

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MANCHURIA

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With the Russians in Manchuria by Maurice Baring

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MAURICE BARING

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IN MANCHURIA**

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MANCHURIA

BY
MAURICE BARING

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DEDICATED
TO
GUY BROOKE

THE LETTERS WHICH FORM THE BASIS OF
THE FOLLOWING CHAPTERS ARE REPRINTED
FROM THE *MORNING POST*, BY WHOSE KIND
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PREFACE

THE following notes will have no value for the military expert or the serious student of war. They are merely the jottings of the fleeting impressions of an ignorant and bewildered civilian who drifted for a little while like a piece of weed to and fro on the shifting eddies and currents of the great stream of war. More competent judges will explain the causes and effects, the true value and significance of the historic events, of which I was to a certain degree a spectator.

All I can hope to do is to give a faint shadow of the pictures that have imprinted themselves on my memory, glimpses and sidelights into the war, such as one obtains at a railway station by putting a penny in the slot of a small machine. As is the case with such pictures, the colours will probably seem blurred and the outlines hazy with vibration, but I shall be satisfied if the play of life is in any way caught and reproduced.

I was riding one day last September between two villages in the tract of rich country which lies to the south-west of Sin-min-tin, with an escort of Cossacks. The man who rode beside me asked me