

# First Zion Blood Spilled in China

Rev. Edward B. Kennedy, A. B., B. D., Elder in the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church  
in Zion in Shanghai, China, Murderously Attacked by Robbers—God Spares His Life.

On the night of April 12th last, Rev. E. B. Kennedy, Elder-in-charge of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, in Shanghai, China, and vicinity, was attacked by a band of robbers. The following letters and newspaper reports give the details of the outrage.—*General Associate Editor.*

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF EVANGELIST SARAH L. KENNEDY, GIVING DETAILS OF THE OUTRAGE AND SUBSEQUENT DEVELOPMENTS.

ZION HOME, 24 HASKELL ROAD, SHANGHAI, CHINA, May 1, 1905.  
REV. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, First Apostle of the Christian  
Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, Zion City, Illinois, U.S.A.

*Dear First Apostle:*—Peace to thee!

I finished a letter to you very hurriedly about ten days ago. I will resume where I left off.

A letter had just come from the American Consul directing me to come to the Consulate at once. I went, and was informed that I was needed at Hangchow at once to care for my husband.

The Consul had a private launch in readiness for me, and in about an hour after leaving the Consulate I was on board the launch with my children and amah.

Everything necessary for our comfort was provided. The Consul has been most kind.

On arriving at Hangchow, I left my children at a friend's house and went at once to Mr. Kennedy.

He had been taken by order of the Governor of the Province to the home of Dr. Main (Church of England).

I found that Mr. Kennedy had been made comfortable and his wounds dressed.

He was quite rational.

I will send you in this letter several newspaper clippings which are accurate reports.

However, I, too, will give the reports.

As I told you in the previous letter, Mr. Kennedy had been itinerating in these parts for the last five months.

About three hundred men, heads of families, had become much interested in the teaching.

He was at this time conducting a Bible school, teaching the scholars to read the Romanized New Testament. Of the fifty and more enrolled in the Bible school, we believe that with few exceptions they gave themselves to God.

He tells me they had had a wonderful mission.

Many had been blessed, some saved, a large number testified to healing, a number gave up opium, by the power of God, and there were at least four notable miracles of healing.

God was opening a wonderful door in those crude mountain regions.

He wrote me to send him five thousand tracts. I packed

them, some in a basket and some in a box, and also included a few tins of milk, grapenuts, etc.

The man who carried these boxes over the mountains, being fearful of the numerous highway robbers in that region, asked for a guard of Chinese soldiers.

There was nothing specially unusual about this, but it helped to make the Chinese think the boxes valuable. The Chinese in these regions think a heavy box contains silver. They know little about the possibility of there being enough books to be so heavy.

Mr. Kennedy received the tracts, and was intending to close the school on Sunday, April 16th.

On Wednesday night, April 12th, about midnight, he was awakened by a terrific screaming and yelling.

The next thing he received a terrific blow on the head. Then he knew nothing more.

The Chinese say that during the conflict they heard Mr. Kennedy call, and one man who had been helping about the work rushed bravely in and called to the robbers to take anything they wanted, but to spare Mr. Kennedy's life.

He picked up Mr. Kennedy and carried him out, himself receiving some bad slashes on the hands.

This man's wife also kept the place clean.

The robbers went to her and said, "How much money have you?" She said, "I have none."

"How much does the foreigner give you?"

"Nothing."

"Are you going to believe the foreigner's religion?"

"Yes."

"Then we are going to kill you."

They stripped her to the skin, but she escaped.

The men were uniformed with blouses with bare characters—some say "People's Volunteers," others say "Patriotic Villagers"; it is the same thing as Boxers.

The robbers may have stolen the uniforms. They also carried torches, as Boxers do, and had hanging from the left shoulder a white cloth. Mr. Kennedy considers them only robbers.

He says he had the good will of the entire community, and he is loath, to believe that Boxers, knowing the sympathy of the people was with him, would dare to attack him. He believes them only robbers, desperate characters.

On the other hand, there are many people who attribute the uprising to the anti-foreign feeling in that province.

My own opinion is that the men were desperate characters, robbers; but that they would not have dared to perpetrate such a horrible deed on a foreigner if the anti-foreign feeling were not so strong at present in that district.

Mr. Kennedy had nine cuts on the head.

The doctor who dressed the wounds inclines to the opinion that the most of the cuts were made with a grass-knife.

However, the man who did the most of the cutting has been captured, and he confesses to having used an ax.

There was one cut on the forehead three inches long. That is now all healed.

At the present writing there are three open cuts on the head.

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The deepest one was on the back, or rather the top, of the head. It was two inches long and broke the upper table of the skull. That one is practically healed.

The cuts being blows or stabs, the tissues have also been bruised, and large quantities of pus have collected in the open cuts. As I have said, there remain two open cuts on the head.

There was also a large abscess on the back of the head from a terrible blow. That is practically healed.

He had in all some twenty cuts and slashes on his body.

His right arm had a bad burn six inches long. This was done with a torch.

His left arm received a terrible blow above the elbow.

The muscles are mashed to pulp, the flesh is badly discolored, and on the underside of the arm the imprint of the rib-bones is plainly visible, showing the force of the blow against the ribs.

The chest is also injured from the same blow, and at times he still suffers greatly with it.

The arm is almost helpless, but is improving. He can raise it now half-way.

I think I have mentioned the principal injuries.

Togo back now. Mr. Kennedy was unconscious probably three days—he knows of nothing that occurred for some time afterward.

When he came to consciousness he found himself lying on a dirty Chinese bed, and no pyjamas on.

He inquired the cause of it, and they said to him, “You have been dead three days, and, like Jesus, are now resurrected.”

He asked about the bed—whose it was, etc..

He discovered that it belonged to a man whom he knew had itch; but they did not remove him.

He (Mr. Kennedy) did not realize anything of his injuries till about the sixth day after the attack.

He then thought he was suffering from the Chinese eczema on his head. At last the terrible torture of suspense to me was ended on Tuesday a. m., April 18th.

The Consul from Hangchow, Mr. F. D. Cloud, with a posse of soldiers, one Chinese man that I had sent, and a Chinese physician, arrived at Ts-ru-li. A telegram was sent me by special messenger.

The Chinese had not washed the wounds nor dressed them, and putrefaction had set in two days, at least, previously to the coming of the Consul. The Consul immediately took Mr. Kennedy back to Hangchow, the Chinese physician doing something towards washing the wounds.

Mr. Kennedy was taken to Doctor Main's. The doctor very kindly took him to his own house.

I wish to say that every one here has been most kind to us.

The antagonism to our belief has been forgotten in the fact that a foreigner—a Christian missionary—has been attacked by heathen ruffians. Doctor Main, knowing of our belief, very kindly used no medicines, nor offered any.

He simply washed the wounds with water, and dressed them with lint and vaseline and bound them up.

At last he used also a fluid called Ivasthol to wash the head.

I objected to it, but he assured me it —was simply a liquid soap used to cut blood, the ordinary soap simply slipping in blood and not being cleansing.

I know that nothing was done in the way of cleansing the wounds and dressing them that was not just what would have been done in Zion City, except that the Ivasthol probably would not have been used. It is simply a cleanser.

We remained there a week; it rained so hard and was so cold that it seemed unwise to start home sooner.

I forgot to say that Mr. Kennedy broke out with bad boils on his body, making it almost impossible for him to sit or lie down.

This may have come from the dirty bedding, or from the general impoverished condition of the system. He had one bad sore from lying on the hard boards.

I praise God that I can say that Mr. Kennedy is living and is much improved.

He eats well and is rapidly gaining strength. His arm and side are better, but not healed.

His reason is unimpaired.

We thank God for the many blessings, and also praise Him that a door has been opened up in the country in these rough regions.

In regard to the country work, Mr. Kennedy has pursued a policy which makes it possible for them to continue the work—without a foreigner's aid or money.

He has purposely pursued this policy and has carefully taught the people.

THE REV. E. B. KENNEDY,

Elder in the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, Shanghai, China. (Recently attacked, and nearly murdered, by robbers at Tsung Li, near Hangchow.)

They can go on as the people in America—with a Conductor of Gathering. In Fu-Yiang there is no building, but negotiations for a lease are in progress.

Yours in His service, Pray for us.

SARAH L. KENNEDY.

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ZION HOME, 24 HASKELL ROAD, May 9, 1905.

*DEAR FIRST APOSTLE:*—Peace to thee!

I had hoped in my former letter to write you more fully of some matters, but my strength was unequal to the task, and I was obliged to cut the letter short, and had no opportunity to finish.

Since the attack on Mr. Kennedy was first made known to me, many things have crowded every moment of the day and a large part of the night.

God has blessed me, and I have been given a quietness and calmness that has been a marvel to me; also strength for trial.

At the present writing Mr. Kennedy is improving, but is far from being what I would like to see. I will speak more of his condition later.

In regard to this work at Ts-ru-li, it began in this way:

Some years ago a man bought a tract on the street in Hangchow. He became interested, and he himself gathered together the people and taught them.

Elder Viking knows more of this than I do. From him you can get some details of the Fu-Yiang and Ling-en work. I

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cannot now ask Mr. Kennedy anything about it, as he is too weak to talk much.

These people had been asking for teaching, and, as I wrote in the first letter, since November Mr. Kennedy has been going and coming, teaching them.

One class came up to Shanghai to study.

This class just finished was to have come to Shanghai, and Mr. Kennedy had made all arrangements for them to come; but some of the people could not come here, so to facilitate matters he went there.

To his going I gladly agreed. It was not pleasant to stay here alone, but that was a small matter compared with the importance of teaching these men who wanted to know the Gospel.

I am now able to take meetings in a rather poor way—Bible studies, etc.—and I enjoyed every meeting I led; also enjoyed the calls on the Chinese in their homes. It was a splendid drill for me to be left in charge of the work here.

This village, Ts-ru-li, and the surrounding country (these regions) are hotbeds of Roman Catholicism.

The people have been oppressed by the Catholics, and the Yamens are largely controlled by Rome.

The real ruler is not the magistrate, but the Catholic priest.

When Mr. Kennedy went there to hold meetings, the people immediately wanted him to help them in the Yamens.

Mr. Kennedy said, No; he would steer clear of the Yamens.

He was persistently entreated by influential people in the community to get a proclamation from the magistrate, not because it was necessary, but so that the people might have prestige, and be able to overawe the Roman Catholics.

Mr. Kennedy said to the people, "If you cannot trust God to be delivered from the Roman Catholics, how can you trust Him for your healing?"

The people suffer greatly from the Roman Catholics.

Their lands are taken from them, their cattle, their houses; they are brought before the magistrate on trumped-up charges; there is no end of litigation with the Roman Catholics; and the people have no recourse against them except to join the Roman Catholics themselves, for the magistrate dare not do otherwise than accede to the demands of the Papists.

Taking this stand with the people, it would not have been very consistent for Mr. Kennedy to go to the magistrate and ask for a guard of soldiers to protect him while conducting the Bible school.

The Consul, however, tells us that it is according to treaty for missionaries to notify the magistrate of the district in which they are itinerating.

This Mr. Kennedy did not know.

But even if Mr. Kennedy's whereabouts had been recorded with the magistrate the robbery probably would have occurred just the same, in the Consul's opinion, also our own opinion, unless a posse of soldiers had been sent to guard the place.

Mr. Kennedy could have had a guard of soldiers night and day if he had asked it; but after taking the stand he did with the people to trust God for everything, he says he would rather have present result, serious as it is, than to have conducted a Bible school under a guard of soldiers.

There was the utmost good feeling toward him throughout the country, and he never dreamed of any trouble.

The Consul informs me that when he telegraphed the officials in regard to the outrage, they at once replied, "Such mission not recorded."

Because of the foreigner's presence not being recorded with the magistrate the Consul is finding it more difficult to deal with them in the matter of reimbursement for losses.

It is Chinese law that in case of robbery the local officials must fully reimburse all losses.

I am preparing a list of the clothing, bedding, etc., stolen from Mr. Kennedy, and the Chinese who were robbed at the same time are preparing a list. These lists are to be given to the Consul, who has the matter in charge.

We have been obliged to move slowly in the matter, as I have had to wait until Mr. Kennedy was able to take over the matter.

Yesterday I went to the Consulate. The Acting-Consul, Mr. James W. Davidson, told me he did not wish to close the matter with too small a reimbursement, because it would react in the future.

He told me he did not have the same grip on the officials that he would have if Mr. Kennedy had recorded the mission, but that, after all, that made little difference.

He told me we could get large indemnity; but I informed him that we wanted no indemnity, we simply wanted the losses reimbursed.

Counting the tracts that were burned, the books, etc., Mr. Kennedy's loss is about Four Hundred Dollars, Mexican. He had both his winter and spring clothing with him.

The Chinese losses must also come in the bill. That amount has not yet been ascertained to a certainty.

The Consul suggested that in making out our bill of losses we include the fare home, allowance for one year's living, and the return fare.

I told him I felt certain you would not accept that offer, so rejected it. In regard to our coming home, we are both sad at heart. We do not want to leave the work.

I am just getting able to talk with the Chinese, and Mr. Kennedy can be well understood.

God has opened up such a wonderful door in the country, but the work is so "young" and the people untried. We fear that if they are without a shepherd they will go astray.

Mr. Kennedy is improving, and said to me today that if now, after four weeks, he could do what he has been doing the last two days, surely he could get to work later.

We have had a great deal of letter-writing and teaching the last few days with the Chinese.

When the news came to me first I sent at once my cook,

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who is kind and very handy, to Mr. Kennedy. He is a poor fellow, who was saved from opium in our Tabernacle, and he feels grateful to Mr. Kennedy.

It was practically impossible for me with the three small children to undertake that journey. The Consul promised me to bring Mr. Kennedy if living to Hangchow if possible, and then on to Shanghai or, if he could not come farther without danger, to hold him at Hangchow till I could come.

The Hangchow Consul took with him a Chinese doctor from Doctor Main's Hospital. This doctor, when he arrived at Ts-ru-li, attempted to dress the wounds.

Previously to his coming, Mr. Kennedy had lain there six days in the dirt.

After Mr. Kennedy awoke to consciousness, on the third day after the attack, he had the Chinese wash his head (thinking he had eczema) with warm water.

But the blood and pus did not wash off, and when the Chinese doctor arrived putrefaction had set in at least two days previously.

The Chinese doctor wanted to use the lyasthol, but the inquirers would not permit it.

From the moment of the attack till Mr. Kennedy recovered consciousness our men stood beside him praying for him "to come to life," as the Chinese say.

I believe their prayers at that time saved his life.

After he became conscious they were overjoyed, and crowded around him talking, praying, chattering, till they almost made him insane.

In his sufferings at night he has lived over those days, and I say calmly that the night he went through it all was the nearest hell I ever want to be.

When they arrived at Hangchow, other friends offered their homes, but Mr. Kennedy agreed to going to Doctor Main's house—not the hospital, which is for Chinese only.

I wish to say for Doctor Main that he is esteemed as above the average physician, and we found him an honorable Christian man. He used no medicine, neither did he once offer any.

Until I arrived all care of Mr. Kennedy was in the hands of my cook and some Chinese countrymen, except the washing of the wounds.

After I arrived I had all charge, except the washing and dressing of the wounds.

I preferred to let skilful hands clean those dreadful gaping wounds and the awful sores.

I do it now that I am at home. There are still two open on the head.

I know it was hard for Doctor and Mrs. Main not to suggest remedies, and I respect them for their sense of honor in respecting our faith.

Mrs. Main came in one night when Mr. Kennedy was suffering so, and she wrung her hands and said to me, "Well, its no use for doctor to offer him anything, for he won't take it."

We would have left there in a day or so after my arrival, but for a number of reasons. I arrived Friday night. We left the following Thursday.

He had such pain in the pleura that he would scream out in agony.

He had caught cold in the country from improper bedding.

The weather was so unusually cold, so windy and rainy, that I felt that to start out with such a battered-up sufferer into a cold rain-storm and brave a house-boat trip of about two days and one night would be more than folly.

The fact that we were quartered at a doctor's house did not move me, for Doctor Main is a man of honor, and all who know him know that he would not under such circumstances impose medicine; but I did not think nor care what people said, neither Chinese nor foreign.

I know that I did right to wait there.

We prayed for a fine day—and got one; and, as all preparations had been made, we hurried off.

I believe that you, too, beloved First Apostle, will approve my action.

We have patiently the last two days taught the Chinese the necessity of cleansing a wound, of perfect cleanliness of the body, etc.

We have told them, too, of the advantage of having one with skill to cleanse such wounds.

If only I could have been there at first to wash him, he would never have needed to stop at Hangchow.

Now, when the country work is opening up so well—when men in hundreds are seeking to hear Zion's Gospel—it is too bad to hurry off home.

In the various districts where Mr. Kennedy has been itinerating these last six months, there are nominally about five hundred heads of families interested.

Part of these are organized into a gathering; some are waiting to be organized.

They can get along by themselves ordinarily, but some foreigner must shepherd them for a time.

Mr. Kennedy sleeps better, and I know he is much better. There are two wounds open on the head.

One is almost healed; the other, I do not know how it is, I think it is better. It healed over the top first and ulcerated and puffed up quite high; half an inch I should think.

The doctor came in to dress the wounds.

A bad wound on the arm healed over nicely about two weeks ago. I thought it looked very inflamed. This morning it is ulcerated and discharging pus.

Mr. Kennedy is much stronger in his body and is less nervous.

The Devil has pursued us since we came to China, but God has always brought us out victors. We shall win, by God's grace, this time, and we want to honor Him in all we do.

We could stay at Moh-kam-sham during the summer and wait the coming of another, but you can decide that.

The mail is leaving today (May 10th), so I close.

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Mr. Kennedy is very weak and nervous, but he insists on writing you, so I let him dictate to me a letter for you.

Yours in His Service, SARAH L. KENNEDY.

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ZION HOME, 24 HASKELL ROAD, May 10, 1905.  
BELOVED FIRST APOSTLE:—Peace to thee!

These people are largely farmers and the busy time was fast coming on, and I could not delay for a day else they would be too busy to leave their work and come to the Tabernacle.

During the busy season, when the people are busy in their fields, it is useless to itinerate.

But there are several seasons in the year when the people have practically nothing to do.

It is such opportunities that we must seize to teach them.

There are scores and scores who say to me, "When the harvest is over, come and teach us. We will gladly receive teaching. Teach us the Bible, teach us to pray. Help us to give up opium; help us to get our sick bodies healed."

The districts in which we are working comprise three hsien. The hsien of Fu-Yiang, the hsien of Ling-en, the hsien of Yu-ong.

The district in which I was working when the calamity happened is Yu-ong.

In Fu-Yiang we have quite a work established among what we call Weuchow people. They are settlers from Weuchow.

They are very poor, and depend mostly on farming.

These men said to me when I was last there, "If you will come back after the work is done in the autumn, we will gladly gather together to receive teaching. We want to know how to read the Bible."

It is very pitiable to think of these people wanting to know how to pray, wanting to know how to read the Bible, wanting to know the way to trust God in sickness, wanting to know the way out of the bondage of opium, and looking to and depending on us to help them, and we unable to do it.

The promise that I made to these people to come to Fu-Yiang in the autumn, after the harvests were gathered, I doubt now if I shall be able to fulfil.

The wonderful time of blessing that God gave us at Ts-ru-li, when so, many gathered together, did not please the Devil.

The details of God's blessing on us there I shall not be able to put in writing now, but shall at my first opportunity send to Overseer Excell for Field Notes.

We had some very wonderful miracles of healing.

These things have very much cheered the people and confirmed their hearts.

They have likewise cheered us and given us hope to believe that after the long years of waiting God has established Zion in China.

Regarding the present situation, we have been advised by everybody to go home, but the people who give this advice

give it from a medical standpoint.

For my own part, I must say that it is very hard for me to consent to leave behind the people whom, under God, He has enabled me to gather together, even for a few months, and unless it would be presumption for me to do so—I cannot say—I would prefer to go to Moh-kam-sham for the summer, which is in easy communication to Ts-ru-li-fifty li—where I could superintend in some sense the voluntary workers there.

The Devil has tried his famous trick of smiting the shepherd that the sheep may be scattered. He failed in this.

Regarding my going home I have no suggestion to make.

As to my condition, I did not realize how seriously I was injured until. I was told of some things.

I can only say that I know that God has again spared my poor life.

Had God not intervened I should certainly have been killed.

I owe my life first to God, and next to the brave fellow—who has been, used in starting this work, who came in from an adjoining room and carried me out.

I wish to say that there is a great desire among these farmers to go, if the way ever opens, to the Zion Plantation in Mexico.

Whether it is the purpose of the First Apostle to gather these people together there, I have not been able to tell them.

We thank you for the kind provision you have made for us, and most of all for the prayers that have ascended for us.

And now we await your reply.

With our heartiest thanks and good wishes, I remain as ever,

Faithfully yours in the Christ, E. B. KENNEDY.

**Communication from the Department of State,  
Washington.**

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, May 27, 1905.

JOHN ALEXANDER, Esquire, Apostle, Christian Catholic Apostolic Church, Zion City, Illinois.

*Sir:*—Referring to the Department's letter of the 18th instant in regard the attack upon Mr. Edward B. Kennedy, an American missionary of the Christian Catholic Church, I now enclose herewith a report from the Vice-Consul at Hangchow in regard to the matter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE,

Third Assistant Secretary.

Enclosure: From Hangchow, No. 23, April 21, 1905.

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[Enclosure No. 23.]  
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**Report of Vice-Consul Frederick D. Cloud,**

*ZION'S ONWARD MOVEMENT FOR CHINA.*

**Hangchow, China.**

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

HANGCHOW, CHINA, April 21, 1905. 5

HON. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, etc.

*Sir*:—I have the honor to submit the following report concerning an attack upon Edward B. Kennedy, an American missionary of the Christian Catholic Church (the Dowie sect), by a band of Chinese robbers at Chih Wu Li, in the Yu Hang district, this province.

On Wednesday night, the 12th instant, a gang of robbers broke into Kennedy's house, and, attacking him while he was asleep, inflicted some twelve or fifteen wounds upon him and left him for dead. They then sacked the house, taking everything of any possible value, even to the nightshirt the man wore.

A native Christian witnessed the affair and made off next morning to Shanghai to report the matter to Kennedy's wife. The Consul-General of Shanghai reported the affair to me, and on Monday afternoon, the 17th instant, I requested an armed escort from the provincial governor, proposing to proceed at once to the scene of the outrage and relieve the missionary. The escort was granted, and early on the 15th I left for the village of Chih Wu Li, where I arrived at five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, having traveled all the previous day and night.

Kennedy was still alive, but in a most critical condition.

His wounds were still unwashed and undressed, and he had had but little nourishment during the seven days since the attack.

His wounds were dressed, and at nine o'clock we started back with him, arriving at Hangchow early on the morning of the 20th instant. At present he is improving slowly, and will recover unless something unforeseen happens.

From the information I have been able to obtain, I am convinced that it is a case of villainous robbery only, and not connected with any anti-foreign or anti-missionary activities. The fact that the robbers thought the foreigner had a gun will account, I think, for their evident intention of killing him.

It is only just to the Chinese authorities to state they have done all they could do to help the missionary, and that they have done everything I have thus far asked them to do.

Especially must I express my appreciation of the Governor's prompt action.

I shall demand that the leaders of the gang be beheaded according to Chinese law, that Kennedy's hospital and doctor bills be paid, and the stolen property paid for, and that the expenses of the relief party as far as possible be borne by the Chinese.

After these items shall have been satisfied I shall recommend that the magistrate of the district in which the affair occurred be not degraded or molested, since he has done all a man could do to relieve the wounded man and to punish the criminals.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK D. CLOUD,  
Vice-Consul in Charge

**Shanghai Newspaper's Account of the Outrage.**

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 1, 1905.

JOHN ALEXANDER, Esquire, Apostle, Christian Catholic Apostolic Church,  
Zion City, Illinois.

*Sir*:—Referring to the Department's letter of May 27, 1905, in regard to the attack made upon Rev. E. B. Kennedy, I now enclose herewith for your further information a copy of a newspaper account of the attack which the American Vice-Consul General at Shanghai has forwarded to the Department with his despatch of April 29, 1905.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE,

Third Assistant Secretary

Enclosure: Newspaper article as below.

[Enclosure.]

*Extract from "North China Daily News," Shanghai, April 29, 1905.*

**Hangchow.**

(From our own Correspondent.)

April 20th.

THE ATTACK ON MR. KENNEDY.

On Monday a rumor reached Hangchow that a foreigner had been done to death by robbers at Yuhang. Later we heard that he was seriously wounded, but not killed. On Tuesday Mr. Cloud, the American Vice-Consul, accompanied by Captain Murphy of the Hangchow Settlement police force, and Dr. Pao, a native medical student, went to Yuhang, which is only a night's journey by boat west of Hangchow, to investigate.

The particulars seem to be as follows: The Rev. E. B. Kennedy, of Shanghai, had been spending some weeks itinerating in the Yuhang district, and had recently had several boxes of books and tracts shipped to him there. The rumor was immediately started that there was five thousand dollars in money in each box. Credence was given to this statement from the fact that an escort of soldiers had accompanied the transfer of these boxes up country. On Wednesday night, the 12th instant, after Mr. Kennedy had

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gone to bed, his room was suddenly broken into by twenty or thirty robbers armed with clubs and knives, and perhaps a gun or two. They began at once pounding the foreigner, saying that he might have a gun and must be made away with before carrying off his goods. In the midst of the melee one of his native assistants bravely came into the room and, beseeching the robbers to desist from pounding and hacking the foreigner and to take such of his goods as they pleased, carried him out. The robbers made away with everything they could find. Not finding any money, they burned all the books and tracts and other foreign articles, and contented themselves with carrying off the bedding and clothing.

For seven days Mr. Kennedy lay in a room adjoining the one in which he was attacked, most of the time unconscious or semi-conscious. His Chinese followers, knowing no one in Hangchow, hastened to Shanghai with the news. Hence the delay in going to his rescue. He was brought to Hangchow to-day, arriving about nine a. m. Dr. Main kindly took the wounded man into his own house, where everything is being done for his comfort. A careful examination showed nine prominent cuts and slashes on his head and face. His right arm had been burned, evidently by the torches the robbers carried. His left arm was seriously bruised and gives him a good deal of pain. His escape with his life, to say nothing of no bones being broken, seems miraculous. It is only another case of the bungling work of the Chinese.

The kindness and promptness of the Chinese officials, from the Governor down, is most praiseworthy. As soon as the Governor heard of the affair he sent his private secretary with medicines for the wounded man. Within a few hours of his arrival in Hangchow the Yuhang magistrate sent in one hundred dollars for his immediate expenses. He has also put out a proclamation, that has been posted in all the adjoining districts, offering a reward of five hundred dollars each for the leaders and two hundred dollars each for the others. Altogether twelve men are reported to have been captured, among them one of the leaders, who admits having cut him about the head with an ax.

From all that can be learned there seems to be no blame attaching to the missionary. He had gathered about him over fifty people, old and young, many of them sick and lame, in a sort of training school for Bible-study. All the inhabitants were friendly. The hills have long been known to be infested with robbers, but this is the boldest attack they have made for a long while.

To date the Yuhang magistrate has succeeded in apprehending three or four of the gang's leaders, and is making earnest effort to arrest all of the gang, which numbered about twenty.

From all the information Mr. Cloud obtained it is certain that the case is one of bold robbery, and not connected with anti-foreign or anti-missionary activities in the least.

It is only just to the Governor, the magistrate, and all the smaller officials along the way, to state that they have done all

they could do to help the missionary, and that they have done everything they have been asked to do, and without the slightest hesitation. The magistrate has promised to have the leaders of the gang beheaded and to severely punish as many of the others as he shall be able to arrest; and also to reimburse Mr. Kennedy for whatever he may have lost by the theft, and to pay the expenses of the rescue party, as well as the doctor's bill.

Leaves of Healing vol 18 p 282 June 10, 1905