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Introduction

Sarah Pike Conger came to China in 1898 a middle-aged woman from Iowa who knew nothing of China’s people or its culture. Yet she left seven years later one of the nation’s most sympathetic defenders. A survivor of the Boxer Uprising, one of history’s greatest clashes between East and West, Sarah stretched out a hand to the one person who bore the most blame for the disaster, the Empress Dowager Cixi. And Cixi, who had no reason to love any foreigner, put her hand in Sarah’s. This book is the story behind that gesture and the extraordinary friendship that followed.

It is also the story of how two women, born to be opposites, were able to find common ground transcending race, religion, and the fractious politics of men. That is the greatest story of the empress and Mrs. Conger, and it is told here for the first time.

* * * * *

The notion of writing about Sarah Conger and the empress dowager came to me on a visit to the latter’s imperial Summer Palace outside Beijing. It was April 2008, 103 years to the month since Sarah saw China for the
last time, and a few months before the Beijing Olympics, when world nations gathered in China for the first time to celebrate “One World, One Dream”—a slogan of which Sarah Conger would have approved.

Sarah has been touched on by a handful of current scholars, most at length in Elisabeth Croll’s *Wise Daughters From Foreign Lands*, and within certain special contexts by James Hevia and Jonathan Spence. She flits in and out of the letters and memoirs of George E. Morrison, Princess Der Ling, Katherine Carl, and Lady Susan Townley. She appears in Pearl S. Buck’s fictionalized biography of the empress dowager, *Imperial Woman*, in which Buck uncharitably attributes to Cixi the thought that Sarah looked “like a hard-faced nun.” Sarah even made it to Hollywood, in her lifetime, first in the 1927 silent film *Foreign Devils*, in which she was played by stern English stage actress Emily Fitzroy, and later, in 2006, on Chinese television in the mini-series, *Princess De Ling* (Deling Gongzhu). Far from the austere, governess-like personage depicted by Pearl Buck, on television Sarah was represented as an attractive, fashionable, slightly flirty and far too young blonde—a fiction not out of place in a script that makes little use of facts. And facts are what this book is about, particularly those relative to Sarah’s friendship with the empress dowager and her efforts to rehabilitate Cixi’s image after the Boxer Uprising.¹

My guide at the Summer Palace was Na Genzheng, a great-nephew of Cixi. During our tour I saw glass cases filled with gifts foreign ladies had offered Cixi over the years. The armies of Victorian bibelots appeared artless and insincere against the sophisticated elegance of the Chinese palace in which they were displayed, and seemed to symbolize the West’s attitude toward China throughout modern history. Though they were given in good faith, they were selected as gifts by people who had no comprehension of the recipient or her culture—indeed, they suggested the givers were blind to the fact that China had a culture at all.

Many legends had collected around his great-aunt, Na told me, as many as there were ornaments in these display cases. Most were untrue, and none captured the Cixi that his family remembered. Their Cixi was not the evil tyrant that even now lurks in the Chinese imagination, but a kind and intelligent woman, with all the human qualities and failings of any other mortal. (She was not at all the Chinese Luddite she is often alleged to have been: she gifted Na’s family with one of the more avant-
garde examples of Western technology in the China of the time, an upright piano.) She was capable of amity—even her implacable enemy, the American scholar Dr. W. A. P. Martin, conceded “this good trait.” It was these qualities that Cixi demonstrated to Sarah Conger and other diplomatic wives when, at her invitation, they came to the Forbidden City in February 1902, almost two years after the start of the Boxer Uprising and nearly four years after Sarah had first met the dowager face to face.²

When Cixi asked these women to visit her, the Boxer Uprising was still fresh in the minds of their husbands, and for good reason. After the siege, the Chinese were seen as xenophobes willing to stoop to murder, with Cixi as their figurehead. In an era in which wifely obedience was not just a meme of male-dominated society but regarded as a virtue by many of the women it controlled, the diplomats’ wives, encouraged by Sarah, disobeyed their husbands by accepting Cixi’s invitation. Their bravery was great, but Sarah Conger’s was greater.

Unlike the other women, Sarah had survived the bullets and bombs of the fifty-five-day battle that was the Boxer Uprising, all the while filling sandbags and burying the dead. At the end of it, she still trusted in the bona fides of a potentate most Westerners saw as a throwback to the legendary female Asian tyrants—a husband-poisoner, a reactionary, a killer of Christians. Some of the foreign quarter’s more cynical residents thought Sarah the dupe of the empress dowager, and it is anyone’s guess as to whether this was in fact the case. But throughout her friendship with Cixi Sarah held to a simple creed. “If you look deeply enough in anyone,” she told her granddaughter, “you will find the good that is there.”³

Most people retelling or inventing stories of Cixi’s murderousness had never seen her, let alone met her. Sarah had sat and talked with Cixi, holding her hand, as one woman to another. That she established such intimacy did her no favors in the eyes of most of her fellow Americans, but for Sarah, being true to her heart was worth more than kowtowing to prejudice. She worked to accomplish what she saw as her special twofold duty: the rehabilitation of the dowager’s image, and the restoration of goodwill and cultural friendship between China and the West. Part of this mission involved convincing the dowager to have her portrait painted, by a female American artist, for display at the St. Louis
Exposition in April 1904—the first such image of Cixi ever created for the public eye. Sarah believed this was the best way for the world to see the dowager and, by extension China, as they really were. The portrait, given by Cixi to the United States government, was a diplomatic success at a time when few Western men, including Sarah’s husband, were able to claim such for themselves.

Sarah went further. She saw Chinese women as China’s untried hope for the future. From the day she entered the country, Sarah successfully befriended these women, though their homes were off limits to foreigners and the women themselves were hidden away in courtyards, crippled by bound feet and Confucian propriety. In championing Cixi, Sarah was championing them, seeking to change the world’s view of not only the country’s most famous and reviled woman but of all Chinese women, while opening to those women a view to a world they had never known and, in the process, opening to the west a window on China.⁴

“United,” Cixi had said as she offered a conciliatory cup to the lips of Sarah and the other foreign ladies as they stood together in the Forbidden City. This was Sarah’s motto, too. She had learned, as she worked in the trenches during the siege, that those gathered behind the walls of the British legation—French, British, Russian, German, Austrian, Dutch, Italian, Chinese, and Japanese—were not strangers, but one people. At the same time she found that in China, she who reverenced the Stars and Stripes, Independence Day, and Abraham Lincoln, had in her breast a poetic, patriotic Chinese heart.⁵
3
High walls

On June 23, 1898, the Congers’ steamer put in at Shanghai, where they were whisked off to the Foreign Settlement. This area west of the famous waterfront Bund was crowded with what were the tallest buildings in China and vessels from a dozen nations were moored along its bank. The settlement stretched along the Huangpu River and inland to the west, centering around the Shanghai Race Club and fashionable Bubbling Well Road. The French had a concession all their own to the south of the Foreign Settlement. The Chinese City lay in a small area south of these settlements’ bisecting line, Avenue Édouard VII.

The Treaty of Nanjing, following the First Opium War, made Shanghai possible, in terms of its foreign population. By granting Great Britain “most favored nation” status, China raised the expectations of other nations involved in trade who now desired the same favors. These nations were granted their concessions, and with the real estate came extraterritoriality. This meant that if a Frenchman, Englishman, or American committed a crime in Shanghai they could only be tried by their own national courts which were set up within the concessions to deal with such matters. In other words, foreigners in Shanghai, a city
synonymous with crime, could indulge in it all they wanted, knowing the Chinese father of a raped girl or Chinese merchant they had cheated could never pursue them.\(^1\)

It was from a window of her hotel that Sarah received her first harsh glimpse of the Chinese laboring classes. The sight of men pulling heavy carts or running foreigners around in rickshaws shocked her: “They do the work of beasts and are treated as beasts,” she wrote to her sister. “The wheelbarrow men and others, who do work elsewhere apportioned to beasts and mechanical contrivances, eat little else than two bowls of rice a day, and wear little clothing.” Never one to shy from asking questions, Sarah talked to people who lived in Shanghai—most of them probably her husband’s colleagues—to discover the true state of the laborers’ situation. She was told that though these men seemed to her to be working like animals, they were gainfully and willingly employed. They did jobs which, however difficult they seemed to her, fulfilled a real need in the urban economy. And they were eating food that had served their ancestors well for thousands of years, whether hoeing fields or building the Great Wall. Assuredly a Chinese man who pulled a rickshaw or pushed a wheelbarrow (another form of human transport in China) lived a life not to be envied, though this was a fact over which it would not have occurred to most expatriates in China to linger. “Yet these toilers are strong,” Sarah observed, “do their work well, and are of good cheer.”\(^2\)

China was not America, Sarah realized, but a land and a people unto themselves. “It proves itself an axiom—‘There are no idle people in China,’” she wrote. The Chinese had to be seen and judged by their own standards, Sarah realized, not through the lenses or laws of other nations. But she was to see something else, too: how some Chinese who went abroad brought back many of their own prejudices intact, untouched by contact with Western freedoms.\(^3\)

The Congers were visited, as per custom, by Shanghai’s highest Chinese official, the daodai or intendant of circuit, who later invited them to dinner, for a meal that was half Chinese and half Western, in alternating courses. Sarah is silent on the topic of how well she or Edwin handled the Chinese portion of the menu, not to mention the chopsticks. (Sarah was never to master them, though she was to become fond of Chinese cuisine.)\(^4\) But she was charmed by the daodai’s fluent
English, especially when she learned he had been educated in the United States. When Sarah noticed that his wife was not present she asked him why. The daodai answered frankly: “My people do not approve.” That there should be disapproval of an official’s wife attending a reception for honored guests simply because she was a woman came as a shock to Sarah—it was as if on one of Edwin’s visits to the White House he should be compelled to leave Sarah at home because it was improper for her to show her face before American government officials. This was a stark first glimpse into the restricted existence of Chinese women, for whom the walls of the family compound, the bound feet in fashion among Han ladies, and a host of societal restrictions made ventures into the street outside, let alone the greater world, very rare events. It was also Sarah’s first experience of the sad irony of the lives of many foreign-educated Chinese who returned to China. This man who spoke English like an American because he had gone to college there (to his benefit), was not able to bring American ideas of gender equality to China, for the benefit of his Chinese wife.5

The Congers spent over a week in Shanghai. They then boarded their train for Tianjin, Beijing’s port on the Yellow Sea, which they reached on July 4. The American consul gave a party in celebration, a touch all the more appreciated in this the most foreign place the Congers had ever visited. At the Beijing station, which lay five miles from the capital, a trio of staff from the American legation met the couple with sedan chairs, Beijing carts, mafu (grooms for the horses), coolies to carry bags and boxes, and carts to carry the bigger items. In one long procession, the Americans began their trek to fabled Beijing over what many foreigners (and Chinese) considered one of the worst roads on earth.

A decade earlier, English author Alicia Little found travel over the thirteen miles from Tongzhou to Beijing harrowing in all aspects. Riding in a springless cart pulled by a trudging donkey, she was subject to “holes and ruts, into which we dropped with a veritable concussion, not a jolt.” Holding on to the sides, she lost her glasses several times, then decided to get out and walk in the dust, only to find herself surrounded by touts,
peddlers, and beggars, all doing their best to sell her something. With them came a number of other travelers—camels bearing bricks of tea to Beijing or heading south to pick up more. Mrs. Little’s first impression of Beijing was of dirt and chaos. “I . . . began to wonder how long Peking could go on,” she wrote, “accumulating filth within its walls without breeding a Black Death or other pestilence.”

On the other hand, American author Eliza Ruhama Scidmore, not so respectful of the Chinese as Mrs. Little, nonetheless found her first sight of the city an unparalleled thrill. “Peking is the most incredible, impossible, anomalous and surprising place in the world,” Scidmore wrote of her visit, which occurred around the time of the Congers’ arrival. The city was at one and the same time an international capital of a once great empire and “a permanent Tatar encampment, a fortified garrison of nomad bannermen.” The walls and gates she rightly described as the city’s greatest features, only looming above the traveler’s head after she had already crossed the broad plain on which the city, so like that nomad encampment, squarely sat. Beijing, to Scidmore, seemed as ephemeral as a camp of Mongolian yurts.

 Already three thousand years old when Edwin and Sarah arrived, Beijing (literally the “Northern Capital”) had survived several major name and dynastic changes over the millennia of its existence. Lying at nearly the same latitude as Rome, and just 120 feet above sea level, the city benefited from the dry climate of northern Zhili province. But it also suffered, as it does to this day, from its proximity to the Gobi Desert, just north of the Great Wall which is some forty miles from the city’s walls. In the spring, sandstorms turned the skies a deep yellow; the narrow alleys or hutong and the broad boulevards alike were filled with an ochre “fog” which the burning of coal for cooking, heating, and workshops only made worse.

 Even foreigners who hated Beijing’s smells and its climate marveled over the shimmering yellow roof tiles of the imperial palaces in the Forbidden City complex, which sat like square-cut golden jewels boxed within walls the shade of faded crimson velvet, a sacred city within a profane one. Imperial custom decreed that no house rise higher than the emperor’s own, meaning that few of Beijing’s buildings were higher than the many trees lining streets and standing in courtyards. Through
High walls

the branches, the green tiles of princely dwellings and the pale gray of common ones occasionally thrust an upturned eave or rooftop dragon, while the roof ridges of temples and grand houses crawled with a procession of animals prosaic and fantastic all chasing evil Prince Min astride his chicken off the curving edge. Foreigners were struck by the vivid contrast between the gilded and rainbow-painted shop signs sticking out at right angles above crude holes in the wall, and what could be found within: men and women sold everything from candied fruits on sticks to animals spun from hot sugar; butcher shops and markets offered all manner of animals for the dinner table, from the homely to the exotic; and a variety of services, from the brushing of titles on book spines, to the trimming of queues and shaving of foreheads, to the making of shoes, clothing, rugs, pillows, knives, calligraphic and scenic scrolls, cosmetics, and health and longevity medicines, all sat alongside the ever-present tea shops and bakeries. Buddhists, Daoists, Confucianists, Muslims, Christians, and Jews had lived together for centuries in a harmony that would have been the envy of Western capitals.

Over all this, above the curling rooftops of the Forbidden City, one saw the purple smudge of the distant Western Hills, studded with temples and the pleasure haunts of foreigners, glimmering in the summer heat or shimmering with snow in winter. And one could hear the clanging of camel bells and the low booming of temple bells, the hurry, chaos, variety, and energy of the city’s teeming populace.

In her brief account of first entering Beijing, Sarah says little about the city itself. But there were two aspects that spurred her curiosity: the many walls (behind which lived the secluded Chinese ladies she longed to meet and know) and the many graveyards. China seemed to her, indeed, to be made up of little more than the latter, “anywhere and everywhere, [they] lay along our route to the city.” She was not alone: to many foreigners coming to China for the first time, “the authority of the dead was everywhere.”

While in Sarah's America the concept of park-like cemeteries helped soften the harsh edge of death by comforting the living who visited their dead, Chinese graveyards were designed for the dead alone. Ancient Daoist sages had decreed that the direction in which an ancestor was laid to rest, the condition of the soil above and below, and the presence or
absence of beneficial water or stones, all played a crucial role in the luck or lack of it of the deceased’s survivors. This meant that wherever *feng shui*, as the geomantic method was called, established a site as auspicious, there the dead would be buried. With a population of 400 million, China did not have endless plots of land to devote to cemeteries, so they were often sited in full view of roadways or buildings. Knowing this, foreign powers would, in time, use their destruction as another method of punishing the Chinese people, acts that would move Sarah to outrage.¹⁰

The walls obsessed her most—she might have agreed with China scholar John Hay, who wrote: “The plan of Beijing is a construction of boundaries,” a “fractured series of layers.” “China has fortified herself against the outside world as well as against her own people,” Sarah observed. “How I long to go behind these high walls and see something of the Chinese home life! Can it be that good fortune will ever open these locked gates and invite me to enter?” This was a lot to expect before she had even settled in Beijing. But the image of Shanghai wives kept in hiding while their husbands had free run of the world had stayed with her. She now looked at walls as something peculiarly male and confining, and at the lives of the women within those walls as the key to freeing the mysteries China posed to her at every turn—and, perhaps, the key to freeing China of the unseen walls impeding its progress. Sarah determined that, with time and luck, she would get behind these walls, bringing the world with her and introducing China’s women to the world.¹¹

The area known to foreigners as the Legation Quarter was called by the Chinese something much more evocative—the “Eastern Lane of the Mingling of Peoples” (*Dongjiaomin xiang*). Located east of the Qianmen Gate on the Tartar City’s southern wall, the area dated back to the time of the Mongol Yuan dynasty, when it was used as a stopping place for foreign traders. It was also the city’s gateway for goods brought in from southern China, including tea. The lopsided rectangle of its footprint was bisected from north to south by the euphemistically named Jade Canal, a waterway fed by the pleasure lakes situated west of the Forbidden City
but believed by foreigners to be an imperial sewer drain. Some found the entire district distasteful. “For the nearly forty years that the fine flowers of European diplomacy have been transplanted to Peking,” sniffed Eliza Scidmore, “they have been content to wallow along this filthy Legation street . . . the highway before their doors a general sewer and dumping-ground for offensive refuse of every kind.”

Perhaps Sarah expected to find in her new home something of what the British had, a Chinese palace once the home of an imperial duke, fitted with Western “improvements,” but retaining many of its original, crimson-pillared, gilded charms. But compared to the British, French, or Russian legations, the American was unremarkable. A friend of Sarah’s, the young American artist Cecile Payen, who lived in the legation compound during the Boxer Uprising, was less charitable:

> The houses, originally Chinese, are small one-story structures, and the rooms are very dark . . . The compound is very crowded, which is a great disadvantage, for in Peking there are no pleasure-promenades, and you never think of going out in the streets for a stroll. The place is guarded at night by a watchman who makes his rounds beating two hollow pieces of wood, whether to let the inmates know he is doing his duty, or to warn malefactors of his approach, I cannot learn.

The Congers’ quarters lay along one side of a tree-filled courtyard. Inside the gray-tiled buildings, which were set with incongruous Western-style mullioned glass windows, were high-ceilinged Chinese rooms clumsily divided into more or less recognizably Western living and dining spaces using screens, potted palms, and an army of mismatched Victorian settees, marble-topped tables, pier-glasses, and chairs divorced from long-gone dining suites, squeezed in among crimson pillars rising to ornate blue and green painted ceilings. Hidden away in the southeast corner of the compound, directly adjacent to the Tartar Wall on the south and the Jade Canal and Water Gate on the east, was a famous temple, the Sanguanmiao or the Temple of the Three Officials. This was the last place of worship of the last emperor of the Ming dynasty, Chongzhen, who after praying for guidance at this temple hanged himself on Prospect Hill behind the Forbidden City. The temple was no refuge for an emperor,
but it would become an unlikely but beloved home for the Congers in another few years’ time.¹⁴

The crowdedness of the American legation noted by Cecile was partly due to the superabundance of servants (a total of fifty) and staff. For a first secretary, Edwin had the wealthy, cosmopolitan, and multilingual New Yorker, Herbert Squiers. New to the diplomatic service, Squiers lived with his elegant wife, Harriet, in the white brick, European-style building in the compound which also housed the legation’s business office. The second secretary, W. E. Bainbridge and his wife, also lived in the compound, along with the interpreter, F. D. Cheshire, who had taken to wearing a queue and Chinese clothing “so as to be better able to mix with [the Chinese] and study the language,” remembered Miss Payen. Each of these men and their families, plus Edwin and Sarah, had the large number of servants believed necessary at that time and in that place.¹⁵

For all they were older than most of the diplomats in Beijing, the Congers were rank upstarts on the diplomatic pecking order—their country did not even own its own legation compound. According to Eliza Scidmore, while the “picked diplomats of all Europe” were sent to Beijing to do service, “sustained by the certainty of promotions and rewards after a useful term,” the American minister earned little and could expect less. He is “crowded in small rented premises, is paid about a fourth as much as the other envoys, and, coming untrained to his career, has the cheerful certainty of being put out of office as soon as he has learned his business and another President is elected.”¹⁶

Diplomatic Americans in Beijing clearly felt they were not held in very high regard. “Foreign society here is divided into three distinct sets,” recalled Cecile Payen: “the diplomatic, which is very cold and formal, the customs, with Sir Robert Hart at its head, which is the most sociable, and the missionaries, who form a society of their own.”¹⁷

Sir Claude MacDonald was not the doyen or most senior member of the group of foreigners—that honor belonged to the elderly, optimistic Marquis Don Bernardo de Cologan of Spain, squinting his cloudy eyes against the Chinese sun. But Sir Claude bore himself like one, with his tall, pencil-thin figure, quizzical expression, and stiff waxed moustache. He would show great courage when his life depended on it, but he had a faulty memory and an apparent overall lack of interest in details that
High walls would cause problems for everyone in time. Lady McDonald (Ethel), was a handsome, somewhat stern, and no-nonsense Englishwoman who would prove her mettle under enemy fire as well as in the diplomatic fray: it was she who would first seek an audience for the foreign diplomats’ wives with the Empress Dowager Cixi. Like de Cologan, the Austrian minister Baron Moritz Czikann von Wahlborn would also stand out in difficult circumstances, though for different reasons and very much in spite of his obvious view of Beijing as a nauseating stepping stone to better things. Czikann’s first secretary, Arthur von Rosthorn, who with his wife would echo Sarah’s sympathy for the Chinese, would show far more character.  

The French minister, Stéphen Pichon, was a charming and alert man who, however, could not refrain from sharing his innermost fears with all and sundry, putting firmly set British teeth on edge during the Boxer troubles. He also had a boyish streak, displayed in photographs taken of him in August 1900 lolling on an abandoned imperial throne. It has been pointed out that Pichon and Edwin were the only republicans present among the baronets, counts, and marquises. But where Edwin swam in these coroneted waters as easily as he might in a swimming hole back in Iowa—from naivety as much as American nonchalance—Pichon was full of middle-class complexes. Unhelpfully, his friendly wife, the daughter of a restaurateur, was often made the butt of jokes among the supposedly better class of diplomatic society in Beijing, entrenching more harmful factions within the tiny community.  

As important for his diplomatic prowess as for his nation’s proximity to (and designs on) China, Mikhail de Giers proved himself a redoubtable Russian minister, never venturing an opinion or sharing an observation, and comfortable in his cloak of mystery like a painted Chinese mountain wreathed in mists. His wife wore a permanent knowing smile that complemented her husband’s inscrutability. Presenting the opposite extreme was the voluble, officious, and violent Baron Clemens von Ketteler, German minister and a middle-aged career diplomat, who considered himself a lofty specialist in les choses chinoises cast among lessers of education and caste. Yet he was habitually cruel to Chinese people in ways that led him, step by step, to the muzzle of a Chinese gun. His young American wife, heiress to the Ledyard railway fortune, hated
Beijing as much as Lady MacDonald did, and in her own way made as much fun of the Chinese as her fellow aristocrats did of Madame Pichon.

This little international community, in which Edwin and Sarah arrived as newcomers knowing nothing of the challenges or opportunities, was a motley crew at best to pilot the unsteady ship of foreign diplomacy on a Chinese sea growing choppier by the day. “Never before,” one historian points out, “had the diplomatic corps [in Beijing] been so collectively ignorant of and insensitive toward the Chinese body politic.”

For Sarah, the uniform grayness of the American compound and perhaps what seemed an unrelenting aura of untidiness throughout the city moved even this perennially hopeful woman to write that what she saw was not prepossessing. But, being Sarah, she determined to make the best of the situation, which is why she first went to visit her kitchen.

Few foreign diplomats’ wives (save, perhaps, for Madame Pichon) ever saw the interior of their kitchens or even knew where the kitchens were, but Sarah was no typical diplomatic lady. She had spent her early married life dealing with that room, which in a Midwest home was the source of a housewife’s pride. Her impression of the American legation was not improved by the sight of where the legation’s food was cooked. She was, in fact, “heart-sick”:

> Across one end was a piece of masonry about six feet long, three feet wide, and two and one-half feet high. This masonry had three small holes in the top, with loose bricks placed about them. At the front were corresponding holes for the fire. There was no chimney! High in the room was an opening for the smoke to escape. There was an old-fashioned, foreign brick oven in a corner near this Chinese range.

Sarah could not believe that a simple meal, let alone the many courses required for formal dinners, could ever be produced in this “kitchen.” Edwin suggested she have the sort of frank discussion she might have had with a servant in her Des Moines home, and his advice was, as Sarah often acknowledged, excellent, but it also led to a surprise. First Cook
was an artist, and a proud one. Far from cringing before this nervous American memsahib, First Cook told Sarah that she was worrying herself over nothing.21

Sarah was not so sure. “At first,” she reflected later, “I tried to have [the Chinese servants] learn my way of doing.” Soon after the Congers arrived, Sarah took it upon herself to reorganize the legation’s accounts, so that instead of each household department purchasing its own coal or food stores, Sarah would buy in quantity for everyone to use as needed. The servants did their best to function within this strange system of strict accountability. But the changes Sarah had ordered soon caused more chaos than they were worth. Nothing was right, the servants told her—one of the countless problems was that the coal she had ordered in would not burn. Actually, nothing was that different from before, except for one important detail. What the servants really missed, Sarah discovered, was something Chinese people seldom spoke of publicly. It was a staple of Chinese trade: the “squeeze,” a practice by which the purchaser of items for a third party skimmed off a profit. The servants could not do this if Sarah made the purchases for them. Shocked at first, Sarah realized that imposing her—the foreign world’s—way on her Chinese servants not only deprived them of a source of income that was as much a part of doing business as the handshake (written contracts being uncommon in China), but ultimately cost the legation more in the long run. In this case it was more expensive to disrupt a routine and tradition that was centuries old than it was to retain it.22

Sarah had a similar moment of insight around this same time. She had noticed that wallpaper in one of the reception rooms needed replacing. The servants told her there was no way to match it. “No got,” she records their reply, “no have Peking.” But all was not lost. “Chinaman can make,” they insisted. Thinking in terms of the lifespan of wallpaper patterns, which in America was as short as that of the season’s fashions, Sarah could not understand how this could be done. But shortly afterward, First Boy Lu brought in an old man, who stood in the room studying the wall for a while, then went away. He returned in a few days with sheets of wallpaper painted to look exactly like the sections that needed replacing, apparently even matching the original paper’s faded pigmentation. Of everything she would come to admire in the Chinese, it was this god-in-
the-details approach that Sarah enjoyed most. She had already noticed that foreign banks employed Chinese “for their most important detail work.” Her bank manager told her he hired Chinese for three reasons: “they are honest, self-possessed, and accurate,” traits in which foreign workers were evidently deficient. Their ability to concentrate, though surrounded by distraction, echoed Sarah’s own credo: steadiness in any storm. They were steady even in the storm of Sarah’s initial misgivings. Where there were points about which she was adamant, and where she put her case both firmly and logically, the servants lent a ready ear and were more than willing to compromise. This was because when learning to let her staff use their own methods, Sarah had also mastered the subtle Chinese art of adapting, like bamboo to the wind.23

“The Chinese system of living is so intricate and so well learned,” Sarah concluded, “and adhered to by all classes, that it ‘passeth understanding.’” Sarah was aware that she was asking the Chinese to live by a rule foreign to them. “My ideas of right,” she wrote to a friend, “should not be so arbitrary as to deprive them of a day’s wages.” The heavens she had seen upside down in Brazil were still puzzling to her, but she was beginning to recognize and appreciate their new pattern.24
It was obvious to Sarah, if not to many others in her circle, that the dowager was a hapless victim of gossip and sensationalist journalism created by people who knew nothing about her. She concluded that if people could just see Cixi as she did, they would feel about her as Sarah did. Sitting with Cixi and holding her hand, Sarah detected in “her strong character the golden threads of kindness and tenderness. I do not proclaim this on the housetops as the wise world would call me mad,” she assured Laura, “and it would do no good.” Along with her steadfast tactic of living in accordance with her beliefs, “striving all the while to bring out the best thoughts in people with our sayings and doings,” a portrait to challenge the world’s misapprehension of the dowager was tailor made to augment Sarah’s form of passive edification.¹

The only way Sarah could think of to represent what she saw as the truth of the empress dowager of China was to co-opt a uniquely European art form, the portrait, and offer the world an image of Cixi as she really was, not as illustrated papers and biased journalists depicted her. In so doing she was also borrowing a leaf from the public relations handbook of Queen Victoria—incidentally Cixi’s favorite European
monarch—whose photograph was to be found in ready abundance all over the world and whose family never shied from a camera lens. Thanks to this exposure, Victoria was seen as in some way belonging to the nation—her minatory nose, crisp mouth and blue eyes beneath coronet and mantilla became the very personification of Britain. Perhaps the same was possible for China, whose female ruler was, like Victoria, as much mother figure as monarch.

Sarah may have had another reason for insisting on the portrait, one closer to home. Everywhere she lived, Sarah hung up a portrait of her son Lorentus—it can be seen on a wall of her Pasadena parlor in a photograph taken after she and Edwin removed to the United States in 1905. The nearly life-size image of the boy, dressed in jacket, short pants, and the horizontal-striped stockings of the 1870s, sits looking out thoughtfully into a future he would never know. Through this picture, however, his mother would never forget him and would, in a way, keep him always near her. Sarah thus knew the power of an image, politically and sentimentally; and clearly she believed that if people could have such a picture of the empress dowager as she really looked, they would see the false caricatures for what they were.

Sarah first began to realize this on a trip to the fabled Summer Palace—Yiheyuan—that place of exotic mystery to which none of the diplomatic corps had yet been. When Alicia Little visited the then-abandoned spot in 1901, she judged it something of a Chinese “Rosherville,” referring to a low-brow public pleasure garden in England, and was especially censorious of the so-called Marble Boat. Built in the eighteenth century, the Marble Boat was popularly believed to have been constructed for Cixi’s pleasure using funds earmarked for the Chinese imperial navy. What actually happened was that Prince Chun, currying favor with the dowager, added to the low-slung elegance of Qianlong’s barge a Victorian superstructure resplendent with stained-glass windows and wall mirrors that reminded Mrs. Little of a restaurant, along with marble paddle wheels to show Cixi how up to date Chun was. Cixi ordered none of this, though she did enjoy it. If anything, it is the Summer Palace of today, crowded with tourists, some of its historic buildings shared out to the highest bidders in the pin-striped business world and others staffed by young people in ersatz Manchu court regalia, that most resembles Mrs. Little’s Rosherville.
The Summer Palace offered highlights not just of Chinese but of world architecture: the Tower of the Fragrance of the Buddha; two of the most perfect marble camelback bridges in China; and islands in Kunming Lake studded with delicate temples and pavilions, like some enchanted vision of the Eight Immortals painted on a scroll. The eastern lakeshore was adorned with the Qianlong-era Bronze Ox, while to the west was the Long Gallery, the longest covered walkway in China, every beam and lintel awash in bright scenes from Chinese opera and legend. As in 1860, in 1900 this dream-like setting was damaged by foreign troops. It was nothing like the all-out annihilation of Yuanmingyuan, but perhaps the symbolic mistreatment was worse. One hopes Cixi never saw the proofs of violation that left no record save for photographs later reproduced by the travel photographer Burton Holmes: British troops laughing in the Marble Boat, cooling lotus leaves on their head, or skinny-dipping in Kunming Lake. By the summer of 1902, much of the damage had been repaired, but here lay another minefield of calumny for the dowager. Blamed for robbing the treasury to make these repairs, Cixi in fact had little to do with them: it was mostly subscription funds from the Chinese people that helped erase the vandalism of what was, after all, a national treasure.3

Early one summer morning, Sarah, ladies of the corps, and the ministers started out in sedan chairs and carts over the road from Beijing. The surface was still covered in yellow sand from an earlier imperial progress, its crunchy golden grit lending a certain glamour to the travelers’ journey. In villages along the route, the inhabitants had obviously been ordered to keep quiet, but this did not prevent them staring at the passing cavalcade—this many foreigners coming out to the Summer Palace in peace instead of war was surely something none had ever seen before. Parting the curtains of her chair, Sarah looked back at them wistfully, “as I pass on alone in my little house, shut away from their touch.”4

After a two-hour journey, the party stopped for rest and refreshments in what Sarah calls a temple, likely one of the pavilions in the Garden of Harmonious Interests, an enclave of courtyards intersected by bridge-covered canals, its pavilions reflected in pools thick with lotus. From there the guests were taken to a series of houseboats, at the head of which was Cixi’s private steam launch. “The Ministers’ wives and those highest
in rank were asked to enter Her Majesty’s private boat,” Sarah recorded. This boat took the lead, giving Sarah a dramatic view aft “as these many boats with their brilliant colorings, flags and streamers waving, passed in and out of the many turnings of the watercourses.”

Sarah’s flotilla passed through shaded waterways, past Suzhou Street, a replica of a southern China merchant bazaar, and more temples and outbuildings. Floating under the high marble arch of the Bridge of Embroidered Ripples, the party was suddenly bobbing on the shimmering jade waves of Kunming Lake. Sarah felt she had entered “fairy scenes of dreamland”: “We saw the island, with its high rocks, glistening yellow tiled roofs, grottoes, marble terraces, with their white, carved marble balustrades, large bronze statues, and gardens with flowering shrubs and spreading trees.”

The launch drew up to the palace’s dock; marble steps rose to a courtyard where officials conducted everyone to an audience with Cixi, followed by refreshments, and then a promenade along the Long Gallery and through the many secluded gardens and pavilions of this “dreamland.” The schedule gave Sarah little time with the dowager, and when she next saw her, she was in the steam launch sailing across to South Lake Island, where there was a temple to the Dragon King.

Sarah and the ladies were taken out to the island. On reaching the double staircase below the temple, Sarah climbed to the top, where a broad verandah and a wide-angle view of the Summer Palace unfolded before her. Cixi stood waiting for her. “The Empress Dowager stepped to the marble balustrade,” Sarah recalled, “and looking out upon the wonderful scene stretched out before her, spoke my name. I went to her and she took my hand in both of hers. Looking at the scenes about us and beyond us, she said in a tender, thoughtful way, ‘Is it not beautiful?’” As they stood holding hands, wordlessly looking across the lake to the golden-roofs and crimson pillars among the trees on the opposite shore, both women clearly felt, even if they did not speak it, that they were sisters in appreciation. When it was time to return to Beijing, Sarah stepped aboard the steam launch with the other ladies and so began their chug back across the lake, “taking with us the remembrance of a happy day.” She turned in time to see Cixi walk out to the terrace and the balustrade again, to watch as the vessels sailed around the Marble Boat and away from view.
Sarah already cherished an affection for the dowager that she had shared with many people, and been accused of by others, an affection ribbed with the defensive conviction that if Cixi was lovable, surely she was not also terrible. Of the dowager’s feelings about Sarah we have little evidence—in fact it would appear she was as puzzled as she was pleased by Sarah’s attachment to her. Yet it would seem that on this day, standing on the terrace of the Dragon King Temple, she had reached that point in their relationship where, knowing Sarah better, seeing her passion for the same things she loved, Cixi was able to trust her—something Cixi never did lightly. The impression Sarah left, watching the thoughtful Cixi studying her as she sailed away across the lake, seems to imply that the bond between people who are tied by fate—that thin red thread of the Chinese proverb—was indeed there. Both women had felt its tug.

June 1903 began with a telegram from Fred and Laura reading simply: “Girl.” The birth of Sarah Conger Buchan on June 3 brought “a joyous promise into your life and into ours,” Sarah wrote to her daughter. When a packet containing locks of the baby’s hair arrived in the diplomatic pouch, Sarah showed them to the servants, who were thrilled that “Miss Laura” had a baby and was doing well, but were concerned that her hair had been cut—such was never done to Chinese baby girls. But Sarah reassured them, observing that “they do not quite understand how unselfishly generous our American babies are.”

Shortly after receiving the news of little Sarah’s birth, Sarah received permission from Cixi for an audience at the Summer Palace requested for June 15. Sarah had asked for this audience ostensibly to present her friend, Charlotte Evans, wife of the commander-in-chief of the Asiatic Fleet, to the emperor and dowager, but she also had another motive related to her plan for rehabilitating Cixi’s reputation. “For many months,” Sarah wrote, “I had been indignant over the horrible, unjust caricatures of Her Imperial Majesty in illustrated papers, and with a growing desire that the world might see her more as she really is, I had conceived the idea of asking her Majesty’s permission to speak with her upon the subject of having her portrait painted.” Sarah had written
to a Paris-trained American artist, Katherine Carl, who was living in Shanghai but whom the Congers had met in Macao, and asked her if she would do the honors. “Mrs. Conger hoped, if the project should materialize,” recalled Kate, “that her Majesty might later consent to send the portrait to the [1904] Exposition at St. Louis. She thought such a portrait would be of great interest to the American people . . . She also felt, as she had had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the Empress Dowager, that if the world could see a true likeness of her, it might modify the generally accepted idea which prevailed as to Her Majesty’s character.” This was a tall order for an artist who had not yet painted anyone so high on the totem pole of world celebrity.

The day of the audience, an eighteen-year-old Manchu girl, Der Ling, was standing beside Cixi’s throne chair when the dowager spied figures being conducted toward the hall. Der Ling’s teenaged eyes quickly recognized Sarah, who had had her family to dinner at the legation, and determined that the other was Charlotte Evans. Cixi was relieved, but scowled as a third figure appeared: it was another of the missionary translators Sarah brought with her, despite the fact, Cixi grumbled to Der Ling, that “I have your mother, your sister and yourself, which should be sufficient,” and the missionary ladies seldom spoke a Chinese Cixi could understand.

Pretty, ambitious, and bright, Der Ling—later known by the title of “Princess”—was the daughter of Yu Keng, a cosmopolitan Manchu aristocrat who favored reform, and his wife, Louisa, daughter of a Boston merchant established in Shanghai. Der Ling and her sister, Rong Ling, spoke English and French, played the piano, had studied dance in Paris with Isadora Duncan, and had taken acting tips from Sarah Bernhardt. Cixi had expressed interest in Yu Keng’s daughters coming to court after hearing about them from Prince Qing’s playboy son, Zaizhen, who had danced with them in Paris when their father was Chinese minister there. Given that Sarah knew the family before this, it is certainly possible that she, too, put in a word of recommendation. What Cixi wanted were ladies-in-waiting who would fit in as Chinese women but be able to speak the languages of the foreign ladies she entertained—who were, significantly, American. She also wanted to be seen by her foreign guests as au courant with their fashions and manners, hence requesting that Der
Ling, her sister, and their mother wear their French gowns and hats while they served at court, and even trying on their high-heeled Paris shoes. Like Sarah, Der Ling had naïvely but sincerely come to court with the hope of effecting Western-style reform by encouraging the dowager to model herself along the lines of a European monarch. While this was a huge task for anyone, let alone a teenage socialite, it was part of the trend of Cixi’s own thought: to embrace rather than reject foreign ways, through foreign women rather than foreign men.  

Cixi had not only gone to a great deal of trouble to plan this audience but, as Der Ling relates, had put her court ladies through more rehearsals and run-throughs than a hard-driving Broadway director. Besides being Cixi’s interpreter, Der Ling was put in charge of the dowager’s vast collection of jewels and ornaments, and so was privy to much of the planning that took place behind the scenes. Not unlike Sarah with the ladies of the diplomatic corps, Cixi demanded perfection from her court ladies when entertaining guests, so that “they had grown to hate the very mention of a foreign audience.” Cixi’s gown, per Der Ling, was a gorgeous creation worthy of a goddess, embroidered all over with one hundred butterflies and fringed with pearls. Her tianzi was adorned with butterflies of jade, and the rest of her jewelry all bore butterflies in its design. Since the butterfly was a symbol of longevity, Cixi was wholeheartedly declaring to her guests that she hoped and intended to be around for a very long time to come.  

Termagant though she might sometimes be, Cixi was not without humor as Sarah, Mrs. Evans, and the interpreter approached her throne. “I think [the missionary woman] must like to see me,” she quipped sarcastically to Der Ling. “I will tell her that I am glad to see her always, and see if she understands what I mean.”  

Introducing Mrs. Evans to the dowager, Sarah sat in a chair brought by eunuchs. After some polite small talk, Cixi surprised Sarah by warmly congratulating her on the birth of Sarah Buchan, whose advent she had heard about through Der Ling’s mother. Cixi was not merely obeying a foreign convention here. While a Han Chinese family might regard a daughter as a misfortune, Manchu families felt quite differently, according their unmarried daughters rank fully equal to their sons. As Kate Carl was once told by a Chinese diplomat posted to the United States, “the
The Empress and Mrs. Conger

only unmarried woman in the world whose position is analogous to that of the ‘American Girl,’ in her own family, is the Manchu girl.” Cixi’s interest in Sarah Buchan, including showering her with clothes and jewelry, much of it purchased by Der Ling at the dowager’s express order, was to continue until the dowager’s death in 1908.16

The ladies were conducted into a dining room and seated at a table arranged by Der Ling with white linen, gold menu holders, and silverware augmented by chopsticks. Clearly the court princesses had been closely questioned by Cixi on their return from the American legation about how things were arranged at Sarah’s tiffin, and she had ordered her table to be laid in conformity with the standard Sarah used. Der Ling, her sister, mother, and the other princesses dined with Sarah and Mrs. Evans and were served the best champagne. After all, “I know that foreign ladies like to drink,” Cixi explained knowingly to Der Ling. Afterward, Cixi invited the ladies to come see her in her private apartments, where she flattered Mrs. Evans by telling her that China had “not such fine buildings as there are in America,” and that she longed to travel so that she could see the United States for herself—the polite, self-deprecating small talk of a well brought up Chinese lady (she did often say that the United States was her favorite foreign country).17

Amid the conversation, Der Ling, who was with Cixi all the time translating, noticed Sarah asking the missionary translator to tell Cixi she had a question for her. Der Ling heard the words “the portrait” and, guessing what Sarah had in mind, was about to tell Cixi when the missionary blurted out: “Mrs. Conger has come with the special object of asking permission to have Her Majesty’s portrait painted by an American lady artist, Miss Carl, as she is desirous of sending it to the St. Louis Exhibition, in order that the American people may form some idea of what a beautiful lady the Empress Dowager of China is.”18

In her letter to Laura, Sarah couched this request in a good deal more ceremony and dignity. “With intense love for womankind,” she wrote, “and in justice to this Imperial woman, I presented my subject without doubt or fear. Her Majesty listened, was interested, and with a woman’s heart conversed with me.” Cixi had at first reacted with complete silence. “I kept very calm, most respectful,” Sarah recalled, “as I talked with her, telling my reasons why I greatly desired that Her Imperial
Majesty’s portrait should be placed with the portraits of the Rulers of other nations.” As the result of this conversation, “the Empress Dowager gave consent to allow her Imperial portrait to be painted.” Yet Cixi was actually more confused than convinced, as Der Ling reports, because what Sarah had made was, in the Chinese tradition, a very strange request. In China, portraits were only ever painted of the deceased. However many longevity-ensuring butterflies Cixi had on her gown and tianzi, Sarah’s petition to have a portrait painted of the still-living dowager unwittingly threw a shadow of the tomb over the happy gathering.19

Der Ling says that in fact it took the better part of the next two days for her to help the dowager understand what it was that Sarah wanted and to agree to it. Even then, there were doubts, especially after Der Ling showed Cixi a portrait of herself painted by Kate Carl in Paris. Besides the use of oil paints, Cixi’s greatest objection was one that she would hold on to until her last portrait was painted by a foreigner in 1905: she hated the shadows used in Western art to render perspective. “Do you think this Artist lady will paint my picture to look black also?” Cixi enquired with concern. And of course, Cixi’s final worry had to do with what this new project would do to interrupt her busy schedule. “When I explained to her that it would be necessary for her to sit for several hours each day, she was excited,” Der Ling reported, “and afraid she would never have the patience to see it through.” As it happened, Der Ling herself and her younger sister, Rong Ling, would end up sitting in for the dowager more often than not over the next several months.20

“Only think of it!” Sarah exclaimed to Laura, having departed the Summer Palace in a haze of happiness. “That this portrait may present to the outside world even a little of the true expression and character of this misrepresented woman, is my earnest wish . . . Her intuitive ability to perceive and conceive is not easy to surpass, nor even equal, by man or woman.” But perhaps even she began to wonder whether Cixi really intended to follow through with the project. That she later had doubts is clear from Der Ling’s account. Sarah wrote a letter to Der Ling that very night, “begging me not to prejudice Her Majesty against Miss Carl in any way.” She had seen Der Ling pull at Cixi’s sleeve as the missionary translator explained what Sarah wanted the dowager to agree to, and thought it might have been in criticism of Kate—it was actually to keep
Cixi from saying anything embarrassingly uninformed. Cixi was incensed when Der Ling naïvely showed her the letter. How did anyone dare, she exclaimed, to try to influence her through one of her ladies-in-waiting? This is the one record we have of her being angry with Sarah, but it may not have been so much that Sarah had tried to enlist Der Ling in the cause as that Cixi would have preferred that Sarah communicate with her directly—a method Sarah had always used until now. As possessive of her friends as she was of her palace dogs, Cixi would not have liked that her favorite Sarah was writing notes to her favorite Der Ling.21

Cixi soon recovered her equanimity toward Sarah and her project though she continued to be wary of Sarah’s future requests (due, it must be said, to her habit of bringing missionary friends to audiences). Of one thing she could be certain. She now knew just how much the portrait meant to Sarah and, thanks to Der Ling, how significant it could be for her own legacy to agree to participate in this the most modern and foreign project of any she had undertaken in her reign. After all the fuss and delay, Cixi finally gave her gracious assent, “If you know all about this artist lady, and think she is quite all right to come here to the palace,” she placidly told Der Ling, “of course she may come, and I will tell Prince Ching to reply to Mrs. Conger to that effect.”22
Notes

Introduction


Chapter 1 Farmer’s daughter

1. Cherrington, “Universalism: A Kind and Gentle Religious Tradition was Once Dynamic in Galesburg,” *Zephyr* (Galesburg, Illinois), January 18, 1996. According to the 1850 census for Elkhart, Indiana, the Pike family included an Augusta Pike, apparently Edward’s 25-year-old sister, described by the census taker as an “idiot” (i.e., living with what we would now term mental retardation or an intellectual disability). So Sarah, nine at the time, grew up in an atmosphere of tolerance and understanding of yet another kind of marginalized person that Universalists believed should be treated with more respect, the mentally challenged.
2. The Pike daughters were: Mary, Sarah, Lavinia, and Fanny (US Census, City of Galesburg, Illinois, July 19, 1860). Being a farmer’s daughter in the American Midwest certainly had its advantages: over a quarter of the women who went to Chinese missions were daughters of farmers, attributing their “missionary motivation” to the liberty of body and spirit they had known as girls growing up on farms. See Hunter, The Gospel of Gentility, 29.

3. Conger, Old China and Young America, 88–89, 95–96; Sarah Conger letter to Laura Conger Buchan, June 20, 1903. Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University.


6. The Congers were also on the earliest complete list of abolitionists in Illinois, dated September 27, 1837. See Illinois State Genealogical Society Quarterly, XII, no. 3 (1980). For White Mayflower ancestry, see entries for F. Eaton/S. Fuller/White, in van Antwerp et al., Mayflower Families Through Five Generations, vol. 1, 139.


8. Cherrington, Zephyr; Lombard College Yearbook, class of 1890, Knox College; Edwin Conger letter to Laura Conger Buchan, September 20, 1901, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12.


11. Conger, Old China and Young America, 141–142.


17. Clipping from 1901 shared with the author by Rex Cherrington; Lombard yearbook, class of 1890, Knox College.
18. “Conger is Not a Candidate, But He Will Run If Urged,” *Anaconda Standard*, April 26, 1901; Conger, *Old China and Young America*, 143–144.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid.

Chapter 2  Mother of China

2. Hamilton, *President McKinley, War and Empire*, vol. 1: 92; Mathisen, *Critical Issues in American Religious History: A Reader*, 406; Twain, “To The Person Sitting In Darkness,” *North American Review*. If his personal library, part of which is now at the Yenching Library at Harvard, is anything to go by, Edwin Conger did a great deal of reading not just about China's past history but about its problems contemporary to his appointment as minister. He read everyone from British author Alexis Krausse, an expert on Asia who believed China was doomed to implode, to James Harrison Wilson, the former Civil War officer who brought to China and the Chinese of the 1880s his hopes and sympathies, and owned many of the major published Boxer siege accounts.


8. Ibid. 32.

9. Ibid., 43. Also see Der Ling, *Old Buddha*, 1.


Chapter 3  High walls

3. Ibid.
12. Moser and Moser, *Foreigners Within the Gate*, 29–33; Scidmore, *China the Long-lived Empire*, 146.
16. Scidmore, *China the Long-lived Empire*, 145. Edwin received US$13,000 per year, see “Interesting Life History of Minister Conger,” *San Francisco Call*, July 17, 1900.
21. Ibid.
22. Ibid.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid., 5–7, 19–21 and 33.

Chapter 4  Chinese Christians

2. See Der Ling, *Two Years in the Forbidden City*, 175–179; Ching, *Chinese Religions*, 63.
3. Der Ling, *Two Years in the Forbidden City*, 175–179.
5. Ibid., 166.
16. Ibid., 12.
17. Ibid., 13.
18. By the time they left China in 1905, Sarah and Edwin Conger had a number of significant books about China in their personal library, many gifts from their authors; they are now in the Harvard-Yenching Library.
23. Ibid.

**Chapter 5   Daws in peacock’s feathers**

Chapter 6  Imperial audience

1. Scidmore, China the Long-lived Empire, 136.
3. For more on the train car, see Bredon, Peking, 140; Seagrave, Dragon Lady, 258.
4. Der Ling, Two Years in the Forbidden City, 134.
5. Hoe, Women at the Siege, 3; Conger, Letters from China, 40.
6. Little, Round About My Peking Garden, 50; Der Ling, Two Years in the Forbidden City, 113–115. On one occasion, Mrs. Archibald Little saw Guangxu leap happily from the imperial train carriage, very much like “many an English young man as he comes to his journey’s end” (see Little, Round About My Peking Garden, 50).
7. Conger, Letters from China, 39; Seagrave, Dragon Lady, 260.
9. Der Ling, Two Years in the Forbidden City, 300–302.
10. Conger, Letters from China, 42.
11. Quoted in Seagrave, Dragon Lady, 261.
15. Conger, Letters from China, 43.

Chapter 7  Christmas in Beijing


8. Ibid.

9. Ibid.


15. Lang, *Chinese Family and Society*, 44.


18. Ibid.

19. Ibid.

20. Ibid.

21. Ibid.

22. Ibid.

23. Ibid., 47–48; Conger, *Old China and Young America*, 106.

Chapter 8  Unlocking the gates

1. Arlington and Lewisohn, *In Search of Old Peking*, 153–155; Conger, *Letters from China*, 56–57. Sarah was also drawn to the Imperial Examination Halls, located not far from the observatory.


5. Ibid., 54–55.

6. Ibid.

7. Ibid., 45 and 59.
Notes to pages 80–96

9. See the photographs of Lancelot Giles in the Giles Pickford Collection, Australian National University, Canberra.
12. Ibid.
15. Ibid., 57–58.
16. Ibid.
17. Ibid., 45 and 59.
18. Ibid., 49.
19. Ibid., 50.
20. Ibid.
22. Ibid., 73–74.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid., 73; Scidmore, *China the Long-lived Empire*, 175–176.
26. Ibid.

Chapter 9 Gathering storm

Notes to pages 97–113

17. Ibid.

Chapter 10  Shadow Boxers

2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid., 90.
15. Ibid.
21. Ibid.
22. Ibid.
29. Laura’s ex-husband, George Landrum, had later enlisted in the 49th Iowa to fight in the Spanish–American War but died ten days after reaching his camp in Florida. See “Interesting Life History of Minister Conger,” *San Francisco Call*, July 17, 1900.
32. Ibid., 96.
40. Ibid.; the print is featured opposite page 110 in Martin, *The Siege in Peking*.


**Chapter 11  Siege**

3. Der Ling, *Two Years in the Forbidden City*, 175–176.
7. Ibid.
12. Moser and Moser, *Foreigners Within the Gate*, 35.
14. Ibid., 460.
23. Ibid., 461; Hoe, *Women at the Siege*, 149.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid., 61–62.


31. Ibid.


34. Coltman, Beleaguered in Peking, 94–95.

35. Ransome, The Story of the Siege Hospital in Peking.


37. Ibid.


43. Preston, The Boxer Rebellion, 154.

Chapter 12  Survival


2. Ibid.


5. Lao Tzu, Tao Teh Ching, 9.


12. Ibid.
13. Ibid.
18. Ibid., 130–131.
19. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid., 137.
29. Ibid.


39. Ibid.

40. Ibid., 24–25.


42. Ibid., 60–61.

43. Ibid.

44. Ibid., 62.

45. Ibid.

46. Ibid., 63.

47. Ibid., 64–65.


49. Ibid., 146.

50. Ibid., 144.

51. Giles, *The Siege of the Peking Legations*, 166 and plate 47. The fact that everyone at the time, including Sarah, seems to have understood Liu Wuyuan was male, leads me to assume that was indeed his sex, but that is not the final word on the subject. At least one writer believes Liu was female, based on the photograph by Lancelot Giles; certain features support this interpretation.


53. Ibid., 148–149.

54. Ibid., 148.


59. Ibid.


64. Ibid., 161 and 183.

65. Ibid., 177.

66. Ibid., 161 and 183.

67. Ibid.
Chapter 13  Loot

2. Sarah Conger to Fred Buchan and Laura Conger Buchan, January 16, 1902; Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12; “The Court Back in Peking,” *New York Times*, January 8, 1902;
4. Ibid.
12. Ibid., 164 and 176.
13. Ibid., 165–166.
15. Ibid.
16. Ibid.
22. Ibid., 72–74, 122–123 and 125.
23. Ibid., 104–106.
24. In support of this, Philip Sergeant wrote in 1910 that the Pearl killed herself out of fear that foreign soldiers would rape her, and Cixi did award


26. Ibid., 211.


31. For the photograph of Cixi see Moser and Moser, *Foreigners Within the Gates*, 121.

32. A native of Wyandotte, Kansas and graduate of the University of Kansas law school, Lieutenant Fred Erskine Buchan had served as a captain in the Spanish–American War. As leader of Operations and Training of the Second Army Corps in France during World War I, Buchan would be instrumental to breaking the Hindenburg line, and would be awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Married to his college sweetheart, Lucinda K. Smith, in June 1898, he was widowed less than a year later. Fred met Laura when American troops entered the British legation on August 14, 1900. The marriage was described in the press as Laura’s consolation for having made an unfortunate first marriage to George Landrum, though in fact it was also a consolation for the bereaved Fred (a fact never mentioned). Laura and Fred were married in Chicago at the home of Sarah’s sister, Lavinia McConnell, with Mary Pierce as bridesmaid—she, too, had married an officer who entered Beijing with the American troops. Sarah was present at the ceremony. For further information, see “Miss Conger Married,” *New York Times*, September 2, 1901; and “Fred Buchan Weds,” *The Kansas City Journal*, June 5, 1898. For more information about Fred Buchan, see his obituary on the Arlington National Cemetery website at www.arlingtoncemetery.net/febuchan.htm; and “20th Kansas Infantry in the Spanish–American War,” available at http://files.usgwarchives.net/ks/statewide/military/cob.txt.


Chapter 14  Reconciliation

5. Townley, *The Indiscretions of Lady Susan*, 87. Lady Susan claimed later that at one meeting she climbed up on the dowager’s bed and sat, as Cixi did, cross-legged beside her—an account to be taken with a large grain of salt.
20. Ibid., 223–224.
21. Ibid., 225–226.
22. Ibid., 226–227.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid., 227–228.
25. Sarah Conger to Laura Conger Buchan, October 27, 1902, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12.
27. Ibid., 286.
28. Ibid., 241.
29. Ibid., 274–275.
30. Ibid., 274–276.
32. Sarah Conger to Laura Conger Buchan, October 27, 1902, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12; *New York Times*, March 26, 1902.
34. Sarah Conger to Laura Conger Buchan, October 16, 1901, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12; Carl, *With The Empress Dowager of China*, 52–56.

Chapter 15  Sisterhood

5. Ibid.
6. Ibid., 239.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid., 239–240; Sarah Conger to Fred Buchan and Laura Conger Buchan, August 12, 1903, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12.
10. Sarah Conger to Laura Conger Buchan, July 22, 1903, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12. Sarah Buchan was born on June 3, 1903 at Fort Assiniboine, Montana. She lived on several military bases throughout her childhood, from Kansas to the Philippines. She graduated from Wellesley College in 1925, and in 1926 married T. Edson Jewell, Jr., to whom she was
married for sixty-two years. She died in Needham, Massachusetts on August 2, 2009.

13. Ibid.
15. Ibid., 184–185 and 195.
19. Conger, *Letters from China*, 248; Sarah Conger to Fred Buchan and Laura Conger Buchan, August 12, 1903, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12; Der Ling, *Two Years in the Forbidden City*, 203–204.
20. Der Ling, *Two Years in the Forbidden City*, 203–204.
22. Ibid.

**Chapter 16 Portrait of a woman**

5. Carl, *With the Empress Dowager of China*, 7–8; Der Ling, *Two Years in the Forbidden City*, 231.
12. Ibid.
13. Ibid., 264–266 and 269.
14. Ibid.
15. Ibid., 263–264.
24. Ibid.
29. Ibid., 279–280.
30. Ibid., 299–300.
31. Ibid., 300–305.
35. Ibid.
36. Ibid.
37. Ibid., 292.
42. Ibid.; for a photograph of the train, see Headland, *Court Life in China*, between 104–105.

44. For transcript of exposition program, see Truax, http://webpages.charter.net/mtruax/1904wf/home.htm; Carl, *With the Empress Dowager of China*, 297–300.


Chapter 17 Forbidden cities

2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., 319–320; Martin, *Cycle of Cathay*, 287–288. Julia Ching mentions German philosopher Karl Jaspers’ inclusion of Confucius in the ranks of Socrates, Jesus, and the Buddha: “In each case, we have a man who lived in a time of social crisis, and sought to respond to this through special teachings aimed at all people.” See Ching, *Chinese Religions*, 52.
10. Ibid., 121.
11. Ibid., 122.
13. Ibid.
15. Ibid.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid., 341. Lombard College yearbook, Class of 1890, Knox College.
19. Ibid., 342.
22. Ibid., 348–349 and 351.
23. Ibid., 349–350. Edwin kept the scroll, because it was given by his granddaughter to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where the author examined it. The scroll bears an inscription by a court scholar named Lu Xiangzhun.
24. Ibid. Hubert Vos (1855–1935) painted two portraits of Cixi. One showed her as a young woman of thirty-five and obeyed her directive that there be no shadows. This portrait is still kept at the Summer Palace, where it was restored in 2008 by Anne van Grevenstein of the Stichting Restauratie Atelier Limburg. Vos painted a second portrait which he himself retained, showing how Cixi looked to him in 1905, an elderly but still vibrant woman of seventy. This portrait is in the collection of the Harvard Art Museum/Fogg Museum.
27. Ibid.
29. Ibid., 356. Sarah Conger to Laura Conger Buchan, July 8, 1903, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12; Conger, *Letters from China*, 370. See Edwin Conger to Laura Conger Buchan, December 25, 1901, Sarah Pike Conger Papers, #991-12, in which Edwin tells Laura that her mother has taken Wang’s cue and set up a blue and white vase filled with “magnificent white chrysanthemums,” in front of which they had placed a Christmas card for Laura. This bouquet “shall be the altar where we shall worship today,” Edwin told his daughter.
31. Ibid.

**Chapter 18  Letters to China**


12. Ibid.

13. Conger, *Letters from China*, 174; “Chinese Antiques Sold,” *New York Times*, February 20, 1908. The Tongzhi wine cup, now at the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, was identified because it matches the service in the Palace Museum in Beijing. The elephant caparisons were purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.


29. Ibid., 374–375.
30. Ibid., 371.
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