

How I saw Li Hung Chang.

230. From my room in the Everett House I can readily overlook the Square. On the side fronting this way the stand is erected from which the viceroy of China is to review the police and fire department of New York.

The day is beautiful, bright and cool. The little Square — which is really a triangle — is bright with the verdure of the lush August that has been known in a season of years.

The crowd has been gathered in for an hour and has filled the whole of 17th in front of the stand. With the

silly obstinacy of all crowds  
it persists in getting in the  
very place it knows it  
cannot be allowed to stay.  
I wonder how the police  
will get them out.

Two columns of the blue coats armed  
with white gloves, march  
at one easy swinging gait  
across the street; face east and  
back and begin to press the  
crowd back toward Broad  
and Fourth Avenue.

I watch the process with in-  
terest. It is a dozen years since  
I saw it in operation. The  
police of New York has changed  
in that time. Then it would  
have required clubs and curses  
to force back such a crowd.  
There would have been broken  
heads a few and not a little  
bad temper and ~~bad~~ bad  
manners. Now, it is a delight-  
fully peaceful process. There are

no clubs, no harsh words,  
no show of ill-temper. The po-  
licemen lay their hands on those  
renewed them. I lean out from  
the window and can hear all  
that is said. "Stand back!"  
"move back!" say the police, quietly,  
almost gently. The crowd yields, some  
gravel a little; most of them laugh.  
There is no resistance - no show of  
force, no rude assertion of author-  
ity. Is this a New York crowd? Is this  
the New York police? I ask myself  
in wonder. I know both pretty  
well now, but neither are reason-

ridicible

known. Has the change in character  
of the police improved the crowd  
or the improvement of the population  
changed the police? Something  
of both perhaps, for both have

greatly changed for the better.  
Perhaps both are largely due to the retirement  
in ten minutes, quiet persistent  
of authority from municipal control,  
authority has prevailed: the streets  
are cleared and the crowded  
square and densely lined streets  
are surrounded with a con-  
dome of police, who seem a  
part of the crowd, so little  
display of authority is needed.

As the crowd waits patiently  
for an hour. The square fills  
up but the grass-plats are  
respected. A woman faints and  
in a moment is whisked off  
in an ambulance.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013