It turned out that the Korean gentleman was the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Korean Majesty to the Court of Peking, with his A.D.C. and Secretary. I rather regretted the forty dollars—but not sufficiently to refund them.

The anchor being weighed, we all went in to lunch—a Captain in the British Army, a Japanese lady, the three Korean gentlemen (one of whom ate butter by transferring lumps of it to his mouth on a knife), Anne of Austria and her Russian friend,

horizontal is the only way to defeat the demon of sea-sickness.

It was a melancholy voyage. As we got into open water the gale increased to one of those typhoons that are the curse of the China seas. Waves broke over the ship incessantly and flooded her. The cold was intense, and everything on board froze. Towards midnight the Captain hove to, as the height of the seas made it dangerous to drive the vessel into them. Unfortunately there was only 300 tons of coal in the bunkers, and, so lightly laden, the *Haivium* tossed upon the waters like a cork.

In the middle of the night a towering sea smashed over the forecastle and carried away the port bower, an anchor weighing two or three tons. Attached was ninety fathoms of heavy chain, which tore through the hawseholes to the bottom of the Yellow Sea with a roar that shook the whole ship. Next we shipped a sea that dashed against the

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neared Weihaiwei the passengers crept out of their cabins looking miserable wrecks, the women in particular being very woebegone from cold and sickness.

The pitching had smashed all sorts of things on board: amongst others the heavy glass globes protecting the electric lights had been jerked from their fastenings and lay in broken pieces all over the saloon and cabins. The ship herself was coated with ice six inches thick, which covered decks, boats, and rigging. People boarding us at Weihaiwei asked if we had come from the North Pole.

In my absence matters connected with the wireless had progressed. The cape where the mast stood was littered with material *of all* kinds, and quite a number of Chinamen had come to look upon it as a regular means of obtaining a livelihood. Those engaged as night watchmen had a particularly

By this time the *Haimun* was getting short of coal, and I debated whether to buy at Chefoo and enrich the local mongers, or to make a voyage to Japan and load up direct from the mines. Things were quiet in Korea, and I had sucked Seoul dry of news. Finally I cabled to Japan for a thousand tons of coal to be ready, and then we sailed. Poor Miss Osaki had been completely knocked up by the stormy voyage from Chemulpo, and I left her sick in bed at the hotel. She afterwards returned to Japan, as we found the work far too rough for a woman, however plucky.

To Nagasaki was two days' sail, and by a special dispensation of Providence the weather was fine. It was curious sailing in the warm sunlight and soft spring breezes with masses of ice still clinging to the ship. It was not until we entered Nagasaki harbour, where the heat was considerable, that the

50 A MODERN CAMPAIGN

signal lamps, and the long line broke in two, and

manoeuvred into columns that disappeared, ship by

ship, into the obscurity of the north. I counted six

teen vessels, all steaming about three knots an hour.

They were marking time pending an attack on Port

Arthur, which took place the following morning.

Arrived at Nagasaki, I had the *Haimun* docked

and her bottom scraped clean, and then we coaled.

Here I bought the *Fast and Furious*, a gazolene

launch designed to tend the ship in harbour. Owing

to the fast tides in Korean waters, and the great dis

tances which usually divided shore and anchorage

at the ports we visited, a boat artificially propelled

was a convenience with which it was impossible to

dispense.

I also had the *Haimun* rigged with a topmast

for the wireless installation, for which the ship was

CRUISING IN THE *IIAIM UN 51*

of rotten fish,—in fact a cargo that would have delighted a village grocer. Like Noah, I took a little of everything, deeming legitimate all means of lowering the coal-bill.

My meeting with the Man Behind was a great event. I upbraided him for his “expedite forestry,” and he reproached me with the coal-bill, notwithstanding the fact of a small fortune in passengers to counterbalance—the result of turning a yacht into a tramp, he cuttingly observed. After mutual recriminations were over, and we were treading the deck of our yacht relating our respective trials, I asked him *if* he’d like an Ichiban. Before he had time to reply I shouted to the steward to prepare six Number Ones. I then collected Vincent, Colquhoun, the Missionary, and Mr. Mutton, the Chief Officer, and we all adjourned to the saloon.

They drank their Ichibans and hailed me as a discoverer. “What is it?” they asked. “Nectar?” “It’s a cocktail,” said I. “What’s it made of?” “Where do you get it?” “Who told you about it?” were questions eagerly thrown at me. I said if

to pay your respects in the Wardroom. Here the Ichiban having been brought, you drink it up and put the glass down with the air of a cow eating clover for the first time. Whereupon another is brought, the which having drunk, you say ' Good bye,' and beg that your boat may be called. You now proceed to the next man of war, repeat the Ichibans, and so on *ad infinitum*, or until you've called upon every ship in the fleet."

The Ichiban is a concoction of egg and milk, possessed of highly curative properties, as well as being pleasant to the taste. In frosty weather sailors find it a valuable protection against cold, and mothers of young midshipmen are glad to know that their sons take it frequently. Perhaps the mothers don't know that, besides egg and milk, the Ichiban contains Brandy, Gin, Creme de Macao, Angostura Bitters, and other devices of the Devil.

Whilst at Nagasaki there came a wire from Wei-haiwei to say that the topmast had been erected —and blown down the same night by a gale. Mechanically the Man Behind began writing



THE WIRELESS STATION—AFTER A TYPHOON !

quite a sensation—who detailed at length his experiences during the typhoon. He told, with graphic gestures, how he had been tossed in and out of his bunk, and how, three times, he was sure he was dead. He ate nothing all the time—at which statement somebody asked him “Why?” His reply came in reproachful tones, accompanied by a sweep of his hands from waist to face, and from thence outward with a despairing swoop—“Because all make sprout out.”

Next time he felt sick the Commander had him up and advised a drink of sea-water. It was a rough day, and the water kept breaking over the ship. We saw Sing Song standing in the lee of the galley with a teacup in his hand snatching at the tops of waves as they tore past the rails. One bigger than the rest came along and jumped aboard, soaking Sing Song to the skin and leaving nothing of the cup but the handle round his finger. Whereupon a good-

ready. More than one mast was blown down by
the high winds, and other catastrophes happened to

the machinery. Meanwhile the *Haimun* was busy

patrolling the Korean coast and scouting off Port

Arthur, Colquhoun being desperately keen on seeing
a naval action.

But one day there came an end to our troubles,

and the Man Behind conversed with me at a distance

of fifty miles by wireless telegraphy. It was an ecstatic

moment, for the mast reared its slender head 170

feet in the air, and the engines and electrical plant

worked like clockwork. Athearn, the land operator,

said that Brown's juice from the *Haimun* wasn't so

good as his own, because the mast on the ship was

not so high as the pole at Weihaiwei. The truth of this

statement will be obvious to everybody who knows that

"juice," in the American language, means the electrical

CRUISING IN THE *HAIM UN 55*

We arrived at the eastern entrance to the bay
in
the middle of the night with a considerable
swell
on the water and a rising wind. The Captain
ob
jected to entering the anchorage in the dark,
so
we slung the *Fast and Furious* overboard and I
got
ready to go off in her to the Island and
despatch the
telegrams. The little boat pitched heavily in the
water and none of the Chinese crew would go
in
her, which affected the morale of the Japanese
en
gineer. However, he followed when given a
lead,
and finally the ship's bo'sun hustled an old
Chinaman
in with us. The *Fast and Furious* was simply a
Japanese sampan with an oil-engine fitted, and
her
long, narrow prow was highly unsuited to a
rough
sea, as we speedily found when clear of the
ship.

The Chinaman immediately covered himself
over
with a blanket, and took no further interest in
the pro

into the bottom of the boat. By this time the Japanese engineer in the stern was chattering like a

monkey, and whenever I moved forward to cover up

the hatch he yelled at me to sit still. My weight

further forward would force her head too far into the

waves, whilst, if the hatch was not covered quickly,

we would be swamped.

The Chinaman kept his head hidden in his blanket

as before, and seemed quite indifferent whether he

returned to the *Haimun* or departed to join the

souls of his ancestors. The awkward part of the

situation was that if the boat filled she must sink

like a stone owing to the weight of the engine.

Then we had only one lifebuoy, and one bucket with

which to bail. I tried signalling to the *Haimun* with

the lantern, but no sooner did I hold it high enough

to be seen than the wind blew it out.

Finally we got back to the ship none the worse

cross winds which sweep down from the hills. One adventure none of us will ever forget. At Chinampo a retired ship-captain, who did a little piloting in these waters, paid us a visit, and we sent him home late at night in the *Fast and Furious* with a bottle of whisky in each pocket, and a fair quantity in the usual place.

There was a tremendous tide racing out of the inlet, and a great quantity of drift ice floating on the water. If anything went wrong with the engine of the boat she would inevitably be swept out to sea, and her occupants frozen to death. And if she collided with a big lump of ice she would probably be stove in. These things we began to realise when the little boat did not return so quickly as we expected.

We waited for an hour, but the panting of her diminutive engines never came. Two hours, and still there was no sign of her. We were absolutely helpless, for any of the ship's boats would be quite

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little sister the *Fast and Furious*, it would be possible to tell much more, but with a long campaign to describe I must needs confine myself to one more incident.

The *Haimun* had been hovering about Port Arthur for nearly three days, watching the entrance to the harbour and reporting by wireless, every few hours, what was seen. There was reason to believe that the Russian Fleet was coming out, and that Togo was waiting to smite them hip and thigh—the very moment for which *The Times* had spent its money.

I was sitting in the Club on the Island despairedly endeavouring to work out the strategic necessities of Weihaiwei in time of war, and wondering what poor Ting had thought about it some ten years before. I was in a pleasant room overlooking the bay, the room in which the brave, but
hobless

"AEROGRAM.

Qc jForest '(filltrckss ©elcgraplj (Enmpnnin
Urgent we are about to be boarded by Russians

CRUISING IN THE *HAIMUN* 59

returned to this room and took a large dose of
opium,
which terminated his life.

I was wakened from my reveries of the tragic
scene in 1894 by the hurried entrance of a
China

man who brought the following the word " "
unless you. hear from us within three hours inform
Commissioner senior naval officer and Times London
James V

DESPATCHED
RECEIVED
To

Off Port Arthur.
Weihai'wei, 9 a.m., 6/4/04.
Fraser.

Quickly I was climbing the steep road that
crosses
the Island, on the way to the wireless station.
After
half an hour of walking and clambering over
rocks
I entered the shed and found the operator
peaceably
lying in a chair, smoking and reading a book,
but
with the telephonic listeners fastened round his
head.
" Any news ? " I breathlessly inquired. "

GO A MODERN CAMPAIGN

horizon, was Port Arthur and that tender
merchant

man the *Haimun*, surrounded by the shark-
like teeth

of Russian men of war. The sea was like
glass, and

the colour of an Italian lake. Overhead shone
a

bright sun, and the sky was mottled with
fleecy white

clouds that floated peacefully in the blue
depths.

Not a sail was in sight, not a sound to be
heard

except the low music of the wind amid the
countless

wire stays that surrounded the mast.

As I listened there came scratching in my
ears.

"That's the Japs," said Athearn, laying his ear
close

to my head, "they're very busy this
morning." Then

the instrument became silent. For two hours
we

listened to Japanese, Russian, and German
signals,

and once to the message of a British cruiser,
coming

round the Promontory far out of sight, to the
man of

war in the bay.

The Russians had it in their power

and that the Russians, a few days later, publicly announced to the Powers that, if they caught us, we would be shot as spies. The rights of the Russians with regard to the *Haimun* do not enter into the scope of my narrative; all I knew was that the elements of tragedy lay below the distant horizon, and that the minutes of the expiring three hours flew quickly.

As twelve o'clock approached Athearn got up and paced the room uneasily, went across to the engine-room, and kept looking up to the masthead and across the sea. I remained still, straining my ears for the mysterious scratches, the while my mind was racked with anxious thoughts.

Just at twelve, when suspense had become unbearable, there came a loud rip in my ears. The operator heard it from the other end of the room, and bounded towards me with the remark, "That's Brown." He settled the listeners over his head and craned

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story of the encounter appeared in *The Times*, and is too well known to need repetition. For my part I never want to know such another three hours.

At this time the Japanese Government had decided to let representatives of the Press join General Kuroki's army in Korea. James's Pass was in Tokio, and we wired to send it to Korea, and to obtain substitution of my name for his, he having decided to take over the ship and let me go with the troops.

It had been a great experience establishing the wire less, one I vowed never to go through again.

The *Haimun* was a pleasanter episode, but the tumultuous waters of the China seas are no place for yachting, and I pray, if it may ever again be my lot to run a despatch boat, that her voyaging may lie in smoother latitudes.

So on the 10th of April I bade farewell to



THE MAN BEHIND
AND SOME OF THE TIMES STAFF

CHAPTER IV

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES

ENDED at Chinampo I was encountered on all hands by difficulties, the pleasant problems upon which the journalist grows fat, and from which he derives a highly stimulating form of mental nourishment. My Pass, duly conveyed from Tokio by a brother scrivener, had arrived, and I was full of joy to think that I might now proceed into that *ewigkeit* into which the Japanese army had disappeared—until I realised that the Pass, so long and anxiously awaited, was made out in the name of the Man Behind. What that means in far-Oriental hands is misfortune beyond the comprehension of readers accustomed to the less devious

the name of a beloved colleague who was
unable to

go, and who desired that I might take his
place.

At the end of much weary waiting, and
countless

turnings of my swear-wheel, I left that office
in the

aching frame of mind understood of people
who

depart from the sanctum of a dental
professor with

the knowledge that they must return thither
ere the

light of another day fades. It was not to be. It
was for that man to go whose name
appeared upon

the Pass from Tokio.

And so my horses, my servants, my tents,
my

vessels of brass and of alumin, my tins of
pottage,

my vestments of khaki, my scrolls and
parchments

were to be of no avail, and the girding of my
loins

as naught I Truly it was an occasion for the
application of Western intellect to the
diplomatic

methods of the East. I despatched a telegram
couched in heroic terms to a powerful friend

in

times a day. These had to be landed with speed,
 for the *Haimun's* gossip at Weihaiwei had whispered
 across the waters of the Yellow Sea that events were pending elsewhere which made it well for her
 to set her stacks a-smoking. Yet to land goods and chattels at Chinampo was an Herculean task,
 for all things great and small were in the possession
 of the Japanese Government, who help none save
 those of their own choosing.

And here came a happy thought, one bred of contact with the East, one after the very own soul
 of the Oriental.

The beloved colleague whose name appeared upon
 the Pass must materialise, must present the luckless
 document, must demand of right that the chosen of
 the Mikado's Government shall obtain full and ample assistance in time of need. And so it came
 to pass. For the friend, presented by my very self,
 received with compliments and grim

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shipping. Swinging round the stern *of a* huge transport we came upon the *Haimun*, and to our astonishment found alongside her two great barges and a steam pinnace, the derrick and the donkey engine hard at work, and a white pony suspended in mid-air, in process of being transferred from the ship to a barge. It was the last of my four ponies, three of which already stood amazed in one barge, the other being filled with my heavy baggage. The Japanese officer in charge informed us as we stepped aboard the *Haiviun* that all was now ready, and that with our permission he would tow the barges to the shore. Here was a revelation of what the Japanese could do. Whilst we were strolling along the river bank, instructions for the landing of my kit had been sent by telephone, and instantly acted upon.

And we remembered to have to make sure



A
C
K
I
N
A
M
,

" Don't touch unboiled water," " Keep clear of
 the
 Rooshians " were called across the water to me
 as the
 pinnace puffed to the shore. Then the good ship
Haimun, her tall spar festooned with the wires
 that
 vibrated to the radiations from China 'cross the
 sea,
 slowly gathered way and steamed down the
 river
 towards the open sea whence had come the
 message
 that had called her in such haste. Little I
 guessed
 then that I should never see her again, and that
 the
 journalistic triumphs, which I hoped to be mine
 through her agency, were to be restricted by
 the
 inexorable decree of Tokio.

With the exception of War Correspondents,
 Heaven
 helps all who help themselves. Chinampo was
 chock-
 full of Japanese soldiers, sailors, officials,
 geisha-girls,
 none of whom would make room for a white
 man,
 much less a newspaper man, who in Japan
 ranks
 below a merchant who in turn is preceded in

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I sighted a house, respectable, clean, the windows

boarded over, the door padlocked, a dwelling pos

sessed of a general air of being closed to the world.

But a tell-tale smoke issued from somewhere be

hind. I knocked gently, then with some insistence,

finally with Anglo-Saxon vigour, which brought a

Chinaman trotting out from the side. It was the

abode of the Chinese Consul. At sight of a white

man minus uniform the door was opened, and I

made the acquaintance of Mr. Hu, the Secretary

to the Consul, who " I re—gret too sa—ay iss absen from his houwse." Mr. Hu fell a speedy

victim to a compliment on the quality of his English,

which had been acquired at the Tientsin University.

I took tea with him, smoked an ancient cigar from

which the virulence had long since departed, heard

his personal history and his opinions on

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES 69

no need to marvel that, in his eyes, our ways
are
strange beyond words.

A shelter over my head contented me for that
night, and having seen to the bestowal of my
horses
and goods, I was free to take my ease. My
landlord
watched me lie upon the broad ledge that is the
Chinese equivalent for a bedstead, sucking my
pipe
and sipping his tea, reading bygone news in a
two-
months-old paper, until I blew out my candle
and
entered into a land of valleys, and mountains,
and
streams, and roads, where transport trains
trailed
their weary elongated bodies around the
shoulders *of*
the hills, where the passes echoed the booming
of big
guns, where the crackling of musketry ran up
and
down the slopes, where the batteries rattled
over deep
rutted roads, and cavalry went by with jingle of
bit
and clank of hanging sword.

Next morning I dressed myself as if for a

saddler whose obtuseness exceeded all that I had ever experienced. Korean ponies stand ten hands high and measure round the waist about the same

as a healthy lamb. My ponies were all fourteen handers with barrels like Clydesdale prize-winners.

Yet the Korean insisted that I should buy some ready-made pack-saddles built for the native product!

That alone was sufficient to rouse anger, but it made me speechless to realise that my own *en*

tourage, because I was in a hurry to procure them,

thought me illogical for not buying the saddles that offered.

Finally I obtained saddles constructed for bullocks,

and having paid the price—war price—I retired to

my heathen abode in sadness, to wonder if the little

graven image that looked down upon me from a

betinselled niche had any influence in

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES 71

if a passing thought could produce so quick a return.

That night I slept at peace with the world, having sent word to my following that to-morrow we would march to Ping-yang, the second city in Korea.

Least of my troubles in the morning was the procuring of a passport authorising me to proceed to Ping-yang. Soul-vexing began with the application of the pack-saddles to the ponies, and the loads to the pack-saddles. My retinue consisted of Japanese interpreter, Japanese cook, Chinese groom, and two Korean persons engaged under the impression that the care of horses had been their only business in life. One Korean, at the first blush, demonstrated his utter inability to understand the simplest matter in connection with a horse. My interpreter, contemptuous of everything Korean, said Koreans did not understand animals, and forthwith

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greatest contempt for him and never spoke
except to

give peremptory orders.

My ponies numbered four, one to ride and
three

to carry packs. My first discovery was that
each

and every man and horse of my train knew
nothing

about packing. So I did a Napoleonic thing. I
split

my baggage in two, one lot to be carried on
the three

ponies, and the other to go by boat to Ping-
yang.

Then we loaded up and made a start,
everything

looking decidedly top-heavy and askew
despite girth

ing, tightening, and balancing to the last
degree of

intricacy. Even so much result would never
have

been obtained blit for the aid of a good-
natured

crowd, who thought it all the fun in the
world to

watch and criticise. Down the street, fetlock-
deep

in mud, my cavalcade proceeded. One
hundred

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES 73

Twelve miles we covered that day, winding
round
about the shoulders of hills wooded, scarred,
and
precipitous. Sometimes we obtained glimpses
of the
Taitong River, again we saw segments of sea in
the
far distance, and beyond, in every direction,
great
purple jagged mountains that looked as if they
might
tumble into the valleys and crush the landscape
out
of all semblance. The road was a mere bridle-
path,
frequently knee-deep in mud, cut up, melted
away,
indescribably rotten in places. Men and horses
floundered about hopelessly when we came to a
point
where a stream crossed the path. Such places
there
was no avoiding, no circumnavigating. Here
and
there the Japanese pioneers had built rough
bridges
or laid down brushwood to stiffen the soft
surface,
but weeks having gone by since the troops had
passed,

._ . _

slippery rock to try the strength of men and the surefootedness of horses.

Towards dusk we came to a hamlet of half a dozen

houses. These in Korea are mud-built, thatched with

straw, and boast a little verandah behind and in front.

In shape they are rectangular, usually having the kitchen at one end and two rooms beyond.

The kitchen part has a hole underneath a platform, on

which cooking-pots stand. In that hole is the fire,

and the outlet for smoke and heat is a long passage

underneath the living-rooms and a chimney in the

further wall, The result is that every piece of firewood

used for cooking or warming benefits not only the

kitchen, but all other parts of the house. The value

of a warm sleeping-place in a country where the

temperature in winter frequently drops below zero

below zero

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES 75

unduly deranging the mental faculties. The night was cold, and the floor of the room delightfully warm, its temperature amply compensating for its hardness. When I was about to turn in for the night my boy produced a large tin, which he shook violently all around my improvised couch. I asked for an explanation. The reply came : " Korea man carry plenty jump beast. Sleep Korea house catch plenty. This medicine make all die!" During the night I slept to a chorus of snores and snorts, which came from the adjoining room occupied by my servants, the coolies, and the housefolk. They were an uneasy crowd, dreaming of their sins and cursing their enemies incessantly. I was not sorry to lose consciousness of their presence, and of the ever-present possibility that my outworks of medicine might not prove sufficient protection against attack by the battalions of the many-footed that garrison

stimulated them into wakefulness and remembrance

of duty. They crawled out shivering and yawning

in a manner painfully European, and suggestive of

the common origin of man, heathen and Christian.

They showed alacrity at the call for *chow*, dropping

their tasks as readily as a British workman does

his tools on the stroke of six. By seven, coolies,

horses, and men were on their way, and I was at

leisure to climb a hill and survey the surrounding

country. With the reins hitched over a bush my

pony set himself greedily to devour the succulent

dried grass that flourished wherever rice fields did

not occupy the ground.

Vistas of hills beyond hills stretched in every

direction. Here and there loomed mountains, from

the crevasses and recesses of which the snow had

not yet disappeared. At my feet was a circle

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES 77

Ping-yang, accomplishing four-and-twenty miles over roads somewhat less difficult of negotiation than those of the previous day. Towards evening we fell in with an American newspaper man bound for the front like myself. Our servants joined forces, and we encamped at a large village, which boasted a few houses with roofs tiled in Chinese fashion. One of these we occupied, and found it free of carnivora, but devoid of the comforting warm floor of more humble abodes. There arose in one's mind the question as to whether it were better to be cold and lonely, or to be warm and harbour the denizens of the hearth. Next morning I left early and cantered into Ping-yang, leaving my packs to follow. At Ping-yang there was a lot to do. I had to encounter Japanese officialdom afresh in order to

CHAPTER V

A DASH THROUGH KOREA

PING-YANG is encircled by an old-fashioned wall, the mere sight of which throws one's mind back into the days when the Israelites invaded Palestine and found the Philistines dispute every step of their way. From such walls the Gideonites, the Amalekites, and the Jebusites, with bows and slings, must have resisted the assaults of the hosts of Israel. The walls of Ping-yang are high and formidable-looking, pierced and battlemented, crossing ridge and field and stream in rigid straight lines. Here and there they are broken, but not sufficiently to dispel the impression that they must have been

the strange old walls as jewels do a ring. The doors in these days stand wide open for all to come and go. But such doors! The wood is old and heavy and worm-eaten. The iron nails which stud them stand out alone from the broken framework; many are missing. And the hinges and locks, the bars and bolts, they are of another age, the work of a people with a forgotten past, living in a miserable downtrodden present, whose future—ah ! Japan the virile has stepped in, and who shall say what may be the future of Korea?

My pony walks cautiously over the rough stones that pave the gateway, and snorts at the debris obstructing his steps, doubtless wondering in his equine brain why all paths are not smooth and easy to the tread. But he has not been in Korea long. Once more in the sunlight, for the narrow low entrance is quite a tunnel, I see fields before me instead of a city, country instead of houses.

Over a

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The mountains and hills and rivers are beautiful, the towns dirty and sordid. The soil produces the finest rice in all the East, but eaten in a Korean house rice becomes an abomination. Women all the world over are considered the supreme triumph of the Creator, but in Korea they may not go uncovered lest man at the sight suffer in his digestion. I crossed the fields by a path—street or road there was none—and entered the populated area of the city. Under foot the way resembled the bed of some rock-strewn stream. Stones were everywhere, and between every stone were dirty puddles. In the middle of every alley was an open drain wherein lay stagnant the sewage and filth of the neighbouring houses, waiting for rain to carry it away—or simply disperse it, according to the gradient on which the

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GOD'S GOOD MAN

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Korean to connect him with Asia, as we understand its peoples. His colour is light as compared with all other Asiatics, and he lacks the deference towards the white man which is associated in our minds with all Eastern peoples—except the Japanese. Why the Korean wears so strange a headgear, it is impossible to find out. Nobody in Korea knows, and nobody outside Korea would be capable of conceiving any thing so unpractical, so useless, so fantastic. It is these latter characteristics of Korean habiliments that awaken one's compassion. Laughable as are the fashions in Korea, it is painful to see a well-built, good-looking, and far from unintelligent race so unconscious of the progression of the rest of the world that it retains things which are ridiculous in themselves, and, what is more serious, things that

flag. Amidst the dirt and squalor, the
indolence and
apathy, which tire city wall encircles, there is
one
bright spot, one touch of colour. Nestling
within
trees upon a slope behind the town lies a
cluster
of houses. Each is surrounded by its garden,
and
boasts a vivid green patch of grass. Here are
glass
windows and lace curtains, verandah and
chimneys,
doormats, yet clean-swept paths. One
bungalow is
a school, another a hospital, the others
dwelling
houses. And over against them on the
opposite
slope stands a little church, architecturally
plain,
perhaps, but homelike to the eye. Anon there
comes
from the tiny belfry a gentle clangour, a
cheerful,
hopeful, confident call to the inhabitants of
the city
o forsake their false gods.
They make good Christians, do the
Koreans.
Their own religion has small hold upon them.

holder of office everything that affords more than a bare subsistence. So Christianity, which makes light of earthly troubles in comparison with eternal happiness, which provides a sympathetic Ruler, which magnifies justice tempered with mercy, finds in the Korean a ready and sincere convert. Missionary enterprise in the East usually does not arouse, for a variety of reasons, the sympathy of educated travellers. Yet in Korea it would seem as if the soil were suitable, and assuredly the results attained by the little band of American workers justify their existence.

A brief stay in the hospitable house of Dr. Moffett, whose deep sympathy and tactful dealings with the Koreans have aroused their warm regard, and I leave Ping-yang, possessed of the hieroglyphic passport which authorises me to proceed to the front. Seven other correspondents in great haste have left before me, for rumour is busy to the effect that the

Alternately trotting, walking, and leading my pony, I made good way during the first day, and calculated upon having gained upon the others by at least fifteen miles in consequence of the superiority of my mount and absence of extra weight. I reached Anju, forty-two miles from Ping-yang, in the evening, unsaddled in the first compound that offered cover to a horse, and dumped my saddle in the house with out opposition from the occupier. My pony was tired, but not exhausted. He went at his feed like a glutton, and having cleaned his box and munched a little straw, lay down with a grunt and went to sleep. I invaded the kitchen of the house, whereat the females fled, and soon brewed myself a cup of tea. The housemaster produced a bowl of rice, part of which I ate, carefully avoiding trimmings. Then

Korean village blacksmith. This disciple of Vulcan could never have realised the dignity of his profession, else he would have exerted his brawny muscles with more vigour to aid a distressed traveller. He leisurely went through his stock of shoes to find that none were big enough. So he intimated that the job was impossible. Whereupon I intimated that he was no blacksmith, a taunt that had no effect. I bethought me then of my pocket and drew forth a large new silver yen that sparkled brightly in the sunlight. Thereafter, there was no lack of willingness, only a methodless perfunctory procedure that would have driven Longfellow's worthy into a lunatic asylum.

Finally the shoes were prepared, for, as well as the one cast, the others were only waiting a suitable moment to cease performing their functions. The Korean horseshoe consists of a plate a little thicker than tin perforated by eight holes. The shoe

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loads, would never be able to climb up and down the steep passes which every road crosses at frequent intervals. The shoes ready, my sturdy little horse is subjected to the indignity of being thrown. His head is pulled round with a rope until it lies along his flank, then a foot is lifted, then a rope passed behind a leg so that he cannot step backward. A push completes the series of insults, and down he goes and rolls over on his back. All four legs are roped together, and a great stake passed between to steady him. Finally his head is sat upon by the weightiest of the onlookers, and then the shoeing proceeds.

The delay cost me four precious hours, and my horse a nervous shock, which he did not easily shake off. Instead of sixty miles that day we were able to make only forty-three, but the shorter

A DASH THROUGH KOREA 87

in front there were still two more—countrymen both, which was some excuse for not overhauling them.

My American friend was accompanied by a very fine pack-train, which possessed the magnificent qualification of always being “up.” It consisted of six very large wooden boxes that travelled mysteriously in pairs. On close inspection there might be found wobbling under each couple of boxes four very thin, baby-hoofed legs, and protruding in front a shaggy head that might belong to a Scotch terrier or a diminutive Shetland pony. These animals were Korean pack-horses, capable of travelling thirty-five miles a day with 200 lbs. apiece on their backs. This unnatural ability is attributable either to the boiled beans upon which they are exclusively fed, or to the artificial stimulation of the nervous centres by heavy loads that irritate the saddle sores invariably afflicting these little beasts.

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forming an inner ring, grown-ups of all ages
the
outer.

We began our repast with soup, and then
went on

to sausages. The smell proclaimed them
meat, but

it puzzled the Koreans desperately to know
what

kind, and what part, of an animal furnished
these

savoury morsels. My American friend
possesses a

very beautiful set of false teeth which he
used upon

the sausages with great effect. Whilst he was
slogging away a very old, toothless woman
pushed

through the crowd to have a good look at us.
She

was peering closely with her bleary eyes into
my

friend's face, when he stopped eating and,
dislodging

his teeth, suddenly shot them out of his
mouth,

poised on the tip of his tongue. All the little
children ran away screaming to their
mothers, whilst

the men turned and walked slowly, but
surely, in the

A DASH THROUGH KOREA 89

The old lady stood there stiffer than Lot's wife until we mounted and rode away, watched—from cover—by the whole populace. If daily papers were published in Korea, we would have looked at the Deaths in the next morning's issues and discovered her name, for no human being could be so astounded and remain alive.

That evening we ran into the transport of the Japanese army and learned that Headquarters

CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT WIJU

BEHIND Wiju there is a lofty range of mountains. Ere one may look upon the valley of the Yalu this range must be approached

from the south through a labyrinth of low hills that

form ravines and gorges of great beauty. In one of

these I came upon the rear of the Japanese army.

A little spot of emerald amid towering brown rocks

suddenly arrests the eye, inured though one may

have become to the manifold charms of the way.

The little grassy plain is crossed by a shallow,

sparkling stream that twists here and there as if

loth to leave so sweet a spot. Here enter three

roads, one from Wiju, straight north, the



Conspicuous was a long pontoon train that rumbled deeply as the great blue-bottomed, white-painted sections were slowly carted along the stony road. In one corner was parked the artillery of a division, six-and-thirty guns and nigh fifty caissons, arranged in rows as neatly as if Euclid himself had seen to their apportionment. Passing backward to some depot in rear came the transport carts of the army, both horse and hand. I stood aside to let them go by, counting the number until my arithmetic failed me. They rattled by in hundreds, nay, thousands, until I thought they would never end. When they had gone the head of the howitzer brigade appeared, and the short, thickset guns with their tarpaulin hoods crunched harshly along the rough road. Riding along I passed a telegraph company with their string of carts laden with long yellow poles and drums of wire. There was also an

A MODERN CAMPAIGN

quicken the imagination. Iron pontoons,
broad

mouthed howitzers, slender telegraph poles—
what of

that? These things mean war; the men that
handle them are soldiers no less than the
spearmen

and bowmen that fought and died on Flodden
Field.

Weapons come and go, but the spirit remains
un

changed. The anger of individuals, that led to
war

in olden times, is little removed from the
wrath of

nations that, to-day, leads to declarations of
hostility.

Taunt a church-going Englishman with the
North

Sea incident and he will bare his teeth as
readily as

the Japanese who is reminded of the
retrocession of

Port Arthur. The honour of a nation is as
tangible

as the honour of an individual. When it comes
to

pass that a nation will tolerate insult, alas for
the

individuals of that nation—they will have
become

advocates of Peace—at any price.

teams are breasting the slope, and the encouraging shouts of the drivers echo back and forward. Our horses cock their ears to the loud neigh of a charger cropping the grass high up among the trees. Flash ing here and there are great wood insects of marvellous iridescent hue, buzzing like alarum-clocks as they dart from tree to tree. Broad-winged butterflies, yellow with black bars, peacock-blue with ebon spots, brown with yellow veins, some snow white, flutter hither and thither.

And whilst the senses are held in thrall by the scents and sounds and colours there bursts upon the vision the slumbering valley of the Yalu.

Far away through the hot tremulous air gleams the river ; and beyond it lie the hills containing the Russian army. Eagerly we scan the distant scene, seeking some sign of the enemy. But the most powerful glasses fail to reveal movement or indica

sixteen souls in the course of a few days. Our lodgings were primitive in the extreme, one of the troubles being to choose between occupying the dwelling-houses or roughing it in the stables. The houses were warm but lively; the stables cold but airy.

Personally I have always found the night air insalubrious in the neighbourhood of houses, though pleasant enough when a roof has been out of the question. I chose a house to live in, trusting to "medicine" and to a hide that the tsetse of Africa or the tiger-like anophele *of* the Indian terai has never yet punctured, for immunity from attacks of the garrison. An American correspondent took the dining-room of my house, I occupied the best bed room, and, jointly, we appropriated the kitchen.

Drawing-rooms, boudoirs, libraries, etc., occupied the

half the purchase money was not to be paid until we had eaten twelve. The bargain concluded, our boys took over charge of the little swine, and proceeded to fatten them by tying them to the bars of the breakfast-room, and so preventing their anti fat gyrations.

When six had been so treated, and the number running round the mother was appreciably less, a deputation from the other correspondents came to say that the noise from our house was causing a mutiny among the servants, and would we please fatten our little pigs some other way. We pretended not to understand what the deputation said, a plausible enough excuse, for the skirling of the six captives made verbal communications nearly impossible. Soon afterwards, however, the owner of the sow came and begged us to release the

taken to see certain carefully selected portions of the

Japanese lines, but that which I most wished to see,

the positions of the artillery, was not revealed to us.

We were very keen to know at what point it was con-

templated to cross the river and attack the formidable

defences of the Russians. The disposition of

the howitzers would be a sure indication of this, and

I was therefore very anxious to know what had

become of them. What we had seen was suggestive,

and I made up my mind where to look if opportunity

offered.

Twice within the next few days I rode in a certain

direction, once on the road, and the other time across

country. On each occasion, however, the watchful

sentries ordered me back. But a lucky chance gave

me my wish.

Strolling round the camp one evening I

galloping in the desired direction, and, cantering close behind, I took good care he did not head backward.

In my shirt-sleeves, and without saddle or bridle,

it was obvious that I was a *bond fide* catcher of the

loose animal, and when the pair of us dashed down

the road the sentry turned out the guard, not to stop

me, but to catch the runaway.

But the guard scattered like chaff before us, and

the excited pony tore along the road straight for the

river bank. There was a tremendous shouting from

the rear. In front was a camp, and about 200 soldiers turned out to see the fun. They formed up

across the road, but the pony put his head down and

his heels up, and with a squeal, cleared the bank

and went off at right angles. I was after him quick

enough, and soon had him going for the river again.

Eventually we got through everything, and I saw

1

sentry, particularly when he has orders to be
on the
alert, when I believe he'd shoot the Mikado
if His

Majesty weren't quick with the password. I
was

riding over to camp from Headquarters one
night

with another correspondent—he wearing his
arm

band, but I without mine owing to the
exigency

of the wash-tub. On the way there was a
bridge

to cross, and just as our horses were about
to step

upon it there came a shout, and several dark
figures

emerged from under the arches on the other
side.

We were prompt to halt.

A shadow remained on each side of the
bridge,

whilst a third came towards us with great
caution,

stepping like a pugilist looking for an
opening.

There was a moon, and as the figure
advanced we

could see it was a long-coated sentry holding
his

So I bore it, and said, with murder in my heart,

“ Shimbun !—LONDON TIMES SHIMBUN !! ”

These are magic words to the Japanese soldier,

and at once my pony's hoofs were thundering across

the wooden bridge in pursuit of my companion.

The name of the journal which I represented is

a household word in Japan, doubtless owing to its

chronic excellence. But it was a long time before

I understood why so many of the soldiers who spelt

the letters on my arm-band “Ti-mess Lon-ton”

should ask me if I was the Editor, and when I replied

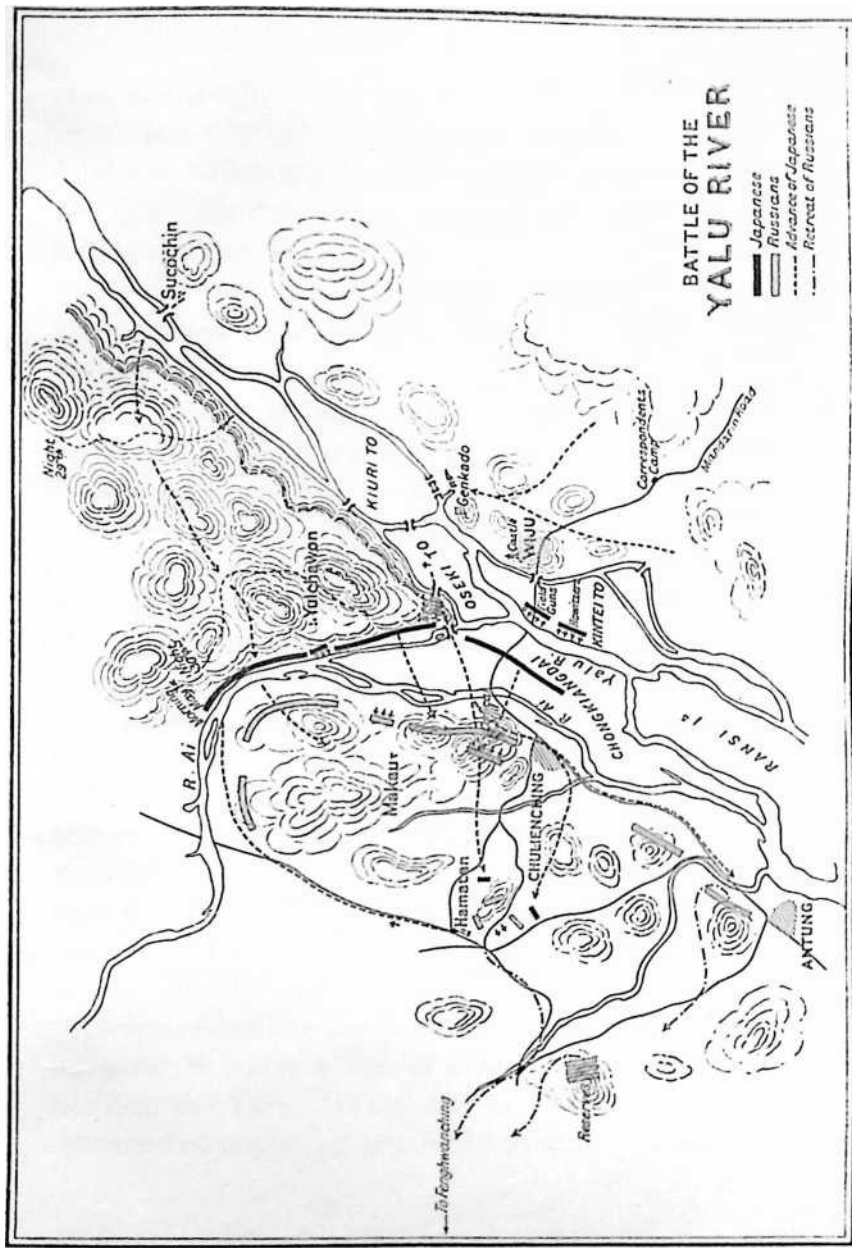
in the negative should cease to take any further interest in me. Mentioning the matter to a

Japanese

CHAPTER VII

PRELIMINARIES AT THE YALU

THE conformation of the bed of the Yalu in many respects simplifies the transit of the actual river. There is no broad, deep current, the bridging of which, in face of an enemy, would be next door to an impossibility. Yet the numerous streams by which the bed is intersected multiply minor difficulties in an infinite manner. Roughly speaking, the bed of the river between Wiju and Chulienching, the points at which the Mandarin Road crosses, is occupied by two long low islands, Chong Kiangdai and Kintei, which have the effect of splitting the river into three streams. The stream on



**BATTLE OF THE
YALU RIVER**

- Japanese
- Russians
- - - Advance of Japanese
- - - Retreat of Russians

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atcs in a rocky promontory known as Tiger Hill, which juts into the river bed and reduces its breadth from two miles to one. Above Tiger Hill the river bed again expands and is occupied by islands similar in character to those below.

The ground on the right bank of the river differs entirely from that on the left. A very low ridge flanks the left bank, no point exceeding two hundred feet in height. Parallel ridges, slightly higher, occupy the immediate rear, followed by a plain, and then are encountered the mountains which are characteristic of the interior of Korea. The right bank, however, is practically formed by mountains, the lower slopes and ridges of which rise almost straight from the river bed. The Russian side of the river, therefore, offered facilities for defence which suggest com

manner. They built most extensive earthworks over

a front of thirteen miles and accumulated a great

quantity of supplies in their immediate rear. And

General Kuropatkin, in the midst of the Herculean

task of setting the Russian military house in order,

found time, on 25th April, to visit Chulienching and

inspect the positions taken up.

What, then, were those positions, and in what

manner were they protected from attack ?

To the immediate left of Chulienching stands a

conical hill some two hundred and fifty feet high, the

outpost of a spur that runs down to the river bed

from the mountains in rear. From the valleys behind

the Russians constructed a road running along the

ridge of the spur and terminating on Conical Hill.

Upon the ridge they placed two batteries of artillery,

eight guns on Conical Hill, and four at each of two

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being plainly discernible with glasses from the Korean bank. Inspecting the emplacements after the Russian retirement, it was noticeable that no pains had been taken to protect the gunners, the low walls flanking the guns being of little value as shelter from opposing fire.

On every hill and eminence facing the river along the Russian front, Chinese labourers had been engaged for weeks in constructing earthworks and trenches for riflemen. A prodigious amount of energy was expended upon those preparations, with a result rather pitiful to behold for those of us who had seen in South Africa what experience had taught was the trenching essential for protection from high-angle artillery fire. Nor had any attempt been made to conceal the trenches, each one of which could be plainly seen from the Japanese side of the river.

A study of the preliminary movements of the Japanese army makes it pretty clear that they

ment to Yongampo, forty miles down the river,

the division itself being spread out between Wiju

and a creek twenty miles below. The Guards occupied the town of Wiju, and the Twelfth the

country between it and Sucochin, six miles above.

Altogether, then, from the flanking party on the far

right to Yongampo at the mouth of the river, the

Japanese were responsible for a front of eighty miles.

Two features of these dispositions were significant.

The fact that the 12th Division, the one composed

of hill-men and furnished with mountain artillery,

was placed near Sucochin, the scene of the crossing

of the Yalu in 1894, suggests that it was designed

weeks before, perhaps months, to operate in the

wildly broken ground lying between the Ai and

Yalu rivers. Then the distribution of the 2nd

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to people acquainted with the history of the campaign of ten years ago.

By April 25th the Japanese plans were complete.

Painstaking yet daring reconnoitring had revealed

every fordable place in the nearer streams, every

point of which advantage might be taken. An alert

and carefully organised intelligence department had

discovered the exact disposition of the enemy's forces. Gun positions were selected, concentration

movements set afoot, and it now only remained for

men and batteries to take up the positions assigned

to them. Many of those places, however, had yet

to be won. That they were wrested from the enemy

so easily is extraordinary; why the Russians permitted

the Japanese to occupy the key to their position is inexplicable; why, indeed, the Russians

themselves did not fortify and occupy in force Tiger

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men engaged. Cases of individual bravery were numerous, many swimming the icy streams in the darkness, several losing their lives by drowning.

Once in possession of the islands and free from rifle fire, the building of bridges at night became

a comparatively simple task. Eventually no fewer

than ten bridges were built, several screened from

the enemy's sight by trees, but two, at least, visible.

Curiously enough the Russians made no serious

attempt to destroy these bridges, though on several

occasions they subjected them to shrapnel fire.

So far the Japanese had given no definite indication

of their plans to the Russians. The apparently

desultory bridge-building in the neighbourhood of

Wiju had been interpreted by the enemy as a blind

to cover movements elsewhere. Down the river



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the hilltops around Wiju—it was a feature of the Russian front that every point of vantage was occupied during the day by groups of soldiers enjoying the sun and the view. In fact, all around Wiju was quiescent, whilst lower down the river all was life and movement, symptoms, according to Russian simplicity, of military activity.

On 29th April, however, it appeared as if the Russians began to suspect something. They evacuated the island adjoining Chulienching, after setting fire to many of the houses which occupied it, including the headquarters of the Russian Timber Concession Company. Their outposts on Tiger Hill were reinforced by a battalion of infantry, two squadrons of Cossacks, and several guns. As these in comparatively close order crossed the sandy stretches which divide Chulienching from Tiger Hill they offered a tempting mark to the Japanese artillery, but in adherence to the plan of

to be overburdened with pontoons. Days before

the sight of pontoon trains far below Wiju had

assured the Russians that a crossing was to be

attempted down the river. But now there appeared

streaming towards the river bank at Sucochin a long

string of pack-horses bearing the white-painted iron

compartments that indicate a bridge of boats *in*

posse. No sooner had the head of the train reached

the water than the pontoons were hurriedly put to

gether, launched, and manned by parties of soldiers

who vigorously paddled for the opposite bank.

A Russian outpost saluted them with a volley,

which brought into action a Japanese battery cover-

ng the crossing. The Russians fled without further

ado, and the ferrying party landed on the island,

which they traversed quickly, and then

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they extended to the north and then wheeled left and advanced to their bivouac for the night. Their position consisted of a line some three miles long lying at right angles to the river and facing south west.

In the neighbourhood of Wiju matters were fast coming to a head. The Russian reinforcements for Tiger Hill commenced to make their presence felt by long range rifle fire on the Japanese on the island of Oseki, whilst their artillery interested itself in the bridge-building. The rifle fire directed from Oseki suddenly increased greatly and, searching the scene with my glasses, I was astonished to observe about three companies of Russian infantry clambering upon the face of the precipitous bluffs east of Tiger Hill neck. They were evidently trying to reach points from which they could fire upon the

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there was no escape save but by slow and laborious climbing.

The moment was one of consuming interest. I

lay opposite Tiger Hill on a high knoll overlooking

the river, and so commanded a perfect view of the

situation. Two hundred yards to my left, under

shadow of the walls of Wiju Castle, the guns of a

battery were ranged, their muzzles just showing over

a bank of carefully turfed earth. Under the walls

the gunners were grouped. Three hundred yards

to my right was another battery also in action, the

gun crews lying handy in rear. The increased volume of fire from the opposite hills had attracted

the attention of the officers, and through telescopes

they were eagerly watching the movements of the

Russian riflemen. They had applied for permission

to open upon the enemy, and were anxiously

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visible. The shrieking shrapnel could not be heard,
but it had the effect of a thunderbolt upon the un
suspecting Russians. They scattered wildly.
Again
the guns spoke, and again, and again. They were
aimed with deadly accuracy; every shot took toll of
the scrambling figures on the distant slopes.
Then
the battery on my right joined in the attack
and
swept the unfortunate Russians with a storm of
scathing lead.

The attack had commenced and developed in a
matter of seconds. Whilst the echoes of the open
ing guns were still rolling in the distance the Russian
artillery came into action, the guns from Conical Hill
pouring a heavy fire upon the battery on my left,
those from Tiger Hill responding to the battery on
the right. The gunners at Wiju retired for shelter

Yalu. Two things were essential to their plans —one, the possession of Tiger Hill and its approaches; the other, the rendering ineffective of the Russian gun position at Chulienching. The first of these was provided for by the landing of the 12th Division at a point whence, during the ensuing day, they inevitably must drive the slender force in occupation from the position requisite to the contemplated movements. The second essential was dealt with in a bold yet astute manner, which argues a perfect knowledge of the Russian facilities for inaugurating a counter attack, and at the same time proves that the time spent upon the study of gunnery by the Japanese officers had not been wasted. Batteries of howitzers and field guns, during the night, crossed by one of the bridges and occupied a position on

PRELIMINARIES AT THE YALU 113

which they tied branches, by uprooting bushes and replanting them, by adding leafy boughs to gaps, simulating nature so artfully that at a distance the difference was indistinguishable. Behind this screen their guns were emplaced in deep pits from which only the muzzles projected. Elaborate protective casemates were constructed for the gunners to enable them to work with a minimum of exposure.

Before proceeding with the narrative of the operations it is necessary to consider what the Japanese position was on the night of 29th April. A whole division was separated from the main body by a broad river, spanned by a slender bridge which an enterprising enemy might demolish with a single blow. A large number of guns were isolated in exactly the same manner. Both were liable to be cut *off* by the enemy. The question arises, did the

other batteries covered the point where the 12th

Division had crossed. Two divisions were massed

at Wiju ready to be employed to meet any emer

gency. Under no circumstances could the guns on

the island have been captured, for they were separated

from the Russians by the main stream of the river,

which all night through was strongly guarded. Any

attempt by the Russians to cross in the night would

have been instantly foiled by the throwing of in

fantry upon the point attacked. In daylight the

covering guns, and the isolated guns themselves,

made any attack impossible. So far as the 12th

Division was concerned, the mountains in front made

a night attack impracticable. Any demonstration

on the part of the Russians in the early morning

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU

THE problem which the Japanese army had to solve was no insignificant one, nor was it a problem in which a few simple factors combined to form an obstacle merely more or less hard to surmount. Beyond the tactical and strategical necessity to effect a crossing of the Yalu, there lay the imperative political need of achieving the desired object in such a manner as would inspire all Japan with faith in her troops, and all the world with confidence that Japan had not appealed to the arbitrament of arms without a perfect consciousness that her comprehension of the science of war

arisen, to appeal to the outside world for financial

accommodation. Not the least part of General Kuroki's task was the duty of demonstrating to the

ally of Japan, and to that other country allied in

sentiment if not in name, that his troops, and, above

all, the military methods of his army were such as

to justify Great Britain in her belief in the value of

Japan as an ally, and to convince the United States

that if necessity arose Japan was worthy of support.

How General Kuroki and his staff performed that

duty is now known to the world. And in what degree the Japanese victory was due to good fortune,

and in what degree to sheer superiority in military

science, the reader can decide for himself.

All observers, friendly and otherwise, of Japanese

emancipation from mediaevalism, have agreed that in

two important respects Japan, from a military point

the equal, if not the superior, of any in the world;
her arms were absolutely modern, her methods based
upon the very latest experience in war. But it re
mained to be seen if Japan was capable of applying
what she had so speedily acquired to the desperate
exigency of the battlefield.

At daybreak on the morning of April 30th the scene viewed from the top of a hill behind Wiju formed a strange contrast. At our feet the valley
and every depression were alive with men and horses.
Transport trains, strings of ammunition wagons,
ambulance carts, all the paraphernalia of a marching
army were huddled up into a space which the eye
could cover at a glance, and yet so near that every
figure, every movement, almost the expression on
the faces, might be discerned. The very voices could
be distinguished. The whinnying of many horses

is divided sparkled in the brilliant sunshine as they meandered along the yellow, green-dotted plain of the great valley. Beyond, in endless vista, were piled up the purple mountains of Manchuria, scarred and serrated in the heights, wooded in the ravines, softly clad in dull green where the nearer hills sloped towards the river bed. And over all was spread a sky which Italy might envy. Exquisitely peaceful though the Manchurian landscape appeared, it was impossible to forget that human endeavour was afoot within it intent upon the spilling of blood, hungry for the victory that must bring disillusionment and awakening to a great nation.

With the advance of day the obscurity which earlier had shrouded the lower slopes of the Manchurian Mountains disappeared, and soon it became

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projecting spurs, but always ascending towards the summits of the main ridges. Almost every yard of it was occupied by strings of soldiers toiling under their burthen of accoutrements and ammunition, but ever mounting upward.

Suddenly from somewhere opposite came the boom of a gun. It was followed quickly by another.

Then could be seen, sharp against the dark mountain-side, two little white expanding clouds.

And then came the detonations of the exploding

shrapnel. From the Japanese battery occupying the

ridge immediately in front came quick harsh cries,

there was a scramble of men to the guns, a succes

sion of streaming yellow flames, and then the loud

roar of cannon reverberated through the valley.

The Russians had opened fire from Tiger Hill neck

upon a party of the Twelfth; the Japanese

fire. The advance parties of the 12th Division had

by this time come into contact with the Russian

scouts, and the sound of a heavy musketry fusillade

came from behind the nearer hills. It must not be

forgotten that the advance of the Twelfth was not

confined to the line visible to the eye. Similar lines covering a front of three miles were marching

parallel over the inner hills, which could not be seen

from Wiju.

Meanwhile a terrible and dramatic feature of the

day was pending—the artillery duel between the

Russians on Conical Hill and the guns concealed on

the island of Kintei. In the innocent-looking gem

of nature, described in the previous chapter, lay five

howitzer batteries (twenty guns) and six field batteries (thirty-six guns) awaiting the order

to open

fire. The secrecy with which they had been moved

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their opponents had been able to bring up even field guns. It had been their opinion that the Korean roads precluded the possibility of the Japanese having artillery of any heavier calibre than mountain guns. That opinion throws some light upon Russian ideas as compared with Japanese. Where the one had concluded the country impassable to field artillery, the other had repaired the roads and transported not only field guns, but the much more weighty howitzers.

Judge then of the consternation of the Russians when their positions were assailed by heavy guns. They must have been thunderstruck, not only at the weight of the guns, but that they should occupy a position under their very noses. Overpowering was the almost simultaneous outburst from the many batteries, both howitzer and field, which suddenly commenced to bombard the Russian batteries upon

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shells, the flashes from the explosions played like summer lightning, and everywhere the ground was obscured by the dust from the showering bullets.

The more distant effect on Conical Hill was no less impressive. The common shell employed by the Japanese dispersed great clouds of grey-black smoke that hung like evil spirits over the unhappy Russians.

No spot was left untouched by the flying splinters; every shell burst with deadly effect; none failed in its mission. The fire of the Japanese gunners was accurate and regular. There was no haste, no erratic aiming. Steady, concentrated fire was the order, and it was carried out to the letter.

The result was never in doubt. The trees screened the flashing of the Japanese guns from the Russian eyes. There was no smoke to indicate their whereabouts. The indirect fire of the howitzers was

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU 123

the guns. It was defeated by a fresh outburst from the Japanese guns.

The Russian guns beaten, the Japanese attention was turned to the Russian camp and picket lines.

Early in the occupation of the southern bank of the

Yalu a reconnoitring party with powerful telescopes

had discerned, through an opening in the hills, the

formation of the Russian camp and the location of

their horses. This valuable information was care

fully treasured, carefully confirmed day by day. The

Japanese themselves screened every movement at

even greater distances. Not so the Russians, who

throughout the operations made no effort to conceal

their presence. Their combined temerity and ignor

ance of modern tactics cost them dear.

The storm which had burst over Conical Hill fell,

in turn, upon the Russian lines. The Japanese

stricken, broke away from their fastenings and galloped madly about. Wounded men were struck

again and again. Uninjured men tried to carry their fallen comrades to shelter, and fell themselves.

Horses were disembowelled, men were torn to pieces,

the ground pitted with deep holes from which the

fiercely scattered earth and stones blinded and struck

down all round. The Japanese fire did not last long.

The Russian camp was ruined, the horses killed or dispersed.

The tale for the day was complete ; firing ceased.

In one short hour the Japanese had inflicted a crushing

blow upon Russian hopes. There was no longer

any possibility of a successful or even a protracted

defence of the Yalu. Before such artillery the

Russians must retire, and immediately.

Reinforce

ments were out of the question.

The Russians, slow to realise the seriousness of their position, made leisurely preparations for retirement. Their guns were withdrawn under cover of darkness to the rear of Conical Hill. That night the Japanese officers made an extensive examination of the Ai River, which remained to be crossed before the Russian position could be stormed. Reconnoitring parties took stock of the Russian line in the moonlight, and every preparation was made to follow up on the morrow the advantage gained during the day.

Before describing the events of 1st May, the location of the Russian troops as afterwards discovered may be indicated. Their front, extending from Antung to Chulienching, continued along the ridges overlooking the Ai. At Antung a regiment was stationed ; at Chulienching a regiment and a half; along the Ai front another regiment, two

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army. In the present case it is certain that some of the regiments consisted of three battalions. It seems reasonably clear, however, that 3,000 men were stationed at Antung, 5,000 at Chulienching, 3,000 facing the Ai, and any number between 3,000 and 5,000 in reserve at Hamatan. On paper the Russian army probably numbered 20,000 men. It must have been considerably reduced, however, by detachments despatched up and down the Yalu. A thousand men were at the mouth of the river opposite Yongampo, and we know that bodies crossed the Yalu and entered Korea far above Wiju, presumably all belonging to the force under the command of General Sassulitch. Coming to the numbers actually engaged on 1st May, there have to be left out the force at Antung and the reserves at Hamatan, none of

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measured about five miles, in which were many gaps.

The strength was centred at Chulienching, and tailed

away until the extreme left was defended by only

a small body. At Hamatan, a few miles in rear of

Chulienching, roads from Antung and the Russian

left join the Mandarin Road from Chulienching.

On the heights beyond the junction were placed

the reserves.

In the small hours of the morning of 1st May

all three divisions of the Japanese army left their

bivouacs and advanced to take up position for the

impending attack. The Guards and 2nd Divisions

crossed from Oseki to Tiger Hill, and then proceeded

to ford the eastern branch of the Ai, which

is here divided into two streams. The water

crossed, both divisions found themselves on the

island of Chong Kiang-dai, where they

marching up to the Russian rifles over a space without a vestige of cover was not desirable, nor did it make the Japanese task any more agreeable that the Ai, broad and swift, had to be forded in full view of the enemy's trenches eight hundred yards distant.

At seven o'clock the howitzers on Kintei and the field batteries at Yulchawon commenced a steady and systematic search of the ridges occupied by the Russians. For nearly an hour a terrific bombardment swept the enemy's positions, the trenches proving small protection from the murderous fire poured upon them by over a hundred guns. The wounded lay where they fell, and were done to death by the plunging fire of the howitzers. The field guns at Yulchawon enfiladed great portions of the

Russian line and added to the destruction. A

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU 129

been so cruelly used the day before had been with drawn in the night.

At eight o'clock the Japanese fire ceased, and the word was passed to the divisions to advance to the attack. Simultaneously they opened up and struck out across the broad expanse of river bed in long open lines, every man clearly silhouetted against the yellow sand. The fatuity of dark-coloured uniforms was realised by every onlooker; each soldier might have been a moving bull's-eye, so clearly did he show against the light-coloured ground. The Russian fire was withheld until the advanced lines were distant some 1,200 yards. Then there burst out from every slope and ridge a rifle fire that ranted and roared backward and forward along the valley in short, broken, leaping waves of sound. The leading line halted, dropped to pieces and disappeared, the second line gathering up the fragments as it swept forward. The second

was renewed, the guns again lashed the opposing heights in deep-voiced anger, whilst men fording the river were wounded and drowned by the score.

The Ai claimed but toll. The Japanese in thousands re-appeared, re-formed, advanced, swung back to their original direction, which had been deflected by the river, went on again, invading in converging lines the ascents leading to the enemy's positions.

So much was perceived from Wiju of the attack by the 2nd and Guards Divisions on the Chulien-ching positions. Whilst they advanced the 12th Division, out of sight on the right, made similar progress. Simultaneously all three divisions fixed bayonets and stormed the heights, preceded by a heavy concentrated fire from all the Japanese guns. The Russian line was completely shaken by the

his eyes was perceptible. Mayhap though the Japanese, more regardless of life than we Anglo-Saxons, would not be denied in such circumstances, would not be turned from their purpose by mere slaughter in their ranks. A proportion would arrive within thrusting distance, and then who knows what would be the effect of the razor-sharp points and edges of their bayonets ?

At nine o'clock the Japanese were in possession of the Russian position all along the line, and the national flag, white, with a blood-red spot in its midst, floated triumphantly upon the eminences.

But there had been a cruel episode. The attackers, on the point of final success, were massed in a depression near the top of a ridge occupied by the Russians, waiting for one last slashing with fire from the supporting guns. Just where they darkened the hillside like a cluster of bees two ugly volcano-

enemy. Those of the 12th Division, already far on the left flank of the enemy, pushed farther

out, and then swung inward toward the Mandarin Road. The reserves of the Second dashed

through the village of Chulienching and round to

the right over the hills and valleys. The Guard

reserves, more deliberate, afraid of precipitating the

flight of the Russians, followed them near the main

road, attacking, retreating, flanking, harassing, every

thing to delay, whilst their comrades hurried across

country on either side to cut off the retreat.

Fearful of losing their prey, the flanking bodies,

in their haste, outstripped the mountain guns by

which they were accompanied, and simultaneously

closed upon the retiring Russians at the junction of

the roads near Hamatan. Prior to their arrival, how

ever, a company of the 12th Division, that had made

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band the tables were turned by the arrival of the three bodies of reserves.

The Russians were now on the defensive, and there ensued a desperate fight, which lasted nearly five hours. The Russians at short range used their guns with deadly effect. The Japanese greatly outnumbered their opponents, and inflicted terrible losses with rifle fire. Without guns the Japanese might well have retired and waited for support, but the men, jealous of the laurels earned by their comrades earlier in the day, were wild to get at the enemy. As darkness fell, with loud cheers, all three bodies with bayonets fixed charged the Russian position in almost solid masses. Such impetuosity, backed by superior numbers, could not be withstood, and the Russians hoisted the white flag in token of surrender.

that a similar result could have been achieved more cheaply. A demonstration in front of Chulienching, which might have been accomplished with little loss, would have held the Russians and permitted a flanking movement on a wider and larger scale than that by which the enemy's rearguard was captured at Hamatan. Once in possession of Tiger Hill, such a move on the part of the Japanese would have been perfectly practicable, considering the number of men and guns at their disposal. But the Japanese did not adopt this course, and from what has been seen of their military ability, it is certain they did not neglect it from want of tactical perception.

Two factors doubtless influenced them—one, the necessity of giving the army, clamorous to emulate

- - - - -

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object for contempt, but an equal, bold and
relent
less in war. This has not been without effect on
the ill-paid, none too well-treated Russian
soldier—
an effect upon which the Japanese calculated.

So important a battle must not be passed by
with
out consideration of some of its more
important
features.

The fact that the promontory of Tiger Hill,
jutting out into the river bed, commanded the
Yalu
for miles above and below, made its possession
a
necessity to the Japanese. That which
constituted
its value in Japanese eyes should also have
made it
of paramount importance from the Russian
point
of view. The neck joining Tiger Hill to the
moun
tainous country in rear is about 150 feet high,
and
the promontory itself about 500 feet high.
Viewed
from the low bank of the Korean side of the
Yalu
Tiger Hill stands out bold and bluff, a mass of

Russian left flank. It was, however, nothing more than an attack, necessarily circuitous, on the only point from which the Japanese army could deploy in safety prior to their assault on the Russian positions.

Of manifest importance to the Japanese was the degree of vigour with which the Russian artillery might oppose their advance across the sandy bed of the Yalu. In face of rifle and shrapnel fire combined they frankly admitted their impotence;

they schemed, therefore, to eliminate the Russian guns from the problem. The Japanese field gun was no match for the Russian at long range, and so it became necessary to find means other than that of direct bombardment from the Korean bank of the river. A reconnaissance of the island of Kintei demonstrated the feasibility of secretly establishing the guns at a range where their fire would be most effective against Conical Hill.

The employment of howitzers was decided upon long before war was declared. It was realised



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Russians made the anticipated stand they must be provided with more effective weapons than field • guns if they were to win forward.

The Russian army numbered nigh 20,000 men, yet the Japanese struck at a fraction of that number

and inflicted a calamitous defeat on the whole.

Until

the very last moment the Russians were never clear

as to the point from which the real attack was being

made. The distribution of the 2nd Division far below Wiju, and the Twelfth far above, puzzled them

to such an extent that their forces were scattered up

and down the right bank of the river whence they could not be conveniently concentrated. At the psychological moment the Japanese commander rolled up his men on Wiju, and crossed the river, the while half the Russian army was expecting him

elsewhere.

The Japanese victory at the Yalu was no particular

feat of arms ; it needed no high soldierly qualities to smash up the Russian artillery with numbers, weight, and position in their favour; nor was it a remarkable performance of the infantry attacking positions in which the defenders were hopelessly demoralised by shell fire—in fact, all the glory lay with the enemy for holding out as they did. At the

victory, nevertheless, was a great triumph,
and one which will always entitle the Battle of the Yalu
to be considered one of the most significant
battles of modern times. For here, for the first time in
history, the Oriental, handling modern weapons, had
thrashed the Occidental. And the victory was due not to
overwhelming numbers—for the disparity in
numbers was equalised by the advantage in position—
but to the more intelligent use of weapons that were
essentially of the West, by men who were Eastern,

CHAPTER IX

KOREAN AND CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS

HAVING crossed the Yalu, one immediately encounters evidence of a remarkable difference between the nature of the people of the country newly entered and that left behind. An important indication of the degree of civilisation attained by peoples and a sure index to their character, particularly in states where social organisation has not reached the pitch it has in Europe, is to be obtained by observation of the manner in which they house and dress themselves. The village of Chulienching, barely two miles distant from Wiju, is inhabited by hundreds where the Korean town numbers its dwellers by thousands. The assumption

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house is substantially and correctly built in uniform style.

A street in a Korean town boasts the merit of

extreme picturesqueness. In its aspect on a bright

sunny day there is much to attract the attention

and satisfy the artistic sense of the traveller newly

introduced to Korean customs and fashions. The

quaint headgear, the flowing garments, the coloured

waistcoats of the respectable, the twisted cloth on

the head of the coolie, his voluminous trousers, his

straw sandals, are all unique, almost all peculiar

to this country alone. Everyone carries the yard-

long pipe, a coloured tobacco-bag, a string round

the waist, from which depends a bunch of strange

things, the use of which puzzles the uninitiated.

Coolies carry a long-legged wooden framework on

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sions—an indication of the death of some near relative. Young, fresh-coloured, clear-skinned, bright-eyed persons, wearing a thick plait of hair down the back, are conspicuous, and excite the interest of the admirer of the other sex until the discovery is made that these are boys whose pigtailed intimate to the world that they have not yet been united in matrimony. The street in which these people walk, chatter, or rest themselves is, perhaps, twelve feet in width. But shops open in front, as elsewhere in the East, push their wares forward, and encroach on the limited space ; hawkers' stalls fill up the narrow way until there is little accommodation left for the passer by. On either hand of the stream of people, which elbow and jostle each other with easy good nature, are ranged the houses which form the street. All are built of mud · all have little mud verandahs in front

hungrier—'Variety of the many-footed than is known

even to European naturalists.

Such is a Korean street under the friendly light

and warmth of the sun. But let the flood-gates

of heaven be opened, and there is a lamentable

alteration in its aspect. The shopmen withdraw

their goods and close their doors and windows, for

these are so low and close to the roadway that the

falling rain splashes in, whilst a mounted traveller

deluges them with liquid mud. The street is almost

deserted, and those caught abroad or kept out by

business present a miserable dragged appearance.

The open drains filled with filth are flushed, and over

flow into the road, creating a quagmire which can

only be traversed by the aid of stones that project

here and there and afford a precarious foothold to

between his pipe and great bowls of easily
gotten

rice, until the world shines once more.

But across the Yalu we have a totally
different

type of man. The difference is perceptible in
his

manners, his clothes, his physiognomy, his
dwelling

places, and his towns. Chulienching is little
more

than a hamlet—for the purpose of comparison
the

town of Antung is more suitable. Throughout
the

length of Korea it had been impossible to
procure

food that a European could eat except in
extremity.

Bread was non-existent, fresh fish unknown,
cooked

meat an abomination. Arriving in Antung after
a

long march, in which one's baggage got left
behind,

one finds a Chinese restaurant where half a
dozer

dishes are palatable to the Westerner. Fresh
frie

fish, meat cooked with vegetables, bread, tea,
and, to

according to the weather. Inside there are large

glass or paper windows, which freely admit the fresh

air. Every room has a platform upon which the

men sleep at night. Outside, in the wall of the house, is an orifice in which in cold weather a fire is

built. The chimney runs underneath the platform

and heats it. But whilst the Korean room is mud-

built and impenetrable to air, the Chinese room is

lofty and airy, with the result that you sleep warm

and breathe easily. Every self-respecting Chinaman

keeps going at all hours a small charcoal fire upon

which a kettle boils for the infusion of tea, a refresh

ment offered to every visitor or customer of respect

ability.

The Chinese dress is neat and practical. There is

little difference between the costume of the rich man

and the poor except that the former wears

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Manchuria the Chinese may not have attained that municipal ideal which we at home associate with—• say—the city of Glasgow, and which is responsible for sanitation, waterworks, tramways, etc. But they build their streets with American regularity, keep them infinitely cleaner than those of London were kept a century ago, and conduct themselves with a decency and decorum when abroad that might be imitated to advantage in many places for which the last degree of civilisation is claimed.

Whatever government in this and other parts of China may be, it is impossible to observe life in the towns of Antung and Fenghwanching—the writer has eaten, slept, and lived in the closest proximity to the Chinese for over four weeks—without being impressed with the belief that here exists much of what is usually considered the result of good government. The people are temperate in their habits, decent in their public behaviour, honest in their transactions. industrious to an

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living may earn the regard and honour of his fellow men.

Domestic life in China has the reputation of being

healthy and clean, though differing in some respects

from what we consider fitting in Christian countries.

In these days, when the Russians are barely gone,

and the Japanese soldiers are in possession, the

women and children are carefully secreted, and there

is no opportunity in the towns of seeing what the

home life of the Manchurian Chinaman is like.

But chance afforded me a glimpse of a household

situated beyond the limits of the Japanese occupa

tion. A Chinaman, whom I engaged in Antung to lead a horse to a given point, was arrested

by

the Japanese outposts on the ground that the horse

was stolen ; that as it was not a Japanese horse

it must be a Russian horse, and that anybody in

hear if his father was still detained, when I would personally go to the outpost and put matters right.

On the following day I met the son, who explained that his father was still a prisoner. So I turned my horse's head, and led by the youth, followed him in a direction at right angles to the Mandarin Road and into the mountains that flank it. After three hours' travelling we came to a little valley, in which I gathered, from the boy's gestures, was his home. He evidently desired to offer refreshment, and my horse being tired, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to rest and feed him. The approach to the little farmhouse was heralded by the usual rush of barking dogs. These were speedily silenced by my guide, and we were received by a party of young men and boys at the gate. Inside the house a stout, motherly woman, who looked as if at other times she might be a jolly soul,

cautiously when they thought themselves unobserved, whispering and giving way to little bursts of merriment that, out of politeness, were quickly stifled. Presently they gained courage and occasionally passed through the room in which I was sitting, wearing a look of demure unconsciousness that became them well and which changed into a ripple of significant smiles as they re-entered the kitchen. One of the young women was tall and slender, and particularly handsome. She had a clear white skin and a colour that any blooming young Englishwoman might have envied. Her eyes were deep-brown, her eyebrows black and perfectly straight. Perhaps her cheek bones were a trifle high, but there was nothing in her appearance that would have marked her out as an Asiatic in a European drawing-room.

strapping lad from the country. This utter
 absence
 of any marked Oriental feature, unless,
 perhaps, the
 tendency to high cheek-bones, was
 characteristic of
 the whole family, which evidently consisted of
 the
 wives and children of several sons. The fact
 that
 there was here a mixture of the blood of
 several
 different families precluded the explanation
 that
 I had happened on exceptional cases. Indeed,
 the
 more one sees of the people of this country,
 particu
 larly those of the agricultural classes, the
 more
 evident it becomes that between the
 Chinaman of
 one's imagination, who is the pasty-faced
 Cantonese
 merchant, and the Chinaman of Shantung or
 Man
 churia, there is an extremely wide gulf fixed.
 The activity of my hosts in the kitchen soon
 n
 suited in the production of food. It evidently
 puzzled them what to give me. but with ears.

lipped mouth to another. I got up to hand the
case
into the kitchen, when the son plucked me by
the
arm and shook his head in a disapproving
manner,
plainly intimating that he did not consider it
proper
for the women to smoke. There was some
pouting
at the restriction, though the mother smiled
good-
naturedly, and puffed away regardless of the
un-
spoken reproval in her son's face.

With a long journey in front of me I was
com-
pelled to take my leave, shaking hands all
round, a
ceremony which pleased everybody not a
little, and
evidently one which they had never witnessed
before.

My horse meantime had been well fed and
groomed,
and as I waved good-bye I was heartily sorry
that I
could not express in Chinese my appreciation
of the
hospitality I had received. The mother gave
her

of Manchuria, it seemed to me that here
existed a
race possessing many of the virtues upon
which, we
claim, is founded our own national greatness.
The
look of anxiety, and the tears in the eyes of the
elder
woman, the regard of the son for what he
deemed
propriety, the kindness which distinguished
all,
argued a development of the sympathies not
usually
associated with the Oriental. The little
household
which I had just left suggested the home life of
the
small but respectable farmer of our own
country, the
simple home life that has given birth to so
many
just men, so many high aspirations. There was
also
in these Chinese folk the independent spirit, of
which
proper pride is the expression, that we deem
one of
our own best characteristics. One reads much
of
Chinese duplicity, but it was impossible to

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way to Fenghwanching, I explained to the son
that
he might go. He was slow to leave me, but
finally
darted off after his father. I would have given
worlds to have seen the home-coming. Would
the
old mother fall on her husband's neck, weep
over
him, kiss him, as the Occidental woman
would? I

CHAPTER X

FENGHWANCHING

THERE may be other places as beautiful
as the
valley in which lies the town of
Fenghwanching,
but I will maintain that there is no view in the
world
to surpass that which is visible from the spot
where
my tent was pitched. Imagine a great green
plain
marked with yellow river beds, and streaked
with
waters of ultramarine. And surrounding the
plain
a fence of heavily wooded hills, whereof one
section
is a great mountain that cuts a jagged
segment out
of the southern horizon.

Feng-hwan is a noble pile that towers
straight out
of the plain to a height of three thousand feet.
The

there rests in dark brown pools ere plunging
from
one ledge of rock to another. Lost in a deep
ravine
is a temple built of rough-hewn stone. Bells of
iron
hang from the eaves, and every gust of wind
sets
the wooden tongues clamouring in soft,
mysterious
tones. Bears haunt the hollows, mountain
deer
scamper in the valleys, and at dusk thirsty
tigers
awaken the echoes with deep roaring. A wild
and
lonely place this, fit scene for the desperate
struggle
between Manchu and Korean thirteen
hundred long
years ago. Even now traces of the Korean
forts
may be seen upon the spurs and eminences.
Here
the Koreans made a last brave stand before
being
pushed backward over the Yalu by the
conquering
Manchu.

Fenghwanching lies in the centre of the
plain,

own little canvas house is higher up the hillside,
whence I may look down into the snuggerly below,
or cast my eyes abroad, dwelling upon the charm of
the plain or upon the rugged steeps of Fenghwan.

Our bluff of rock is just round the corner,
and on the way for our daily swim there is a Chinese temple
to pass, a solid building gorgeously painted inside
and ornamented at the eaves with monstrous gar
goyles and soft-toned bells. Let the old bent priest
with the shrewd, kindly eyes show the gods. Ugly
pot-bellied plaster images they are, painted and
betinselled. But the old man stands erect and dignified—there is here something we do not
understand, some concrete symbol of an abstract we do
not comprehend. So it is well to step out reverently,
with hat in hand.

Then our pool. A small river slips in from the

Sometimes our pool is busy. There is a bridge near by, and over it are always passing supply trains and parties of men. On a hot dusty day they cannot but cry a halt and come to cool their heated bodies. Then it is a favourite spot with the cavalry of the Guards. When they come to swim they wear bath ing-drawers, to distinguish them from the plainer clay of the Line regiments. Then the Japanese are great fishermen, and their floats and lines are never absent from tire remoter corners.

On certain days the pool used to gladden other beside human hearts. June is hot in Manchuria, and the flies and the insects are a nuisance to men and a torment to horses. So when the heat was unusually oppressive I used to have the ponies brought to the water's edge. At first I needed a stick and the shouts of the mafoos. But after once or twice

grunt with which they got up and marched
away to
pasture expressed the limit of satisfaction.

In front of my tent I caused an arbour to be
built,
and this pleasant refuge from the sun, and the beauti
ful view which it afforded, made my little
paradise
very popular. To the Japanese it appealed par
ticularly, and any passing my way that
boasted a
word of English would come and sympathise
with
me upon my outlook. One stolid officer, who
spoke
very good English in a slow and pedantic
manner,
convinced me that he must have Irish blood in
his
veins.

My kitchen and servants' camp were
behind, and
one day, as I was conversing with my
Japanese friend,
there came a furious cackling from the rear,
in
dicating the slaughter of fowls. Then came a
shout
ing, and my big retriever came bounding up
with

" Oh I I think—that—must be—another hen."

Morning, I think, was the finest time of the day.

I would turn out to my arbour in light attire and mingle the fumes of Turkish tobacco with the aroma of tea from India's coral strand. From the dell would come the rich baritone of the gay-hearted Frenchman, who sang in snatches as he tubbed—

" Chantez ! Chantez! ma belle, chantez tou-oo-oo-jours—"

the which, having lasted for some minutes, would elicit from a wild Irishman, with a voice like the bull of Bashan—

" Listen to 'im ! The little burds can't eat their breakfasts for the noise of that damned Frenchman!"

And then the camp, in towels, would make a ring, whilst France and Ireland wrestled upon the green sward.

Each night when we had supped there was

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upon the red glow of the fire, and listening to
the
laughter and talk that floated upward. Over
the plain
from the town came strains of music from the
band of
the Guards. They were playing some old love
song.
The voices below were stilled, and the melody
came
through the balmy air in dreamy cadences,
now low

CHAPTER XI

THE TRANSPORT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY

AFTER a week spent in the town of Fenghwan-

L ching we were vouchsafed the information that there was little probability of the army moving forward for some time. I therefore applied for permission to absent myself from headquarters, with the object of visiting Antung, whence I could again inspect the battlefield at Chulienching and generally observe the manner in which the lines of communication were managed. With the necessary permit I duly set forth on one of those lovely mornings characteristic of early summer in Manchuria.

Barely had I crossed the little river, a tributary of



TRANSPORT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY 1G1

employment of inadequate draught power. To begin with, the horses hardly deserved, according to our ideas, to be called horses at all. So far as I could judge, none stood over 14.2 in height, and many were a full hand lower in stature. Of the thousands I saw, none possessed good bone or good quarters. In fact, a more weedy, light-boned, badly-ribbed, slack-loined lot of animals it would be difficult to conceive. At least half were entire, the remainder geldings, mares being totally absent. The cart, on the other hand, was favourably criticised. It consists of a platform of light bars of wood, 6 ft. long and 30 in. broad, placed upon an axle fitted into wheels 3 ft. in height, so that the floor of the cart is raised from the level of the ground only some 18 in. In front there is a skeleton framework of light iron rising 2 ft. above the body of the cart, upon which is

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anese. In discussing the transport facilities of the Japanese, it has to be remembered that the requirements of their armies are, primarily, rice for the troops, and, secondarily, barley for the horses. Everything else is of minor importance except ammunition, which of course is carried in wagons of heavy make, similar to those used by European armies. Both rice and barley are packed in light gunny-bags enclosed in thickly woven straw mats, the former weighing about 70 lbs., the latter about 40 lbs. It will be seen that these are highly convenient to deal with, lending themselves to cart, pack, or coolie transport with a facility impossible in the heavy sacks and boxes used by our commissariat. A great advantage of the smaller bags used by the Japanese is that they can be secured to the cart with great ease, and at such an elevation as keeps the centre of gravity within the base

TRANSPORT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY 163

neck was arched, every coat shone like silk, every eye was bright, every ear alert. Truly three months of regular daily work had agreed with these animals.

And for excellent reasons. The Japanese have the reputation of being bad horsemasters, and so, indeed, they often appear to be. But in dealing with their transport horses they have exercised great judgment.

They have acted on the principle which a prudent man adopts in regard to his income—that of living within it. They ask a horse to do only that which is easily within his compass. They load him not with what he can pull on the level road, but with what he can drag up a steep mountain pass without inducing serious fatigue. The weight of an average Japanese horse is over Soo lbs. With a load of 400 lbs. and a cart weighing a similar amount we have a total well

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horse is 8 lbs. of uncrushed barley, 8 lbs. of hay, and 8 lbs. of straw, of which the latter two items have frequently to be reduced, as the Japanese depend on the country through which they are marching, and cannot always obtain them in sufficient quantities.

The veterinary returns for the horses of the 12th Division, which was the first to land, and which made the trying journey from Chemulpo to Ping yang, which the horses of the other divisions escaped, show a decrease in effective strength of 6 per cent.

Mortality accounts for only a small proportion of the losses, the greater part being due to sore backs, from which the animals affected quickly recover.

This remarkable result has been attained by the moderate nature of the tasks imposed upon their horses by the Japanese, and by the fact that they never work a sick, lame, or exhausted horse. At

TRANSPORT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY 165

one, two, or three more are available to drag with ropes or help otherwise, as circumstances demand.

Here again there is applied the principle of requiring

only work well within the capacity of the worker. The coolies look the picture of health, strength, and

cheerfulness. They are not so dapper in appearance

as when they landed, and many have discarded the

army boot in favour of Korean sandals, and even bare feet. They are easily capable of transporting

a load of 300 lbs. fifteen miles per day, and making

the return journey empty-handed. At a pinch they

can do thirty miles with a full load. So well is it within the power of the appointed number of coolies

to manage their work that their strength to each cart

is frequently cut down to four and even three. The

percentage of sickness amongst these men is the

astonishingly small one of 2 per cent. The uninter-

mittent labour, of a kind accomplished without

plain by the depot is one mass of men and horses.

Approaching from four directions are endless trains

of transport carts, pack-horses, Chinese carts, wheel

barrows, and Korean coolies who have hung on to

the army reaping a golden harvest by carrying rice

sacks at a daily wage five times as high as they have been accustomed to earn. From the depot

run roads to each point of the compass, and at the

beginning of each road stands a pulpit-like erection

in which sit uniformed tally-clerks, who check the

incoming and outgoing goods. Here and there are

little encampments where Japanese merchants have

set up business to cater to the soldiers. You can

buy beer, sake, hot tea, tinned food, biscuits, cigar

ettes, writing materials, and a host of other things

that the soldier wants. It is one of the distinctive

features of a Japanese army that wherever it goes

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selection of eatables, and I make a satisfactory lunch on beer, hard-boiled eggs, and a Chinese roll.

From Tanshangchung to the right of the Mandarin Road there runs a bridle-path into the mountains, and along it streams a great train of loaded pack-horses. I inquire where they are bound, and am informed they are taking a short cut to the 12th Division, which occupies the right flank of the army, and has numerous detachments out on the hills for the protection of the lines of communication. Here we have another example of Japanese pre-science in the matter of transport. They have discarded all accepted methods, but have made careful note of the various means by which other countries furnish a marching army with supplies. They have adopted not one system, but three systems. Their transport cart is built of the material used in our Indian commissariat carts. But the Japanese cart is much lighter than the Indian cart, can be drawn by a single horse, and can traverse roads which

countries in which there was any likelihood of her army having to operate — Korea and Manchuria.

These being hilly countries, she chose that form of

transport which had been tested in mountains.

Our

Indian commissariat methods gave her the suggestion, and she simply improved them according

to her own ideas. Nor did Japan select one method and

arbitrarily organise her transport on a single basis.

The result is that where roads exist she has horse carts, pack-horses, hand-carts, and coolies.

Where mobility is of importance and horse feed is a difficulty, she has hand-carts and coolies.

Where carts cannot go pack-horses and coolies can, and

where pack-horses cannot go she has coolie transport. She can furnish troops camped in inaccessible

mountains with supplies as easily as she can those

encamped on the plains, and if the troops in the

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are thoroughly alive to the knowledge that a victory cannot be followed up, or a defeat saved from being coming a disaster, without efficiency in their department, it is inevitable that there should be readiness for hurried retreat as well as for unopposed advance.

It may be mentioned here that the Japanese are fully conscious of the inferiority of their horses, which, though extremely serviceable as transport animals — because their loads can be adjusted to their capacity—are woefully lacking in the weight and power essential in artillery and cavalry horses. Promiscuous breeding is responsible chiefly for the poor type of horse found in Japan, together with the absence of suitable grass feeding. The latter difficulty is not easy to overcome, but the former has been taken in hand in a fashion that will speedily effect improvement. A law has recently been passed

About half of the trifling number of transport drivers in hospital have been incapacitated by bites and kicks from stallions.

In addition to their own transport the Japanese have utilised that of the countries through which they passed, Korea furnished a great number of porters and some pack-ponies, but no carts. In Manchuria, on the other hand, carts form the principal means of transportation in time of peace, and of these the Japanese have availed themselves to a large extent, for the Russians appear to have been very far from taking advantage of all that were procurable. A Chinese cart is so quaint a thing that it deserves some description. The wheels are low, ponderous structures, heavily tyred and studded with enormous iron nails. The body is merely a long platform balanced on the axle. The shafts are short, reaching no further than the saddle of the animal between them. A peculiarity is that the axle is

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among horses, a sturdy, strong-backed, solemn-eyed
little fellow, twelve hands high, upon whom rests the
great responsibility of steering and balancing.
In
front will be the cow and the bullock, and beyond
the donkey, the mule, and a pony, all attached by
traces to the cart. In crossing a pass the road is
frequently precipitous and invariably uneven to
a
degree impossible for anybody accustomed to
English roads to realise. The cart, cunningly
loaded,
weighs very little on the back of the animal in
the
shafts when proceeding on the level, but going
down
hill the centre of gravity is shifted forward, and
a
pressure of many hundredweights is thrown
upon it,
whilst the whole cart develops a tendency to
dash
down the hill. The little horse in command must
then not only exert all his strength to hold the
shafts up, but in addition must throw his
weight
backward into the broad leather band passing
behind

plunges over with irresistible force. Then there is a perilous and exciting moment. The little horse loses control, the driver loudly cracks his twenty-foot whip, curses like the heathen Chinese he is, and the whole team dashes down the slope with the cart thundering and rocking behind, the shaft horse barely able to keep his legs. I have watched a string of Chinese carts passing an abominable piece of road for a full hour, and, though in almost every case the cart got beyond control on the broken and steep descent, I saw no accident. It would appear as if the Chinese driver were endowed with brains, as well as the Chinese pony.

Though the Japanese transport system works so easily, it does not follow that it is a perfect system, and one worthy of adoption by other armies. Any thing in the world will work smoothly if sufficient

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40,000 men was required to keep them in supplies, a number entirely disproportionate according to European ideas. Allowance has to be made for the fact that the transport arrangements of the First Army were calculated to deal with mountain campaigning, which requires organisation special and distinct from that designed for supplying an army in the plains. Until we know the result of observations of the transport of the other armies which have been operating in the level country between Dalny

CHAPTER XII

KUROKI'S STRATEGY

THE army that crossed the Yalu with so much dash, rudely disturbing Russian notions of Japanese military capacity, had rested at Fenghwan-ching for six long weeks. To impatient Europeans attached to this force there may have been a suggestion of inglorious ease about these weeks, for it is not altogether obvious that a splendidly organised army, perfectly equipped for the field, can be doing yeoman service by sitting still in front of the enemy whose confounding is its *raison d'etre*. Yet it may be fairly claimed for General Kuroki's army that its very passivity did more to complicate the

at Fenghwanching as to the forces at the disposal of Kuropatkin. We could only suppose that the Russian strength was less than that of the Japanese, or that it was in an extraordinary state of unreadiness. If the first supposition was correct, Kuropatkin dared not weaken his army by detaching part of it to oppose Kuroki, nor could he have advanced his full force down the Mandarin Road, leaving his communications open to attack from the Laoyung Peninsula. If unreadiness was the reason of Russian inactivity, Kuropatkin was obliged, perforce, to allow the Japanese plans to mature without interference. Whichever of the two reasons was the right one, it is plain that the presence of the Yalu army at Fenghwanching constituted a factor in the situation which Kuropatkin never could have afforded to ignore for a single moment. It was strategically impossible

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imperative that the line of retreat into Korea should be secured. Fenghwanching offered a convenient point upon which to base a defensive scheme. Between it and the Yalu there are two good roads—as roads go in China—both materially improved by Russian labour and foresight. The mountains intervening offer a succession of positions that would be invaluable in a retrograde movement. A few miles to the north-west of the town a long ridge traversing a valley, into which debouch all the roads from the north, provides a natural barrier against invasion. Between Fenghwanching and the Yalu lies a tract of rich grain-growing country, from which supplies could be drawn. And, finally, the occupation of Fenghwanching enables Antung and Yongampo to be utilised as sea bases.

The principle of establishing a strong position to the north of the Yalu rather than in Korea itself being accepted by the Japanese, they set themselves with characteristic vigour to execute

the strategy which it entailed. From east to west

west to the north-east of Fenghwanching. A good military road laterally connected the whole of the front, whilst other roads joined every important point with the plain in which the town is situated.

No less important than defending Fenghwanching was the necessity of providing effective means for the advance or retirement of military stores.

The

Mandarin Road had been greatly improved by the

Russian pioneers, who had rendered it easily passable

for guns, where before their transport was a slow and

laborious process. Army supply wagons, however,

are not horsed like artillery, nor are they calculated

to stand the wear and tear to which gun-carriages

may safely be subjected. In fact, a road which is considered good enough for artillery may prove fatal

to anything like the expeditious passage of large

quantities of reserve supplies. To overcome the defects of the road between Antung and

escaped their comprehensive mental vision that the nation which has actually surveyed a route and built a temporary line will have claims to the control of the future railway—linking the systems of Korea and China—superior to those of any other country, or of any corporation. In Fenghwanching itself the Japanese have built extensive go-downs capable of containing vast quantities of supplies. They substantially bridged a tributary of the Ai, which runs through the town. In fact, all they have done at Fenghwanching proves that they have assigned to that town a very important place in their plan of campaign.

While matters extraneous to military operations of the army were occupying attention, the army itself, though the headquarters of the three divisions remained encamped in and around

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enemy, they were frustrated by the extent and excellence of the Japanese patrolling.

Late in June were received orders to march from Fenghwanching. The disposition of the troops at this time is worthy of consideration both by reason of the remarkable range of country which they occupied, and because from their disposition interesting deductions may be drawn. One of the difficulties with which home critics have had to contend in discussing this war is the inaccuracy of European maps of Manchuria in regard to roads, rivers, and contours of mountains. Another difficulty is the untrustworthy nature of the intelligence relating to the military value of the many passes, in a country of mountains and valleys, over which the roads straggle.

From Fenghwanching many roads radiate northward, chief among them being the Mandarin Road.

As already mentioned, the Japanese fortified a

contested our passage of the Yalu were centred respectively at Sumenshi and Lienshankwan, from which points they bestowed a great deal of attention on parties reconnoitring in their direction. On the right hand of the Mandarin Road are two roads

O

leading to Saimatse and Aiyang. Upon these no enemy was discovered, and early in our occupation of Fenghwanching small bodies were pushed forward to take possession of them. Whilst at Saimatse our cavalry performed a daring reconnoitring feat in marching north by way of Chienchang until they reached a point eighty miles east of Mukden. Early in June, however, the Russians appeared in force on the road running at right angles to the Mandarin Road and drove our parties out of Saimatse and Aiyang. After a good deal of fighting, in which both sides suffered severely, our outposts settled down a little to the south of the places named

has the reputation of being one of the most enlightened and dashing leaders on the Russian side.

From what point of the compass the Cossack division

descended is not known, nor is it known from what

place its operations were based. The theory has

been hazarded that it left the railway somewhere

east of Harbin and marched south parallel to, and

in communication with, the line leading to Port Arthur. Another theory suggests the possibility of

its having marched from the north-east corner of

Korea, which the Russians are known to occupy.

But the presence of infantry with *Rennenkampf* suggests the simpler solution that his command left

Mukden and marched east and then south by way

of Chienchang. The object, at any rate, was, clearly enough, to work down on our right and harass our communications.

At Kokaten, on our left, our advanced parties frequently encountered the enemy, many patrol fights of small importance taking place. The Heicheng road, which passes through Kokaten

suggests the likelihood that the Russians inflicted considerable damage before being driven back.

The reticence of the Japanese at this time on the subject of their operations makes it extraordinarily difficult to enter into particulars of any kind. Nothing further with regard to movements and fighting can be stated with confidence in its accuracy. So much, however, can be said, that when the Yalu army moved out of Fenghwanching, the Japanese were in possession of the roads to Saimatse and Aiyang on the right, and those to Kokaten and Suiyen on the left. The number of troops that occupied those roads was not ascertained definitely, but it may be taken for granted that where there were outposts of companies at Saimatse and Aiyang, sixty miles from headquarters, the roads leading to these places must have been strongly held. It will be remarked that advance parties on our right were far ahead of

succession of valleys between Fenghwanching and the

Motienling Pass are more than a mile in width.

It cannot be said of an army located as described

that it marched on a particular date, any more than

it can be said of a railway train that every truck and

carriage comprising it responds simultaneously to

the impulse of the engine. But let the motive

power be applied to the centre of an army, however

widely distributed, and the impulse is speedily com

municated to the outlying bodies, and they too will

advance or retire in conformity with the general

movement. It may be the enemy, or natural

difficulties, will prevent the wings and feelers from

making movements that correspond exactly wit!

those of the bulk of the army. Elasticity on the

part of outposts is essential, for the object of their

existence is to keep touch with the enemy rather

than to move automatically with the main body
 which then covers

As the strength of the enemy increased in any direction additional troops were pushed up to pre-serve the balance. When no enemy was discovered, as in the east and south-west of Fenghwanching, outposts were withdrawn and precautionary measures restricted to occasional patrolling. Saimatse was occupied by a small body of our cavalry, which shortly after was ousted by a superior body of the enemy. To discover their strength we increased our own, and a brisk engagement took place which showed that the enemy was in considerable force and evidently contemplating a predatory descent on our right flank. Baulked in their attempt, the enemy retreated, upon which the Japanese numbers in that direction were reduced. And so on, every movement of the enemy being met by a counter movement on our part, and every move of ours being responded to by the Russians within the

of the three divisions, or of remaining attached to army headquarters. I decided to join the advance guard of the 2nd Division, which was to follow the Mandarin Road. ,

But on the morning of the 23rd the Japanese decided that the advance guard was too dangerous a place for war correspondents and foreign officers, and thoughtfully attached us to divisional headquarters.

So on the morning of 24th June we joined our division, and had the honour of being presented to the General, who received us with great politeness.

We were assigned a place and paid the compliment of being considered by General Nishi as belonging to his staff as much as any member of it.

At eight o'clock in the morning we marched, preserving the following order. In front moved a battalion keeping touch with the rear of the advance guard a day's march ahead. At a considerable distance followed the half-squadron forming

th -

attendant wagons. Then followed the divisional transport, and finally the first ammunition reserve, the whole forming a string of troops and baggage trailing many miles in rear. Our order of marching and the absence of flanking parties showed that we were in no danger of attack from the enemy. Our road lay through a long succession of narrow valleys formed by impassable hills, from which the Russians had been cleared by the advance guard. There was no prospect of fighting on either flank. Contact with the enemy was possible only with the advance guard, from which the tender care of our hosts had excluded us.

In due time the Russians were driven out of Motien Pass, and the division encamped a few miles to the east, at the village of Lienshankwan,

CHAPTER XIII

A MORNING UNDER FIRE

OUT of the thick mist which lay in the valley on

the morning of July 17th came sounds of loudly stirring life. The night picket from the hill behind went by at a run, and disappeared in the white wall of fog that surrounded my camp. From the hollow where the troops were bivouacked came the quick shouting of hurriedly aroused men. Stallions screamed as they were being saddled or harnessed, carts rattled over stones, and the heavy clank of moving artillery floated through the humid air with a dull resonant sound. The muffled uproar needed no explanation.

From Motienling there reverberated among the

great ocean roller, breaking upon a rock-strewn shore, floods boulder and crevice with rushing water.

In a different key came the sound of heavy musketry

fire. Volleys crunched and grunted in short staccato

notes; independent firing rose and fell in harsh,

tearing, irregular sequence. Now and then there

were dead silences, followed by fierce outbursts from

the rifles and renewed booming from the guns. I

looked at my bandaged foot and cursed the greedy

spider that had taken toll of my blood and left his poisonous mark behind. For ten days I had been bedridden, and the solicitous Japanese doctor

had warned me against walking yet awhile.

But

that sound which stirs the blood as no other can

was vibrating through the air. For hours I had lain awake listening. Long before dawn the firing

had begun. At the first flush of light from the east the guns had commenced to wake the

obscure

were coming to grips within a few miles, whilst I lay helpless, held by a petty bandaged foot.

Would my guttapercha sea-boot hold the foot and bandages? It did—and in ten minutes I was being carried toward the Pass at a hard canter.

On the road I caught two Japanese officers and a troop of cavalry making for the Pass in hot haste.

One of the officers spoke English; he told me that

the Russians were in force and had attacked the Pass

between two and three in the morning. The Japanese

were driving them back. If the enemy were reinforced

they might advance again. All available troops were being brought up from the rear to support

the brigade holding the Pass. The whole of our division might become involved, perhaps all

Kuroki's army. And if so, it must mean that the Russians had taken the initiative, that Kuropatkin

had begun to show his hand.

Most of the road to the Pass had been recon-

narrow valley. As we advanced, the sides of the valley closed in until they met. There the road began to ascend. A mile beyond, a towering embankment filled the valley from side to side, forming a *ail de sac* from which no means of egress was apparent. There was the famous Pass. The nearer hills and the mountains beyond were covered with green of every shade, from brightest emerald to deepest olive. Dark wooded ravines alternated with rocky spurs that stood, brown and bluff, guarding, like sentinels, the approach to the mountain portal.

As we neared the scene of the fighting the rifle fire increased in volume. The sound was no longer muffled by distance; each shot was a loud, hard crack by itself. The effect of so many rifles firing at once suggested some unseen power wielding an irresistible weapon that swept and crashed through the

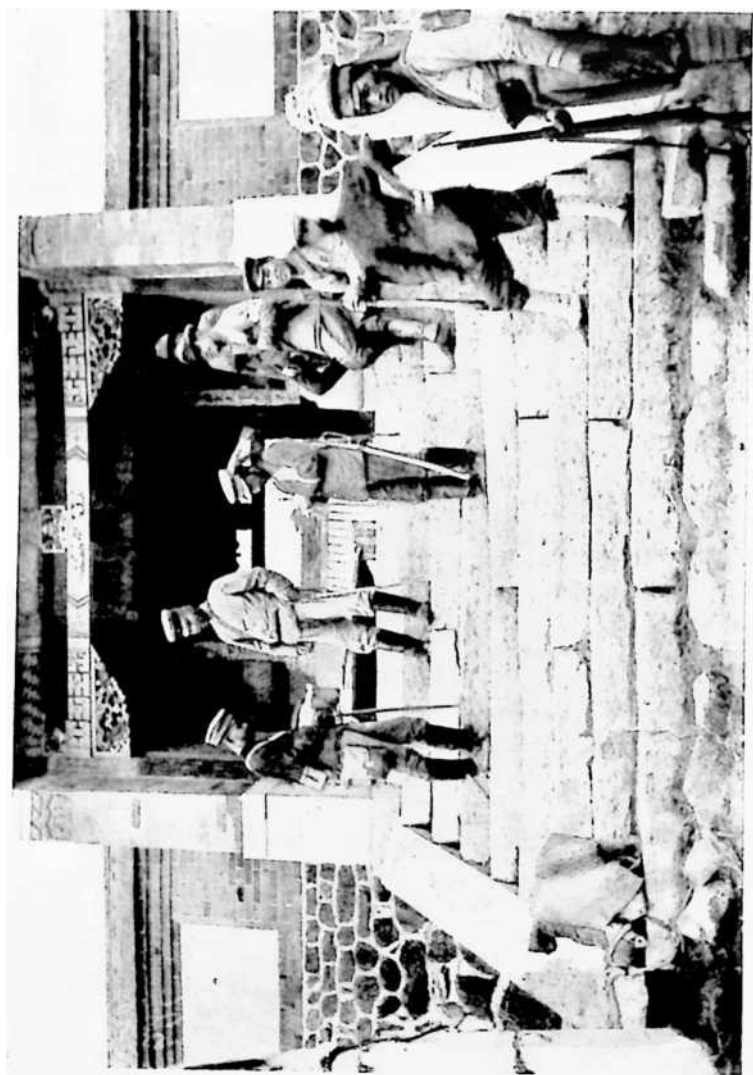
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But the Russian bullet, its genesis, its flight,
and
its impact aroused just the same feelings as
the Boer
bullet, caused just the same panting of the
heart.

We had now reached the top of the valley
and
had begun to ascend towards the Pass. There
was
no deep gorge, such as is usually associated
with
a mountain pass. The great Peking highway
runs
through valley after valley, advancing along
the line
of least resistance towards Laoyung. In this
valley
no turning or twisting avails. The road must
cease
here, or climb. The ascent is moderate to
begin
with. A gradual rise for half a mile brings the
road
to a point whence the ridge blocking the valley
opposes a slope that ascends suddenly for five
hundred feet at an angle of forty-five degrees.
Not
even a Chinese cart could surmount such an
obstacle
directly. So the road overcomes the slope as a

realised that the air was alive with the faint wailing whistle of spent bullets. They came in melancholy twos and threes, then in bunches, then singly, then again in bunches, burying themselves in the sand and grass with sudden little sighs, as if in relief from the weariness of aimless flight. There could be no doubt of the near neighbourhood of fighting, even if the continuous and overwhelming racket of rifle fire had not already indicated that our allies and the Russians were hard at it. I soon had my glasses out, praying, whilst I examined the expanse before me, that the precious prisms might not be injured by any of those disconcerting bullets that whistled so mournfully over my head.

It was a beautiful and varied scene that met the eye. Hills, rocky pinnacles, valleys, rivers, and here and there nestling villages, were tumbled



spread out into a ridged and wooded upland that gradually fell away to the west, and terminated in a knoll 1,500 yards distant. The road, in debouching from the Pass, turned sharp to the left, curled round the head of the ravine, and then, skirting its edge, continued towards the knoll, where stood a Chinese temple that played an important part in the China-Japan War.

The influence of the god Kwong, to whom it is dedicated, prevented the Japanese from advancing beyond Motien Pass in their war with China in 1894.

The honour and wealth accruing to the temple in consequence resulted in the erection of a second temple to Kwong. That divinity now shows his appreciation of the compliment by employing the Japanese armies to thrust the hated Russians out of Manchuria—a service the like of which, the Chinaman considers, is quite beyond the ability

paraphernalia. But presently on a slope to the left

I discovered a long line of infantry reserves, and

near them a bunch of pack-ponies bearing boxes

that unmistakably held ammunition. The fighting

was on the upland in the immediate left of the Pass,

showing that the Russians had made a bold bid for

its possession, as the nearer part of the upland was

within a few hundred yards of the spot where I stood ; and whilst strapping up the glasses I observed

for the first time, within a few feet, a trench littered

with cartridge - cases and clips, proving that the

Japanese had had their work cut out, earlier in the

morning, to repel the enemy.

I hurried back to my pony and pushed on to a

point in the road six hundred yards away. Forcing

the pony through a thick hedge, I found myself on

the lower part of the slope on which I had seen

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risk to life a small price to pay for an
honourable
scar.

Pressing up the slope, I came to the reserves
and
passed through them. The men were in high
spirits
—laughing, singing, smoking, evidently much
elated
at the prospect of fighting. As I went by they
nudged each other and murmured “ Rooski,”
and
thought it a great joke when I indignantly
waved
my hand in denial, pointing to my arm-band as
proof of my innocence. They were all young
fellows from an unsophisticated part of Japan,
where
Europeans are almost unknown, and they gazed
at
me and my kit with much interest—an interest
that
I should have taken more pains to gratify if I
had
known what was to happen within the hour.
Plac
ing rosy-cheeked, overgrown babies like these
in
the fighting line seemed like sending lambs to
the
slaughter, although, indeed, they behave more

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were soon carefully carrying the poor fellow back to the hospital.

From the wood came a deafening fusillade. Over head the bullets streamed continuously with the shrill whistle of high velocity. The Japanese firing line was close in front. The Russians could only be a few hundred yards further, for the slightly deeper " knock " of their larger calibred rifles was almost as distinct as the sharper cracking of the Japanese pieces.

Pushing into the wood by a narrow path, I was compelled to dismount and lead my horse, owing to the lowness of the branches. The firing now sounded very close, and through the trees I could see a company of Japanese soldiers a little way ahead.

They were coming out of a trench and forming up.

Just as I approached there was a loud shout, and they moved forward at a run, dodging around

nothing but foliage on a low rising beyond. The Russians were there, however, and evidently retiring before the pressure of our men. I followed the advancing troops as best I could, my pony proving a great hindrance, but one I could not dispense with, for fear of never seeing him again. And if the Russians were really on the run, he would be useful in following the retreat.

All around were evidences of the recent presence of the enemy—blankets, entrenching tools, bayoneted rifles, water-bottles, and quantities of the brown bread carried by the Russian soldier. The bullets which previously had passed overhead were now whizzing unpleasantly close, and I looked for some way of advancing which would afford cover. There was a shallow nullah running diagonally to the direction taken by the soldiers, and this I followed, leading my pony, which took the noise and excite

drenched the leaves and earth around. Again
my
pony stepped over the stricken man in perfect
un
concern, minding neither the newly spilt blood
nor
the twisted body that crossed his path. I
passed
several more dead, but no wounded, the latter
of
whom the Russians appeared to have carried
away.

The Japanese had halted a few hundred
yards
beyond the trench I had seen them leave. I
came
upon them lying behind a low natural
embankment,
pouring a heavy fire into the trees beyond.
There
was no aiming, for there was nothing visible to
aim
at. The Russians were evidently in the wood
just
in front. From the enemy came a hail of bullets
that whipped and lashed the trees with
lightning
quick strokes. I crouched down to avoid being
struck. My horse was half exposed, but he
appeared
quite unconscious of danger and calmly
with his head down

shoulder, but ere the bolt could be snapped home again, the rifle dropped from nerveless hands, and there remained but a crumpled heap of clothes where an instant before were flashing eyes and tense muscles. A cry came from another man, and he held out a bleeding hand that had been ripped by a bullet. A comrade put down his rifle and got out a bandage. The two heads remained close together for a moment, then broke apart, and the two rifles became busy once more, one rather clumsily handled by a lump of white bandage through which the blood was visibly soaking. One or two more fell backward and lay still, for a hit here was probably in the head, which meant unconsciousness—perhaps for ever.

I expected every moment that the Japanese would fix bayonets and charge into the trees beyond. Though the Russian fire was heavy, it was not to be

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resolved to withdraw from a position in which I could see nothing and seek a point of vantage whence I might obtain a general view of the proceedings.

I effected an orderly retirement on hands and knees,

to the astonishment of the pony, which followed in

much doubt as to the propriety of my method of

locomotion. I gradually left the zone of fire and

finally came to a cutting through a small rising, in

which I could stand up with safety. The wood here

was very thick, and I had rather lost my direction ;

and once clear of the cutting, I would again be exposed to the fire, which continued unabated. I

therefore tied up my horse and climbed the bank

of the cutting to reconnoitre and select a line of

■retreat from an undesirable neighbourhood.

I looked

through the glasses for some minutes, and then, from

lessness before the man had time to reload.
He
gave a deep grunt of annoyance, not because
he
regretted firing, but because he had been
needlessly
startled. Doubtless inwardly he felt chagrin for
having missed so palpably. Anyhow, I had
nobody
to blame but myself, for anybody who has
been to
the wars, and goes skulking about woods in

CHAPTER XIV

THE ATTEMPT ON MOTIENLING

THE mountain range in which the Motienling Pass is situated runs north and south. Six miles to the west lies another range, similar in character and height, and parallel in direction. Between these two there is a great valley. Lesser valleys, formed by spurs thrown out from the main ranges, intersect the central valley. Through each subsidiary valley tumbles a stream which joins the river flowing along the main valley. It follows that the depression which holds the bed of this river divides the intersecting valleys into two

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radiate fanwise, with the result that the valleys formed

by them converge on the Pass. Of this fact the Russians have endeavoured to take advantage.

On July 4th they sent two battalions to take the

Pass, possibly aware that it was held by a single

battalion. The Japanese were encamped a mile to

the west of the actual Pass, in a position where their

capture was perfectly simple, provided the pickets

slept soundly. The attacking battalions advanced

along different valleys, intending, no doubt, that,

whilst the battalion on the right engaged the Japanese, the other on the left would slip up in

rear and occupy the Pass. This admirable plan was

execrably executed, besides which bad luck attended

the Russians. The Japanese sentries were wide awake, and gave early intimation of their

approach.

Two companies advanced through a wood upon the

battalion attacking from the right, and handled it very

enemy employing brigades where previously they had deemed battalions sufficient

At three o'clock in the morning a number of infantry advanced from Towan, and drove in the Japanese outpost from the second temple. The outpost retired on the line of defence according to instructions, and the Japanese house was put in order.

The battalion on duty formed part of a brigade camped in rear of the Pass. The brigade was quickly aroused, and told off to the trenches on either hand.

A little fighting took place with the various pickets as the advancing Russians pressed them back. It

was then found that the enemy, as before, was attacking

in two columns, of the strength of which the

Japanese so far had no means of judging, though

their intelligence department had warned them that

an extensive movement was afoot.

Owing to the thickness of the morning, day was

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had the infantry poured a scattering fire upon the Russians close to the Pass than the latter fell back into the cover of the wood. The Japanese then extended up the hill to the left, whence they enfiladed the whole of the Russian front. A tremendous fire gradually drove the enemy back until the nearer end of their line occupied cover. The Russians at this moment were in the minority, but their line was being reinforced continually from the rear. Instead of endeavouring to recover ground, they contented themselves with maintaining a heavy fire upon the Japanese, who, invisible to the enemy buried in the wood, suffered very little. The Russians, however, occasionally visible to the Japanese on the heights, were accurately located, and considerable losses inflicted upon them.

hundred. The slopes on either side were bare and offered no cover; and to add to the confusion, a Japanese battalion, working round upon their flank, suddenly opened a withering rifle fire upon them from the further side of the valley. Retaliation on our infantry was out of the question, as the guns commanded the slope of the ridge from which they were firing, and its steep ascent made a rush impossible. There was nothing to do but retreat. The Russians began retiring at the double, which quickly degenerated to a stampede, leaving three hundred dead. Their ambulance carts afterwards came up and carried away hundreds of wounded.

The Japanese artillery next turned its attention to the Russians on the left, and heavily shelled the line that stretched from the temple towards the Pass. The temple was speedily evacuated, and the remainder of the Russians fell back upon the

THE ATTEMPT ON MOTIENLING 207

ward through the wooded plateau, followed at a discreet distance by the Japanese infantry. By ten o'clock in the morning the plateau was cleared, the enemy continuing their retirement along the succession of spurs flanking the valley through which they had marched to the attack. I now took up a position on a high rocky knoll near the second temple, from whence the whole field of action was visible. Straight ahead was the valley stretching into the distant plain. Skirting it on the left was the broken and wooded ground through which the enemy was retiring. Three thousand yards down the valley a Russian battery of eight guns was cleared for action in a field, the horses, limbers, and wagons a short distance in the rear. Supporting the guns was a battalion of infantry, whilst another battalion was moving to take up a position covering the retirement. On

fortunate for the enemy. And owing to the im-
mobility of our guns they could not be brought
out ♦
of their position and employed in the pursuit.
In
the absence of artillery to enliven things, there
was
a strange leisureliness in the movements of
both
sides. In little parties the Russians dropped out
of
the wood into the road in the valley, and
strolled
back, evidently finding it easier to walk in the
open
than through the thick underwood. Within a
few
yards of where I sat a trenchful of Japanese
was
firing volleys into these fellows. The range was
about 1,500 yards, so very little damage was
done.
Probably 300 or 400 Russians retired in this
manner,
but I saw only one drop. With the glasses one
could almost see the expression on their faces,
they
were so near. Disdain of their enemy seemed to
animate all, and considering the ineffectiveness
of
the Japanese shooting and their want of dash in

THE ATTEMPT ON MOTIENLING 209

guns opened upon our infantry on the right, part of ' the battalion which had inflicted so much damage upon them in the morning, but only four shells were fired when our men took cover. The enemy continued their retirement until within range of their supports, when the Japanese ceased pursuing, and both sides returned to their camps.

The most noticeable features of the day were the failure of the Japanese to employ artillery during the retreat, and the failure of the Russians to use their guns in support of their attack. For the Japanese there is the conclusive excuse that the draught power of their horses is totally inadequate to move their guns quickly in hilly ground. It must be mentioned, too, that the extraordinarily deliberate retreat of the Russians made them suspicious of some trap. In keeping their guns in position they

completely comprehend the enemy's designs, and their reasons for particular action, fairly accurate opinions can be formed of the tactics employed.

The impression was that the Russians gave evidence

of a want of knowledge of the use of modern weapons, both in regard to artillery and rifles.

In

their attack on the left of the Pass part of their line occupied a position which in South Africa would

have been regarded as untenable, as events quickly

proved it to be. In watching the movements later

in the morning one felt that a couple of horse batteries dashing from point to point, as we had

often seen them in the Boer war, would have put an

entirely different complexion on the fight, turning

it into victory for whichever side employed them.

For the Russians it must be said that they showed

great coolness, and for the Japanese that they were

steady at an extremely critical moment. The

THE ATTEMPT ON MOTIENLING 211

different regiments took part in the fighting and finished their quota of prisoners and killed. If present in full strength, these regiments would number over 20,000 men. The Japanese began the action with a brigade and a battalion, of which force two battalions remained in reserve. Reinforcements from the rear were coming up when the enemy was repelled and their services were not needed. Roughly speaking, the proportion of Russian to Japanese strength employed was two to one, a proportion which put the Russians, as attackers of a strong position, at a disadvantage. Based upon killed left in the field and the number of ambulance wagons seen, the Japanese calculated their opponents' casualties at 2,000. The Japanese losses were 43 killed and 256 wounded.

Besides the direct attack on the Pass the Russians made demonstrations in small force on the extreme

tion. It took the form of an attack, by three battalions, on a breach in the Motienling range six miles north of the Pass. After examination of the scene of the fight which ensued, and some discussion of the circumstances, it does not seem clear whether the move was intended merely to distract attention, or designed to constitute a turning movement which should force the Japanese, at a critical moment, to desist from defence of the Pass and retire for the protection of their communications.

Difficult as is the country in the immediate neighbourhood of the Pass, it is easy as compared with that on the flanks. At Gibato, where the fight took place, Nature seems to have done her best to render the mountains uninhabitable and unprofitable to man. The break in the continuity of the range is filled in with rocky conical hills, thickly covered with



A Gt r IN THE HILLS NEAL' MOTJEN PASS

THE ATTEMPT ON MOTIENLING 213

At three o'clock in the morning the battalion stationed at Gibato received information that a body of the enemy was moving in its direction. Patrols were sent out at once, and the news was communicated to divisional headquarters. After some delay, messages were received stating that the enemy, numbering about three thousand, was advancing from the west. The Japanese commander had a very difficult point to decide. If he posted his men all along the line of defence, the Russians would strike at one point and break through ere concentration could be effected, the nature of the country making it impossible for troops to move expeditiously. If he occupied one point in the hills, he would fail to block the several ravines up which the enemy might approach. The Russians might also advance in several columns, one or two of which would fight, leaving the remainder to work round to the rear. The plan adopted was clearly the best under the circumstances. One company climbed a hill which occupied a central position amongst the others. It

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On going over the ground it struck one that the Russians neglected to take advantage of an obvious opportunity. The Japanese occupied two hills over a mile distant from each other. The intervening country consisted of hills and ridges of the kind already described, offering abundant cover to an entering enemy. The Russians might have sent a detachment into the valley before them and separated the Japanese forces. Such a detachment could have acted entirely under cover from the rifles enfilading the Russian left, and could have taken up a position in rear of the Japanese on the exposed hill. True, a Japanese company awaited such a move. But the greatly superior numbers of the Russians, and the thick cover that would have protected them until within striking distance, made it remarkable that they did not make an attempt that could hardly have failed to give them victory. That the

THE ATTEMPT ON MOTIENLING 217

meant to possess themselves of Gibato, why did they not push home their attack ? And if they did want the place, what was the object in persevering until evening, when the main attack on Motienling, seven miles distant, had failed in the early morning ? If they had chanced to be successful at Gibato, part of the Japanese force, released from defence of the Pass, would have cut them off to a certainty. In fact, Russian movements, so far as they have been revealed against this army, show no sign of coherence or of dominating ideas, either on the part of field officers or of commanding officers. If their movements have definite objects, they appear to have been conceived in ignorance of modern conditions. They have failed to learn from the Japanese

CHAPTER XV

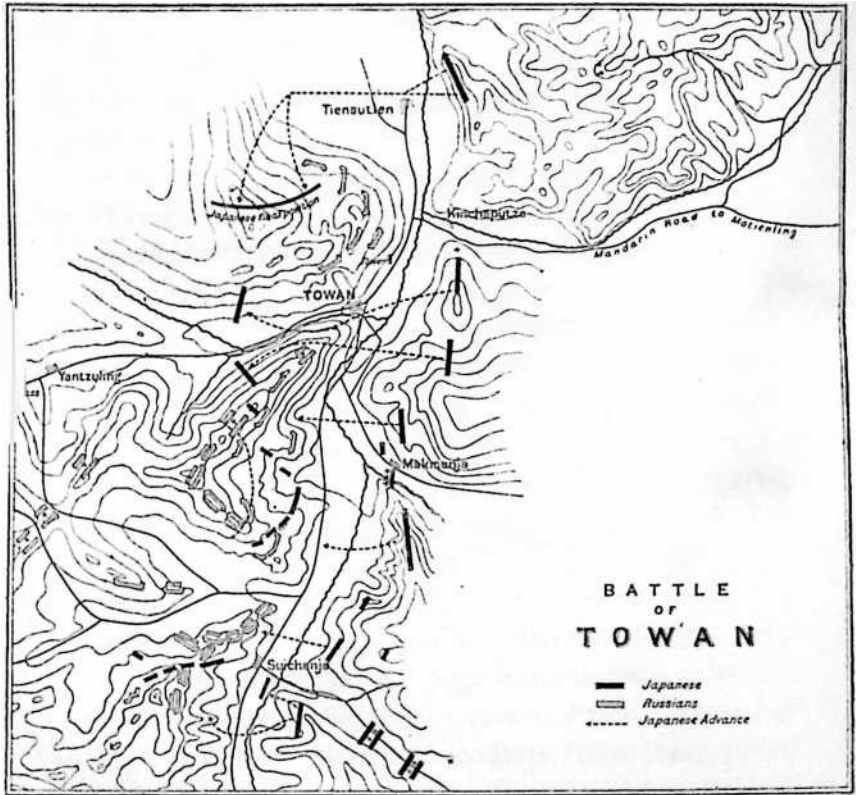
THE BATTLE OF TOWAN

BETWEEN the attack on Motienling on the 17th July, and the last day of the month, life at Lienshankwan was abnormally dull. The Japanese had defeated the enemy in their attempt to retake the Pass, had fought successfully at Chatao, the point occupied by our right wing, and had scored in other directions as well. Yet there was no sign of movement, no indication that our successes were to be followed up and the enemy struck whilst the effect of defeat lay heavy upon them. On the contrary, our interpreters spread the rumour that the army could not move for three weeks ; that various reasons, such as shortness of supplies, the poisoning of

the Order reached us, and within eight hours
we
were marching, bag and baggage, westward,
straight
into the enemy's positions.

At three a.m. our party assembled in the
village
market-place, an open space with quaint
Chinese
houses on one side and a tumbling stream on
the
other. A rustic bridge spanned the little river,
and
tall, spreading trees lined its banks. A full moon
flooded with light, houses, trees, and stream,
and
the sound of rushing water filled the air. By
ones
and twos we reached the rendezvous and
dismounted,
the clatter of scabbards and the tinkle of spurs
breaking in sharply on the murmuring
monotone
of the river. The trappings of the attaches,
caught
by the light, flashed here and there, and a little
fire,
lit by some passing soldiers, glowed red
underneath
a tree. These midnight preparations do not
agree
with human temper, and there might be heard,

illuminated sky. Ahead was impenetrable
gloom.
On the roadside lay things ghostly, things black,
at
which our horses started. These were white
stones
or logs of wood, mysteries only because of the
brilliant moonlight. Creatures slunk by, or stood
still
on the edge of cover to watch us pass. They
might
have been beasts of prey, denizens of the forest-
clad
slopes that converged from all directions. But
they
were only dogs, the pariahs of the East,
searching for
a living in the track of the marching army.
Long-
drawn, melancholy sounds smote our ears. It
was
only the lowing of cattle, uneasy in their sleep.
As
we plunged deeper into the mountains we
might
have been treading in the footsteps of Dante,
bound
for the infernal regions. Or it might have been
that
we travelled, under the guidance of Evangelist,
to
wards the City Beautiful somewhere beyond



we passed out of the brilliance into damp, silent grey. We continued to advance through the thick and humid air, each man to his neighbour but a shadow. Then we began to climb the zigzag road that led upward into the Pass. Suddenly we emerged from the fog to find day breaking. And as we topped the ridge commanding both sides of the Motienling range, the sun appeared over the distant hills and lit up the great valley in which, that day, the standard of the Mikado was to supplant the Eagle of Russia.

The position of General Kuroki's army and the opposing Russians is easy to understand. The Japanese occupied the Motienling range and its spurs, the enemy the opposite range. The valley between runs north and south for about thirty miles.

The Japanese occupied the whole of the eastern side, overlapping the enemy's front at the southern end.

The Russian front was shorter, but tended to overlap

our position at the northern end of the valley.

The

Guards Division lay ten miles to the south of Motien

222 A MODERN CAMPAIGN

supposed to be four divisions, which in the Russian army number 80,000, and should on active service present a front of 70,000 men. General Kuroki's fighting men totalled about 60,000. The fact that a substantial part of our army was operating twenty miles away resulted in two separate battles being fought, one of which was entirely out of view for spectators with army headquarters. I am, therefore, compelled to restrict myself to a description of what happened at Yantsuling, upon which our left and centre were directed.

The general plan of the day entailed an attack all along our line. Our right at Yushuling must be left out of consideration for the present, and attention confined to the left and centre. Our centre was to attack the enemy's left on the ridge behind Tientsuen, frontally, whilst our left swung in upon the enemy's right before Yantsuling, taking them in front

THE BATTLE OF TOWAN 223

bitious project fell through, though similar tactics at Yushuling were crowned with success, and with disaster to the enemy.

On the two divisions attacking at Yantsuling, the movements of that on the right, based on Motienling, were simple, for guns and infantry had but to advance two miles to take up the positions assigned to them. Their disposition was effected without trouble on the part of the infantry, but after considerable delay on the part of the artillery, owing to the difficulty of dragging the guns to their places. The infantry occupied a position within a mile of, and facing Towan, and a position in rear of the guns to the north-east of Tientsien. The division on the left had a very different task. Starting at one o'clock in the morning, they marched in two columns, consisting of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, to take up positions respectively on the front and flank of the enemy. A battalion of pioneers was found totally inadequate to make roads and emplacements for

whose machinations are supposed to be responsible for the gradual expulsion of the Russians from Manchuria. Before us the field of battle lay stretched like a white lake studded with black islands. But the fast-rising sun was dispersing the mist that lay in the great valley, and the islands were slowly resolving themselves into the countless hills and eminences that crowd the space between the opposing ranges of mountains. With the staff we found General Sir Ian Hamilton, taking as keen an interest in the approaching fight as if its planning were the product of his own brain. The issue of the day was of intense interest, for we then learnt that the Japanese forces all along the eighty miles of front between Chatao and the Siberian Railway were joining in the advance. Those of us who, in cooler moments, predicted that the Japanese would drive the enemy before them like chaff were shaken in our belief during the period of suspense that

THE BATTLE OF TOWAN 225

little white clouds from bursting shrapnel were silhouetted against a dark hillside, and the rattle of musketry vibrated through the air. Fears for Japan were forgotten, confidence was restored, the recollection of repeated achievements alone remained.

By seven o'clock the two columns belonging to the Guards Division were in position in their respective valleys, their guns waiting to take up the places that were being hastily constructed. The valleys in this part of the field were filled with mist in the early morning, a fortunate occurrence for the Japanese, as it enabled a great deal of their preparations to be conducted under cover. A few minutes after seven o'clock, however, the fog lifted, and soon afterwards the Russian gunners perceived movement in the valleys fronting them. They immediately opened fire, their first shell dismounting a gun, killing the officer, and wounding most of the gun crew. The accuracy of the enemy's opening shot is accounted for by their having blazed the trees and taken the

A MODERN CAMPAIGN

Of the two columns, that in the Suichanja valley had the harder task, and it was not until late in the morning that they were able to bring all their artillery to bear. After the misfortune to one of their guns, it was found that the shrapnel which they poured upon the enemy's artillery posted on the high ridge in rear was useless, owing to the long range. The common shell had been left in the caissons miles behind. A strong fatigue party was made up and despatched to bring up the shell by hand. Meanwhile, the battery that had come into action for so short a period retired. Whilst the brief duel was being maintained between the opposing artillery, the Russian guns facing Makumenza had opened fire upon the slopes of the two valleys where the Japanese infantry lay only partially concealed, owing to the absence of natural cover. Our men were being roughly

THE BATTLE OF TOWAN 227

and despite the tornado of lead that was poured upon them, the Japanese were unable to locate their assailants. Our men retired, whilst our guns now swept the slopes with shell and shrapnel, searching out the places likely to conceal the enemy. With the retirement of our infantry the Russian rifle fire died away. Our guns continued to shell the neighbourhood of the hiding-places without eliciting a sign of their location. The Russian guns had now come into action again, and were endeavouring to divert our artillery from the bombardment of the trenches. But by this time the remainder of our guns had come into action, and they quickly silenced the enemy in their two nearest positions. Under cover of our artillery the infantry again moved to the attack, but no sooner had they shown themselves than the Russian guns and rifles broke out anew, causing devastation in the ranks and making an advance impossible.

of those incidents which are frequent in war,
and
which prove that men engaged in even the
grimmiest
of tasks can never divest themselves of their
human
attributes. The day was one of the hottest on
record.
A blazing sun poured down its relentless rays on
the
infantry lying upon the reverse slopes of the
valleys
facing the Russians. One of the battalions that
took
part in the last mentioned advance upon the
enemy's
trenches, exhausted by their night of road-
making,
and maddened by thirst, halted within two
hundred
yards of the river tumbling down the valley
before
their eyes. They lay under cover that afforded
but
little shelter from the scathing fire of the enemy.
Yet they arose from it in hundreds and, crawling
and
rushing alternately, made for the stream to
quench
their thirst. The Russian fire, hitherto directed
at
various points, was concentrated on the

THE BATTLE OF TOWAN 229

angles from the left of Motien Pass. But the effect of their artillery fire throughout the day was clearly visible. Looking down the valley from the Pass, I could see the village of Towan with the Mandarin Road running through it towards Yantsuling Pass. On the right of Towan was the Russian position overlooking Tiensutien, on the left those already located. Straight in front of me was the infantry of my own division covering the nearer slope of a low hill like locusts. Two miles to right of them were the Japanese main gun positions, and, in rear, the right wing of the infantry awaited orders. A circle of four miles diameter, with Towan as centre, would have enclosed our own two divisions and the whole of the Russian positions. In these days of extended formations and wide fronts it is seldom that so perfect a view of a big battle can be obtained. Possibly a tactical moral may be deduced from the fact that the Russians chose to occupy so

very much the same manner as in our own army.

One rather noticeable fact was that although many

of the Japanese officers possessed the prismatic binoculars which have driven the old-fashioned field

glasses out of use, some were content to carry mere

opera glasses. This is a remarkable commentary on

the manner in which the Japanese have adopted German staff methods, and improved them too.

In

fact, the staff organisation of our allies is so perfect

that responsible leaders appear to be able to dispense

with the necessity of closely following with their own

eyes the movements of their troops in action.

When

these troops are on the offensive, and winning, such

delegation of the carrying out of field tactics to com

manding officers acts very satisfactorily, but a time

may come when instant appreciation of a situation

may affect the result of a hard-fought day. And

it may be that that appreciation cannot best be

THE BATTLE OF TOW AN 231

cretion, retiring to cover at once, and allowing the enemy to bombard the deserted guns. But this was not the real Japanese artillery position. That lay some hundreds of yards away carefully concealed in trees. From this point a heavy fire was poured upon the Russians, who in their turn were compelled to retire. For many hours desultory firing was indulged in on both sides, every now and again the Russians manning their guns to renew the attack, and then retiring when overwhelmed by superior numbers. The pluck of the enemy at this point in continually coming into action with six guns against the many directed upon them by the Japanese is deserving of great admiration. Between the occasional renewals of the Russian fire our guns were engaged in searching the enemy's trenches, many of which were plainly visible to the naked eye. Up to

rocky pinnacles, and came back to us again and again, swelling, rending the air, shaking the very foundations of the heights that towered around us.

The Russian positions were speckled everywhere with the little white clouds from bursting shrapnel,

and high explosives caused great volcanic-like masses

of black smoke to obscure the enemy's guns. For a few moments the terrific bombardment was sus

tained, then gradually the volume of fire declined,

until finally it died away altogether. The Japanese guns outnumbered the Russian, and had forced them to be silent. Yet the enemy's cannon, superior

in weight and range, was not vanquished without heavy loss. During this cannonade General Keller,

standing behind one of the Russian gun positions,

was struck by a shrapnel bullet and mortally wounded. In sharing danger with his men he died a

manly death, if not a wise one. Perhaps he courted

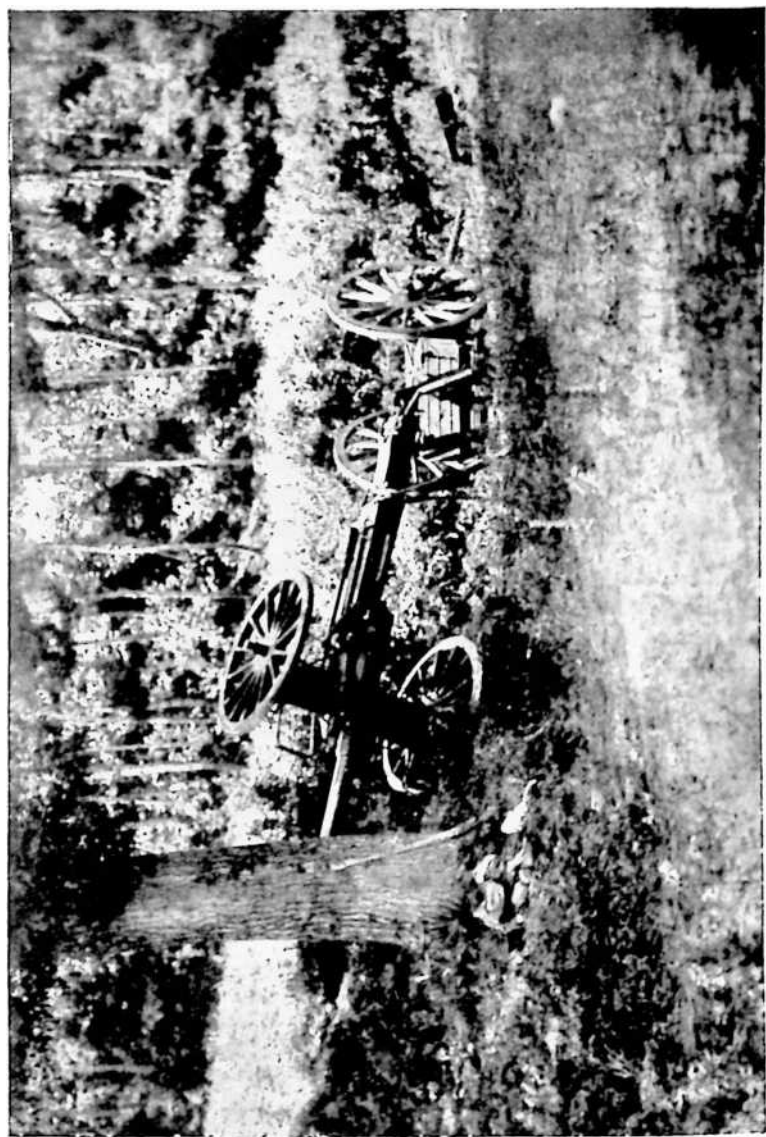
it, for Russia is merciless to failure, and somebody

THE BATTLE OF TOWAN 233

on the right debouched from the hills, crossed the valley, and deployed up the gentle slopes beyond. Before them lay a rolling, down-like expanse leading towards the Russian position behind Tientsuen. Covered by the guns, they advanced in three long lines that every now and then were lashed by the enemy's shrapnel. But, rushing from cover to cover, they suffered little loss, illustrating to perfection the ability of properly extended infantry, utilising cover, to advance in face of artillery. The Japanese have already realised the importance of thin formation, and, in adopting South African methods in this respect, have, to a great extent, discarded those of German and other Continental armies. At 4.30 they had entered into the zone of long-range rifle fire from the Russian trenches. Meantime the men on the hill beside Kinchaputze had extended down

batteries, whilst they were outside the perimeter of those at Tientsutien. The guns near Towan were now in imminent danger of capture, and were limbered up without delay. With infantry converging from two points, the artillery position and the trenches near Tientsutien became untenable, and the guns retired, followed by the infantry, except a small number left to cover the retreat. These fought gallantly, holding our men until the guns were safe, when they fell back in good order.

The Guards, on the left, encouraged by the movement on the right, were now advancing on the enemy's positions at Makmenja and Suichanja. Storming the trenches, they drove the enemy from vantage ground to vantage ground. By this time the whole of the enemy's line was retreating, followed by the Japanese from four directions. Pushing their way up the valleys, they threatened the guns near Yantsuling, which were powerless for the most part, as the Japanese attack was conducted in dead ground. The Russian infantry, however, made a stubborn defence of the high ridges in rear of



emerged from cover, our infantry, prepared for its appearance by the first gun, which had dashed past and escaped, greeted it with a long-range volley. The startled horses swerved wildly, and took the slope at the wrong angle. On the steep descent the carriage upset, and gun, men, and horses rolled over into the road. Curiously enough, men and horses were unhurt, and got away. The gun, however, was left, and fell into the hands of the Japanese, together with another, which, while being hauled out of its emplacement, was struck by a shell and hurled down a steep bank.

With regard to the brigade which separated from our left with the object of working round to rear of the Russian position, it appears that the enemy got wind of its movements. A counter attack was initiated, and met the column at six in the evening,

have made a further defence of the Pass at Yantsuling, is not quite clear. Doubtless a general advance of our forces elsewhere necessitated withdrawal from a point threatened with isolation. Our far right at Yushuling experienced extremely hard fighting, for the Russians at that place were in great force, and made a strong resistance to our advance, going so far as to attack on their own account, jeopardising the safety of the left wing of the division.

The day at Towan was essentially an artillery one, and students of gunnery had ample opportunities of judging of the effects of shooting at various ranges and with different kinds of shell. It was clearly demonstrated that the Japanese guns, inferior in respect of range, rapidity of fire, and weight of projectile, suffered in comparison with those of the Russians. Superior numbers, however, compensated for other deficiencies, the Russians opposing, at most, thirty guns to, at least, double that number.

THE BATTLE OF TOWAN 237

trenches is worthy of note, in view of previous
performances of the Japanese soldiers. But for the
first time, practically, they were meeting infantry
unshaken by artillery fire, for the trenches of the enemy,

CHAPTER XVI

THE BATTLEFIELD VISITED

ABATTLEFIELD, when the combat is over, is almost as interesting as the battle itself. So much is made clear, in going over the scene of action, that before was doubtful or inexplicable. The range of the guns, the zone commanded from the trenches, the natural difficulties, and a hundred other things are explained that, during the progress of fighting, could not be comprehended. Especially is this so in the case of an action in which artillery played a leading part, as it did in the Battle of Towan. On the morning after the Japanese victory I lost no time in visiting the points which I had watched

cover. The opposite side, however, consisted of a

succession of precipitous hills up which our infantry

had to scramble and climb before coming to grips

with the enemy; this, too, after passing across a

thousand yards of open plain absolutely devoid of

cover. Under such conditions it has been held that no infantry can advance against an enemy en

trenched and armed with modern rifles, unless the

enemy has been first thoroughly shaken by artillery

fire. At the Yalu, prior to the infantry assault upon the Russian positions, the trenches had been

absolutely scarified by shell and shrapnel fire. These,

built on old-fashioned plans, had afforded little cover

to the plunging fire of the Japanese howitzers.

Russian officers made captive confessed that the

preliminary shelling had inflicted such terrible damage

that, although the men stuck to their nests

ideas in regard to the potency of modern rifles were perfectly correct. Time after time the Japanese infantry moved forward to attack, but were driven back, almost as soon as they had left cover. Had their officers been regardless of life, and had they believed in the urgent necessity for advancing at any cost, doubtless their men would have followed. But it is conceivable then that we should have seen such a holocaust as M. Bloch argued would be characteristic of modern war. If M. Bloch had had any experience of warfare, he would have realised that human endurance under fire is strictly limited, and that the finest troops in the world will not face more than a certain ratio of losses whilst their line of retreat is open. There have been occasions when troops have fought until the last man has

THE BATTLEFIELD VISITED 241

Russian gun lay helpless on its back like a turtle.

Its story was plainly written on the slope, which was torn up and trampled by the feet of plunging horses.

As mentioned in my account of the battle, the position of the Russian artillery nearest Towan had

become untenable when the advance of our infantry

from Kinchaputze was discovered. The guns were

hastily limbered up and retired down the slope,

through a wood, towards the main road running

through the valley. The wood ended in front of the

steep descent into the road. The first three guns

passed down in safety, but having attracted the

attention of our advancing infantry, they were ready

for the next one. No sooner had the horses cleared

the wood than a long-range volley was fired at them.

The horses swerved violently and bolted down the

242 A MODERN CAMPAIGN

Japanese gunners had made accurate shooting. The position, in so far as it commanded a wide perimeter, was well chosen, but owing to the height of the ridge above the plain below, there was a great deal of dead ground in which advancing infantry could not be touched. The line of retreat was bad, for it debouched upon the only possible line of an enemy's advance, compelling a retirement when the guns were most required—to sweep the approaching infantry. The Russians, however, cannot be held to blame for this choice of position, for it seemed the only one possible at a point commanding the Motienling valley.

Returning to Towan I followed the road further up the Yantsuling valley and then swung round to the left and up a ravine, and so got in rear of the second gun position. This consisted of a saddle between two

THE BATTLEFIELD VISITED 243

tremendous undertaking: in fact, it was difficult to see how the guns had ever been emplaced. It could only have been effected by man-handling, as horses would have been out of the question. Some hundreds of yards down the slope lay a wrecked gun. It appeared to have been struck by a shell when in action on the ridge and knocked over and rolled to its present position. The broken felloes of one of the wheels littered the emplacement. On the obverse slope of a hill, four hundred yards in rear, was an extraordinary sight. Within a circle of a hundred yards diameter were about two hundred brown holes. Each represented the explosion of a shell. On taking the line from the distant Japanese gun position it became obvious that every one of the shell that had struck the slope must have barely missed the

hereabouts contained no cartridge-cases or clips, showing that the Russian infantry had not fought here, or possibly had not even occupied the trenches.

The artillery position, however, was strewn with evidence of infantry fire, a prodigious number of empty cartridge-cases proving that a great stand had been made at this point. This position was like the one I had last visited, in that it was built in a knife like ridge showing signs of extensive pioneer work.

The perimeter of the guns was bounded on the right by a hill which shut out of view the valley leading to Motienling.

I walked my pony along the ridge whilst examining the surroundings, and unexpectedly found myself in a delicate situation. The difficulties of the position had forced the Russians to leave limbers and caissons

protect me from an explosion, which would doubtless extend to all the 30-inch cartridges lying about. Fascinated with the prospect, I leant over and watched the pony's feet as he stepped in and out of danger. And I sighed a sigh worthy of the most irretrievably damned when I found we were safe from distribution in small pieces. How effective a horse's feet can be amongst explosives I had seen a few days before at Motienling, when a charger stepped on a rifle cartridge, and exploded it, to his own and every body else's consternation. What would happen if the same thing occurred to a 3-inch shell and its charge is not decent to contemplate.

In front of the position stretched the rolling country which the Japanese infantry had marched over in their attack on the previous evening. The Japanese have recently taken an important leaf out of

The result was that the enemy's shrapnel did little or no damage. We now wait with much interest to see if the Russians will benefit by the excellent illustration of modern tactics in this respect which the Japanese attack afforded. As already mentioned, the Russian guns at this point, being threatened in front and in rear, were compelled to retire. This they did rather late, in consequence of which the infantry covering their retreat had to make a hard fight to prevent another gun disaster. A small party on the ridge vacated by the artillery made a gallant defence until danger was past, and then retired in good order.

I now left the hills and proceeded down the valley in front towards Tientsien, where we were to camp for the night. My servants having arrived, I

any precautions were taken by his countrymen. He replied that one or two, under advice from the Russians, had built bomb-proof shelters, but that they had not used them. I asked if anything else had been done to avoid danger. " Oh, yes," he said, " we all entered our houses and carefully locked the doors! " The Chinaman possesses the supreme quality of equanimity. He ploughs and digs whilst armies march past, and merely takes his ease when they fight. He thinks fighting bad form, and looks upon all soldiers as barbarians.

In the chapter on the battle at Towan I explained that the action near Motienling was the result of only a part of the movement of General Kuroki's army. I afterwards heard a few details of the fighting which took place at Yushuling, twenty

dispositions a very wide flanking movement was initiated. Gibato, seven miles north of Motienling, was occupied by four battalions of infantry. This force marched north-west to Chobairai Pass, an important position in rear of the right wing of the Russians. Whilst this move was in progress the other two columns moved to the attack. That on the right marched upon the enemy's left, whilst the other worked round to take the Russians on the flank. Our right, as anticipated, found the enemy in force, and was unable to do more than keep them busy. Meanwhile the left got into position, and after a brisk encounter at Henlin forced the enemy to retire. At this moment, however, the force from Gibato had reached Chobairai, and after a brief fight

The force above the precipice waited until the Russians were immediately below, and then, point blank, opened a devastating fire upon them. The enemy could not retreat, could not take cover, for both sides of the valley were precipitous, and could not retaliate owing to the position occupied by their assailants. They had to run the gauntlet of the Japanese rifles. Eye-witnesses describe the scene as horrible. It was carnage, not fighting. The Russians were literally mown down during this disastrous march past the ambuscading force. At this point they lost 1,000 men killed and wounded, the Japanese only twelve.

Meanwhile the Japanese right were counter-attacked by the enemy, which worked round on their flank, and it was only the opportune fall of night which saved

the Russians were ready to relinquish their position, and fall back into line with their main force. That might easily be part of their general plan, but it is quite evident that their left at Yushuling occupied an extremely important point in their front, and that defeat there would mean the jeopardising of the flank of the general line of defence. If that be a correct interpretation of the Russian movements, the retirement from Towan is accounted for by the gradual withdrawal of their forces there for concentration east of Laoyung. And this would explain the different character of the fighting at Yushuling, the vantage point which the Russians could not afford to lose. But what cannot be satisfactorily

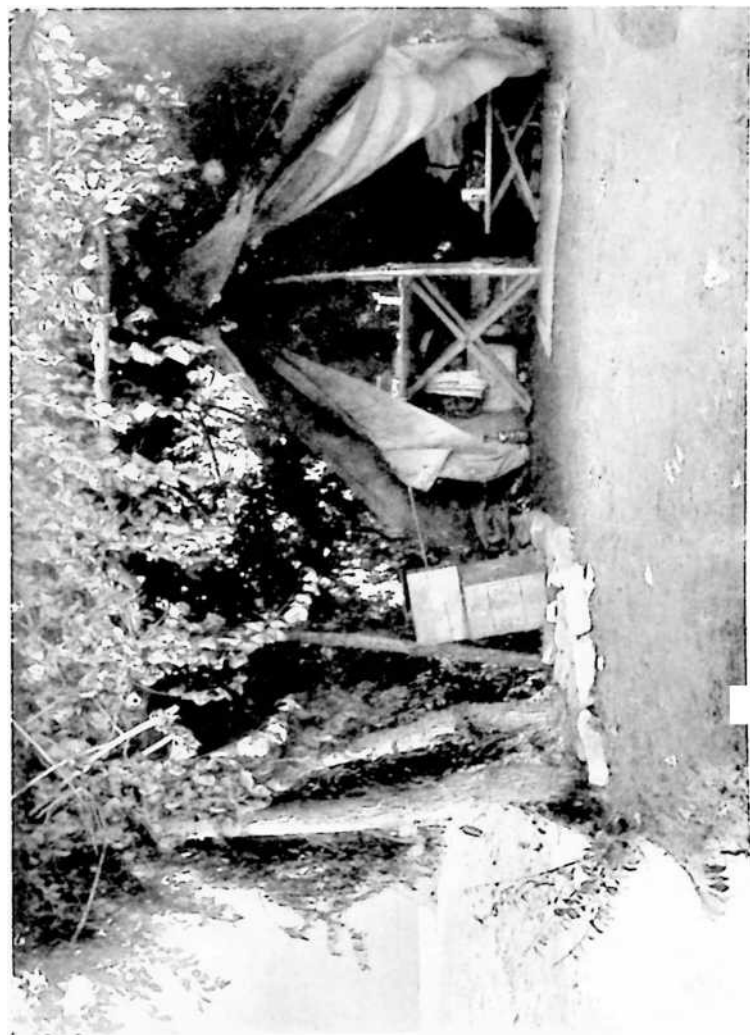
CHAPTER XVII

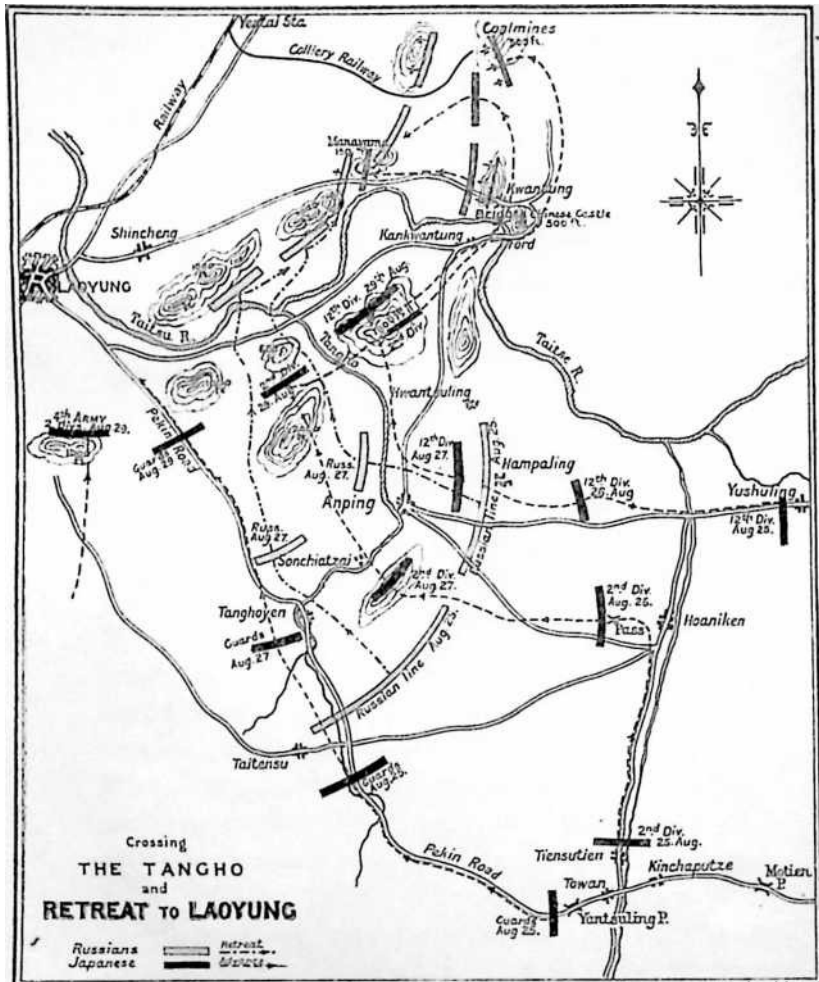
PIERCING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES

IN front of me lies the formidable task of recording military events which occurred between 25th August and 5th September, including, as all the world knows, the taking of Laoyung and the retreat of the Russian forces after an important battle. The degree in which the fighting at Laoyung was decisive, however, is a matter that was hotly disputed betwixt foreigners with the Japanese army. Attaches and correspondents differed amongst themselves, and each exponent of a particular view backed up his opinion with facts and fancies that would surely have convinced any but those who

therefore, to adhere to narration, and if, when my record is complete, I indulge in generalisation, it will, I hope, be forgiven me as a fault to which human nature is prone when events crowd them selves before the mental vision.

After the month of quiescence that we had learned to regard as an essential preliminary to each step of the Japanese army, warning was received to make ready to move at a moment's notice. We had occupied the village of Tientsien on the evening of 31st July; on the morning of the 25th August came orders, and in the afternoon we marched north ward. It was significant that our baggage was reduced to what our horses could carry, and that rations for three days had been served out before we started. Camped for so long within twenty-five miles of Laoyung, it was not difficult to realise that we were about to join in the operations against the Russian stronghold upon which the three





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these actions it is necessary to explain the disposition

of our own troops and of the Russians.

The First Army, prior to the movements about to

be described, occupied the valley between Yantsuling

and Motien ranges. The Guards Division on our

left lay at Towan, my own division in the centre

occupied Tientsien, and the Twelfth the maze of

rocky mountains around Yushuling. The Russian

line stretched from Hwantsuling in the north to

Taitensu in the south. It was composed of two forces, one centred at Tanghoyen being formed of

the 3rd and 6th Divisions of Siberian Sharpshooters,

which we had already encountered at the Yalu and

at Motienling, the other centred at Amping being

the 10th European Army Corps. Both forces were

augmented by various detachments, and at the sam

time it may be assumed that the component

between the points already named. The length of this line seems to have constituted a weakness for which its great natural strength did not compensate.

The inaccessibility of the mountainous country in rear made speedy concentration out of the question.

The force at any point in the line against which the Japanese chose to throw their strength would be compelled to fight its battle unaided by reinforcements.

The immediate object of the Japanese was to drive the enemy from the right bank of the Tang Ho, and then from the left bank. The effecting of this plan would result in retreat of the Russians upon the outer line of defences which protected Laoyung from the south. Kuroki would then be in a position to join hands with the Second and Takushan armies in a general attack on the

PIERCING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES 255

headway, but their action simplified proceedings at the real point of attack which was to be conducted by our centre. Meantime the 12th Division advanced from Yushuling upon Hampalin, and on the 25th was in a position to join in the general attack upon the following day. To the 2nd Division, marching north from Tiensutien on the 25th, was allotted the task of piercing the Russian line. The inaccessible nature of the country around the point selected for attack prohibited the employment of field guns. A mountain battery, therefore, was borrowed from the Twelfth, and ordered to follow the infantry. How to assault, successfully, the formidable position of the enemy without the support of the artillery of the division was a problem. A night attack, in which all the men at General Nishi's disposal were employed, was decided upon as

enamelled mug made tea with which we washed down biscuits and bully beef. We slept to the roar of a burn that tumbled down the ravine, the while camp fires glowed all around, and the light of a full moon gleamed upon the great rocks that littered the slopes and filled the bed of the stream. We were surrounded by soldiers, pack-trains, field hospitals, and such like, and the men talked or smoked or sang all night. But they did not disturb us, for the rushing water drowned every other sound and hushed one to sleep like a crooning lullaby.

Long ere day broke I was aroused by the bustle of a waking camp. The moon had gone, and the work of building a fire to brew a cup of coffee was proving so troublesome that I began to wonder if, after all, the day must necessarily begin with something hot

equal to Manchuria. Half an hour's climb, however, and the ridge was won, just as the blood-red rim of the sun showed over the edge of the eastern mountains.

On top we found General Kuroki and his staff carefully watching the maze of hills lying at our feet, and dividing us from the great range six miles further west. We could see nothing, but could hear the rattling of musketry and the booming of big guns. For half an hour I swept the hills with my glasses, but could not detect a movement. Our infantry was hidden in the valleys, and our artillery concealed by one of the numerous ridges that traversed the expanse before us. It was the beginning of a big battle, yet we could make nothing of it. But we had a friend in the Chief of Staff, General Fujii, who never fails us in the matter of information.

the high ridge occupied by the enemy. The 12th Division was north of us hammering away at the enemy's right flank, whilst the Guards in the south were moving against Taitensu. Presently the artillery of the last-named division opened upon the enemy, and we could see, six miles away, their shrapnel being poured upon the Russian position. The enemy's guns could be seen replying, the flash of each discharge showing clearly against the bare and scarred slope upon which they were stationed. We were too far away to see the infantry or any of the details of the fight. And soon, finding that army headquarters were too much in rear to offer a good view of the proceedings, we decided to advance to the headquarters of the 2nd Division.

Diving down into the ravine before us, we

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back upon their supports on the ridge where we now were. The enemy, warned of attack, hurriedly rein forced their first line, and waited for the Japanese. At 2.30, by which time the moon had disappeared, the whole of our line advanced and, fixing bayonets in the valley, charged the enemy. A sanguinary conflict ensued, during which, owing to the darkness, no shot was fired, cold steel on both sides being solely employed as if by mutual consent. The enemy, assailed by greatly superior numbers, made a brief stand, and then fell backward upon the main ridge. The Japanese followed them, spreading right and left in an endeavour to envelop the flanks. Daylight breaking, the Japanese pushed their attack on the flanks and gained the north and south extremities of the ridge occupied by the

to Amping, from where an offensive movement was apprehended.

The situation in the early morning, now, was that the Russians, centred on a section of the main ridge, were holding the attack pressing forward along the top of the ridge on either flank, and from low spurs which partially faced their position. The Japanese, posted at every point within range that afforded cover, were pouring a heavy converging fire upon the Russian trenches. Between our infantry and the enemy lay an open space on either side, which had to be crossed ere the position could be captured. These exposed zones were swept by so fierce a fire that charging could but result in needless waste of life. Meantime the mountain battery had opened fire upon the Russians in the valley beyond,

PIERCING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES 261

denoting the explosion of common shell.
Further firing from our front revealed two guns posted in a millet field just out of range of the enemy's rifle fire. Two of the mountain guns, relieved from the duty of protecting a flank that was no longer threatened, had descended from the ridge and traversed the valley until opposite the Russian position. Unharassed, they deliberately shelled the opposing rifle men.

Before me was a battlefield on which were clearly defined both offensive and defensive forces. The khaki-coloured Japanese were massed behind every hill, strung out in firing lines facing every little ridge, and pressing forward up every slope. The unvarying green of the hillsides was relieved only by the rock-crowned ridge upon which the Russians were

continued. At one point stood a double-lined

less iron shreds that rang and ricochctted among the boulders. Their trenches were shallow, exposed devices designed for cover from bullets, not from the devastating effect of high explosives. The guns maintained their fire, planting shell, in couples, in trench after trench, working along the front of the defence as a sower advances along a field. But instead of the promise of new life, mangled bodies and stricken men marked their path. One by one the trenches emptied. Their occupants fell back upon the sky-line, under which they crouched for cover from whistling bullet and hurtling splinter.

The moment was now propitious, and our infantry within near range sprang up and charged the Russian position, covered by the guns and a storm of rifle

PIERCING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES 263

fire into the retreating Russians, whilst the four remaining guns of the battery were remounted and placed in their previous position. The capture of the ridge brought the enemy's guns into action, their fire effectually preventing pursuit by our infantry. The mountain battery then joined in, and for some time engaged in a brisk interchange of shrapnel with the Russian artillery, which was thus partly diverted from the attack upon our successful infantry. Pursuit, however, was out of the question, for meanwhile a heavy storm had been brewing, and soon after we had taken the Russian position it burst, darkening the scene and drenching the hillsides with rain, whilst loud peals of thunder rent the air and vivid lightning flashed across the sky. It was a dramatic

down and cast a shoe at almost every step—as long as the shoes lasted, of course, for horses have but four in this country as elsewhere, even although they are three-cornered brutes. In half an hour we came to a village where a house was allotted to us. It was indescribably dirty and uninviting. With Knight of the *Morning Post* I decided to press forward and find better quarters. Knight was recently killed by the newspapers, in consequence of which he is chronically cheerful, and an excellent companion in adversity. Two miles further on we came to another village, where a Japanese officer had induced a China man to brew tea, in which we were hospitably invited to share. We then essayed to find quarters for the night. But, alas! nearly every house was crammed full of wounded Japanese and Russians, and

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This was dense with women and children. We caused a space six feet long to be marked off, and the Chinese put up an old door to divide us from the sick woman, who groaned incessantly. There was a den at one end of the house wherein cooking took place. The chimney from the fire ran under the platform, as in Korean houses, and kept it warm. Our bed for the night, therefore, served for sleeping and drying our wet clothes. It was a new experience, stripping off our sodden clothing before so many staring, interested eyes, but we felt that delicacy would be unseasonable, and certainly unwelcome, for the least we could do for our unwilling hosts was to satisfy as much as possible of their curiosity about our personal economy. We were the first white men they had ever seen, though Ingwa (English) was an expression they all knew

pressed. But campaigning forces the necessities of others upon one. In the middle of the night a modest voice awoke us ; it said the speaker was one of a party of Japanese soldiers, drenched to the skin, who had just arrived in a starving condition, having eaten nothing since morning. Might they use our fireplace to cook their rice? It was impossible to say them nay, and soon I was turning from side to side in the torment of slow roasting. The soldiers, cheered by the warmth, waxed merry, and piled up the Chinaman's firewood until a great blaze illuminated the kitchen, and the shadows flickered upon the walls of the room in which slept heathen and Christian in close proximity. I watched the shadows and listened to the grunts of the sleeping men, the sighs of the women, the occasional squeals of the children, and the moaning of

PIERCING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES 267

quite different, the meaning conveyed is the same.

Whether the conversation was concrete or abstract

I know not, but I know that mutual comprehension

existed, and that the Chinese brought what the

soldiers wanted; whereas I had toiled infinitely

before I could bring them to understand that I

wanted only hot water. Actually I had to boil it

myself before they understood, and then they under

stood with every wrinkle on their faces, every muscle

in mouth, eyes, and forehead. A Chinaman fairly

beams with intelligence when he understands. But

up to that point he is a graven image for stupidity.

I furnished the soldiers with tea and helped them to

drink it. The Chinese for tea—"Cha"—is the same

as the world-wide-known Hindustanee word, but the

Chinese pronunciation is rather different

spectively. During the morning the Guards, some miles to the south, had maintained a tremendous artillery duel with the force in opposition. Despite full use of the ten batteries at its disposal, no permanent impression could be made upon the Russian defence. General Kuroki, who held a brigade in reserve, ready to succour the totally committed 2nd Division in case of need, now diverted this force to assist the Guards, all danger of a counter attack upon General Nishi having passed. Prior to the arrival of reinforcements the Guards' infantry had succeeded in breaking the enemy's line. But the Russians being strengthened from the rear the position of the attackers became perilous. The arrival of the brigade altered the situation, and the Guards were now capable of holding the vantage they

PIERCING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES 269

Amping they then made a determined stand in a position which defied the Japanese efforts at capture during the 26th.

Summing up the two preliminary days of the combined attack, it will be seen that the centre was wholly successful whilst the right and left were only partially so. The plan of forcing a wedge into the long line of Russian defence had proved just as effective as the surrounding tactics which, hitherto, had been mainly responsible for Japanese victories. Although our right and left were still held by the enemy, it was inevitable that defeat in the centre would influence the Russian flanks, and bring about a general retirement. The great feature *of* the movement so far had been the magnitude of the

CHAPTER XVIII

A DESPERATE NIGHT ATTACK

THE 27th dawned upon a thick white fog, which effectually stopped operations so far as my division was concerned. News having arrived that on the previous evening the other armies had pushed along the railway to a point in advance of the First Army, it was imperative that Kuroki should press forward if he was to occupy his allotted place in the attack on Laoyung. The 12th Division, therefore, had been ordered to attack by night the position they were unable to capture during the day. The superiority in range and position of the

the slopes that led to the Russian position. The way lay over stony inclines covered with thick undergrowth, which tore the clothes of the soldiers, but muffled their feet and enabled them to get close to the ridge without discovery. The foot of the ridge gained, however, the undergrowth ended, and there lay before them a precipitous climb over rocks and boulders. The scrambling amongst stones soon betrayed the Japanese to the enemy, who were prepared for attack. The Russians could not make use of their rifles owing to the darkness and the steepness of the descent before them. Their preparations consisted of large heaps of boulders piled close to the edge of the ridge.

No sooner was the presence of the Japanese disclosed than the Russian infantry began to roll

crunching of hurtling rock, and the occasional horrid thud of stone upon yielding flesh.

But the Japanese were not to be dismayed, and the greatly thinned ranks gradually neared the top.

They paused for a moment to fix bayonets, and, after one more fierce scramble upward, hurled them

selves upon the Russians. A furious *melfe* took place on the top of the ridge, during which the second

and third lines of the attacking party, unopposed,

were swarming upward to join their comrades, who

held but a precarious footing above. The reinforcements

arrived just in time, for the men of the first

line, reduced in number and greatly exhausted, were

being borne back. The new-comers dashed into the

fight with loud shouts. Both sides used bayonets

freely, officers their swords and revolvers. The fight

continued for some time, the Japanese being

A DESPERATE NIGHT ATTACK 273

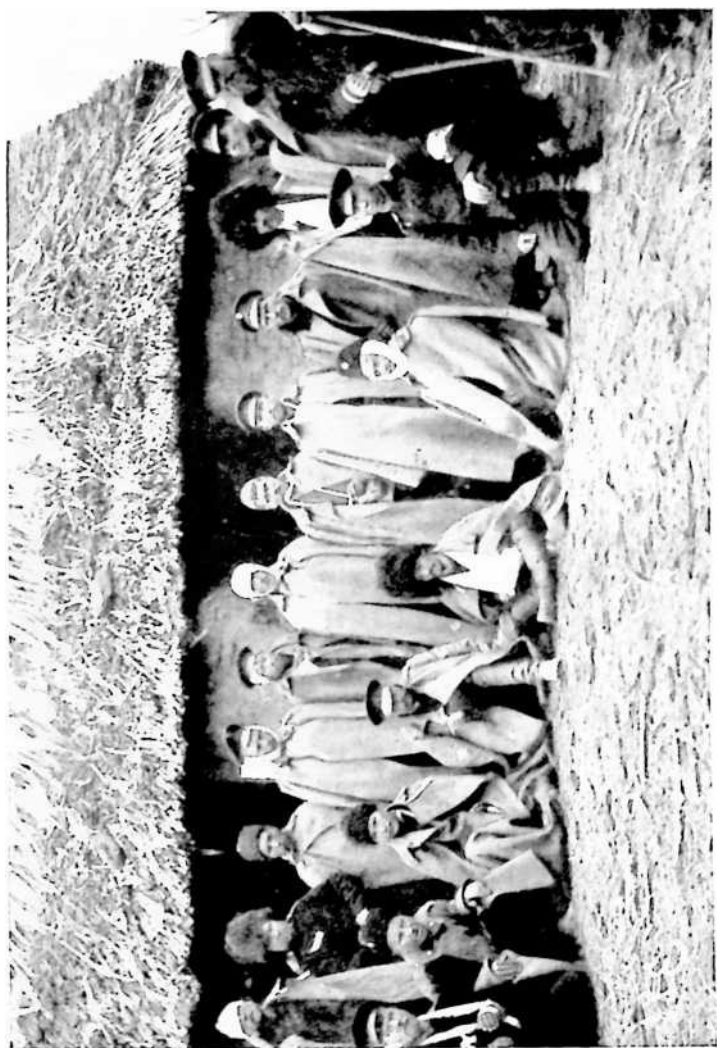
the livid flashes of many rifles. The Japanese, drunken with exultation, shouted their war-cry with out cessation, speeding every boulder and every volley with yells of savage glee. Cruel they were, for cruelly they had been used. Four hundred mangled comrades lay amongst the rocks below, the lives of the majority literally crushed out of them, the remainder wounded and broken beyond healing. It was a reversion to primal instinct. Their brothers had been squashed on the hillside as one squashes flies on a window pane. They knew no mercy, they wanted blood for blood, a life for every life, a maimed Russian for every stricken countryman.

The Russians left seven guns upon the ridge. In the darkness they could not be removed. Indeed they thought their position impregnable, and, though ready for attack, they were unprepared for defeat

paratory to marching upon Amping, their movement upon which will be referred to later in this chapter.

I now return to the Chinese village where I had spent the night. The rain had ceased, but there was left the mist that is the inveterate foe of military operations. Under cover of a fog it is possible to do some things, but hardly to advance into a country where the enemy exists in superior force. So no movement took place that morning. I contented myself with strolling about and seeing the wounded. A Japanese officer, who spoke English, told me of his share in the fighting. The commander of the regiment was killed, himself and the other two battalion commanders had been wounded. His battalion alone had lost 150 men, whilst our division lost 640 altogether. Of these there were 400 wounded

in the village. Many of them were taken to



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doing the cremating, and though there had been no ceremony, it was evident that the occasion was regarded as a solemn one.

By one o'clock the mist showed a tendency to clear, and we received orders to prepare to start.

By 1.30 we were on the way down the valley.

Turning

to the left we ascended the ravine facing the Russian

position, which we had watched throughout the

previous day. Presently we began to climb, and

now we realised how severe had been the task of the

Japanese infantry. So steep was the ascent that we

were frequently compelled to dismount and coax or

beat our horses ere they would face the more difficult

places. By the path we followed lay little heaps of

Russian dead that had been collected on the hillside

during the night, whilst wounded of both

forms of rising hills came and went. Nothing could be seen of the valleys below. It seemed as if one stood upon an island that floated high above earth, slowly drifting towards some unknown shore that threatened danger.

On my left a mountain battery was in action ready to open fire. Masses of infantry were standing amongst the Russian trenches curiously examining the debris of yesterday's fight. In the valleys below was our front line cautiously advancing and on occasion firing at objects we could not see. A movement of the fog showed our three batteries in position on a plateau a mile distant, also waiting on the weather. About three o'clock the mist began to clear, and then the batteries on the right opened fire into the distant valleys.' Hoarse words of command called the reserves to attention, and they slowly filed
ONWARD

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Then, suddenly, a gust of wind caught up the blanket of mist and tossed it aside, displaying a picture that riveted the eyes. Far away, vignettted between the shoulders of two mountains, lay a great valley traversed by a ribbon of blue water; a mosaic of fields, yellow and gold and green, formed the centre, rocks and hills and mountains the exterior.

From each valley on the nearer side of the river streamed long columns of infantry, artillery, cavalry, and baggage wagons. All were converging upon one point—a narrow bridge that spanned the rapid Tang Ho. In front of the bridge was a black mass of troops waiting to cross. The bridge itself was covered with moving figures, and beyond stretched an enormous serpentine line which, emanating from the crowded bridge, trailed west and disappeared in the hills that screened the plain of Laoyung.

enemy had a strong force posted to protect the retirement from a sudden descent by their antagonists.

Our infantry pressed forward until held by rifle and gun fire which it was impossible to withstand. Yet

we threatened the Russians to such an extent that to

expedite the crossing of the river, large bodies of them

began fording. The stream is deep and rapid, and

more than one figure was swept *off* his feet and floated

downward ere rescued. Presently two batteries

galloped along the bank on our side of the river,

evidently relieved from the duty of covering a section

of the rear. They crossed the river and immediately

took up a position in a millet field on the other side

of the bridge. Before it seemed possible they could

be ready, the guns commenced to spout the livid white

flames that catch the eye long ere the noise of

A DESPERATE NIGHT ATTACK 279

was evidently in close contact, for both Russian and Japanese shell were bursting together and filling the sky with white smoke.

Meanwhile the column retiring from the Amping valley turned the corner, leaving only a rearguard covered from the fire of the artillery on our immediate right. The guns, being now without a mark, were limbered up and cautiously brought down the zigzag road that led from their position to the valley below. On reaching level ground we confidently expected to see the drivers whip up and gallop down the road to a position whence the *inelec* at the bridge might be commanded. The gunner attaches, British and American, were speechless with expectation, and indeed it seemed an opportunity rarer than the dodo. But the Japanese horses

of infantry down a long gorge which, in the
new-born
moonlight, looked weird and fantastic. We
were
traversing a great Russian camping ground,
on
which the fires were scarce yet cold. Here and
there lay broken carts, dead horses, sacks of
corn,
and heaps of fodder. Gutted villages flanked
the
road, and timorous Chinamen skulked near,
doubtful
of trusting themselves too near the locust-like
swarm
of soldiery which so suddenly had displaced
the
dreaded Russians.

There is nothing more inspiriting than
marching
in the midst of an army. The tramp of many
feet, the laughing and talking in the ranks, the
mingling of horse and foot, the rattle of
wheels,
the keen sense of comradeship that is aroused
by
many men moving to a common impulse, are
things
once heard and felt can never be effaced from
the
mind. Following the Japanese army, these

A DESPERATE NIGHT ATTACK 281

countless shambling feet, no laughter thrilled
the
sympathies, no song stirred the emotions.
The
Japanese take their campaigning sadly, their
en
thusiasm is hidden under impenetrable
stolidity,
and it is difficult to understand that they are
men
imbued with a patriotism as intense as any
the
world has ever known. But even their
extreme
undemonstrativeness cannot quell the thrill
of con
scious life that is awakened by the sight and
sound
of marching soldiery. The few of us from the
West
were tingling to the feeling, and recollections
of

CHAPTER XIX

THE CAPTURE OF THE TANG HO

AT break of day we were mounted and marching
lx into the end of the gorge that we had entered
the previous evening. The hillsides closing upon the
line of march narrowed the way and forced a gradual
ascent up the bed of a mountain stream. Roads had
long since disappeared. In due time the steep slope
was overcome, and we found ourselves standing upon
a knife-like ridge facing the Tang Ho. General Nishi's staff was taking up a position on a low hill
near by. I craved permission, which was vouchsafed,
together with a warning to keep hidden, as the enemy's guns were believed to be directly opposite,
to post myself on a lofty peak that terminated

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turquoise upon a yellow sandy bed. On the right lay Amping and the stretch of river seen the previous afternoon. There were the mouths of the valleys from which the Russians retreated. The roads they took scarred the plain in lines converging upon one great dark space upon the river bank. On the other side of the bank was such another space of trampled ground. Yesterday there had been a bridge. To-day there was nothing but blue water and blackened stumps between the points of crossing. On my left the river ran south-west for a few miles until it crossed a plain. Here stood cavalry, artillery, and infantry in great numbers, continually being augmented from one side of the river, and continually being depleted by departures along a road that disappeared northward into the hills. These were

scanning them, I soon detected the tell-tale
trenches
overlooking their edges. The glasses revealed
mov
ing heads dotting every trench. Beyond was a
long
grassy ridge, stretching on either side of the
inter
secting valley. Here and there its slopes were
furrowed with trenches, whilst all along its
length
could be seen watching figures. Close
examination
of the valley proved it alive with Russians. At
its
entrance lay the village of Souchiatzai, whereof
each
house was shaded by tall trees and adorned by
a
garden of richly coloured flowers. Two miles up
the
valley was a busy camp, and marching
downward
from it a regiment of cavalry. In a field stood a
number of horses and a row of caissons. Near
by, a
knoll, significantly marked, betrayed the
position of
a battery. A clump of trees held a mass of
lounging
infantry.

THE CAPTURE OF THE TANG HO 285

so high that I could overlook every movement of both sides. In this I had a great advantage over the artillery on my left, which was barely one hundred feet above the level, whilst my hill was six hundred feet high. It would have paid the Japanese to have had a signaller beside us to direct the fire. So happily placed, then, I awaited the opening of a fight where the opposing forces were as distinct as the players on a stage.

Hostilities were opened in startling fashion. Watching the movement in the valley below, three hundred yards to our left, there suddenly intervened three shrapnel clouds. Instantly three loud detonations burst on the ear, and showers of shrapnel sang viciously through the air. There was a hurried scattering of men and horses, and a new assorting of positions in the valley. The reverse side of walls, the inner slopes of every knoll, and the

the Russians, plainly visible, were busily working their guns. Attacked, the Russians ceased firing into the valley, and commenced to look for the assailing guns. Their shells burst here, and there, and everywhere but in the right place. Much as there is lacking in the Japanese artillery, it can never be said that the officers do not understand the selection and concealment of positions. The enemy vainly endeavoured to locate our battery, being themselves, meantime, subjected to continuous fire from the six Japanese guns. In the Russian accounts of the artillery fighting at the Yalu, an officer boasted that his men stood to their guns as if on parade. In action the Japanese gunners crouch about their guns like monkeys, and never show nose above earthwork, save when imperative. Presumably Russian officers will learn some day that parade methods in action



THE CAPTURE OF THE TANG HO 287

in rear, where a field of mealies swallowed them up.

This movement was not clearly visible to the battery,

but it caused considerable astonishment to the attaches

and journalists on my hill. The battery continued

firing, and almost immediately after the first company

had gone, the remainder of the line, like one man,

rose up and fled into the mealies, leaving the battery

to waste ammunition on an empty trench.

We estimated the force in the mealies at a battalion, and presumed they meant to stay there

and return to the trench when necessity arose. But

no; the white linen coats began emerging from the

further side of the mealie field and running up a

ravine which led nowhere so far as we could see. In

the ravine a halt was called, and when the first

company was complete, there was a general massed

movement upward. The next terrace stood

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been thrown overboard, and the best runners were in front.

We watched this performance with keen interest, waiting for the moment when the battery would catch sight of the Russians toiling slowly upward.

At last they came into view ; the guns below roared out afresh and white clouds appeared amid the climbers. They dispersed wildly, scrambling hither and thither to escape the cruel leaden hail.

Several figures dropped, but were helped by the others. Some lay still. The remainder of the battalion continued climbing and were soon exposed to the guns.

The hillside was now covered with linen coats, moving upward in frantic haste, stumbling and scrambling over the rocks and coarse vegetation. Common sense told them, in emergency, what their drill-book does not emphasise—the value of extension under

THE CAPTURE OF THE TANG HO 289

on their arms, and commenced their melancholy task. They found several wounded in the trench and picked up others on the slope. The dead were left to the mercy of Mother Earth.

Hardly had the scene enacted on the Russian right come to an end when its counterpart was presented on the left. Whilst examining the slopes to the north-east of our position, two companies of infantry, among whom an officer in white uniform was conspicuous, were observed to emerge from a ravine and march out to the crest of a ridge. From there they boldly advanced down the slope towards the trenches fronting the river. So far they had been hidden by the lie of the land from our guns near Amping. But coming into view they were saluted by a salvo of shrapnel. Ere the reports reached us the formation of both companies was

thickly dotted the line of retreat. The successive flashes of bursting shrapnel twinkled brilliantly and incessantly against the green slopes, and the roar of the guns rolled remorselessly through the valley.

These were two cruel episodes that almost defy explanation. Foreign attaches around me were indignant at what they openly termed the cowardice of the Russians. But it seemed to me something different. Panic it might have been, but hardly cowardice, for I have seen the Russians show themselves gallant and fearless too often during the last few months to characterise them so severely. The explanation probably exists in the carelessness and inefficiency of the officers, which lie at the root of all the Russian disasters. The positions entrenched were proper ones for the defence of the river. But no care had been taken to build trenches that

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we witnessed a disgraceful and apparently cowardly retreat.

Our guns now carefully searched all the ground facing us preparatory to the crossing of the river.

The infantry in the corn below had waked up and

was falling into line. Presently they advanced to

the edge of the gowliang in four columns, two front

ing the Russian left under the guns near Amping,

and two facing the enemy's right. Simultaneously

they emerged from cover and dashed forward across

the river bed in long lines. As they entered the water they were saluted by a storm of fire from

the high ridges and from forces concealed in the

valley beyond Souchiatzai. The bullets hissed in

the water that surged past the legs of the soldiers.

The stream was rapid and deep, and covered first

knees, then hips, and finally reached the

fire from the Russian infantry in a wood some distance up the valley. Suddenly the running figure tumbled into a heap and lay still. Instead of avoiding danger he had run straight into it. The Japanese, streaming out of the water, hurried into the village for cover. The cavalry that, earlier, I had seen leave camp, were in the gowliang beyond, and they now began retiring. In doing so they had to cross an open space which exposed them to the guns. They came out in batches of a dozen, and galloped for cover under a rain of shrapnel. One horseman came down with a crash. The man got up, but the horse struggled vainly to regain his feet. Three cavalry men came back and tried to raise the stricken animal, but he rose only to fall again. The man then mounted behind a comrade, and was borne out of danger. Several times similar cases occurred, sometimes the man being wounded and

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again, and poured so hot a fire into them that they had to retire upon a nullah on the north side of the valley. Across the valley there then ensued a tremendous fusillade, proving the Russians in great force on the southern slopes. Our columns on the right found little opposition, and were swinging south and west in support of the other two, which were blocked near Souchiatzai. The enemy had thus demonstrated that their line of retreat lay between the ridges running south-west to the cross valley through which ran the Mandarin Road. Until evening the Russians retired with great deliberation, and in the face of only moderately pushed pursuit. In pressing forward, our infantry was without the assistance of guns, and at a disadvantage in following the enemy along a valley prepared for rearguard

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a height proved to be 300 or 400 yards in breadth.

We found a place to ford where the water came no

higher than our horses' bellies. In the moonlight the

horses plunged in, and churned the rippling water

with their tramping feet. There were corpses floating

by—Russian or Japanese we could not see. A dead

horse, stranded on a snag, made an obstruction over

which the water foamed and rushed loudly.

Then

we reached the fires on the bank, and passed through

them towards a Chinese village behind. There we

found a house, out of which the occupiers

CHAPTER XX

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES

THE capture of the Tang Ho positions had entailed arduous marching, poor feeding, continuous exposure, and little sleep for the soldiers. General Kuroki's troops were greatly fatigued and sadly in need of rest. The 29th of August came as an interlude, for on that day there was no fighting and very little marching. It was, however, a day of supreme importance to Japanese strategy, for it witnessed the final moves prior to the general attack on Laoyung.

On the 29th General Nishi marched northward, parallel with the left bank of the Tang Ho, for about five miles when our scouts ran into the

upon the broad bosom of the Tang Ho. The
little
valley was bounded by steep rocky hillsides,
that
garnered up the sunshine and kept the cold
winds of
winter from blasting the abundant vegetation.
Every
square inch of arable land was cultivated by
the
diligent Chinese. Gardens with flowers and
fruit
surrounded each cottage. A joyous burn
romped
down towards the river, and in a limpid pool I
washed
myself clean of the grime of five days'
marching.
And no sooner was I clothed and my own man
again than I perceived the arrival of my
baggage.
Ere long I was sitting in the door of my tent
drink
ing the tea of Darjeeling and blessing the day I
was
born. Yet whilst inhaling the peace and beauty
of
this sylvan scene the air was reverberating to
the
boom of distant cannon. Deep sound surged
among

higher until at last I fell face forward upon
the sky
line, and gazed into the north upon a never-
to-be-
forgotten panorama.

Eight miles distant, a black hazy mass
amidst the
yellow of ripening corn, lay the city of
Laoyung.
Its dark and forbidding walls formed an
immense
parallelogram, the rigid lines of which were
relieved
at intervals by pagoda-like erections that
marked the
various gates. Near the north-west corner a
lofty
tower reared its ornamented head high above
the
plain, and, just beyond, rows of bright new
ware
houses gleamed in the sun and indicated the direc-
tion of the iron road that links Asia to Europe.
West of the railway a great balloon of
sheening silk
careened in the wind. South-west from the
city a
noble lion of rock lay couchant on the plain,
its
crest topped by a flashing, diamond-like

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me that hundreds of deep-voiced cannon
belched
smoke and fire from the skirting valleys and
from
the pleasant fields that fronted the city. As yet I
could not see horse, foot, or artillery. But
within
range of sight they lay to the number of nigh
half
a million men—some busy at their guns, others
marching into position, many at their stations.
The
magnitude, the significance of the issues which
this
scene suggested, almost paralysed the mind.
The
concentrated energy of two great races was
here
collected to contend, the one part against the
other,
for supremacy. At stake was the destiny of the
Orient.

With my binoculars I swept the expanse
before
me and endeavoured to pick out details of the
vast
panorama. So far I saw only a great picture
that
conveyed but a general impression. It was a
picture
full of life and incident, as the glasses speedily

heliograph. East of Soushan a low ridge crossed the plain running south-east towards me, until it plunged into the mountains, on one of which I lay.

The Russian position began at Soushan, and stretched along the ridge until it entered the mountains. Here

a mountainous ridge ran from east to west until it reached the Tang Ho. This ridge was the left of

the Russian position. The Russian guns were firing from the southern slopes of Soushan, and from the ridge crossing the plain. In this ridge were gaps

occupied by fields of maize and millet. In the growing corn were many batteries. Where the line of

defence struck the mountains the artillery was posted

in positions commanding the debouching valleys.

The hills flanking the valleys were scarred by tiers

of trenches filled with men. My view enfiladed

the ridge and the Tang Ho was a strip of plain. Here lay two batteries watching the river bank. In front of them, in a village, a regiment of cavalry was stationed, and beyond that an advance post, composed of a battery and a squadron, kept guard. The Russian line was shaped like a semicircle, one horn resting on Soushan, the other on the Tang Ho.

The Japanese disposition is easily explained. The three armies formed a semicircular line that fitted close to the Russian line. The Second Army, numbering three divisions, having marched from Dalny, was on our left, attacking Soushan and endeavouring to turn the Russian right. The Fourth Army, landed at Takushan, and marching through Suiyen, was in the centre and attacking the ridge in the plain. Kuroki, on the right, faced the Russian left, our Guards in touch and attacking in conjunction with the Fourth Army.

Though Japanese shell was being rained

ambulance wagons waiting for their
gruesome burdens. Battalion upon
battalion of infantry marched
here and there, in and out of the tall
millet stalks. Near the city were
enormous camps, from which
stretched columns of troops and
transport, moving to the positions
in front.

Until the shadow of night began to
cover up this momentous scene we
watched. All day the firing had
been incessant, and the noise so
great that the tympanum of the
ear became dull and refused,
almost, to hear. Only when a
momentary pause took place in
the cannonade did one become
conscious of the contrast between
sound and stillness. We could
detect no difference in the
relative positions of attackers
and attacked. The white shrapnel
clouds still floated in the
evening where they had
flecked

had begun, and our camp for the night was many miles distant. If I was to witness the dash on the Russian communications, upon the success or failure of which depended the result of Japanese strategy throughout the campaign, I must follow the First Army.

During the day the European spectators had numbered fifteen, attaches and journalists combined. I now found that there were only three of us left—the German and Swedish attaches, and myself. The Japanese officer in attendance on us had escorted the others campward some time before. For us three who had been so engrossed by the proceedings he had left as guide, philosopher, and friend, one Ishido, a cavalryman of rounded face and figure, and crimson riding-breeches. Ishido's eyes sparkled keenly when we girded on our respective equipments.

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Ishido trotted down the valley where we had
camped
the night before. Arrived on the bank of the
Tang
Ho we searched for a ford, and after some
trouble
found the place where the 2nd Division had
crossed
during the day. Captain Hoffmann bestrode a
big
Australian charger, Captain Haegert a leggy
half-
bred Japanese, animals which gave them a
great
advantage in a deep river. My little Chinese
pony,
however, breasted the flood as pluckily as if
he were
a camel, and though gingerly perched on his
back
with my knees tucked up on his withers, he
landed me safely, and moderately dry.

In the middle of the stream we met a batch
of
Chinamen, stripped to the buff, and carrying
their
clothes on their heads. The absence of
bridges
troubles them little, and it does not detract
from the
pleasure they take in fording rivers that they

that divided the plain from the mountainous country in rear. But the accomplishment of this object was no easy matter, for the gowliang proved to be a regular quagmire. Hoffmann, six-foot-three, and his sixteen-hand horse floundered deeply in the mud, and we tried again and again before we won through.

We were now, as we imagined, not far from the valley where the 2nd Division was halted for the night. Ishido had consulted with some other men in crimson trousers, and also with several grey-bearded wiseacres of a village which we passed. He led the way into the fast falling night with an unconcern that cheered our somewhat drooping spirits. He pointed to a low hill in front, and then indicated with a grunt that our destination was the valley beyond. We congratulated each other, and

my Castle of Inverness. In return I solemnly promised to shoot polar bears in the north of Sweden, and buck in the Black Forest, on the very first occasion that I visited the Continent.

Thus beguiling the way, we came to a steep hill, at the foot of which Ishido paused—three pairs of eyes keenly watching to see whether in doubt, or if merely to discriminate betwixt two obvious ways of ascending. Hoffmann and Haegert had known Ishido before, and had told me, when I saw him for the first time, that he knew no European language; and I knew they could not speak Japanese. But Ishido, to my eyes, seemed to dwell rather, and the same idea struck both the others, for they began to talk quickly to him in their own languages, and I am not sure that I did not punctuate their remarks with the expressions that come naturally to the tongue of an old soldier. Anyhow, Ishido dropped off his

more in sorrow than in anger; and from being leader of our little band Ishido became rearguard. Hoffmann, being the possessor of a compass, went ahead, our intention being to make for the lowest part of the mountains in front and to cross over to our camp, which was obviously on the other side.

Slowly and laboriously we climbed upward, our footsteps, for it was too steep to ride, lit by the rays of a feeble moon. It took us an hour to reach the top, and then we looked down into a dark gorge, the bottom of which we could not see. Nevertheless faith was strong within us, and we decided to descend, and eat the supper that must surely be ready. It looked rather steep, but there were marks of horses' feet which encouraged us.

Hoffmann continued to lead, I followed, then came Haecert. and finally Ishido. As we advanced

tiated the flat rock by a wide detour, in making which I lost sight of the rest, but was kept aware of their neighbourhood by what they said to their horses in loud tones.

In fact, we were in a nasty place, and it began to look as if further progress were impossible. Then

Hoffmann fell down a precipice, which he informed us in broken tones was more than twenty feet high.

He warned us not to come further, but Haegert insisted on going to help him, whilst I held Haegert's horse, calculating that my own would remain still.

After a quarter of an hour Haegert, Hoffmann, and his horse were beside me again, and I went to look

for my own horse, which had broken away and disappeared along the path we had come. It was a

very melancholy party that groped its way back to

tops, stumbling, clambering, crawling. Then
we saw
a light and discovered a hut, whence issued a
tribe
of furious dogs, followed by a party of cut-
throat
Hunguses. I was indifferent whether it was
my
fate to be eaten by the dogs, or to be
garrotted by
the bandits. I certainly would not have
disputed
for my life, and indeed it was almost
disappointing
that the sight of the swords, and Ishido's
crimson
pantaloons, made the Chinese villains keen to
be rid
of us. They jumped at the opportunity of
furnish
ing a guide, and presently we were following
an
elderly limb of Satan, who swung a paper
lantern on
the end of a stick to light the path.

It was a path that nothing less than broad
day
could light effectually. It struck me that I was
glad
; had not to travel upon it by day, for there
were

But the mailed fist held him, and the sword of Ishido worked in its scabbard. Truly it was a horrible road we took, and almost as severe as the road were the statements made in its condemnation by the others of the party. For several hours I listened to cursing and swearing in German and Chinese, Swedish and Japanese, saying nothing myself, owing to the inadequacy of the English language, yet inwardly corroborating all I heard.

At two in the morning we were crawling along a valley, when we came to a great encampment. Blazing fires stirred by wakeful pickets cast a red glow over phalanxes of recumbent figures. The bayonets on the rows of piled arms flashed and flickered in the leaping light. Horses whinnied a salutation

CHAPTER XXI

KUROKI'S FLANK MOVEMENT AT LAOYUNG

AFTER the capture of the Tang Ho positions, our army was disposed as follows :—The Guards Division, on the left, was reinforced by one of the spare brigades, and two battalions from the 2nd Division. The 2nd Division, in the centre, was minus the two battalions lent to the Guards. The 12th Division, on the right, was reinforced by the other of the spare brigades. The three batteries of field artillery, lent to the Guards prior to the capture of the Tang Ho, were now returned, so that each division possessed its proper complement of guns, viz. six batteries of field guns each to the Guards and

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Tang Ho, and moved into the apex of the angle formed by the Tang Ho and the Taitse, leaving the spare brigade at Ponchiho, far on the right, to take care of a force of 7,000 or 8,000 Russians threatening our flank from the Mukden Road.

On August 30th the 12th Division made the preliminary move of the flanking operation by which Marshal Oyama designed to cut off the retreat of the enemy, and force them into a decisive battle.

Marching eastward throughout the day, the Twelfth reached the Taitse, where it bends to the south near Kankwantung, and crossed by fording the same night. Simultaneously the Second crossed the Tang Ho and took up the position vacated by the Twelfth in the morning, whilst the Guards extended eastward to fill up the front left vacant by the 2nd Division. These movements were effected without

Meantime the Second was marching to the ford, and on the night of the 31st it also crossed the Taitse, joining forces with the Twelfth. The pioneers of the two divisions then threw a pontoon bridge across the river, by which the artillery was moved over and placed in the positions already prepared.

The flanking move was now complete, and it only needed daylight of September 1st to inaugurate the attack. But Kuroki's army was divided, a division, a brigade, and two battalions remaining west of the Tang Ho, whilst two weak divisions were upon the north bank of the Taitse, completely beyond the reach of succour from the forces investing Laoyung. A gap of fifteen miles of rough country, the Tang Ho, and the Taitse separated Kuroki from the rest of the Japanese army. The Russians had thrown away

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have proved totally inadequate. To those knowing Kuroki's position it seemed inconceivable that the Russians did not swoop down upon him ; and hardly less conceivable that Marshal Oyama should have jeopardised so considerable a proportion *of* his forces upon an undertaking that lacked the essential elements of success. The Japanese Commander-in-Chief may have been justified by the knowledge that the Russians permit liberties which an enterprising foe would turn to advantage. But he will find it hard to explain why he took a liberty, regardless of consequences, at a point where was the crux of the whole situation.

Across the Taitse from Kankwantung is a high hill surmounted by an old Chinese castle. In the shadow of the ruined masonry General Kuroki and his staff

Intelligence surveyed the expanse before him
through

a telescope that magnified like a microscope.

Upon the science of modern military method
there

looked down the old crenellated walls. Their
pride

had been broken long years ago, for what
were brave

defences in the yesterday of centuries were
now but

heaps of tumbled stone. This old keep, in past
times,

defied great armies ; to-day it would prove but
a

trap for an unwary commander. Conquering
Manchus

garrisoned this castle in days gone by;
bowmen and

spearman tramped along its stone-flagged
galleries.

But to-day a telephone-using general sits on
the fallen

masonry, and the shriek of high velocity
projectiles

echoes among the ruined walls.

Under an old bastion I stationed myself, not
far

distant from the staff, confident that the hard-
worked,

vet. friendly and sympathetic Chief. General

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clearly visible passing up and down the track. Each truck, each wheel, the firemen on the engines, could be discerned through glasses. To tear up this iron road that seemed so near, and render it impassable to troop or transport trains, was our object. But those ten miles of waving corn held ten times ten thousand Russians, specially devoted to the protection of the precious railway and the numerous flanking roads that afforded means of retreat to a beaten enemy.

At our feet lay the village of Kwantung, and a little to the right of it a wave in the cornfields proclaimed a low ridge breaking the monotony of the level plain. A second glance showed that a deep nullah scored the nearer side of this rising ground, The nullah was crowded with men, horses, and wagons, and its western lip was fringed with cannon.

Here were posted the thirty-six guns of the

centred in the mass of mountains bordering the Taitse, and blocking the view of Laoyung. The nearest point of these mountains was a mound 200 feet high, hereafter called No. 131, that rose from the water's edge and afforded an excellent position for the enemy's guns. In the plain fronting the mountains, and 1,200 yards north-east of No. 131, stood Manjayama, an eminence 150 feet high. It possessed a flat top 500 yards long and 100 broad at its widest part, its circumference at the base measuring perhaps 2,000 yards. This insignificant hillock turned out to be the key to the Russian position, a key of which the Japanese managed to possess themselves by a dashing attack, but which they were unable to turn in the lock for want of strength. In the hands of the Russians it dominated the line of advance upon the railway; in Japanese

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that plunged into the gowliang, and were lost to sight. On the Russian side I could pick out small bodies of men moving hither and thither in and out of the patches of tall maize and millet. Rifle shots cracked out now and then, and occasionally would come the grunt of a volley. Gradually the massed infantry before me lessened in number, only to appear further on at some new point nearer the enemy. Presently two batteries limbered up and crawled along the road that disappeared into the yellow corn. Half an hour afterwards they came into action at the edge of a field, where their movements were hidden from the enemy by the wall of tall stalks. Then the rifle fire increased, and the Russian advanced parties were seen falling back before the slow encroachment of the Japanese infantry.

of the exploding shell struck harshly on the ear, then came the eight sustained screams from the speeding bullets, and finally the deep, accumulating booming of the guns themselves. I kept my eyes glued upon the Japanese gunners, watching for the effect of the scythe-like shrapnel. But those manning their pieces worked like machines, undisturbed by the tornado of lead that swept the air above; I saw no man falter. But a train of pack-ponies was threading its way along a path in the crops towards a shady clump of trees standing in rear of the guns. The animals bunched comfortably in shelter, only to scatter like frightened sheep as a blast of shrill-voiced bullets swept overhead. Two fell, one to lie still, the other to kick and vainly struggle to regain its feet.

Thus indicated, it became possible to trace the effect of the Russian fire. The shells appeared

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The Russians fired in the course of the day shells estimated at between 1,000 and 2,000 in number, at a position where men and guns were plainly visible. Yet the Japanese casualties amounted to one man killed and seven wounded. Some days later, when visiting the Russian gun positions, I discovered the reason of such indifferent shooting. Looked at from the Russian side, the clump of trees appeared to grow upon the ridge where our guns were. As a matter of fact, the trees were a full four hundred yards behind the ridge. The Russians evidently took their range from the trees, with the result recorded. Somehow one feels certain that the Japanese would not have erred to such a ridiculous extent.

No less interesting was the effect of our own artillery fire. I followed it carefully at one period in the morning when Manjayama was heavily

hole in the green slope, and soon the ground was dotted like a pepperpot. Meanwhile the Russian infantry were running. As usual, their trenches were not of the sort to protect them from artillery fire. They started out of the trenches in batches and made frantic dashes for the further side of the hill. Frequently they miscalculated the proper moment, or rather the Japanese gunners were too cunning for them. A shell would burst and scatter; then out came the Russians, hoping to get away before the next came. But when the Japanese tumbled to this procedure they fired a single shell, and a salvo a few seconds after. One shell dropped right amongst a bunch of five men. When the smoke beared I saw four figures lying prone, and one sitting up, apparently unable to move. Then, as I looked came a runner, who took the wounded man on his back and slowly bore him away. But another shell came and rescuer and rescued

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they were within striking distance, and the artillery prepared for the assault by a sustained bombardment from all the guns. The enemy's artillery increased their fire upon our gun position, but were unable to do much damage to our infantry, who, roughly entrenching as they advanced, were concealed by the crops. The fire of so many guns has an awesome effect upon the spectator, who feels small and humbled by the terribleness of the sound, and the thought that human life counts as nothing before the relentless hail that is the consequence of each discharge. A rifle bullet is comparatively friendly; it is small and merciful, and has a human eye behind it, not far distant. But shells, coming from miles away, are sped into space irresponsibly to deal death and destruction. They have lost the human attribute, have gone from human control, their

rent by a crashing volley, and a thousand voices shouted hoarsely. The Japanese were in the open, fronting the Russian position. The enemy had hastily fired into the line of figures that showed abruptly on the edge of the millet field facing them.

The Russians had cleared a space of some hundreds of yards in front of their trenches. The twelve foot millet stalks had been broken twenty inches from the ground and then pressed over, one across the other, until they formed an obstruction as formidable as any wire entanglement. Upon the edge of this prepared space the Japanese found themselves when they had passed through the cover. Their answer to the Russian volley was a shout of defiance as they dashed headlong into the open, across which they could see thousands of Russian eyes behind the spurting rifles. The Russians

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tangling millet, only to find their brave and willing feet hindered and tripped, their onset stayed by the cunning device. As they struggled forward the greedy bullets took heavy toll, and the nearer they approached the Russian line of fire the faster men fell. It was an impossible attack; again came a scrambling retirement. The Japanese attempt had failed. The Russian line was not to be pierced.

Throughout the day that part of our line occupied by the 12th Division had kept up a steady pressure on the Russians. The mountain guns were busily employed harassing the opposing infantry, ever keeping them on the *qui vive* against a sudden dash towards the railway. As the attack developed and the moment of assault grew nigh the Japanese reserves were thrown into the front line, and firing all along became incessant. There was a double object in this. It was, no doubt, clear to the Russians that the impending Japanese attack

in their line that they were able to repel, as I have described, the Japanese attack. They feared, however, to follow up the rebuff owing to the tactics of their opponents.

These tactics were intended to induce the Russians to believe that Kuroki had with him a very large force ; and they were eminently successful, as I have the best authority for stating that the Russians thought the flanking force numbered six divisions.

But, as we know, the situation was very different.

Throughout the day Kuroki's staff were in great anxiety, for they found themselves confronted with

a greatly superior force, whilst their line of retreat

might at any moment be broken by a downpour of

rain that would render the Taitse unfordable.

They

had only one course open—to bluff the Russians.

This they did to the fullest extent, employing every

KUROKI'S FLANK MOVEMENT 325

The Japanese position was one of jeopardy. They dared not desist for a moment from pressing upon the enemy and keeping up the appearance of being heavily backed. Nor could they lose sight of the fact that they were there for the purpose of striking at the railway, though it is difficult to think that General Kuroki did not realise from the beginning that his task was an impossible one. The repulse of the afternoon was an expensive episode, but it must be repeated lest worse befell. The Japanese prepared to attack at night, a form of fighting in which, as we have seen, they are particularly expert, owing to their remarkable discipline and the laboriousness with which they study conditions beforehand.

Waiting until the moon went down, the Japanese infantry went forward with great caution.

From

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in command had lost touch with his men, and it became necessary to rally the attacking line. In every direction flickering lines of flame showed companies engaged in firing heavily into the darkness. The Japanese commander could not tell which were his own men and which the Russians. It was a dangerous moment; a stroke of genius was needed to turn a *melt's* into a concentrated attack. The enemy on Manjayama were fast collecting their wits and the advantage of surprise was momentarily decreasing.

Suddenly there rang out, loud and clear, above the noisy fusillade, the Japanese bugle-call, "Cease fire."

Instantly every Japanese rifle was silent. In a second the Japanese commander took in the situation, and touch was re-established between the broken links of the attacking line. Then came the brisk call

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to be caught at a disadvantage. Whilst they slept in fancied security, the Japanese were crouching to spring. If the Russians had remained in the positions they had so firmly defended in the afternoon, a successful night attack would have been out of the question. But with characteristic insouciance they contented themselves with a line of pickets that was swept away like chaff before the wind, and afforded no brief respite for the main body to rally.

Manjayama must now be retaken, at whatever cost. Throughout September 2nd the Russians made several fruitless efforts to push home a counter attack. But the possession of Manjayama enabled the Japanese to contract their front and concentrate their infantry upon the eminence. Their artillery was moved forward, whence from different points the guns commanded No. 131, which now formed the enemy's

of the Russians escaping to relate the disaster that had overcome them. On September 3rd the Russians again made strenuous efforts to storm Manjayama, but without success. At night they made still further attacks, which resulted in a scene of dreadful slaughter, but left the Japanese unshaken. On the 4th the Russians contented themselves with holding the Japanese attack, and at night they evacuated No. 131, thereafter falling back towards the railway and joining in the general retirement.

Returning to the general aspect of the situation —on the night of the 31st Kuropatkin, realising the attempt upon his flank, withdrew the 10th Army Corps from Laoyung, and ordered it across the Paitse to support the three divisions already there. The reinforcements arrived during the night of the 1st and joined in all the subsequent attacks on



A TRENCH NEAR MANJAYAMA

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army was no longer in danger, though it was not strong enough to effect the object for which it had been diverted from the main attack.

On the 5th I went over Manjayama, but found myself unable to make a careful examination of the scene, owing to the horrible sights which met the eye in every direction, and the overwhelming stench that assailed the nostrils. One of our party was so overcome that he vomited, and had to be led away. Dead bodies lay everywhere, swollen and blackened, all rotting in the hot sun. Many were literally torn to pieces by shell explosions, whilst the ground was saturated with blood. The Japanese were busy cremating their own men and burying the Russians, tasks that occupied them for some days.

Throughout the ist Manjayama had been shelled

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indeed, they found more than they could do in the rear. The sufferings endured during those few days are appalling to contemplate. The infantry in the firing line also went through a time of terrible trial. For days they had nothing to eat but dry rice, and water was unprocurable. All the time they lay close in the trenches, subjected to a

CHAPTER XXII

THE ARTILLERY LESSONS OF THE WAR

A FEATURE of the campaign has been the overwhelmingly important part played by artillery. In every action of any magnitude guns have been employed with notable effect. The qualities of various types of guns and of different kinds of shell, the value of concealment and choice of position and of indirect fire, in fact, the significance of every phase of artillery tactics has been fully tested. Many considerations suggest themselves for remark, but the one that transcends every other is that artillery fire is as essential to modern warfare as rifle fire. There have been frequent illustrations of the potency of guns both in

might have resulted differently. At Towan the thirteen Japanese batteries overwhelmed the four

opposed to them and cleared the way for the infantry. On the right bank of the Tang Ho the Russians made a determined stand against the column wedging its way into their line of defence.

When they threatened the Japanese flank, a moun

tain battery, marched over almost inaccessible country, checked the movement and turned the balance when the issue was in doubt. Two guns from the same battery intervened at a point where

the Japanese were blocked, and turned the Russians

out of the trenches they were defending so obstin

ately. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely showing that, whilst infantry must always form the

bulk of an army, artillery is as necessary to it as bones are necessary to the human body.

Granting, then, the indispensability of the artillery

arm, the question arises, What is required in a gun,

and in what direction should efforts be made to perfect this branch of military service ? The present

war teems with lessons, lessons that have been

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on the field of battle. There is no limit to the ideal size of gun except that imposed by the difficulties of transportation. The most effective gun, it has been amply demonstrated in Manchuria, is the biggest possible gun compatible with the field artillery degree of mobility.

The Russian field gun is a much heavier piece than the Japanese, throwing a 14L lb. projectile, as against 11 lb., nearly 1,500 yards further. And though not a true quick-firer, according to latest ideas, it is capable of being fired much more quickly than the Japanese weapon, which has no contrivance for relieving the axle of the strain of the recoil. The drag-shoes on the wheels of the Japanese guns certainly keep the gun remarkably steady under fire, but there is always the necessity to relay it after each discharge. The advantages of a heavier shell and a greater range are self-evident. It has been

Japanese and Russian artillery, it is impossible to avoid reference to the limitations imposed upon that of the former by the inadequacy of the draught-power employed. The great weakness of the Japanese army lies in its artillery. Perhaps the lightness of the guns might be counterbalanced, to some extent, by the attainment of greater mobility, by the facility with which they could be galloped hither and thither, or placed at points inaccessible to heavier guns. But most conspicuous of the disadvantages of the Japanese artillery is its hopeless and almost pathetic immobility. More than once have I, in company with gunner officers, eagerly awaited the advent of the field artillery where its presence would instantly alter a situation where every circumstance in the field of battle cried out for the

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gunnery; *of* that we have had ample demonstration in Manchuria. The superiority of their weapon has given the Russians a tremendous advantage over the Japanese. But the latter held their own, and more, throughout the earlier stages of the campaign, partly owing to numerical superiority, but chiefly because their skill as gunners greatly exceeded that of the Russians. The Japanese proved themselves better range-finders, better shots, more cunning in concealment, more astute in choice of position, and more indefatigable in overcoming engineering difficulties. What would have happened at Laoyung if the belligerents had exchanged guns (and horses and drivers) one can only conjecture. And what will happen when Japan fights again, her batteries properly horsed, her drivers increased in

hinge the result of every battle of the future, as has hinged the result of every big fight in the present war.

These remarks naturally suggest a glance at the condition of the artillery of our own Army, and also at that of our nearest neighbour. France has recently rearmed with a gun which has no superior in the world—save one. A rupture in our present happy relations with the French Government is, indeed, a remote contingency. But for the sake of argument let it be imagined that the armies of Great Britain and France are facing each other on the field of battle. The French forces would be composed of multitudes of trained infantrymen, backed by the splendid gun just mentioned. The British forces would consist of crowds of untrained volunteers, leavened by a few regular soldiers and supported by a gun—well, the gun with which our field artillery

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detracts in a dangerous degree from the fighting value of an army.

That the gun with which our artillery is armed at present is little more than a popgun, in comparison with the weapons of other Powers, needs little demonstration. Its effective range is 4,000 yards; the utmost speed with which it can be aimed and fired, even when fitted with the Clarke spade for diminishing recoil, is six rounds per minute. Besides which the rifling of the guns used in South Africa is much worn, a fact that greatly interferes with accurate shooting. The French, German, Russian, Austrian, and Italian guns all throw heavier projectiles—our 15-pounder throws a shell that weighs only 14 lbs. 1 oz.—effective at greater ranges, whilst the artillery of the two first-named is genuinely quick-firing, and that of Russia partially so. If the correctness of

armed with magazine rifles ? Yet it would be tantamount to doing so if we asked our present artillery to face quick-firers.

Let us rearm our artillery with the best gun we can get is the obvious lesson which this war teaches us. And the one gun which is better than the French gun, where is it to be found ? There lies the irony of the situation. It is we who have* that gun ; it actually exists in ones and twos in our own Army to-day, and maybe will exist in the Indian Army in a few years, and perhaps in the British Army when the War Office wakes up, and the Treasury is full of money, and the millennium is upon us.

There is the debated question as to what degree of mobility is desirable in a field gun. Our military authorities have settled that so far as to begin the rearmament of our artillery in India with the new gun, which represents a great advance upon pre

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they are to regain ground lost at bad 'places. But it means that the lightness which enables the present 15-pounder field gun to be drawn at a trot, and on occasion at a canter or the so-called gallop, has been sacrificed to weight. In the new gun we have a weapon that weighs more behind the team than any other field gun in the world, but which throws a heavier projectile to a greater distance at a quicker rate than any other in the world. Doubtless the actual weight of the gun and the heavy fittings for absorbing the recoil will make it somewhat more difficult to handle, but that, in view of the comparative slowness of modern infantry tactics, is a small disadvantage beside the greater effect produced.

Manchurian experiences bear out the correctness of the theories formed in South Africa in respect to the advantage of a slow and powerful gun

artillery branch of our service. South Africa showed us that our gunners understood their work and could adapt themselves to the work of others as well. I am prepared to back the British gun-crew and gun team against any in the world, especially after what I have seen in Manchuria. It is a pity that such workmen cannot have a better tool. In Manchuria we have expert artillerists on both sides watching the proceedings. They report voluminously to the War Office, and I have the best of reasons for believing that, in the main, their conclusions coincide with those I have expressed.

Students of guns and gunnery await with

CHAPTER XXIII

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY

THE telegraph wire has so many manifest advances, particularly in connection with newspaper work, that it comes somewhat as a shock to realise that there are moments when one thinks its existence had better never been conceived. Such was my feeling when, camped amid the phalanxes of millet stalks that envelop headquarters of the First Army, there arrived a telegram recalling me to London. Campaigning is a pursuit that takes deep root in one; living under canvas, with the smell of growing things ever in one's nostrils, meeting daily men who hold

nonade. Here, existence, the very air one
 breathes,
 is impregnated with the circumstance of war—
 pomp
 is absent, but is replaced by a simplicity
 infinitely
 more imposing. I had spent six months with
 Kuroki's army—a spectator of its labours and
 tri
 umphs, a sharer in the succession of stirring
 episodes
 that began upon the banks of the Yalu and
 ended
 with the Titanic strife upon the plain of
 Laoyung.

From such a life one cannot be divorced
 without a'
 pang. Nelson turned his glass eye on the
 unwelcome
 signals; but blindness is of no avail against the
 written
 call of the oversea cable. My recall had come,
 and
 back I had to go, despite the rumours in the air
 of
 mighty Russian movements. It was in a
 chastened
 spirit that I presented myself at headquarters
 to bid
 farewell to General Kuroki and his staff.

The famous commander occupied a humble



ENEKAL I LJIL, CHIEF OF STAFF

regard of the Europeans attached to the First Army.

He is kind enough to regret that the representative of *The Times* is leaving, and hopes I may return in the spring.

From the exchange of personal politenesses, with regard to which the Japanese are as particular in the field as in Tokio, it is an easy step to the discussion of the tremendous events just past. Soon the table is covered with maps, and the General is deep in the arrangement of the contents of a box of matches into battalions, brigades, and divisions representing the forces employed in the attack upon Laoyung. I learnt something of the hopes and fears of the days preceding, and during which the Japanese were operating against the Russian forces, something of the trials and anxieties which the officers responsible for an army must undergo whilst fighting is

once were the troops stunted. When we were camped behind Motienling it rained for seven days in succession, with the result that every rivulet became a torrent, every river a roaring cataract impassable to man or beast. After three days of rain the slender reserves with the marching army were greatly depleted, and half-rations became a necessity. It was only when the army was practically at the last mouthful that a commissariat train, after a terrible journey, got through from Fenghwanching.

So continuous a deluge has a dire effect upon the roads that wander in and out of the valleys, and up and down the steep passes that cross the mountains. The water from the surcharged hills tears down the slopes in leaping cascades. A road in the heights is always of necessity a deep cutting, the joint result of rushing torrents and man's endeavour to

He is a man about sixty, looking his age in all respects but one—his eyes. They are brown, and sparkle with intelligence and vitality. Humour and kindness would be the predominating suggestion of his physiognomy if it were not for the strong chin and lofty forehead. The brain of an army is frequently situated elsewhere than in the head of the commander. But looking at Kuroki one cannot but think that in him is combined the actual as well as the nominal leader of the Yalu army.

I raised the question of a winter campaign. Need less to say both generals told me exactly what are the Japanese prospects and plans—a journalist about to be emancipated from the chains of the censor is a safe and sure repository for secret intentions. Yet I was not left entirely in the dark. It was clear that the delay in the release of the troops besieging

that the cold weather, with smooth, hard roads and frozen rivers, was the ideal time for the trans-
portation of supplies. On the other hand, the frost-
bound ground prevented the digging of field en-
trenchments, rendered difficult the construction of
gun positions. Then the cold made fires and cover
a necessity—and were these things possible to a
moving army ? What would be the effect of a
gale of wind, in a temperature below zero, on an
army huddled together striving to keep warm
throughout a long night? Would not the icy blast freeze the
men to death ? I gained the impression that serious
campaigning in the winter was out of the
question, that both armies would be compelled to
reserve all their strength to combat the forces of nature.
At the most, unopposed movements of small
bodies of men would be possible, and, of course, the

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pigs going to market. A donkey was also floating by with a quaintly placid look on its face. It had been wrested from its taskmasters by the rushing waters, and for the first time in its life was enjoying a free ride. The prospect of death by drowning seemed to trouble it but little, for the China donkey is as much a philosopher as its master.

I began to think I must go round by the bridge, when a large family of men and boys reached the bank and prepared to ford the river. They disrobed, and when in a state of nature entered the water, carrying their bundles on their heads. I thought that where a naked Chinaman could go, there a mounted war correspondent might follow.

My pony jibbed somewhat—perhaps he dreaded the possibility *of* following the donkey. Anyhow I had spurs, and he had to run the risk. The Chinese struck out boldly for fifty yards, then turned

nothing of the pony but his muzzle, but of that there was sufficient sticking above water to emit grunts and protests of a most decided character. I wondered was he thinking of the donkey—horses have such retentive memories.

Standing still was of no use, for the rushing water took the sand from under his feet, and instinct, and the spurs, told him to keep moving. The Chinamen continued down-stream—at least their bundles did, for that was all I could see of them. When they reached a certain point there came a great hullabaloo from the bank. That signified the necessity for a change of direction, and my guides turned their faces Laoyung-ward. Then we met a party crossing towards us. One topheavy-looking bundle consisted of an old Chinese woman astride her son's shoulders — ladies in China all wear trousers, so the

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stood a Japanese sentry, who looked doubtfully at me. But supreme unconsciousness is difficult to defeat, especially when it is mounted and the would-be interferer is only five feet high. I got through and found myself in a city whereof every house flew the Japanese flag—it being quite touching to see the unanimity with which the Chinese had accepted the Japanese occupation.

I know two words of Chinese—*Ingwa*, and *viay-yo*, the latter signifying “have not.” Needless to say, *may-yo* is the expression in the mouths of all Chinamen in these times of doubt and insecurity. I wanted to find the Scotch missionary who lived in Laoyung, so as I went along a street I addressed likely-looking wayfarers with the magic word *Ingwa*. It was remarkable that the reply was invariably couched in the only other word that I knew—*may-yo*. It was nothing but *viay-yo* for a long time, until at the word the face of one elderly

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whereof the walls were covered with bottles and books with English names. The floor of polished wood, the armchair upholstered in leather, the hand some writing-table, were slowly dawning on my deadened sensibilities, when I looked out of the window into a beautiful flower garden, and there beheld a white-robed figure. Heavens! what it is to taste the sweets of civilisation, to stand face to face with a trim countrywoman after six months of Korea and Manchuria! I was soon deep in an interesting conversation with Dr. and Mrs. Westwater. They told me of the coming of the armies, which had turned the quiet backwater of their existence into a swirling torrent.

Dr. Westwater represents the medical side of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission. He has been in Laoyung for many years building up a community of believers in Christian charity and

fully smoking. There were a great number of women and children sorely wounded, mostly by shrapnel.

I saw one girl of sixteen, as bright and pretty as any English maid, with a wounded foot. The foot demanded amputation, but the poor girl prayed the doctor to spare it, and it was being given another chance. The gift of a cigarette, which she lit at her mother's pipe in the most approved fashion, made the child laugh happily, and we had a pleasant conversation, in which my words *Ingwa* and *inay-yo* figured prominently. Going round the women's ward, I observed that they all smoked pipes, even when nourishing their offspring, of which the Chinese woman appears to have great number.

From Laoyung I rode south, passing the redoubts around which the Japanese had spent their strength,

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same that had carried me so bravely in Korea—
was
very tired, but he pulled himself together, and
trotted
the other two clean off their legs in the last
mile. In

*

*

I must not omit to mention that a few days
after
I left the *Haimun* at Chinampo the Japanese
Government put an embargo on her
movements,
which effectually frustrated our plans for the
trans
mission of intelligence of the operations on
land.

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