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THE

TS OF

HAY

AND

CIPANGO

FORTY YEARS

AGO

BLAKENEY, R.N.

1, Royal Crescent,

BATH.

Presented to

Bath Church Institute

by the Author

April 1910

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# ON THE COASTS OF CATHAY AND CIPANGO

"A stately ship,
Bound for the Isles of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play."

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

*Edited by* E. H. BLAKENEY, M.A.,
*Head Master of Sir W. Borlase's School, Marlow.*

# ON THE COASTS OF CATHAY AND CIPANGO FORTY YEARS AGO

A RECORD OF SURVEYING SERVICE IN THE CHINA YELLOW AND JAPAN SEAS AND ON THE SEABORD OF KOREA AND MANCHURIA

BY

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, R.N.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
F. LE BRETON BEDWELL, R.N.

ALSO NUMEROUS SKETCHES, MAPS AND PLANS

*"Scenes from dumb Oblivion to restore"*

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW
1902

THE MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO, G.C.B.

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1902

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To

His Excellency

THE MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO, G.C.B.

four times Premier of Japan

and a friend of England since he first

landed on her shores nearly forty years ago

this Volume

of personal experiences on the Coasts of the Far East

between 1857 and 1862

is

with His Excellency's permission

most respectfully dedicated

by the Author.

London,

August, 1902.

# INTRODUCTORY

*"The only enduring result of the Crimean war, unperceived at the time, was the opening of the Pacific to Russia. . . . the enemy's ignorance of the coast, rendered the naval operations of 1855 as inglorious for the allied squadron as those of the preceding year."* [1]

IN the year 1855, a portion of the British Fleet, then in Chinese waters, which was detached for the purpose of capturing the Russian Squadron known to be in the Gulf of Tartary, and traced to an anchorage at the head of it, Castries bay, had been practically played the fool with owing to hydrographical "ignorance" alluded to in the above quotation; for, while the English Commodore supposed he had entrapped the Russians in that bay, from which he concluded they had no escape, save by attacking him in their passage to the southward to reach the Sea of Okhotsk by way of La Pérouse Strait,—the Russians had quietly retired through the straits separating the Island of Saghalin from the main, "where the imagination of geographers had placed an isthmus," and so had escaped to the shelter of their fortifications in the Amur River.

The navigability of this channel was unknown to any one save the Russians, who had had possession of this knowledge since 1849, from the discoveries that year, of their naval captain, Nevelskoy. This "ignorance," geographical and hydrographical, of England, at home, screened the commodore for his failure on the coast of Tartary, though naval men on the China station were by no means complimentary in speaking of him; fogs, physical and mental, had, no doubt, played their part in the resulting indecision.

For those of my readers whose knowledge of these eventful years, 1854–55–56, is hazy, as regards the Far East, I

[1] "Russia on the Pacific," pp. 204–227.

would recommend a glance at the pages of "Vladimir," the *nom de plume* of the author of "Russia on the Pacific," as he there states some facts to which I can testify from my own experience. He has evidently had pretty free access to official documents for many of his statements, and naively tells his readers: "I wish, though I can hardly hope, that my assiduous study of a little-known subject may lead them to suppose that I am a Russian."

*I* will express my belief that he *is* one, and my hope that no one who reads my narrative will have any doubt that I am an Englishman. Heaven forbid that I should be taken for anything else!

This regrettable "ignorance" of the hydrography of the Far Eastern Seas led, immediately after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris in 1856, to the commissioning of H.M. sailing frigate *Actæon* and her gunboat tender *Dove*, for surveying service therein. On that expedition I had the honour of serving from start to finish as one of the surveying officers; the notes I kept are embodied in these pages, and are therefore the result of my own observation and experience. It is history that I am essaying to write, not romance.

Though more than forty years have elapsed since then, I trust this unvarnished personal record of those days may not altogether lack a present-day interest in view of the fact, known to all men, that the slow, stealthy, subtle advance of Russia, creeping southward along the Manchurian seaboard (the initial steps of which we witnessed) has never ceased, until it has come to pass, as the Press of to-day is revealing, that she is nearing the accomplishment of what her own officers frankly avowed, in our hearing in 1859, that they intended to do, "*absorb the Korean peninsula.*" What Japan may have to say in this will perhaps be inferred from some of the incidents described in this volume, notably, what we saw at Tsu Sima, and at Fusan, the "Calais" of Japan's conquest of Korea.[1]

[1] See Chapter VI.

As subsidiary to this history of the *Actæon's* voyage, it may perhaps interest landsmen to hear what a civilian officer, R.N., like myself has to say about life in the navy when I was afloat. Admirals and their brother officers, in regular descent down the whole gamut of the executive, have been giving their views in print, their opening pages, adorned with photographs of figure-heads resplendent with stars and medals; so the writer is but conforming to "the custom of the service" and following their evolutions by introducing his photograph, with the implements of his warfare against this "ignorance of the Coast" of Tartary.

The illustrations, with but few exceptions, are by the facile and truthful brush of my accomplished brother officer, messmate, and dear friend, Frederic Le Breton Bedwell, himself a civilian officer, R.N., and also on the surveying staff of the *Actæon*. To him I am greatly indebted for placing his sketches at my disposal. His photograph is side by side with mine at the end of the volume.

I have to thank the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, Rear-Admiral Sir W. J. L. Wharton, K.C.B., for kindly permitting me to use manuscript and published charts.

LONDON, W. B.
*August 9th*, 1902.
[Coronation Day of King Edward VII.]

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[1] See Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," published in 1830, for the names of Cathay and Cipango.

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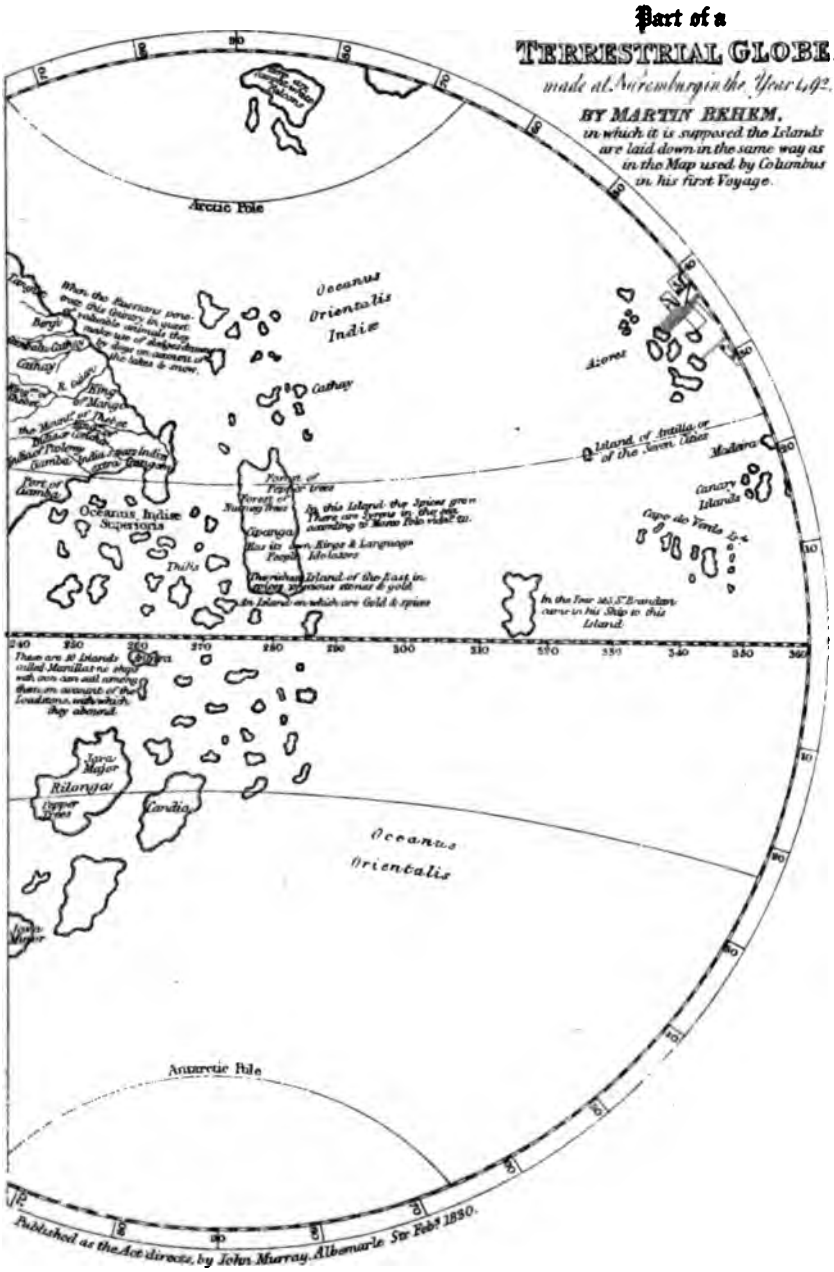
Part of a

# TERRESTRIAL GLOBE,

*made at Nuremburgh in the Year 1492.*

**BY MARTIN BEHEM,**

*in which it is supposed the Islands are laid down in the same way as in the Map used by Columbus in his first Voyage.*




Published as the Act directs, by John Murray, Albemarle Str. Feb.y 1830.

# CHAPTER I

## PREPARING FOR SEA

"To sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, Canto iii.

IN August, 1856, the *Actæon*, an old and out-of-date six-and-twenty-gun frigate, was commissioned at Portsmouth for the "special field of survey, the coast and Gulf of Tartary . . . with respect to which it may be said generally that we know no more of it than what we learn from the voyage of La Perouse in 1786, and Broughton in 1797." [1]

The pennant was hoisted by Thomas Kerr, "Master and Pilot"—the official designation of navigating officers of the period—on the 9th of August; but the captain's commission (Commander Wm. Thornton Bate) bore date the 1st of August. He was, however, then in China, commanding the brig *Bittern*, and there was no telegraph to ask him whether he would like the appointment; as a matter of fact, he did not; but hurry was the order of the day, and for this the introductory chapter gives the key. It may further be noted that only nine weeks had elapsed since the celebration of Peace after the Russian War.

Let us see how this hurry was met. My notes written at the time record: "On bringing the *Actæon* into the fitting-basin and eventually into the dry dock, the dockyard

[1] Hydrographical instructions for H.M.S. *Actæon* and *Dove*.

authorities found the stern post and stem very much decayed by dry rot, as were also several of the after timbers. Some days were spent in deliberation, and this report followed: 'The ship would be out of dockyard hands on the 1st of November!'"

Their Lordships of the Admiralty might have named some more suitable vessel—smaller, and with auxiliary steam power; but no! Any craft, useless for other service, was then considered good enough for "those surveying fellows." I speak from personal knowledge; happily, wiser heads now bear rule.

Had reasonable despatch been observed, we might have reached the coast of Tartary in time for England to have had some voice in settling the conditions of the Treaty of Aigun (May 16, 1858), by which Russia fooled China out of the whole seaboard of Manchuria, as well as its *hinterland* to the Usuri River, a region—so ran the Treaty—declared to be "*Common to Russia and China until the frontier should be permanently fixed.*" Is the word "fooled" too strong?[1]

For such a voyage of adventure, there was no difficulty in gathering a crew for the *Actæon;* drafts of men, many of them volunteers, were sent from the *Victory*, then, as now, the flagship of the Port Admiral. We had, however, to supplement these by entries from the shore, picked up, as was the custom of the day, at a vulgar little grog shop on the Hard, brummagem dignity being given to it, *pro tem.*, by calling it *The Rendezvous.*[2] We had, as a rival in the choice of such entries, the 50-gun frigate *Raleigh*, commanded by the popular hero, Commodore "Harry Keppel," now Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., &c., and "Father of the Navy." His posters figured large outside the dockyard gates and along the Hard, inviting volunteers,

[1] "Russia took advantage of China's troubles forty years ago to force the distracted Government of Peking to cede the Chinese territory of the Amur and Usuri."—*Times'* own correspondent at St. Petersburg, June 17, 1900.

[2] Miss Weston's noble work has changed all that.

and with huge block letters intimating that "none but the right sort need apply." The gallant officer did no doubt get the "right sort"; at any rate the men themselves thought they were, but our fellows had the same opinion of themselves, and fairly so, I think. Later on, this rivalry crystallised into open hostility, as is explained on a later page. Our crew numbered about 100, seamen, marines, and boys, and, with 20 officers, gave us a complement, all told, of 120. Our tender, the *Dove*, a 60-h.p. gunboat, had, in all, 30 officers and men. Of the officers of both ships not one remains on the active list, four only (myself included) survive, and we are all "on the shelf," officially considered "worn out and useless," as is the usual description of stores cast aside, or thrown overboard.

A line or two may be of interest about our social life in the gun-room, or rather in the midshipmen's mess, of the *Actæon*. (Let me remark that, at the start, I was the only commissioned officer of the mess, and therefore the senior member.) While "fitting out," officers and crew were billeted in a hulk—this was the practice in that day—the idea of naval barracks had been started, but had not "taken on" as yet.

This hulk was an old two-decker, so alive with rats, that when the order was given "out lights," none but the weariest Jack could have slept through the rattle of their scampering along the lower deck over the caverns below, the empty holds; but we found a use even for these uncanny shipmates.

I was pressed to undertake the caterership of our mess, at no time an enviable post, and sometimes a dangerous one. The Admiralty then provided officers of the ward-room and gun-room messes, a *place* to sit and eat in, and for the former, a *place* to sleep in, but nothing more. Everything else had to be provided out of their own pockets. This required an initial subscription, termed "entrance fee," of £10 from each of us of the *Actæon's* gun-room; most of it had to be expended in plated goods, china, and glass, and

the necessary implements for our steward and cook, and mighty careful we had to be to avoid over-running the constable. One energetic firm, situated on the Hard, sent such a pertinacious agent to solicit our orders that we could only get rid of him at last by stuffing his sample-packets, and even his coat-pockets, with dead rats, knocked over for this very purpose by sundry boots hove at them from our hammocks and chests. The agent imagined he had taken his revenge for this by sending off a boat-load of crates filled with goods, a few days before we were to leave the harbour—and a bill of alarming figures, demanding payment. I ordered the boatman to take back his crates and say the "young gentlemen" would not allow them to come on board.

The commander-in-chief's office was then visited by the agent, upon which a signal was made for the commanding officer of the *Actæon* to repair thither at once. The agent swore we *had* given him the order for the goods, producing, as proof, a slip of paper in my handwriting with a list of goods thereon. I had neither dated nor signed it, nor named the *Actæon*, but, to get rid of him, had, at his request some weeks before, drawn out this list of articles we might perhaps want, if we employed his firm, which we did *not*, for the very good reason that an opposition firm supplied us at great reduction.

The versions of the agent and myself were placed before the admiral, who directed the commanding officer to acquaint us "that the skill with which the young gentlemen and their caterer had got to windward of their troubler was approved." The latter kept his tongue quiet about the dead rats.

"Young gentlemen," if they are still called so, of His Majesty's ships to-day, are spared such risks; the Admiralty providing them with all necessary equipments for their mess-place. Lucky fellows!

After having been ninety days in the hands of the dockyard "mateys," the *Actæon* was reported ready for the

reception of her officers and crew. On the 17th of November, 1856, she was towed out of Portsmouth Harbour, and on the 20th "sailed from Spithead" under orders to "make the best of your way to China." Hong Kong was reached on the 10th of August, 1857—232 days *en route!*

Some of the incidents of this protracted voyage will form the subject of the next chapter, but a few words here appear necessary to make the record of her equipment complete. She was barque-rigged, masts and yards being those of the 18 gun-brig class—to speak of her as a "barque" was taboo'd on board; naval men generally had a great dislike to that rig.

Our square main-topsail and top-gallant yards were "crossed" on the mizen-mast, so that we might be taken for a full-rigged ship. Of course this really deceived no seaman, and from the date of our forming part of the squadron in China, to save our feelings and the degradation of belonging to a "barque," we were dubbed the "Noah's Ark!"

Our armament, at first intended to be a few guns on the main deck (none on the upper deck) solely for defence against pirates, was, just before leaving Portsmouth, altered to sixteen 32-pounders, two 68-pounders, carronades, two brass howitzers, and one field piece—in reference to which the following quotation from our sailing orders may be of interest:—

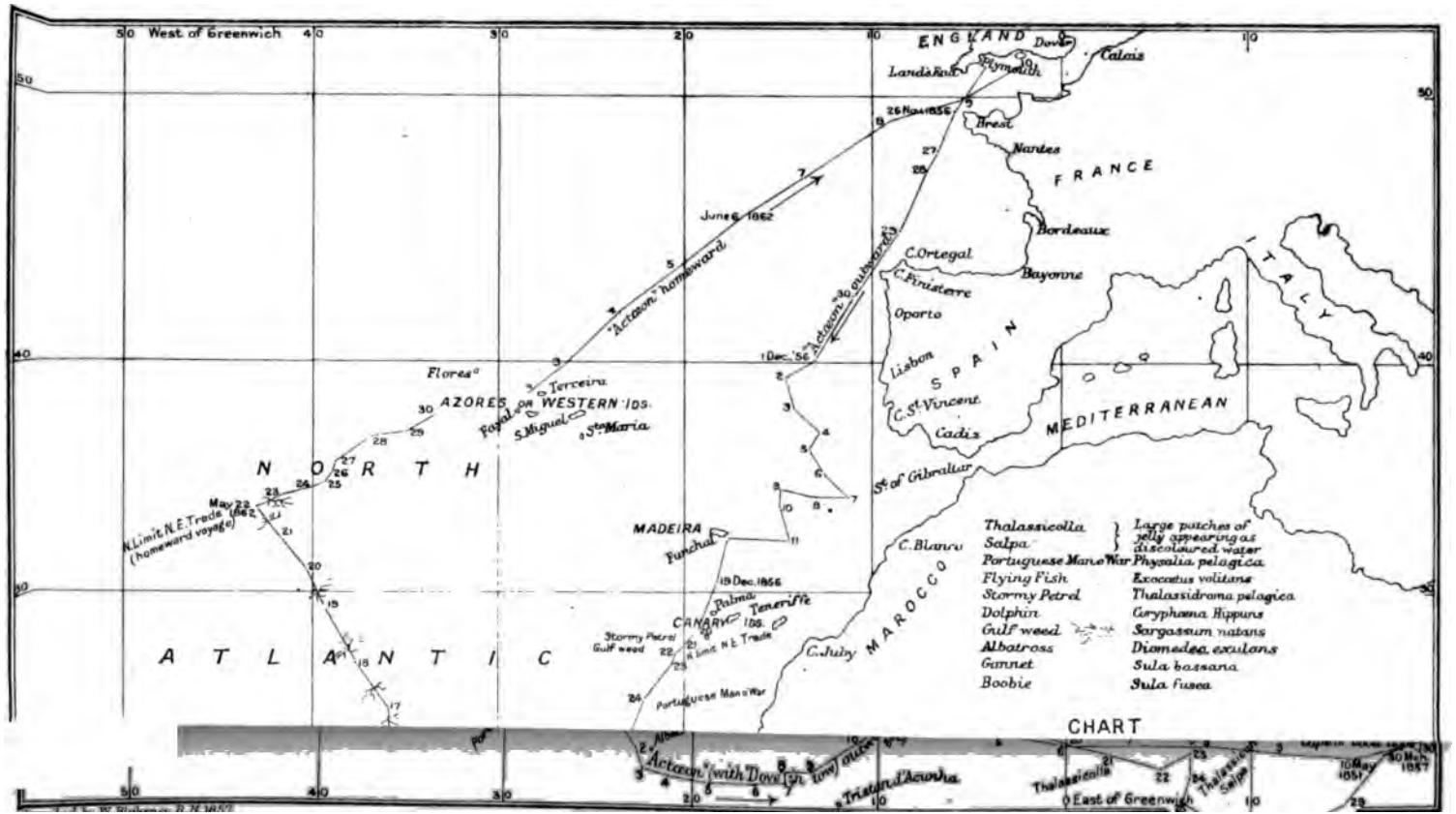
"In beginning any surveying operations on the coasts of Corea and Tartary, or the off-lying islands where the British Flag does not fly . . . you will carefully abstain from giving any cause of offence or uneasiness either to the Government, or to the half-civilised population with which you may have to deal, and who will probably watch all your proceedings. You will also refrain from meddling in any disputes between the native parties, of which you may accidentally be a witness; and if applied to, even by the local authorities, to interfere by force, you will refuse to do

so unless an attack be made on the British Flag, or the lives of those entrusted to your care should be at stake. Among the piratical hordes which infest the islands that you may have to visit you are constantly to be on your guard against surprise, taking care never to leave your vessels without sufficient men on board to prevent insult and discourage attack; or to allow your boats to proceed to any distance from the ships without being amply provided with arms for their defence, although in many cases those arms should be kept out of sight. In the event of this country being involved in hostilities with any other nation, you will scrupulously avoid every act of aggression towards its vessels, property, or settlements; and, as it has long been considered by all civilised countries that vessels fitted out solely for scientific purposes are exempt from the operations of war, we trust that under such circumstances you would receive friendly aid, instead of being put on your defence."

A copy of our orders, from which the above quotation is taken, was sent to the Commander-in-Chief in China, who was informed, on taking the *Actæon* and *Dove* under his command, that "Neither you nor any officer of your squadron will divert these vessels from the special service on which they are employed, nor in any way interfere with their proceedings except in case of paramount necessity."

It will be seen in the course of my narrative how these injunctions were fulfilled.

H.M. GUNBOAT *DOVE*, 1856.


West of Greenwich
ENGLAND
Dover
Calais
Land's End
Plymouth
26 Nov. 1856
Brest
Nantes
FRANCE
Bordeaux
Bayonne
C. Ortegal
C. Finisterre
Oporto
Lisbon
C. St. Vincent
Cadiz
SPAIN
ITALY
MEDITERRANEAN
St. of Gibraltar
C. Blanco
C. Juby
MAROCCO
June 6 1862
"Actaeon" homeward
"Actaeon" outward
1 Dec. 56
Flores
Terceira
AZORES OR WESTERN IDS.
Fayal
S. Miguel
Ste Maria
NORTH
ATLANTIC
May 22 1862
N. Limit N.E. Trade (homeward voyage)
MADEIRA
Funchal
19 Dec. 1856
Palma
Tenerife
CANARY IDS.
Stormy Petrel
Gulf weed
N. Limit N.E. Trade
Portuguese Man o'War
Thalassicolla
Salpa
Large patches of jelly appearing as discoloured water
Portuguese Man o'War Physalia pelagica
Flying Fish Exocoetus volitans
Stormy Petrel Thalassidroma pelagica
Dolphin Coryphaena Hippurus
Gulf weed Sargassum natans
Albatross Diomedea exulans
Gannet Sula bassana
Boobie Sula fusca
CHART
"Actaeon" with Dove (St. Ives) outward
Ireland's Acuna
Thalassicolla
Thalassicolla Salpa
East of Greenwich

## CHAPTER II

### OUTWARD VOYAGE

"As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!"

THOMAS MOORE, *Irish Melodies.*

OUR orders were to "touch at Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, and Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope"—the usual ports of call for sailing men-of-war proceeding to China. Such a voyage has often been described, but as the incidents of no two can be quite alike, and as this sailing route to China has been entirely abandoned by the Navy, since the advent of steam and the Suez Canal, that of the *Actæon* under sail, escorting her steam tender, may be worth a brief notice.

The passage from Portsmouth to Plymouth occupied forty-six hours. We were three days in the Sound, and put to sea again in the afternoon of the 25th of November, recalled abreast of the Breakwater by the signal to embark supernumeraries for passage to foreign stations. In our mess place—about 8 ft. 6 in. long, breadth 5 ft. 6 in., and a height under the main-deck beams of 4 ft. 9 in.—four additional fellows were jammed in, and speedily ate us out of the few luxuries we had managed to stow in our small store-

room before leaving Portsmouth. The ears of some quill-driver at the Admiralty should have tingled that afternoon, possibly also those of the Naval Lord responsible for the order; he, at least, might have had some recollection of his own days in a midshipman's den like ours.

We lost sight of Old England that night, and I did not see it again for more than five years and a half. We parted company with the *Dove* in a brisk N.W. gale and thick weather, the 1,210 miles direct distance to Madeira taking us 18 days, the *Dove* doing the voyage in 20 days. At Madeira we found the *Raleigh*, which had made the passage in thirteen days. She put to sea the night of our arrival at Funchal, and was not seen by us again till, in September of the following year, we were guarding her "poor old stranded wreck" from Chinese pirates, and Portuguese landsharks of Macao.

Madeira seemed little altered since I first visited it in the spring of 1851—as was evidenced by old Madame Rosa, the Portuguese washerwoman, coming on board for the "wash-clothes of her gentlemans," with the always effectual bribe of a huge bunch of bananas; she looked the age of Methuselah, and might have passed for a revivified mummy. Rosa had secured the custom of English men-of-war for time out of memory. Probably, now, those trips have ceased.

Madeira is too widely known to require reference of mine; it was, and must always be, a charming refuge from the chill November of England.

We sailed on the 18th of December, breeze fresh and fair; and as the sailing orders were that the coal of the tender was to be husbanded "both for the sake of economy, and in order that the vessels may not be detained by calling at different ports to obtain fuel," the *Dove* was taken in tow with two hawsers, and the *Actæon* put under "all plain sail" with starboard studding-sails.

That night came very near being the last for our little consort; for, while officers of the first and second dog-watches were relieving each other, the helmsman, through

some misunderstanding of orders, gave the wheel a wrong turn. Instantly the *Actæon* was taken by the lee, every studding-sail boom snapped, and though the hawsers were immediately cut, the *Dove* ranged up alongside, and our guns cut her near gunwale down to the level of the deck, crushed her boat at the waist, and wrenched off her mastheads, practically crippling her as regards any sail-power. Happily no one was hurt, though I had a narrow escape, by one of the falling booms drilling a hole in the deck close to where I was standing. We took the *Dove* in tow again when daylight came.

The tropic of Cancer was crossed on Christmas Day, all officers, W.O.'s included, dining together that evening—a good old sea custom.

The north-east trade wind was lost in about five degrees, where the *Dove* was cast off, and the south-east found in three and a half degrees north. Through this belt (the "horse latitudes") of variable winds and calms, the *Dove* towed us—at the rate of three to three and a half knots an hour. Directly the south-east trade was felt, we again took her in tow, and kept her so for twenty-two consecutive days without a hitch, only casting her off again on sighting the coast of Brazil, near Cape Frio; thence both vessels proceeded into Rio de Janeiro, anchoring there at midnight, 24th of January, 1857, just sixty days out from England.

There was just enough wind to fill the lofty sails as we glided through the narrow entrance to this magnificent harbour. In the stillness, we were startled by some one bellowing through a trumpet from the Fort of Santa Cruz; but all we could make of the voice was "Boo-woo-woo!" so our answer was "Boo-woo-woo!" then came the response—this time without the trumpet—"Tank you, Sah!" and we were permitted to pass without further question.

As I am transcribing these notes, I notice in Reuter's special telegram of to-day (1st of May, 1901) that the farce of Neptune was celebrated, in "accordance with ancient

custom"—when the *Ophir*, with her royal passengers, crossed the line, between Singapore and Australia. We tried to observe this custom in the *Actæon*, but as those who had not crossed the line, outnumbered by three to one those who had, the attempt failed, bringing us to the verge of mutiny on the high seas. Not infrequently this custom was taken advantage of by some fellows—as was done in our case—to pay off old scores, and discipline was but barely equal to the occasion. For the objectors in the *Actæon*, there was the boatswain's pipe, "Holystone decks;" it *was* obeyed, but only with ominous mutterings. I record this incident lest landsmen should fancy the "arrival of Neptune" is always a scene of fun and frolic.

Our three weeks' stay at Rio was mostly occupied in repairing the damages done to the *Dove* the night we left Madeira; the *Actæon* had to put to sea again with one of her main deck beams badly sprung!

On the 14th of February, 1857, the *Dove*, under steam, towed us to an offing; then we took her in tow, and made sail for the Cape of Good Hope. The direct distance between the two ports, Rio and the Cape, is 3,240 miles, and this voyage took us forty-six days to accomplish, during which we had logged 4,633 miles, averaging ninety-five miles a day or just four knots an hour.[1] The *Dove* was towed the whole distance; and once or twice, owing to the sudden shifting of the wind, narrowly escaped another collision with us—at times we were "tugging" her through the water over eleven knots an hour!

About midway across the South Atlantic we spoke a merchant ship, the *Cheapside*, sixty-eight days out from London, and bound for Australia. When near enough, out flew the flags: "Am in want of physic." Our doctor was sent to inquire; he reported, there was no one ill on board, but the ship's medicine-chest was empty, and his opinion was that the skipper had a penchant for physic,

[1] About the same speed as Columbus crossed the North Atlantic in 1492!

and hence the signal. A boat was sent back with such drugs as could be spared, the vessel made sail, signalling "thanks," and was soon below our horizon. About four days after this, a vessel is again sighted, and as we come nearer—up goes a signal "in want of physic." It was the same ship; this time the doctor takes a few more drugs, and a message from the commanding officer that if the skipper of the *Cheapside* is such a whale for physic, he had better make all speed for the Cape, and purchase for himself, the *Actæon* not being a floating drug-shop!

Storm Bay, Cape of Good Hope, true to its name and traditions, received us with a strong gale of wind and heavy sea, severely testing our towing hawsers with the *Dove;* nevertheless we hung on to our companion and only cast her off on nearing the anchorage at Simon's Bay, March 31, 1857.

Simon's Town was not in that day a lively spot for Jack ashore, and, to do the twenty miles separating it from Cape Town, there was only a mail-cart once a day—three hours *en route.* It had one hotel, the "Fountain," better known as "Mother Green's," after its pompous landlady.

The whole of April was spent in making good the serious defects—sprung main-deck beam, bitts rotten, &c., &c., which were not discovered at Portsmouth, only a few months previously;—"those surveying fellows, get 'em off!"

The rig of the *Dove* was altered to a greater spread of canvas, but not I think to her comfort at sea, and certainly not to her improvement in appearance.

At midnight, April 30th, we put to sea, bound for Sunda Strait, the old iron-screw transport, *Megæra,* that towed the *Actæon* to an offing off Cape Agulhas (*Dove* in company, under steam and sail), parting from us on the 1st of May. We gave her three ringing cheers,[1] and soon again had our consort in tow, and kept her so for seventeen consecutive

[1] Seventeen years later the *Megæra* was stranded on St. Paul's Island to save her foundering in mid-ocean.

days; thrice in that interval both towing hawsers parted, and were only re-united under very hazardous conditions.

At length, on the 17th of May, about midway across the Indian Ocean, and after having bent, for some days, the *Dove's* bower (chain) cable and parted it—towing became too dangerous to continue. The *Actæon* at times would be on the descending slope of a huge wave (forty feet from trough to crest) while the *Dove* would be on the ascending; and with the momentum from a sudden gust of wind, would be hauled through the intervening water, which swept her decks from stem to stern. *What* a life was led in that half-submerged craft! We used occasionally to float astern, in hermetically sealed tins, some cooked "grub" from the *Actæon's* officers' mess; uncooked "salt horse" (beef) and pork, biscuit and water, otherwise must often have been their only bill of fare. One day, "Let us go!" was chalked up on a board, and we let her go; we had towed her 10,750 miles since leaving England!

The two vessels kept in sight for a brief time, scudding before a fierce westerly gale. We last saw the *Dove* battling bravely under close-reefed gaff-foresail and fore-stay-sail; and grave were the doubts of our ever seeing her at the appointed rendezvous off Java Head.

On the 20th of May we passed the 75th meridian of east longitude, which brought us within the limits of the China command; then, rounding up north, a few days found us in warmer latitudes and smoother seas. In no part of the world that I have been in are winds and waves more threatening, and skies more depressing, than in the Indian Ocean between Cape Agulhas and Cape Leeuwin (Australia); but in these days the voyager to China need face neither. M. de Lesseps has been the benefactor of the seaman as well as that of the merchant and trader.

The *Actæon* entered Sunda Strait on June 5th, passing close to Java Head to look up the *Dove*. My log records: "In the distance the island of Krakatoa with its high conical summit is distinctly visible." Off this island, of seismic

OUTWARD BOUND—"WHERE THE WINDS THEIR REVELS KEEP."

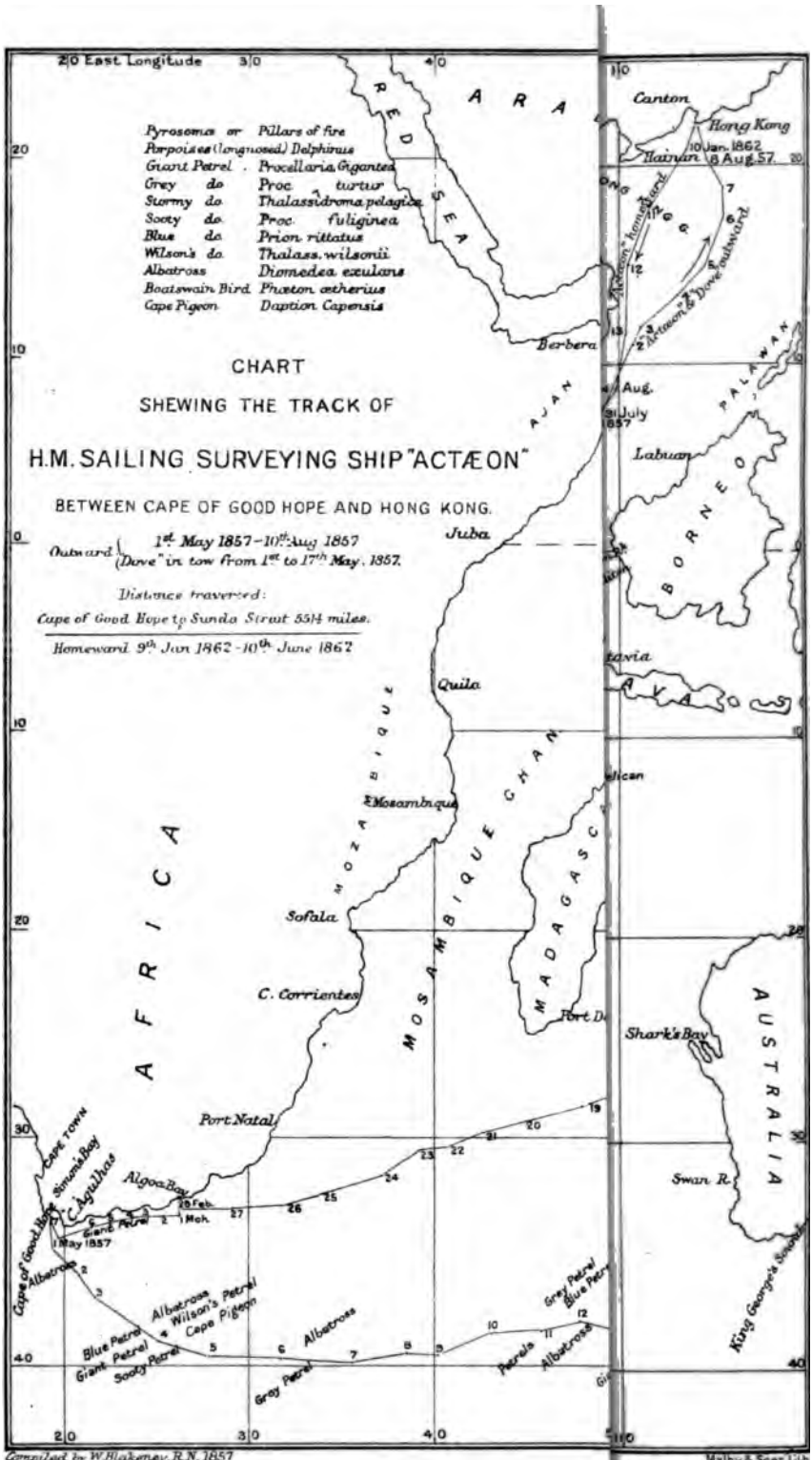


CHART
SHEWING THE TRACK OF
H.M. SAILING SURVEYING SHIP "ACTÆON"
BETWEEN CAPE OF GOOD HOPE AND HONG KONG.
Outward 1st May 1857 – 10th Aug 1857
"Dove" in tow from 1st to 17th May, 1857.
Distance traversed:
Cape of Good Hope to Sunda Strait 5514 miles.
Homeward 9th Jan 1862 – 10th June 1862
Pyrosoma or Pillars of fire
Porpoises (longnosed) Delphinus
Giant Petrel . Procellaria Gigantea
Grey do Proc. turtur
Stormy do Thalassidroma pelagica
Sooty do Proc. fuliginea
Blue do Prion rittatus
Wilson's do Thalass. wilsonii
Albatross Diomedea exulans
Boatswain Bird Phaeton aethereus
Cape Pigeon Daption Capensis
20 East Longitude
RED SEA
ARABIA
Canton
Hong Kong
Hainan
10 Jan. 1862
8 Aug. 57
Berbera
Aden
Aug.
31 July 1857
Labuan
BORNEO
Juba
Quila
Mozambique
MOZAMBIQUE CHAN.
MADAGASCAR
Sofala
C. Corrientes
AFRICA
Port Natal
Cape Town
Simons Bay
Algoa Bay
Cape of Good Hope
Shark's Bay
AUSTRALIA
Swan R.
King George's Sound
1 May 1857
Albatross
Wilson's Petrel
Cape Pigeon
Blue Petrel
Giant Petrel
Sooty Petrel
Grey Petrel
Petrels
Compiled by W. Blakeney R.N. 1857
Malby & Sons Lith

fame since August, 1883, we were to search for sunken rocks, the supposed positions of which had occasionally been reported by navigators since 1838.

"The placing of these dangers, in so great a thoroughfare, beyond the reach of doubt, will be worth the expenditure of a few hours as you pass."[1]

A week was expended in fruitless search ; the depths found were generally from ten to fifteen fathoms less than shown on the chart, a compilation from Dutch surveys. Had there been upheavals from the sea bed ?

We landed for a few hours on Krakatoa ; its steep forest-clad slopes and thick jungle were not attempted ; bird life seemed singularly scanty, but the shallows of the shore were studded with exquisitely coloured corals and shells. Some of the latter I filled with lead, to use as paper-weights, and have them still.

This island, as we saw it, no longer exists, for in August, 1883, "there occurred the climax of the most tremendous volcanic eruption which, perhaps, the world has ever seen during historic times. . . . Noon was as black as night, and darkness was over all the land for 36 or 40 hours. . . . The noise was heard at a distance of 2,000 miles. The shivering of the island produced a wave of water 100 ft. high, which destroyed everything over which it swept, and left its mark on tidal registers nearly all over the world. . . . Of course there was a British ship in the middle of even all this horror, for are not British ships everywhere ? And surely no master mariner has ever had such a story to tell as Captain Watson, of the *Charles Ball*."[2]

"Meteorologists have been enabled to track Krakatoa in solution from its original site in the Strait of Sunda to the skies above Java, to Madras, to the Seychelles and Mauritius, to the Cape and the Gold Coast, to Brazil, Venezuela, and Trinidad,"[3] producing the glorious sunsets and remarkable pink haze which we noticed at Westward Ho ! in North

[1] Hydrographical Instructions to *Actæon*.

[2] *Times*, December 8, 1883.

[3] *Times*, December 8, 1883.

Devon; and a few years later a group of savants who visited the site, recorded with evident satisfaction, from the scientific point of view, that "the expulsion of two-thirds of the Krakatoa mountain has left a magnificent section of the volcano by which to study its internal structure."[1]

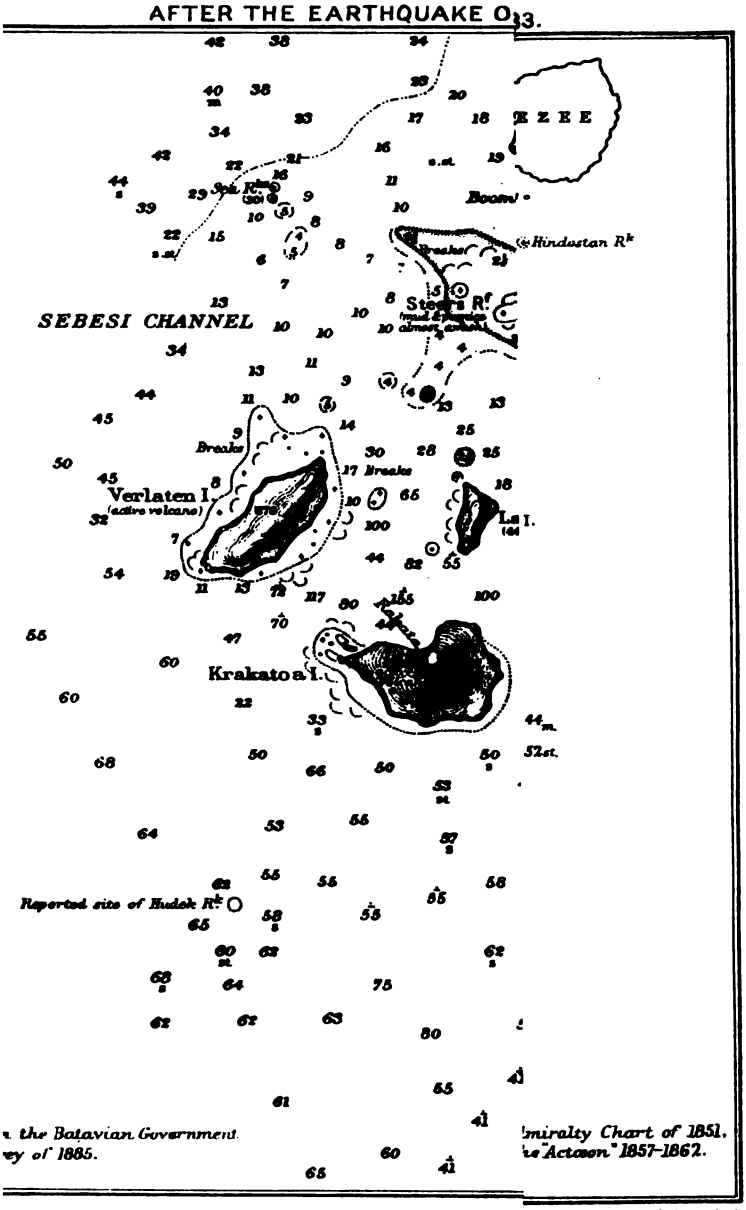
After leaving Krakatoa, the *Actæon* went to an anchorage inside Mew Island, on the Java shore, to fill up with fresh water. While there, a party of officers (I was one) strolled about three miles along a forest road-track, marked by footprints of animals, to a cleared space, in the middle of which stood a solitary hut built on piles, nearly thirty feet high, with a ladder for ascent. We lunched and rested there. Near by was a stream, the sides of which were literally ploughed up by animals coming to drink and bathe; recent tracks of tiger and rhinoceros were clearly traced. Happily we all returned safely to the ship; our quest had not been sport, but natural history, so we were unarmed. The natives told us that this lonely hut was the last remnant of their village, which they had built twice over, and then were driven out by tigers; these creatures even swam across to Mew Island, where a few huts had been raised, and again drove out the natives, who were amazed at our safe return, and warned us to beware of attack, even at the watering stream abreast of the ship.

At sundown, huge bats, or "flying foxes," would emerge from the forest on Mew Island and cross over our ship to the mainland; these satyr-like creatures had bodies about the size of a hare, with rust-red fur, and a spread of wing six to eight feet; some of them were shot, and brought off, but were speedily thrown overboard, as the stench was overpowering. One, that had been winged only, was cooped, suspending himself head downwards; he was too savage to keep alive, but our doctor was eager to obtain the skin, and only one of his messmates, Thomas Kerr, had the fortitude to undertake this most offensive operation.

Anjer Roads was our next stopping-place. We arrived at

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1899.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE O[illegible]3.




[illegible] the Batavian Government.
[illegible]ey of 1885.

[illegible]miralty Chart of 1851.
[illegible]e "Actaeon" 1857–1862.

Melby & Sons, Lith

daylight on June 17th, having the night before been boarded in the offing by one of the boats of the *Dove*, which had passed us in the Straits, and now brought us (I quote here from my journal) a host of startling news—"the revolt of the Sepoys in India—war with China—and the loss of the *Raleigh* in the Canton River."

Anent the first of these, in the *Times* of October 4, 1898, a correspondence was started as to which of the two great pro-consuls, Lord Elgin or Sir George Grey, should belong the credit of having first diverted the forces intended for the China War to the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. I contribute my quota to the settlement of this interesting point—for the *Actæon* was one of the means used to carry that diversion into effect.

Here are facts extracted from my journal written at the time in Sunda Strait :—

"The *Dove* arrived at Anjer, June 10, 1857, the *Actæon* a week later; the English consul at Batavia had been acquainted with the revolt through 'vessels' sent specially from Singapore by Lord Elgin, who was then there, to Anjer, *to divert from that point* the transports conveying the 90th and 82nd Regiments."[1]

It was through the Dutch authorities at Anjer that the consul brought this grave intelligence to the knowledge of the Lieutenant in command of the *Dove*, by whom it was conveyed to the commanding officer of the *Actæon* when she arrived on June 17th.

Three days after, the *Actæon* was taken to an anchorage in mid-channel between the shores of Java and Sumatra, abreast of Anjer, and no vessel could pass through the Strait by day without being seen by us, and at night signal fires and lights were burnt to attract attention.

At midnight, July 4th, the *Himalaya* was stopped off Anjer; the request of Lord Elgin was made known to her, and my journal of the 5th records:—"This morning at

[1] "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, L. Oliphant, vol. i. p. 42.

daylight the *Himalaya* steamed on for Singapore." How could Sir George Grey, then at Cape Town, have had anything to do with these transactions? There were no telegraph cables, either in the Indian or Atlantic Oceans, by which to "flash" the news; and Sir George himself records—Cape Town, August 7th—"I yesterday received by special messenger" the news referred to.

The *Actæon* spent the daylight of July 5th in the Anjer Roads filling up the water tanks; this gave some of us the chance of a stroll among the picturesque cocoa-nut and banana palms which lined the sea front, and of climbing into the branches of the magnificent banyan-tree (to ascend which there was a bamboo ladder 150 feet long), which was a most conspicuous landmark for seamen. The Dutch flag was hoisted over it.[1] All these objects, and the lighthouse on the headland, were overwhelmed by the earthquake wave from Krakatoa. A passer-by a few days after the eruption wrote: "What a sight met our eyes! Anjer all gone; not one living soul left; the land on both sides white as snow with ashes; trees all dead—a fearful sight! . . . For two days after passing Anjer we passed through masses of dead bodies, hundreds and hundreds striking the ship on both sides—groups of 50 to a 100 all packed together—also bedding, chests, and a number of white bodies, all dressed like sailors, with sheath knives on them. For ten days we passed through fields of pumice stone."[2]

The name "New Anjer" now appears on the chart, but the seamen of my day will never forget the old Anjer, their haven of rest and refreshing, after the long ocean passage across from the Cape of Good Hope.

At sunset on Sunday, July 5th, twelve hours after the *Himalaya*, the *Actæon* put to sea, and reached Singapore

[1] See illustration "Homeward Bound," p. 317.
[2] *Times*, Dec. 12, 1883.

also twelve hours after the *Himalaya;* so, for once, "Noah's Ark" and a steam leviathan were on equal footing as regards speed on a sea voyage. The latter had grounded in the strait of Banka while going at a speed of 13 knots, and 80 tons of coal had to be thrown overboard in the effort to float her off.

At nightfall of the 5th, one of the full-rigged tea clippers of the period, in all the pride of her spreading canvas, passed close by and shouted, "What barque is that?" This was too much for us, so the answer was given in measured cadence, "Her Britannic Majesty's exploring ship *Actæon.*" The inquirer collapsed, as well he might, and passed out of hearing, doubtless disbelieving his ears.

The usual route for sailing ships passing through the Java into the China Sea was between the island of Banka and the Sumatra shore (Banka Strait), but the *Actæon*, being on a voyage of discovery, we chose the channel east of Banka Island, Gaspar Strait, and *did* make a discovery, which well-nigh brought our voyage to an end.

We were running before the south-east monsoon with every stitch of canvas set, studding sails alow and aloft, when suddenly, at midnight (and happily so, for all hands were then on deck), the ship was brought up on a reef of which the lead had given no warning, and for a few moments it seemed as if all the masts would go, but Jack of that day was a real "handy-man" *afloat*, and so were his officers. Our sails came in with alacrity, the momentum of the ship had carried her into deep water, and, no leak appearing, the anchor was let go.

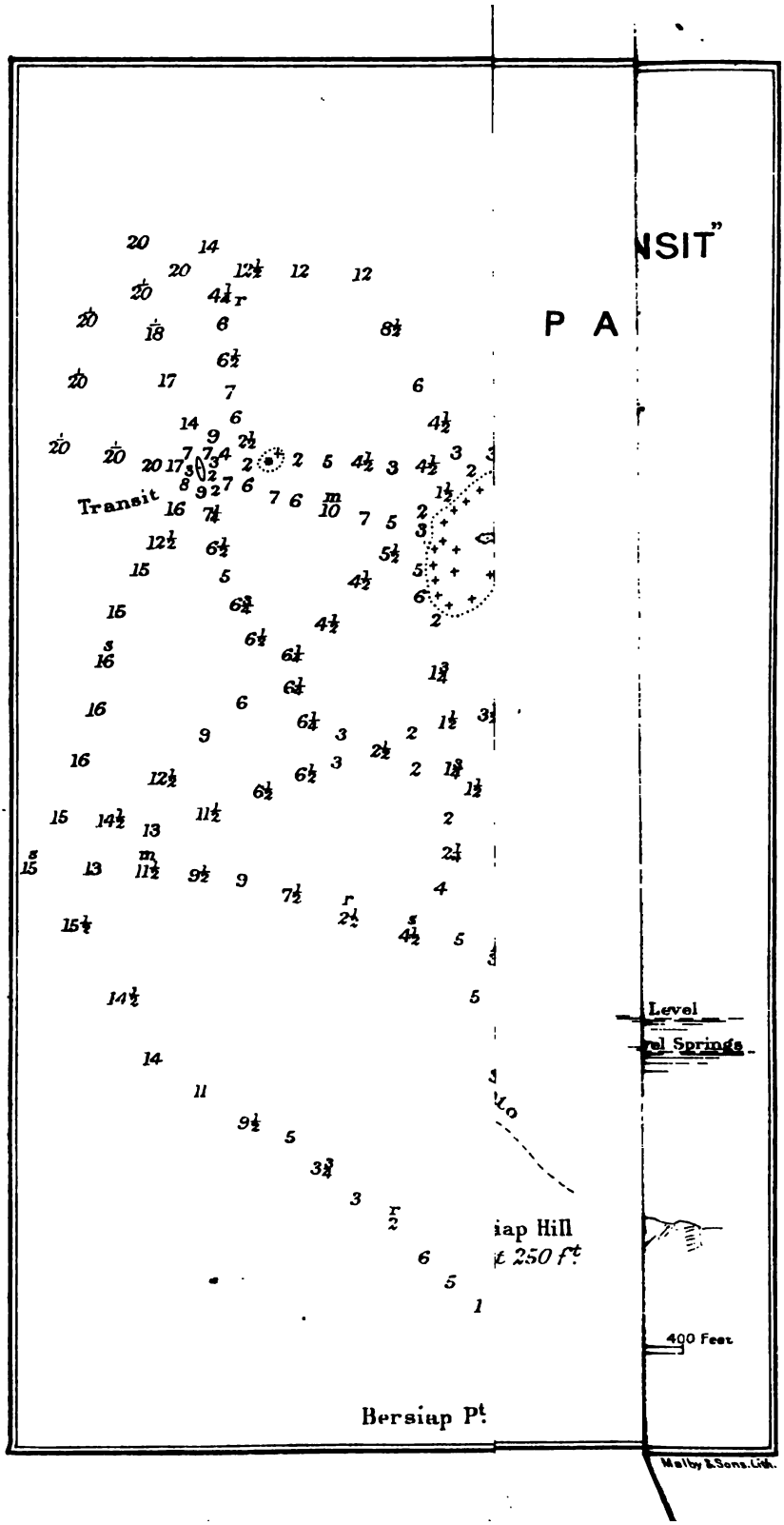
We waited for daylight to make a search; the reef was a coral knoll, having 15 feet on its apex, and steep-to with 17 fathoms all round. It was added to the chart as the Actæon Rock, and we proceeded on our way. On reaching Singapore Malay divers were engaged to report the damage done. Several feet of the false keel were wrenched off and the pieces floated up alongside; this was all they had to tell.

Nearly a year elapsed before the *Actæon*, "from the exigencies of the service," could be docked at Whampoa; and then it was found that the forepart of the main keel and stern had been so smashed as to leave us in wonderment that we had not foundered on the spot. In the interval she had been sailed through 2,770 miles of the China and Java Seas, both of which bristled with hidden dangers, many of them then uncharted.

Singapore, to which all maritime races of east and west converge, is too well known to require quotations from my journal. We visited Whampoa's establishment, close to the bank of the river, in which the choicest specimens of Chinese handicraft in carved ivory and sandal wood, lacquer ware, &c., were always to be found. He had the reputation of being as rich as Crœsus, with a country villa on the grandest scale. It was he, also, who supplied most of the provisions for ships of war, and his renown among naval men reached to all quarters of the globe. "Go to Whampoa the Chinaman, and you'll be sure of finding anything," was the saying.

It will be of interest to note that while at Singapore we first received official intimation that henceforth naval officers were to get their "full pay" ("swag") in hard cash, instead of in bills of exchange, drawn on the Accountant-General of the Navy. To those on the China station this meant much, as such bills could seldom be converted into dollars with less than 15 to 20 per cent. discount. We had received our quarter's pay for June at that lively anchorage the middle of the Sunda Strait, where bills could not be negotiated; these were called in at Singapore and changed for clean Mexican dollars at 4s. 2d., the rate fixed by Admiralty order. We got 4s. 11d. from the bankers with which to send private bills of exchange to England, and during the five years following I made over £100 by this exchange. Those days are gone by.

On July 13th a Dutch man-of-war brought news of the wreck of H.M.S. *Transit*, an iron screw steamship, in


NSIT"
P A
Transit
Level
el Springs
iap Hill
t 250 ft
400 Feet
Bersiap Pt.
Malby & Sons, Ltd.

Banka Strait. Immediately we were signalled to go to her assistance. The distance was 230 miles, and took us six days to get over, beating against the adverse monsoon.

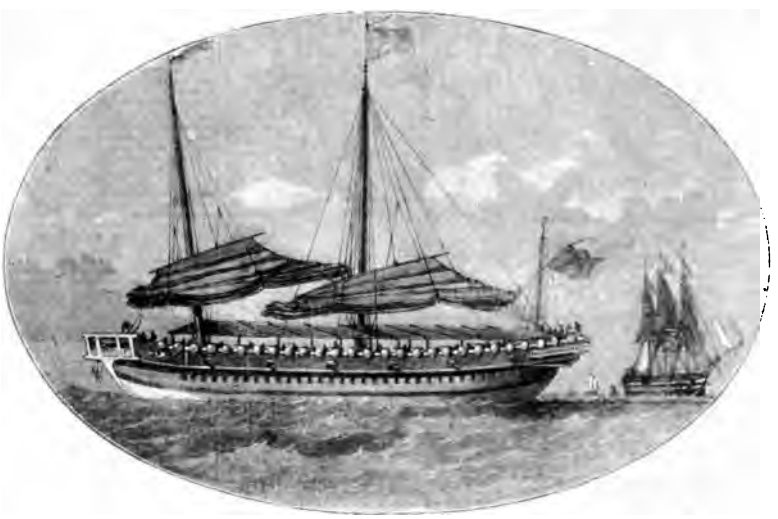
We found the *Transit* suspended amidships on a rock—her bows pointing to the sky, and her stern submerged in the sea; the annexed plan explains the position. She had on board the 90th Regiment, with some units (I believe that is the correct military term) from other corps. Soldiers and crew were encamped on Banka Island. My notes add: "They had been wrecked ten days before, and one of them published his experiences in the *Illustrated London News* of October 10, 1857;" and he wound up his story by saying, "We had been living in our new home for some time when the *Actæon, a little man-of-war* (*sic*), came down, and we went off to Singapore in her." My log of July 20th records: "Having embarked 20 officers and 200 men of the 90th Regiment, we made sail for Singapore, leaving the hired transport *Beaver* to bring up the remainder of the troops." The monsoon was fair; we had our brothers-in-red as messmates for three days, and enjoyed their company very much. Amongst them was G. C. Wolseley, a fair-haired young fellow, the junior Captain of the regiment—now the veteran Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, covered with honours nobly won on the battlefield.

There was a further detention of two days at Singapore while the authorities were discussing the question of sending us back to the wrecked *Transit*, but at length, on July 26th, we made sail for Hong Kong—the *Dove* doing likewise, for her steam power had been reduced to *nil*. Both vessels proceeded in company up the China Sea, anchoring in Hong Kong harbour on the 10th of August—263 days from Spithead, and one complete year since the pennant was hoisted at Portsmouth.

In these days of "Ocean Jehus" a summary of this protracted voyage may be desirable:—

| Departure. | | Arrival. | | Distance Traversed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| From. | Date. | At. | Date. | |
| | 1856 | | 1856 | Miles. |
| Spithead ..... | Nov. 20 | Plymouth Sound... | Nov. 22 | 212 |
| Plymouth Sound... | Nov. 25 | Madeira ..... | Dec. 13 | 1,937 |
| | | | 1857 | |
| Madeira ..... | Dec. 18 | Rio de Janeiro..... | Jan. 25 | 4,006 |
| | 1857 | | | |
| Rio de Janeiro..... | Feb. 14 | Simon's Bay..... | Mar. 31 | 4,363 |
| Simon's Bay..... | April 30 | Anjer..... | June 17 | 5,974 |
| Anjer..... | July 5 | Singapore..... | July 10 | 571 |
| Singapore..... | July 13 | Banka Strait ..... | July 19 | 522 |
| Banka Strait ..... | July 20 | Singapore..... | July 23 | 249 |
| Singapore..... | July 26 | Hong Kong..... | Aug. 10 | 1,531 |

We had been 158 days at sea, 105 days delayed, and had traversed 19,365 miles (4,000 miles more than the direct distance).



CHINESE WAR JUNK—1857.

## CHAPTER III

### ON THE CHU KIANG OR CANTON RIVER

"How little we are aware to what future use knowledge, picked up in the most fortuitous way, may be applied."

"So take the quill and have your say,
And blush for naught save heartless jingle ;
And if it prove not all it may,
God grant it pure and right and single."

THE *Actæon* and *Dove* having made "the best of their way to China," were at length at Hong Kong, where, after re-fitment, the special orders under which we were to act came into force, and we were to be "spared the waste of time in making a passage in a sailing vessel to and from Hong Kong, from and to a distant surveying station," the admiral being directed that "both vessels were to be prepared for immediate service on the north part of the coast." As a matter of fact, however, we didn't get away from the neighbourhood of the Canton River for one whole year, not until the 12th of August, 1858. The present chapter will show what led to the delay, and how the interval was employed.

I remark here that though the writer's purpose in putting his notes into type is merely to give his own experience while employed on the coasts of the Far East, incidental references will, of course, be made to matters outside this range, and to ground already occupied by abler hands, and for about the same period ; I refer specially to Oliphant's "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan," and to Alcock's

"Capital of the Tycoon."[1] Hong Kong, Macao, Canton and the neighbourhood as they were in 1857–58, are amply referred to by these authors, both of whom were actors in the scenes they described, as were also, though on a far narrower stage, the penman and artist of this volume.

The vessels had been brought out from England under the command of the first Lieutenant; our Captain—Thornton Bate—joined us ten days after our arrival at Hong Kong. He had been engaged for some months on "War Service" in the Canton River, in hostilities arising out of the *Arrow* affair; and it was evident to us all that his wishes were to continue on that service rather than resume surveying duties, so the position of "paramount necessity" justifying interference with our special work was established, and the Admiral ordered us into the Canton River, where, alas! the Captain's career came speedily to an end under the walls of that city. His assumption of the command of the *Actæon* and *Dove* was the subject of rejoicing "fore and aft." His character and attractive manner, of which we had heard so much, were at once recognised; "Salt beef squiredom" and "Get out of my nor'west course" were none of his prized possessions—his first order was an indication of this. Smokers who loved their early morning "whiff" were in the habit of securing the enjoyment surreptitiously; everybody knew it, but the Captain legalised it in the *Actæon* by the call of the boatswain's whistle "Coffee and Pipes" directly the men were out of their hammocks; they were given ten minutes—no infraction of the concession would be allowed, none was taken. This may seem a small matter to the landsman; Jack didn't think so, and he was at once a happier shipmate, and more prompt and efficient at his duty.

Seven weeks were spent in refitting; Hong Kong in the interval (August 10th to September 28th) deserving the reputation it had got in a song then current—

> "When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,
> She may go to Hong Kong for me!"

[1] Also Stanley Lane-Poole's "Life of Sir Harry Parkes."

Such a fugitive could hardly go to a worse place. The temperature was seldom below 85° even on the main deck and during the night; drenching rains were frequent, requiring the rain-awnings to be nearly always spread; and so, on the lower deck, 4 ft. 9 in. under the beams, we were in a perpetual state of stew, and maddened by prickly heat, while many of us suffered from small abscesses in the ears, which produced acute earache. The "young gentlemen's mess" (for description of which see p. 7) was known as "Hundred and four corner." Fresh air could only reach this den by occasional puffs through the scuttle-holes, when the sea was smooth enough to permit of their being opened. My cabin in the steerage, 6 ft. by 5 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 9 in., could only be approached when the hammocks were down, by bending nearly double; sleeping in it was out of the question—that could only be had by spreading a Manilla mat between the guns on the main deck, and stealing (for it was against the law) a snooze there.

Such in general were our environments below, through all the hot months of one year in the Canton River. Certainly the disappearance of "Jackass" frigates from the ships of the Navy, as far as existence in them is concerned, is not to be regretted. We had one enjoyment at Hong Kong, that was a walk ashore for about a couple of miles in the very early morning to bathe. This, however, was risky, because of the substantial rewards offered for Englishmen's heads by Yeh, the Canton Viceroy, and the further risk of being knocked on the head and thrown overboard while on passage to the shore in a rowboat, manned and *womaned* by Chinese. The lady, tiller in hand, acted as coxswain, and so, seated behind you, could at a suitable moment, if your vigilance was relaxed, deal you a stunning blow on the head. This would swiftly be followed by others from the agile oarsmen; then, rifled pockets; a splash alongside; and that passenger, if alone, would make no more trips! Hong Kong was, as the author of the "Englishman in China" has described it, "an Alsatia for Chinese malefactors and an asylum for pirates."

A year later, August, 1858, when I returned from Formosa, and, as directed, reported myself to the Governor, Sir John Bowring, His Excellency, when inviting me to an evening party, added, "Wear your sword, carry a loaded pistol, and keep your wits about you, coming up here in the dark!" The great Mandarins and other local authorities of the province had, at that time, on their own hook, increased the tariff for the head of an English officer to five thousand dollars!

Hong Kong appears to have outlived its evil report of my day, for, says the author just referred to, "It is doubtful whether in the wide domain of the Queen, there are 250,000 souls more appreciative of orderly government than the denizens of the whilom nest of pirates and cut-throats—Hong Kong."[1] So far as my recollection goes, there were about 60,000 Chinese in 1857, and the view of the city from the anchorage was much the same as shown on the accompanying engraving, reproduced from a sketch by a naval officer in the year 1846.

One of the interesting sights of the period was the arrival of the great trading junks, sailed hither with the fair monsoon from Singapore and other ports in the southern China sea; they came into the harbour with a veritable Babel of sounds from tomtoms and horns, their crews massed on high prow and stern, for the purpose of announcing their safe arrival. In all this there was something akin to music; there can be none in the screeching syren, and smoke of coastwise and ocean-going steamers, which now daily come and go, and keep the harbour alive with shipping.

Cholera was rife during our stay in these waters, and its first victim in the *Actæon* was our most considerate and kindhearted assistant surgeon, H. J. Ray; he was taken ill one morning at breakfast, and by three o'clock that same day had been laid at rest in "Happy Valley," and the funeral party returned to the ship—Peace to him! A

[1] "The Englishman in China," p. 281.

*Police Station*

gentler medico never trod the quarter-deck; his successor, a gaunt, horny-handed son of Erin, just then fresh from a Dublin hospital, had not gone through the rubbing-down process of a midshipman's mess, and in his ward-room rank assumed airs which had to be knocked out of him—and they were.

We were glad to be quit of Hong Kong for a while. "Not exactly the residence one would select, in which to pass the summer months in one of the worst climates in the world."[1]

On September 28th we sailed for Macao, making the passage in fairly quick time (for "Noah's Ark"!) in twenty-one hours, now done in three. Our quest there was to do "guard-ship" duty over the timbers of the frigate *Raleigh*, which had run on a rock in an imperfectly charted channel, and then been stranded close to Macao to save her from foundering in deep water. Chinese pirates and Macao wreckers would soon have picked her bones clean; we were to prevent this, and did so by ourselves utilising the chance of getting enough of her deck planks to build a conning-bridge whereon to fix the standard compass;[2] this was achieved, and our gunners made more efficient for war with the Chinamen, by firing our regulation amount of shot and shell at the *Raleigh's* timbers. To be sure these were fast disappearing in the soft mud on which she had been stranded, but her crew, "men of the "right sort," of course didn't like the use made of the remains of their smart craft; and it was prudent when we met them afterwards to "give leave" at different days, or they would have fought over the matter—no doubt the feeling was accentuated by the fact that it was a ramshackle surveying craft that had dared to do this job—just the same feeling as had prevented such a necessary adjunct being fitted to the *Actæon* when she was "in the hands of the dockyard" at Portsmouth. This bridge made us more efficient for our special service, but *that* was a small matter!

[1] "Lord Elgin's Mission to China," Oliphant, vol. i. p. 64.
[2] See illustration, "Dismantled," June, 1862, p. 329.

On the last day of September we had a typhoon by way of diversion; with three anchors down and "cables veered to the clinch," the old *Actæon* was driven for a mile through the roadstead, her main deck ports had to be secured as in mid-ocean. The sea swept our upper deck, and the crest of a wave lifted one of the quarter-boats out of her slings, and she was lost. The powerful paddle-wheel frigate *Sampson* was in the roadstead, and with the full strength of her engines was barely equal to taking the strain off her anchors; seas breaking over nearly swamped her stokeholds, and had the fires been put out it would have gone harder with her than with us, she would have been helpless; not so the *Actæon*. What we did do under similar conditions can be seen by a glance at the illustration, "Under bare poles," at page 207.

The force of the wind at midnight was recorded 11, there was a sudden and ominous lull for a few minutes, and then with equal fury came the wind from the opposite quarter; we were in the vortex; twelve hours later we had but a fresh breeze, and at sunset almost a calm.

> "Blasts would rise and rave and cease,
> But whence were those that drove the sail
> Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
> And to and thro' the counter gale?"

Landing at Macao, a day or two later, we saw scores of Chinese junks, some of them sea-going size, piled one upon another like mere drift-wood, and it was said that throughout the delta of the Canton River 70,000 Chinese were drowned—many of these of course being dwellers on the waters, born and bred thereon. Some few days later a dismasted British ship drifted into our ken, and we had to get underweigh to go to her protection from those human vultures, Chinese pirates, who sniff their prey with an instinct equal to that of the winged vultures of the desert. Jack may be judged leniently for hoping that some of these "devils," like others of that ilk, had gone violently down in the storm and were choked.

Macao, as it was, and apparently is, needs no extracts from my journal; a more dead-and-alive spot I cannot conceive. The only people we could see who were doing any business on the deserted esplanade and silent streets were shovel-hatted priests—the real rulers of Macao, as they had been 250 years ago[1]—and their usual followers, "silly women." Alcock's description of the place, when he visited it on his way to Japan in 1861, is exactly how we found it, "The home of poverty, and long-departed prosperity, where bankrupt aliens find a refuge, and a mongrel race of Portuguese, Chinese, and Africans from Goa, all commingled, swarm and breed, and live—God only knows how."[2] And Michie's account of to-day is: "The three hours' transit from Hong Kong to Macao carries one into another world. The incessant scream of steam launches which plough the harbour night and day give place to the drowsy chime of church bells, and instead of the throng, one meets a solitary black mantilla walking demurely in the middle of a crooked and silent street. Perhaps nowhere is the modern world with its clamour thrown into such immediate contrast with that which belongs to the past."[3] "*Semper eadem*" may well be written over the portals of Macao.

We returned to Hong Kong—this time doing the passage from Macao in 45 hours—on October 18th; and on November 2nd, after inspection by the Admiral, and adjudged qualified for such service, we were formally annexed to the squadron blockading the Canton River: a paddle-wheel sloop took us up to, and just beyond, the Bogue Forts; and little by little advance up the river was similarly made, until, as the special artist and correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* (date, February 13, 1858) described, the *Actæon* had "the honour of holding the advanced post, abreast of Macao Fort."

[1] *Times*, November 1, 1892.
[2] Alcock's "Three Years in Japan," vol. i. p. 20.
[3] "The Englishman in China," vol. i. p. 287.

The months of November and December, 1857, were at length fruitful as regards surveying work; the present Admiralty charts of the "Chu Kiang, or Canton River, from the Second Bar Pagoda to the City of Canton," are evidence of this, and witness to the surveying officers employed thereon, the writer being one of them. A theodolite party to the Second Bar Pagoda, conducted by Captain Bate, with myself as his assistant, had the unusual *éclat* of being accompanied by the Commodore — Elliot, C.B., of *Sybille*—captains, and other officers, to enjoy the "look see pidgin;" but then, as that ruler at Canton, Commissioner Yeh, had raised his tariff for Englishmen's skulls to the sum of 600 dollars, it was considered prudent to have an escort of fifty bluejackets. Some of these "handy" fellows had learnt a trick or two in foraging, for they wore two pairs of breeches, and on the return journey, the second pair was taken off and the foot-ends lashed, thus forming capital bags for the spoil of sweet potatoes, which were found in abundance. This well-known and conspicuous landmark, Second Bar Pagoda, was scored with the initials of many travellers, names of ships, and dates; the oldest I noted was 1789.

Surveying in our pinnaces and cutters—the days of steam pinnaces were not then in view—had to be conducted with caution, for Chinese "snake-boats," with perhaps 50 to 60 rowers, were always to be reckoned with if they could catch you at a disadvantage; we, of course, were well armed, but the service rifle of that day was not the record bull's-eye shooter of this,[1] and even if we had come up with these gentry they could haul their boats into creeks and be hidden, in a jiffy, from our pursuit. The "agricultural labourer" went on with his work in the rice-fields, quite undisturbed by the sight of the *Actæon's* broadside guns being within a hundred yards of him and his village,

[1] The marines of the squadron received Enfield rifles a few weeks before the assault of Canton, discarding those of a pattern dating from 1842.

though it was perfectly well understood by us that if we personally ventured near him and were "off-guard," this peaceful looking husbandman would have speedily diverted his agricultural implement into a weapon for securing our heads. Yeh's promised cumshaw of 600 dollars would at once have metamorphosed him into a devil, otherwise a Boxer of to-day.

There was another risk to our landing—unclean savage water buffaloes. These brutes would sniff the stranger long before he could see them, and wading through the padi fields at incredible speed (considering his legs were almost submerged in the soft mud), would go for you like a rogue elephant, his owners highly amused thereat, and only when you could safely cover the brute with a gun, and the dawning fear of his loss fell upon them, did amusement give way to love of dollars, and they called him off, obedient to them as a child. We had a little fun out of one of these buffaloes, from the 'vantage ground of shipboard. The first lieutenant was seen, when returning from a day's sport, scampering for his life along the river-bank, the outstretched head of a water buffalo behind, giving chase. He had stalked his game so close that No. 1 daren't face round to fire; the brute would have trampled him under foot. He wasn't very popular on board, and the shout went along the lower deck from an amused and observant A.B. on the upper deck, "Up here, you fellows, and look at the first lieutenant." The ship was close enough for the fugitive to hear the chuckles of the men as to whether "Shanks' mare" or the buffalo would win, and the former only did it by a foot or two, bolting into the river to jump into the boat, which had been hastily "called away" for his rescue. The expression on his face as he once more trod the deck was the reverse of amiable. Jack had for a brief period scored one.

Two of our surveying officers were employed day and night watching the rise and fall of the tide from abreast of the ship, and were quartered in a junk hired for that purpose.

This had its risk, for though the junk was close to us two, large "snake-boats" crept so warily up alongside, that what with the crew of the junk essaying to fire signals of distress from a rusty old gingal loaded to the muzzle—which would certainly have burst—and an armed party from the *Actæon* giving raking shots at the "snake-boats" retreating in the darkness, the tide-watchers had an ugly *quart d'heure.*

Such briefly are some of the experiences of a surveying officer in a river of Cathay forty years ago. Others are adverted to in subsequent pages.

The *Actæon* and her consort now put on "war paint," the *Dove* unbent her sails, struck topmasts and lower yards and sent them to us, and then steamed down the river to the *Calcutta* flagship, returning with one of her long 32-pounders for mounting on the *Actæon's* forecastle.

We had now to cross that "artificial obstruction of stones and piling" constructed during the so-called opium war of 1840 to prevent the approach of large ships to Canton, and named on the charts Tai Shek barrier,[1] seven miles below the city. Our anchorage had for some days previously been at Hamilton Creek, half a mile below the barrier.

A few days before this, important despatches were brought for the senior officer—Shadwell, of the *Highflyer,* under whose orders the *Actæon* was for the time placed—informing him that a Chinese proclamation was being circulated among the neighbouring villages to the effect that if a certain number of dollars was not given at once to the local authorities *for delivery to the British, who were in want of money,* they, the British, would land and burn the villages and destroy all their crops. Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas, Wade, acted as interpreter to the armed party which was to inquire into the matter. A terror-stricken Chinese boy led them to one of the villages near, and pointed to a barn-like building and a heap of straw on the floor. A prod from the sword of one of the officers disturbed eleven men concealed there.

[1] China Sea Directory, vol. iii. p. 109.

Four of these were villagers, heavily shackled till they should pay the blackmail, the other six were the scoundrels who demanded it, one being apparently a man of some rank, These gentry were promptly seized and sent to Hong Kong jail. A proclamation in Chinese prepared by Mr. Wade was afterwards circulated by us denying the lies of their countrymen; we were not at war with the Chinese people, only with their officials.

It was by no means an uncommon occurrence to find the bodies of Chinamen fouling the cables at our bows, sometimes three lashed together, and evidently mutilated before being drowned; occasionally children were so found. Our enthusiastic naturalist, the doctor, secured the body of a girl infant as it floated past the ship, and speedily reduced his prize to a skeleton, presenting it *pro tem.* to the Captain; who had it suspended over his writing table, premonitory, alas! of his own early end.

The *Actæon*, having been lightened by the removal of several tons of stores, shot, shell, provisions, all spare chain cables and anchors, &c., into a junk laid alongside for the purpose, was not then brought quite on an even keel of 16 feet, which depth could only be found at the top of high water and on the highest tide—first after the full moon—so hundreds of gallons of good drinking water were pumped out of the tanks. Some of the guns might have been hoisted out, but there was the fear of *defacing the polish*, so that couldn't be entertained!

About midnight on December 1st, our consort, the *Dove*, on one side, and the *Slaney*, an 80-h.p. gunboat, on the other (the watchers announcing by prearranged signal lights that the tide was just ceasing to rise), the old *Actæon* was towed across the barrier at a speed of eight knots, just grinding her keel for a moment on the apex, and was then anchored in deep water a few hundred yards below Macao Fort. Captain Bate was himself the pilot, and the officer commanding the *Slaney* was Lieut. Hoskins, recently put "under hatches" as Admiral Sir Antony Hiley Hoskins,

G.C.B., &c. My log records for December 2nd: "At present, therefore, the *Actæon* is the advanced ship of the Squadron, the pinnace as a guard-boat is away from 8 p.m. till daylight, guns are loaded, the *Dove* has steam always ready, and we have a spring on our bower cable ready to slip in case of fire-rafts coming down the river. Adieu to all surveying work except such as must be done for navigation of the ships of the Allied Fleets when they come up hither to bombard the city." There was no lack of such surveying, nor of the risk attending it, for the very next day, December 3rd, a party of us landed on the east bank abreast of the ship to get a round of theodolite angles, and two of our escort who had foolishly strayed out of sight were murdered in the village close by. We had at once to burn that village, though every effort was made to avoid taking a single life.

Macao Fort, on a small rocky islet barely two and a half miles below the foreign settlement at Canton, was then garrisoned by about 150 seamen and marines from the late *Raleigh*, and in the south-east angle were the graves of five who had died in the fort. One was that of Midshipman Fitzroy Delamere Foster, tenderly shaded by shrubs and enclosed by bamboo palings. Another was that of a marine, Henry Parker, drowned July 9, 1857, whose comrades had carved this epitaph to his memory :—

"Poor Harry was bathing, as often did he;
In frolicsome mood and capering glee
He plunged in, and splashed it with every limb;
He tried, but the devil a bit could he swim.
He stepped out of depth, but — — he was drowned;
On the morrow at sunrise his body was found.
The tide had unshrouded his billowy bier,
So we brought him ashore, and buried him here.
So learn from poor Harry this curious whim,—
Never venture to (*sic*) far without learning to swim."

The capture of Macao Fort was one of the first steps taken at the outbreak of hostilities in October, 1856, and it

had been garrisoned by the British all through the interval. Thornton Bate, commander of the *Bittern*, was also its commandant most of the time; and it is not to be wondered at that now, as captain of the *Actæon*, he was pleased to be in the van of the Allied Fleets. Oliphant has an attractive woodcut of this fort,[1] which, though a trifle too artistic, may perhaps serve a useful purpose when another advance of Allied Fleets is within "measurable distance." Four or five of the flagship's 32-pounders had been mounted on the forts, and these would range as far as the western suburbs of Canton.

Narratives of events preceding the bombardment of Canton, its capture by assault, and occupation by the forces of England and France, have all had ample publicity rendered by abler hands than mine. Nevertheless, there may be still some interest in this record of actual personal experience of the time, not ransacked from memory, but from pen-notes jotted down day by day.

On December 10th we received on board five Chinese; one had been captured about a year before at the commencement of hostilities, and four were craftsmen, block-printers, to whom our chart-room was handed over, and skilfully and rapidly, as had been done in Cathay for ages, they carved on a block of camphor-wood a proclamation to be issued to the Chinese people. From one of the actual prints taken, and stamped with the seal of the British Embassy, a copy is here reproduced, probably the first and last of its kind prepared in a British man-of-war.[2]

This proclamation was spread broadcast among the riverside population by boats' crews towed up to Canton by the *Dove*—in this instance a true messenger of peace—flying as a flag of truce one of our white surveying flags, on which was an inscription in Chinese hieroglyphics meaning "No fight"; and on the morrow our Chinese prisoner guest, Cheng, was put ashore in a sanpan on the hazardous mission of placing an ultimatum in Yeh's hands. On

[1] Vol. i. p. 48. [2] In facsimile, by photography.

December 18th, just a week later, when the *Actæon* was moored off the city in her position as one of the bombarding ships, "Cheng"—I quote from my log—"came off to us this afternoon, a thoroughbuilt mandarin, with despatches from Yeh to the Admirals." Cheng was a plucky fellow to put himself in the grip of such an arch-rascal.

The threatened city was now completely blockaded by the Allied Fleets, and the land forces were at hand on the opposite shore, Honan Island, in readiness for the assault. The attitude of the lethargic Chinamen was simply astounding; they stood on the banks in "their tens of thousands," and crowded sanpans, ferry-boats, flower-boats, passenger junks, &c., till the whole littoral rocked with a mass of humanity on the "Look-see pidgin!"—for what other purpose, in their view, was all this bustle of the foreigner? The *Dove* steamed slowly in and out of this floating concourse with the care of a gentle shepherd-dog, and coaxed them over to Fati Creek out of harm's way from the impending bombardment.

On Christmas Eve Admirals and Generals were on board the *Actæon* planning operations, while Cheng, who said the people inside the city did not know of our proclamation as the Government prevent publicity, landed again to circulate the warning privately.

Christmas Day: My log has—"Our men were employed till eleven a.m. at the Mortar Battery on Dutch Folly, and I have been drawing the Plan of Attack as settled yesterday; boats' crews from the *Calcutta* landed at different places along the shore in front of the walls and suburbs, pasting placards for the people to know we are really to bombard their city on Monday. Cheng brought off an important despatch from Yeh, but its contents are not made known to us."

Saturday, December 26th: "I have been at work since six a.m. making tracings of the Plan of Attack; the French captains in particular are constantly arriving for information." A copy of this plan is attached, and below follow

PLAN

OF

ATTACK ON (

BY THE

ALLIED NAVAL

Dec. 185

Wm Thornton

H.M. Acton

*Photographed in 1902 from the original drawn by W. Blakeney R.N. Dec. 24th 1857.*

some extracts from the General Order, dated December 26, 1857[1]:—

"Bombardment to commence at daylight on Monday morning December 28th (see plan annexed)."

"The ships and vessels named in the margin under letter A[2] on the signal hereafter indicated being made, will open fire on the south-west angles of the city walls with a view to breach them and impede the communication of the Chinese troops along their parapets to the eastward."

"The ships and vessels named in the margin under letter B[3] near the Dutch Folly with a similar object, will breach the city walls opposite the Vice-Roy's residence.

"The Mortars in the Dutch Folly likewise shelling the city and Gough Heights."

"The ships and vessels named in the margin under letter C,[4] between the Dutch and French Follies, will open fire on the south-east angles of the old and new city walls, and the walls forming the east side of the city."

"After 1 p.m. the *Nimrod*, *Surprise*, and *Dragonne*, will alter their fire to the city and Gough Heights; and the *Marceau* and gunboats alter theirs to the north-east city gate."

"These three several attacks will commence simultaneously when a White Ensign shall be hoisted at the fore of the *Actæon* and a Yellow Flag as a corresponding signal at the same time at the fore of the *Phlégéton*."

"The *Hornet* and *Avalanche* will repeat these signals at their fore so long as the Flags shall remain flying on the before-named ships."

[1] The General Order was issued from the *Coromandel*, tender to the Admiral's flagship, then before Canton.

[2] A *Actæon* and *Phlégéton*.

[3] B *Mitraille*, *Fuzée*, *Cruiser*, *Hornet*, *Niger*, and *Avalanche*.

[4] C *Nimrod*, *Surprise*, *Dragonne*, *Marceau*, and gunboats.

"This bombardment is to be in very slow time and continued day and night; not to exceed for each gun employed, 60 rounds during the first 24 hours, except the ships under letter C, which will fire 100 rounds.

"Immediately the bombardment opens, the landing of the Allied Forces will take place at the Creek in Kuper passage."

* * * * * *

British Naval Brigade on the right.

* * * * * *

"After getting into position the Allied Forces will remain in line of Contiguous Columns of Brigade until further orders for advance, which will be made to a position for the night preparatory to active service on the following morning."

These instructions were signed by the two Rear-Admirals, Commanders-in-Chief of the British and French Naval Forces, and by the British Major-General commanding the Military Forces, and at daylight—about 6.30—the *Actæon* hoisted a White Ensign at the fore, and fired the *first* shot, the French steamer *Phlégéton* hoisting the Yellow Flag at her fore, fired the *second* shot, and then the firing became general as had been arranged and was nowhere fiercer than about Yeh's Yamên, which was soon in a blaze; before sunset not a vestige was left save its shattered gables.

It was noticed from the *Actæon* that our French *confrère* the *Phlégéton*, was dropping his shot into the crowded suburbs outside the city wall, causing wanton destruction; Captain Bate sent a polite message that such was not the object of the bombardment. The Chinese who had assembled abreast of us to see the show, fled, as well they might, but as the day advanced, noticing the guns were being aimed for longer distances, they returned, took to their sanpans and ferry-boats, often crossing under the arch of fire, and apparently making a kind of picnic afloat, and on the river-banks

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON, DEC. 28, 1857.

Mr. Bracklock. Mr. Blakeney

has this in hand with

the General Magistrate to act as

Naval Superior. The Time

to take their pocket-vocabularies

Mr. Bracklock also may lend

of his writing. To make

Sketches.

Captain Waite RN.

Lord "Actaeon"

Canton,
Dec. 28th 1857.

Malby & Sons, Lith

bordering the city. Not a shot was fired at the ships from the Chinese Artillery-men on the walls.

Captain Bate left the *Actæon* about noon to join the Admiral, who had his flag flying in the *Coromandel*, which soon after steamed along the fleet, close enough for us to hear the Captain hail, "Tell Lieutenant Bullock, Mr. Blakeney, and Mr. Ellis they can join me at the front," and later came his *order* to that effect, brought by a gunboat specially sent for the purpose of conveying us to the landing-place.

This order, on a half sheet of note-paper, I have preserved, and as it was the last he ever wrote, a photographic reproduction of it is inserted here.

It was dated, "In haste, landing place, Kuper Island, December 28/57."

In ten minutes we were on our way, though it was midnight before we reached the landing-place.

The scene as we steamed along the line was terribly impressive; the whole southern portion of the city seemed on fire, and the glare made visible hull, mast, and rigging of every bombarding ship. An escort was placed at our disposal and we immediately set out for the front, but didn't reach it that night, camping with a portion of the Naval Brigade in the shelter, such as it was, of a Chinese cemetery a little to the eastward of Fort Lin: the night was bitterly cold, not a pipe could be allowed, for the enemy had located our position, and the light of a match would have set them on the move.

I watched those awful 13-inch shells, fired from the mortar battery on Dutch Folly, careering through the air on wide semi-circular arch, and heard the thud as they fell with a weight of some seventy tons, to explode in the doomed city. Such was my first night on a battlefield. Our march, resumed at grey dawn of the 29th, led over low undulating hillocks, on the crests of which the Chinese on the walls greeted us with shot, evidently showing that they had not yet been sufficiently scared by the bombardment.

There was a personal element in that march which was entertaining though at times embarrassing; of course I was wearing the uniform of my non-combatant rank, and now and again some *Admiral in embryo, e.g.*, an experienced young lieutenant, would want to know, "What are you doing here?" he, of course, marching with his *squad* of blue-jackets and with the "local rank when so employed" of at least a Brigadier-General. My pocket sextant and sketching-pad didn't make the "naval engineer" look very warlike, but the written order of the captain settled that difficulty!

Our first news on reaching headquarters was startling, "*Captain Bate has just been killed,*" and a few minutes later, the saddest sight of my "baptism of fire" was witnessing his body borne to the rear with the uniform cap shading his noble and, to us, dear face. His boat's crew were carrying him to a Chinese asylum, under the walls of which the assaulting forces were massed for protection, till the bugles sounded the advance. Streaming out of this asylum came a crawling cavalcade of women, nearly all helpless from their crippled feet, one of them carrying a little boy with his limbs half shot off—they were being moved out of the line of fire, but to where, God knows! This is war: and "who can fancy warless men?" Within my hearing stood a group of young commanders, discussing before poor Bate's body was rigid "who'll get his vacancy," but to none of those present was the captain's commission given. Two of that group have since climbed to the top of the tree, and one survives to grace the list of retired Admirals.

The eastern portion of the fleet—the gunboats whose business it was to enfilade the eastern walls—continued their fire somewhat longer than was arranged for, at any rate expected, and the British assaulting party while waiting were in no small risk of being knocked over by missiles from our own ships; on some one shouting, "Look out, here's one of their shells coming into us," every fellow at once fell flat on the ground to wait results. A shout of laughter followed as one of the warriors sang out, "Unscrew the

CANTON—CAPTURED BY ASSAULT, DEC. 29, 1857.

fuze there!" Then came a human shriek as a Chinese rocket from the walls pierced the arm and entered the side of a bright young midshipman, who lingered in agony for hours; it was a villainous weapon—arrow-headed like a harpoon, inflicting a dreadful wound.

The assault was made by the British about nine a.m. near the Bastion, from which the fatal shot had been fired at our captain, and distant from the north-east gate of the city about 400 yards. Had the Chinese remained for a while under the shelter of the parapet, which they might well have done, much loss to our men must have followed, for some of the scaling ladders had to be spliced, being too short, at the very base of the wall. I noticed the body of a Chinese soldier who had been bayoneted close by; he must have held on bravely. Buckley, our naval instructor and amateur photographer (he was hardly up to date in the art), is responsible for the annexed illustration, probably the first photograph taken of the walls of Canton, older by centuries than the Christian era.

We "naval engineers" went with the assaulting party and took part in the advance along the walls as far as the Red, or Five-Storied Pagoda, but the *raison d'être* of our being with the land force had been removed by the death of the captain, and in the afternoon of that day we were attached to an escort of a hundred marines guarding the wounded[1] back to the floating hospital on the river, and with these went also the remains of Captain Bate—carried by his boat's crew.

It was dark before we reached the landing-place; and, appropriating a large flat-bottomed craft in which to rest the body, we were towed by a gunboat back to the *Actæon* at her moorings off the site of the old factories, where we arrived about nine o'clock. The news of our captain's death had not reached the ship, and when the gunboat hailed her, "Send for the captain's body," the surprise and lamentation

[1] Among whom was Lieut. Lord Gilford, now Admiral of the Fleet, the Earl of Clanwilliam.

authorities have made no attempt to capture them. The Chinese are becoming alarmed, and predict trouble." [1]

Yeh's capture, it may be interesting to note, was effected by our supernumerary shipmate, Consul Parkes, who had been the guest of poor Bate, and had still a billet in the Captain's cabin of the *Actæon*. Parkes was so feared and

COMMISSIONER YEH.

*(From a Painting by a Chinese artist.)*

[1] The Cantonese are "an intractable, peace-disturbing element, who through every event since 1839 have remained incorrigible in the real hatred and affected contempt for foreigners."—SIR JOHN DAVIS. [With whom I had the pleasure of talking shortly before his death; when his memory on every sublunary matter was gone save on the subject of China and the Chinese.]

VICEROY YEH.

therefore hated by the Cantonese authorities and rabble that he could only move about the city in the midst of a considerable escort of armed men—marines—and, fortunately, he knew what Yeh looked like, or his chase would certainly not have been helped much by that "Portrait of Yeh"—"from the painting of a native artist of great merit"—which "our special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* copied, as one to be relied on, February 13, 1858." Bedwell's pencil has not been "economical of the truth" in this picture of him taken on the spot.

Our walks on surveying duties in and about the city required us to venture into many (then) unknown areas. My log records that we attempted to get a round of sextant angles from the top of the large Pagoda near the Tartar General's Yamên, on the Avenue of "Benevolence and Love," but the dilapidated condition of this conspicuous building made the risk too great. The Chinamen who were watching, led us to understand that we were the first foreigners to venture there, though it had been standing for 1,500 years; they also had an eye to business, and cunningly stole the tripod of our theodolite, when inadvertently lost sight of for a moment. Not far from this Pagoda stood the Prison, which was soon made to disgorge its manacled and cruelly maimed inmates, one of whom had been imprisoned since 1841 for selling food to British "barbarians."

Yeh's official residence I noted as so entirely destroyed that one could not conceive a more complete ruin. I believe the French have now a Roman Catholic Cathedral on that site.

Another of our tramps "on service" brought us to the "Gate of Eternal Purity." May Heaven be merciful to all responsible for such a name!

Here was the execution ground, absolutely reeking with the blood of tens of thousands of Chinamen, decapitated by order of "Mr. Commissioner Yeh." The place was too foul for accurate description. It was said he had put to death over 70,000—some stated 200,000—during his vice-royalty; but the lesser number will suffice to show what the man

was. I heard an officer of one of the ships which had been stationed at Canton before the *Arrow* affair say, that during an early morning walk which brought him to the "Gate of Eternal Purity," he witnessed the decapitation of 170 men before returning to breakfast.

We had, of course, to pursue our surveying quest into the south-west suburbs, through the Gates named "Peace" and "Tranquil," where, only a few days before, an officer of one of the French ships had been murdered. The captain of this vessel at once sent a large party, who slew every man in the houses on either side of the spot where the murder had been committed; the Chinamen were somewhat chary of meddling with Frenchmen after this episode, though it decidedly added to the risks of the "surveying fellows." It must in fairness be said that, some weeks later, when surveying at Fati, where Yeh had his country seat, the Chinese military officer, appointed to explain to his countrymen what we were doing, made our position tolerably secure.[1] Yeh's property was surrounded by misery in every material shape, and his vice-regal retreat more gorgeously decorated than any building we had seen in or around Canton.

From our tent, pitched on the walls near the Eastern Gate, we had an opportunity of seeing some of the Naval Brigade returning to their ships laden with "loot." "Looting or plundering," ran the Rear-Admiral's memorandum at the commencement of hostilities, "it was his determination to discountenance and prevent, as being both demoralising and subversive of the discipline that is so essentially necessary to success;" and "he requested officers by precept, and especially by example, to carry out his views and instructions." But

> "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done!"

[1] He wrote these hieroglyphics in my field book, which were useful in warding off suspicious onlookers. Free translation: "This is a surveying flag. Passers-by must not remove it." See illustration in facsimile.

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One batch of bluejackets, commanded by a popular captain with a handle in front of his name, passed by us with a motley collection of spoil that would have well furnished a pawnbroker's shop; but at the gate of exit the Provost-Marshal's staff compelled every man to disgorge—even to a bird-cage, and the captain had to drop his loot; and when they, the warriors, had passed out, the Provost turned his blind eye in our direction, that we, the men of peace, might help ourselves, as we did, with the result that our tent was decked with odd but valuable articles from the collections of despoiled mandarins.

This abrupt action of the Provost-Marshal had arisen from the attempt made the night before, by some of the spoilers, who had been carrying things too far, to drop a bullet —unintentionally, of course—where the Provost-Marshal was billeted.

Our stay off Canton came to an end on January 30th, ten days after the command of the *Actæon* had been assumed by Robert Jenkins, promoted to Captain's rank, "*vice* Bate, killed in action." A reputation, afloat and ashore, of being equal to laughing every one else out of countenance, had procured him the soubriquet (among his peers) of "Grinning Bob." He came on board very unostentatiously one afternoon, and in a few minutes went head foremost, with a peal of laughter, into the capacious bath which poor Bate had had fitted into one of the quarter galleries. He positively chuckled at the thought of his being required to head his official letters, "Her Majesty's *Surveying* ship *Actæon*," and sign his name Captain thereof. He used to speak of himself as "a fish in a cabbage tree"; nevertheless he *was* our captain, and we were glad to serve under him, pending the "pleasure of the Admiralty" as to some one qualified to command such a ship.

Slowly retiring from the position accorded to her under Bate, of holding the advanced post, the *Actæon* dropped down the Canton River, first to the Taishek barrier, then into Blenheim Passage, abreast of the village where Lieut.

Bedford Pim had an adventure, graphically described at the time by his *gallant* companion, "Our Artist";[1] and then on to First Bar Island, surveying work being done at odd intervals and under difficulties created by the ingenuity of the First Lieutenant, who had an evil eye towards all scientific work; "What business had a non-combatant (myself, to wit) to know anything outside his duties, as defined by the Admiralty regulations?" This obstacle was surmounted by the genial tact of the Captain, who, though "like a fish in a cabbage tree," kindly used to see me in his cabin in the evening, and, ascertaining what my *wishes* were for the morrow—I was, in the absence of the senior surveyors, conducting the survey — issue his *orders* accordingly. Among the pleasant memories of my service in the Chu Kiang remains that of the consideration shown me by Captain—not long since laid to rest near Shrewsbury, as Admiral—Robert Jenkins.

The *Actæon* was now, March 6, 1858, taken to Whampoa for repair of damages done seven months previously by striking on a reef in Gaspar Strait; but eight weeks elapsed before she was got into Cooper's Dock, and after being a fortnight there eight weeks again passed before she left—another four months abstracted from her special service on the coast of Tartary. In this interval I happily had two spells of a month each on detached service, one at the Pratas Reef and another on the coast of Formosa (see Chapter IV.).

A few days after our arrival at Whampoa the Chinese cut away and walked off with the rigging of the newly-erected flagstaff marking the site of the future British Consulate. This was considered an insult to our flag, as it had been hoisted under a salute of seven guns from "Noah's Ark." So a proclamation was issued demanding the delinquent, and a small boy was produced who could not have lifted the stolen rope! Accordingly the Captain, as "senior officer present," sent an armed party after the four prin-

[1] *Illustrated London News*, February 27th and March 6th, 1858.

CHINESE JUNK "KEYING"—IN THE THAMES, 1847.

cipal men and took them up to Canton before the English and French Commissioners. What became of them I have no record, but one of the four was in the crew of the Chinese junk *Keying* which, I remember, was brought to England about fifty-five years ago, when I was a schoolboy at Greenwich, and was for some time on exhibition in one of the London docks. As this was, I believe, the only craft of her kind which was ever navigated to England, and was, moreover, the type of junk which used to career through the China Seas before a fair monsoon in my days, the *Illustrated London News* of 1848 has been resorted to for the annexed drawing. This man—who could speak English fairly, had been made a sort of "sea-lion" of in London society, and was careful to tell us that he had spoken with the Duke of Wellington, the "Iron Duke,"—was very much aggrieved at being made to stand on our quarter-deck as a prisoner, held responsible for what he certainly had no part in and disapproved, but he was "one of the elders" and our Captain always made for them.

At Whampoa Captain Jenkins narrowly escaped being killed in an affray over which "our special artist" threw a halo of romance [1]:—

"There has been a fight near Whampoa. The Chinese were erecting some batteries to fire at the boats at French Island, when *we* attacked them, but the Braves bolted, and it being near midnight, the party returned through the village and captured two elders, and were passing a pond when bang went a volley of jingalls, wounding five or six of our men; among others, Captain Jenkins of the *Actæon*, and killing the two elders. One man had twenty-three slugs in his body, and Captain Jenkins six; he is very dangerously wounded. The next day the village was shelled and rocketed most beautifully by gunboats."

This was mainly romance; the dry facts are these: The Chinese on French Island were enjoying their "Feast of Lanterns," and in the darkness this was con-

[1] *Illustrated London News*, September 4, 1858.

strued by our vigilant sentries into a contemplated attack on us at Whampoa. Orders at once, "Man and arm boats," the Captain leading in his gig. He had one general plan, as already mentioned, for dealing with refractory Chinamen, and that was to make straight for their principal Joss House and secure the elders, who, as frightened fugitives, might have fled there. On this occasion he secured two, and was returning with them as prisoners when the jingal bullets referred to by the artist struck him. Two were lodged in his lungs and remained there the rest of his life. He bled externally or the issue would have been for him as it was for poor Bate; but the circumstances were as far apart as the poles from those under the walls of Canton. For some time during his enforced submission to the doctor's wishes the latter would allow no one to see him, lest in his exuberance of laughing, which nothing could check, he might laugh himself over the brink near which he was perilously hanging. We were all glad when our genial skipper was on deck again.

Whampoa and the network of creeks and reaches converging round Danes Island soon became enlivened and exceedingly picturesque by the resumption of Chinese passenger traffic, some of the junks *crowded* with living freight looking very graceful under sail. The annexed illustration of such a scene is from an original painting by a native artist of Whampoa, which I bought from him there; he had, I understood, been given lessons by some artist from the West, and, one must admit, had proved an apt pupil. This illustration may prove of historic interest when compared with a "word picture" of to-day, as given in the following quotation from the *Times* correspondent at Canton, dated May 22nd:—

"The teeming population of Canton continues to pursue the busy tenor of its way, apparently unaffected by the disasters which have befallen the Northern provinces of the Empire. Its broad waterways present the same unique picture of unceasing toil, patient industry, inexhaustible

RIVER SCENE ON THE CHU KIANG [CANTON].

*(From a Painting by a Chinese artist.)*

wealth, and abject misery, though one novel feature in the river life shows how rapidly the Chinese can adopt new methods if an idea once catches hold of them. When I was last here, five years ago, only a few steam launches, mostly foreign built and owned, had made their appearance on the Canton River. To-day nearly 300,

SANPAN GIRL [CANTON RIVER].

almost all Chinese built and owned, are doing a roaring trade, towing passengers and freight junks up and down the river and the innumerable creeks which intersect the delta of the West and North Rivers."[1]

This is an unique picture of China to-day, but it will assuredly bring risks to the sanpan girl, if her race is still

[1] *Times*, May 23, 1901.

extant, from the dangers lurking in steamers careering over the waters on which she has her floating home.[1] In my day I well remember this incident: While the *Dove* was rounding, at high speed, on a message of importance, the sharp western angle of Honan Island, opposite Canton city, a sanpan, with a woman rower seated exactly as in this picture—which I borrow from the *Illustrated London News* of February 13, 1858—was run into and sunk, though every effort was promptly made to save the woman, but she succumbed from the shock just as she was got inboard. Her few passengers were rescued, but none of them would have anything to do with the dead body of the woman until an impromptu subscription of about twenty-five dollars had been collected towards funeral expenses. Then began a free fight on the *Dove's* quarter-deck as to who should possess both the corpse and the dollars! while a small flotilla of other sanpans, which had by this time come alongside, started a running fight shoreward. How it all ended we didn't stop to see. Had that same woman rower survived, likely enough she might have gone to Hong Kong and taken her revenge as described on a former page.

We returned to Hong Kong in July to refit and prepare for the North, but delay was yet to dog our steps, for again we were ordered to Macao, this time on a fruitless quest after pirates. Where there was a will no difficulty was found in making it a case of "paramount necessity"!

At length—and after one whole year's detention in the Chu Kiang—on August 12, 1858, the *Actæon* and *Dove*, both under sail, put to sea in the *direction* of the "Coast and Gulf of Tartary," the "special field" for which they had been commissioned two years before, and even so did not reach thither for nearly another year, 1859.

"But then—too late, too late."

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[1] DISASTER ON THE CANTON RIVER.—News has reached Hong Kong, says a Central News message, of a disastrous collision on the Canton River, the steamer Hoiho having run down and sank a native passenger boat. One hundred and fifty of the 250 on board were drowned. The remainder were rescued. There were no Europeans among those who perished.—*Globe*, March 10, 1902.

Sacred to the Memory of
CAPTAIN WILLIAM THORNTON BATE, R.N.,
who was killed under the walls of Canton
at the storming of the city on December 29th, 1857,
in the 37th year of his age.
His distinguished career of professional service,
the arduous duties he performed in his survey of the adjoining seas,
the Christian virtue and consistent piety
which adorned his private character,
and the amiable qualities of disposition which endeared him
to a large circle of friends,
combined in rendering his untimely death the occasion
of universal mourning among the foreign community of China.
This monument was erected by public subscription
in testimony of respect and affection for his memory.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."
*Philippians*, chap. i. ver. 21.

MEMORIAL TO W. THORNTON BATE, CAPTAIN R.N.

## CHAPTER IV

### AT THE PRATAS REEF, AND ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF FORMOSA

"Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

* * * * *

First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by."

KIPLING.

THIS snare—the Pratas Reef—was, and no doubt is, a veritable death-trap for ships and men crossing the ocean highway through the China Sea to Formosa Strait and the Yellow Sea. It had acquired such an evil reputation, that in view of the "China Clipper" craze, then in full swing, and specially of the large fleet of warships and transports careering through these seas on fighting business with "these from the land of Sinim,"[1] these "surveying fellows" were again in evidence—I was one of them.

We left Hong Kong in the *Dove*, April 20, 1858, and with us went the gunboat *Lee*, having on board as a guest of the Lieutenant in command, Mr.—later, Captain—John Richards, who, as master commanding the surveying schooner *Saracen*, had been detached from his vessel, then at Singapore, specially to superintend the survey of this reef. Of that staff of surveyors, I alone survive; the name

[1] The title of Sir Robert Hart's Essays on the Chinese Question (1901).

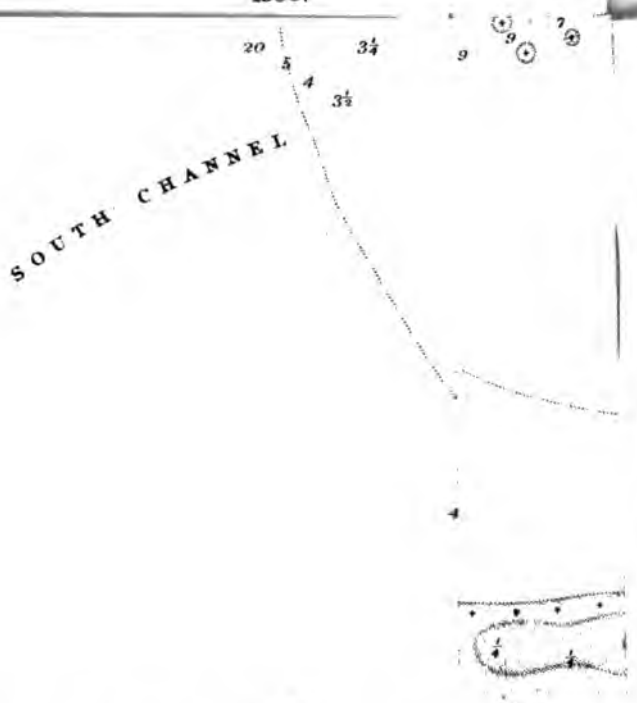
CHINA SEA

# PRATAS REEF & ISL

Surveyed by J. Richards, Master Commandin

Assisted by J. H. Kerr, Master; W. Blakeney, Assist. Paymaste

1858.

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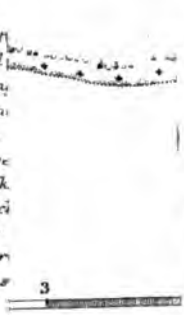
*Several Ships have been wrecked on this Reef, and the quest*
*or Lights to distinguish this danger, has been much discussed*
*abeyance, chiefly in consequence of the difficulty in providin*
*construction and maintenance, and the distribution thereof am*
*The case of the Light at Cape Spartel on the Coast of Marocco,*
*solution of the question so far as its political and monetary aspe*
*The Pratas Reef, lying in the route between Manila and Hongk*
*especially in the N.E. Monsoon when strong gales and thic*
*prevalent for weeks together, and as, in this Monsoon, ships*
*Reef from the S.E., so on this side the greater number of wr*
*consequently, to mark this danger effectually, it has been cons*
*the N.E. and S.E. Bends, as well as on the island, would be*
*expense that is not likely to be conceded.*



of the Lieutenant in command of the *Lee* still remains on the Navy List—Sir William Graham, K.C.B.—a retired Admiral.

I have the most vivid recollections of that "middle passage." It is officially stated that "In the Northern part of the China Sea, April is regarded as the finest month . . . the south-west monsoon generally commences . . . about the middle or end of April";[1] and this may generally be relied on, but "the wind bloweth where it listeth," *pace* all the efforts of meteorologists to trace, and chartographers to record. Instead of south-west *we* had east, and south-east winds, right in our teeth, and with such a confused beam sea, that some of us were more floored with sea-sickness than in our youngster days. Our old "Noah's Ark" would have been a floating paradise compared to that gunboat. Two days and a half were spent in crossing the 150 miles between Hong Kong and the Pratas.

Happily the wind fell light as we were hove to for the sun to drop well abaft the beam, before venturing into the shelter of the lagoon; and so we were enabled to see clearly, from the mast-head, the masses of coral beneath our keel; the sea was of "stainless blue," and we could steer between submerged knolls which seemed to have shallower water over them than others; occasionally, however, dreading that we might have been mistaken, and that with the send of the sea the vessel would strike. "Touch and go" used to be the motto of a venturesome pilot, but to have "*touched*" on the Pratas would have left no more "*go*" in us—as was evident from the wreckage marking for miles this most dangerous reef.

Once inside the lagoon we found comparative shelter during the eleven days we were surveying; for four, we rode heavily at our anchor, a strong north-east gale hurling the surf high over the coral barrier which served us as a breakwater. The results of our survey are to be seen on the accompanying chart, a bird's-eye engraving not

[1] "China Sea Directory," vol iii. p. 11.

usually under the ken of a landsman, but, "all plain to him that understandeth."

There is no scope for pictorial art in depicting the Pratas, superbly grand as is always the rolling, roaring surf, the "cruel, crawling foam"; but this reef is truly one of God's wonders in the deep, only to be seen by those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

Near the south-east bend, embedded in the coral wall, as of iron beacons erected there, stood very conspicuously the boilers and parts of the machinery of H.M. screw Sloop *Reynard*, lost on the Pratas years before our visit; while, along the curved eastern fringe, rose the gaunt ribs of many another wreck, standing like skeleton sentinels to warn the seamen of this surf-swept snare. Terribly prominent were these mementoes of the hunger of the sea, and the impotence of man in confronting it.[1]

> "Upon the watery plain
> The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
> A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
> When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
> He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
> Without a grave—unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

The small island situated on the extreme western fringe—in outline not unlike an elongated horseshoe—was a mass of finely-powdered coral sand, thickly set with coarse shrubs, flourishing well, considering there was not a sign of mould. Myriads of gannets were in possession, seeming inclined to dispute our right to land; in this, perhaps, they had been successful before, to judge by the bones of ship-wrecked men which lay bleaching on the sands. The only prominent object on the island was a ramshackle wooden Joss-house, a shrine for Chinese junk-men, a fleet of their junks being then at anchor some ten miles distant, inside

[1] The *Reynard* was proceeding to rescue the crew of a merchant vessel which had been wrecked only a week previously.

"PILLAR" DOLLAR.

"CHOP" DOLLAR.

the north-east point of the lagoon. These fellows are referred to *in print* as "fishermen who came to fish in the early part of the year." Accept that statement, my brother seamen, with a considerable grain of salt, unless the Chinaman afloat has very much altered since my day.

Fishermen, forsooth!—every one of them was there in the hope that while he was employing his "off-time" in fishing, he might have the luck of seeing some hapless craft wrecked on the reef, where he knew, as well as if he had read it in books, wrecks would most likely occur, *i.e.*, nicely near his sheltered anchorage. He would then do his level best that none of that crew should survive to tell the tale of what had become of ship and cargo. And yet, though John Chinaman has his shrine on the Pratas, the lighthouse which should "distinguish this danger," and which was one of the recommendations issuing from our survey more than "forty years ago," "still remains in abeyance." Even in the surveying boats we had to keep a weather-eye on these "fishermen," although their junks were well within range of our ships' guns.

One Sunday we landed from the *Dove* for an afternoon tramp, taking care not to be long out of sight of her; we met some "fishermen" coming to offer oblations to Joss. What were these offerings? Nothing but clever imitations, in paper, of gold and silver "pillar" dollars, so cunningly coloured, and the impressions—obverse and reverse—so well re-produced, as even to have deceived the eye of a Chinese shroff in a bank at Hong Kong.[1]

Before the "golden image" which these rovers had set up on this lonely island, there stood, arranged in order, rows of plates filled with sham coins, intermingled with unserviceable odds and ends of wreckage picked up from the beach, as samples of what Joss was besought to grant; and we were witnesses that some even of these bogus offerings were withheld as the worshippers backed out of

[1] The "chop" dollar current at Hong Kong couldn't be imitated for offerings.

his presence, imagining their Joss was asleep. "These be thy gods," O Sinim; "they have mouths but they speak not, eyes have they but they see not; they that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them."

Ye arm-chair cynics, from Piccadilly clubs, and princely palaces on the bund at Shanghai, who flippantly discuss the missionary question over your coffee and cigars, saddling the missionary with the blame of causing the fiendish wrongs done in Cathay, I make these quotations for your enlightenment. "There is an ever-present chance of strangers, when sailing on Southern Seas, having a fine opportunity of judging the value of missionary labour . . . Should they be shipwrecked, how the most firm upholder of the 'why-not-leave-them-alone' theory, would thank their stars if, instead of being cast on an island whose inhabitants were still cannibals, they were thrown with savages among whom had penetrated missionary influence."[1]

"In a voyager to forget these things is a base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."[2]

Shipwreck on the Pratas or elsewhere in various parts of the Eastern Seas would soon silence the babble of clubs.

Does the great English mandarin who bears sway in the councils of China think these are "Chinese customs which should not be banned, or prejudices which should not be offended"? Does he know that the chart published by the British Admiralty describes, on the face of it, this reef as a serious danger, lying in the route of ships, where "strong gales and thick clouds are sometimes prevalent for weeks together"; and the seaman is further told "there are no soundings to indicate a near approach to the Pratas Reef"? And yet Sir Robert Hart allows the question of erecting lighthouses on this reef to be only discussed, not settled.

Forty years ago, when this question was started, it was

[1] "Log Letters from the *Challenger*," by Lord George Campbell.

[2] Darwin's Journal. Voyage of the *Beagle*.

the evidence of our eyes that compelled the suggestion of erecting three fortified lighthouses, that on the island to be armed with a long-range gun, to protect the keepers of the other two from the assaults of "peaceful fishermen"; but lighthouses of the present day can throw their warning rays miles further than then; and the presence of an armed Chinese revenue vessel, when so-called fishing-smacks are in the lagoon, would give the shipwrecked a chance for his life.

I knew one of the merchants of Shanghai who was expecting a ship from England; about the time she was due, news arrived that she had been totally wrecked on the Pratas. I expressed my regret thereat; but his reply, spoken with evident satisfaction, was, "Ah, well, you know, as a matter of fact, *we are money in pocket by it.*" "Business" would appear to be conducted on much the same lines now as then, judging from the following quotation:—"Nothing certainly could justify any trader in foregoing a chance of gain for the sake of an ideal benefit to the community, even if it were likely to be realised."[1] After this, can we wonder that Jack hasn't the benefit of a lighthouse on the Pratas?

We entered the lagoon by the northern and left by the southern channel, and as the vessel steamed slowly across the coral-studded shallows the leadsman called the depths in quick succession, "three fathoms—four fathoms—five fathoms—no bottom at ten fathoms"; and by the time the way was stopped there were forty-three fathoms. A little over three hundred yards from the rim of the coral there was no bottom at 177 fathoms; in fact, a perpendicular wall rises here from the ocean bed. Painfully true it is there are no soundings to indicate a near approach to danger; and an ocean steamer of to-day, proceeding at high speed and out of her reckoning, would be in a second or two, stranded a helpless wreck on this surf-beaten reef.

The *Reynard*, without any warning from the lead, struck on the fringe of the coral; an anchor, laid out to prevent

[1] "The Englishman in China," Michie, vol. i. p. 250.

her from falling broadside on, slipped off the reef into four hundred feet of water, and in a few hours she was in fragments, the crew escaping on a raft into the shelter of the lagoon.[1]

On May 6th, the *Lee* and *Dove* recrossed the China Sea to Hong Kong, making the passage under pleasanter conditions than in going to the Pratas, for though the N.E. monsoon was still blowing, it was light. A few days later the S.W. monsoon broke with heavy squalls and torrential rains, in the midst of which I was proceeding up the Canton River to rejoin the *Actæon* at Whampoa. In a fortnight I was off again on "detached service" in execution of the following orders :—

"HER MAJESTY'S SURVEYING SHIP *Actæon*,
"WHAMPOA, *May* 28, 1858.

"Commodore the Hon. Keith-Stewart at Hong Kong, having directed that a surveyor be attached to the *Inflexible*, Commander Brooker, about to proceed to Formosa; I have selected you as the fittest person at my disposal to accompany the expedition. Whatever may be its object, you will lose no opportunity of adding to our small store of hydrographical knowledge of that island, by making whatever surveys may be practicable, whether running along the land, exploring its interior, or lying in its harbours or roadsteads, according to the means at your disposal."

"(*Signed*) CHARLES J. BULLOCK, *Lieut. R.N.*,
"*in Charge of the China Survey.*

"To Mr. William Blakeney, *Assistant Surveyor.*"

This order was countersigned by the Captain of the *Actæon*, Robert Jenkins, who directed me to join the *Inflexible* at Hong Kong, proceeding to the southern and eastern seaboards of Formosa, in search of Europeans

[1] See page 66.

(shipwrecked seamen) reported to be held in captivity by the aborigines of that island. A similar quest to this had been carried out by Commodore Perry, of the United States, some five years before, but he found no traces, nor did we in the *Inflexible*, though proclamations offering fifty dollars for every rescued European, and twenty for an Asiatic, were freely circulated by us among the Chinese ashore and afloat.

Taiwan, the capital of Formosa, was first visited. The Tautai informed us that he had *heard* of aborigines living in the mountains, but had never seen any; he knew they were such savages and cannibals that any one falling into their power would certainly have been eaten!

The low western coast of Formosa was cautiously approached (the then chart was considerably in error), and occasional communication held with the Chinese towns and villages. We had to land in Chinese catamarans, for the surf was too heavy for our boats. Everywhere the Chinese dread of the mountaineer tribes was evident.

Such surveying work as I could do from the ship, or in her boats, was embodied on the charts and hydrographical publications of the period; but most of it has been superseded by the more elaborate, better equipped surveys of modern days. The harbourless eastern coast is, however, now no better known than in 1858, and the solitary line of deep soundings taken by the *Inflexible* after rounding the stormy southern cape of the island shown on the present-day chart, indicates that "surveying fellows" have not followed in my wake.

An iron lighthouse furnished with warning signal guns, and a fort erected on the heights as a menace to the aborigines, make this, Nansha, or South Cape, a less dangerous neighbourhood for the storm-tossed mariner than we found it forty years ago.

Every opening between the cliffs on the east coast was scanned for signs of life or signals of distress by daylight;

but none were seen, though after dark, as the ship was headed off to seaward a little for safety, we noticed an occasional glimmering of lights on the mountain slopes, as of people living there.

On June 17, 1858, when a hundred and fifty miles from the Southern Cape, we first saw a group of natives, about a dozen, and with them five-and-twenty Chinese; also a few huts. The land was closed to within seven hundred yards; the lead gave no bottom at a hundred and fifteen fathoms. The captain in his gig attempted to communicate, going as close as he dared to the ledge of boulders on which the people were standing. The natives in their full-dress (loin-cloths with flaps in front), were well-armed with spears and huge knives; and their savagery was soon evidenced by an effort to launch a small, oddly-shaped sanpan, in which to come off and attack the gig; but this failed. Then spears were wildly flung, happily missing their aim, and a musket shot from us warned them to draw off. What the Chinese were doing in such a spot was explained to the *Inflexible's* interpreter, who was in the gig. Many years before, their mandarins had exiled them; in fact they were convicts, and they held their independence on the whim of the natives, of whose vengeance they were always in dread. This was a risky spot—shipwrecked men would have found it a veritable death-trap.[1] We heard that tigers had been brought over from the mainland of China, and let loose among the mountains in the hope that they would eat these cannibals out of existence, but the attempt failed; these wily spearmen and hunters were not to be so easily disposed of. The Chinese theory of their origin was that they were descendants of the Dutch who had partially possessed the western plains of Formosa two hundred years before, and had been driven into the mountains by Chinese

[1] In 1874 some Japanese seamen were shipwrecked on the East Coast of Formosa, and as the Chinese declined any responsibility, the Japanese Government sent an expedition to punish the natives.—"Mastery of the Pacific," p. 365.

ON THE EAST COAST OF FORMOSA—ATTACKED BY SAVAGES.

piratical hordes. Certainly these natives were fairer than Chinese, and much fairer than Malays.

The scenery from the offing was truly magnificent; I give my own description of it as recorded in print over forty-three years ago: "From Chock-e-day to Dome Point the coast is the boldest and most precipitous that can be conceived, the mountains rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of seven thousand feet." Subsequently, a quarter of a century intervening, this same scenery falls under the eye of a more accomplished penman than myself, and I quote his inspiring description thereof: "When that most prosaic but useful publication, the China Sea Directory, ventures upon superlatives, there is generally some tolerably good reason for it" (here follows my description as above), and then "the highest sea precipice in the known world lay unveiled before our eyes. It was superb. . . . The stupendous cliffs of the Yosemite Valley in California, . . . the grand sea-wall of Hoy, in the Orkneys, . . . the glories of the iron-bound coast of Norway, all fade into nothingness beside the giant precipices of Formosa. We kept close into the land, the appearance of which, if anything, increased in grandeur. The gigantic wall of rock is cleft every few miles by huge gorges, . . . forming as they did a practicable highway into the interior, which is otherwise well-nigh inaccessible, owing to the denseness of the vegetation."[1]

The mountains were forest-clad from base to summit, camphor trees abounding, and ranged from 10,000 to 13,000 feet.

Into the heart of this mountainous district, Scotch and Canadian missionaries have, since my day, penetrated, and

[1] "The Cruise of the *Marchesa*," vol. i. pp. 5 and 6, by F. H. H. Guillemard, published by Murray, 1886: and with whose permission the illustration which ends this chapter is introduced. "Those who have been fortunate enough to skirt the east of the island agree that the scenery is among the sights of the world."—"The Mastery of the Pacific," p. 359. A. R. Colquhoun. Published by Heinemann, 1902.

the influence of the Gospel is working its beneficent results, for a small company of the very tribe (Buhoan) which proved so hostile to us, gave the missionaries and their native helpers, approaching from the western plains, a friendly reception. This tribe is spoken of as a very fine race, tall, muscular, and self-possessed, and not by any means so degraded as might have been expected, strictly upright in their dealings with neighbouring tribes, but with a marked dislike to the Chinese who had driven them into the mountain fastnesses.[1] The reader who is sufficiently interested may be glad to have this testimony from a naval officer :—

"There is a grand work being done by the missionaries in Formosa, both as regards the Chinese and the aborigines. Christianity is spreading slowly but surely in all directions."[2] This witness had himself visited the missionaries, attended their services, giving them the comfort of his countenance, and so was enabled to discredit the ignorant chatter which passes current in general society on this subject. "Under Japanese rule Christianity meets with encouragement, for it is recognised that, under the influence of missionaries, so long as they do not interfere in politics, the natives are more peaceable and better citizens. Christianity has obtained a firm footing, and it is interesting to note that a Japanese Christian missionary—perhaps the first ever known —is at work in the island."[3]

The *Inflexible* anchored for a day in the sheltered roadstead of Sauo Bay, where was the southernmost settlement of the Chinese ; for the remaining one hundred and eighty miles of this weird and precipitous coast the aborigines reigned supreme. Even at Sauo, the Chinese woodcutters dare not penetrate into the forest slopes in the rear without

[1] "Missionary Successes in the Island of Formosa," by Rev. W. Campbell, vol. i., pp. 266–273.

[2] "The Flight of the Lapwing," by Lieut. the Hon. H. R. Shore, R.N. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., 1881.

[3] "The Mastery of the Pacific," pp. 371, 372.

armed escort. They had so far successfully tamed their nearer savage neighbours as to induce them to be drilled, trained, and armed as guards for the protection of the Chinese. These partially civilised people (natives) were agreeable to us, and were allowed to roam at will over the ship—of course a wonderful sight to them. All they knew of their origin was that "they came from the hills, and were not Chinese." Swinhoe's sketch of a group of these domesticated savages is here introduced, reproduced from a lithograph in the Archives of the Royal Geographical Society.

A few miles north of Sauo, the captain in his gig, with Swinhoe and myself, ascended the Kaliwàn River for eight miles, as far as the boat could go, meeting with every civility from Chinese and semi-savage Formosans (these latter said we must be Dutch, for they had heard of no other red-haired foreigners); both races were living in harmony, and intermarrying, and each had the same dread of the savages of the mountains.

Crossing the bar of this river on our return to the *Inflexible*, we narrowly escaped disaster. Swinhoe refers to it as "a little difficulty in facing the surf," but my notes say "two heavy seas were shipped, filling the boat to the thwarts; a third, impending, would have sunk us. And there were eleven sitters, bringing the gunwale down to within a few inches of the water's edge." I well remember the captain saying to me, "Can you swim? I can't." No boat from the ship could have reached us in time, and it would have been contrary to creed and custom of Chinese junkmen to have lent a helping hand to drowning men.

Kelung Harbour was visited mainly for inquiry at the sulphur mines at the north end of Formosa, as to whether white men were held in slavery to work therein, a report to that effect having been long in circulation. The report was untrue. Speaking from our experience of the Chinese here and elsewhere in Formosa, they would have treated any

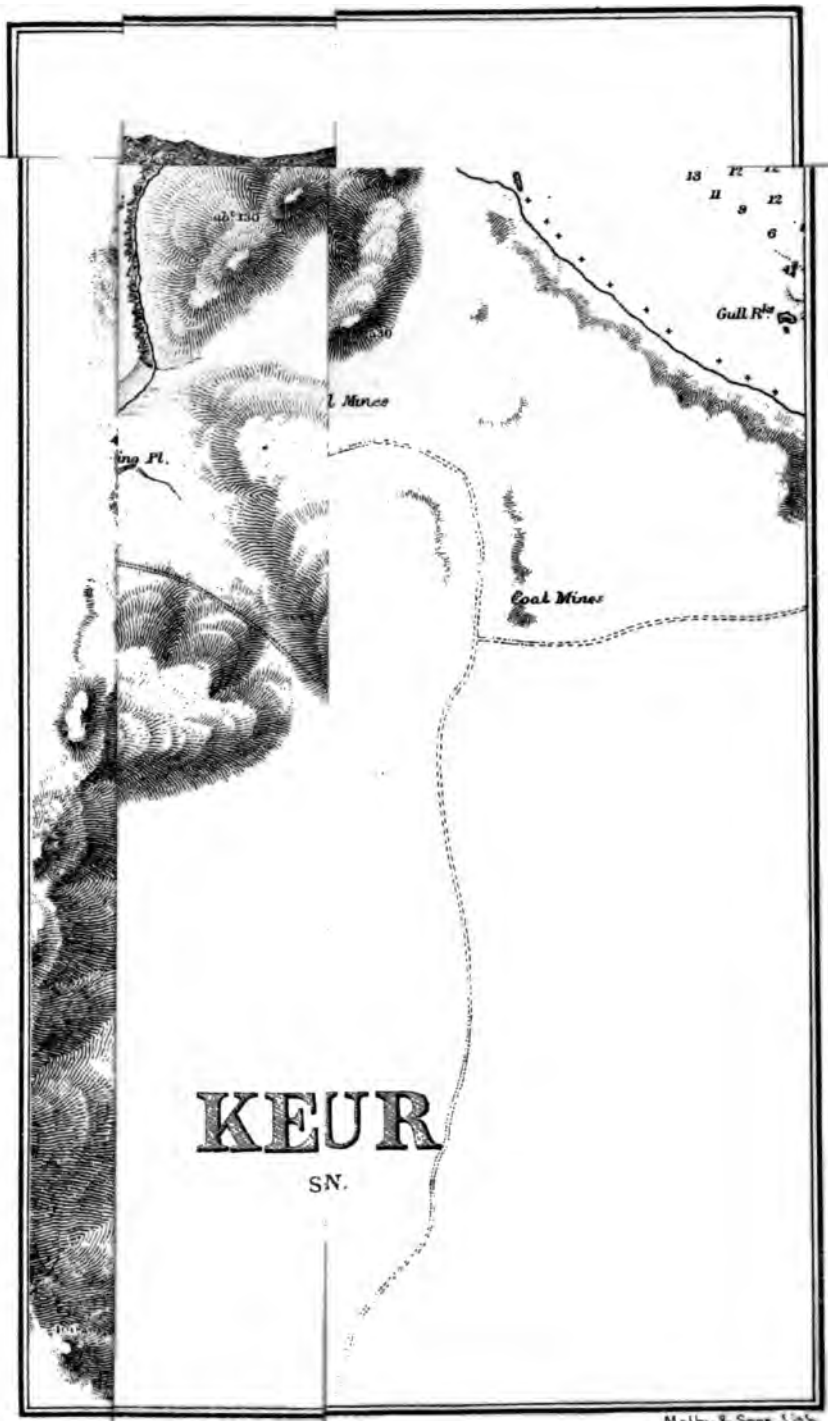
Europeans falling into their hands *ashore* with kind hospitality. There were no savages north of Kelung. Chinese pirates were, of course, on the look-out, and all would have been fish that fell into their net! Ten days before our arrival, some of these vagabonds had slipped into Kelung and cut out some coal-laden junks.

Nearly every Chinaman afloat in those days became a pirate directly he fell in with any one weaker than himself, and the conditions were favourable for plunder. See the illustration on page 219, "Rescued from Pirates off Yangtse Cape."

During the five days the *Inflexible* was in Kelung, I made a survey of the harbour, which was published by the Admiralty four months later, October, 1858. After an interval of forty years the Japanese, who now possess Formosa, have made a survey for themselves, and so my work, like myself, has been shelved as out of date; but to save it from being forgotten, as is its author, a copy is interleaved here—it may perhaps be useful for historical reference.

*Image Point*, the western headland of the harbour, "is remarkable from the number of detached pieces of sandstone which the action of the sea has worn into grotesque figures" (my journal); this the Japanese have rechristened, perhaps appropriately, with an equally grotesque name, *Banjintai Bi*, and some one unknown to me has been good enough to lodge at the Royal Geographical Society a photograph from which the accompanying illustration has been produced. I hope the artist will pardon me for taking "French" leave with his work.

The *Inflexible* steamed round the northern cape of Formosa, and along the western coast, looking in here and there in quest of captive Europeans, but in vain, and the circumnavigation of the island was completed by again calling at the then capital. We paid a hurried visit on the same errand to Making, in the Pescadore Islands. The mandarin in command there was so scared, that he gladly played us out of his harbour with Chinese bagpipes, and gave us a parting salute from his citadel!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Malby & Sons, Lith.

IMAGE POINT, KELUNG HARBOUR, FORMOSA.

The surveying pilot was "dropped" at Amoy, and he returned to Hong Kong in the luxury of a P. and O. steamer—a change indeed for the better as regards the table, as my temporary messmates in the midshipmen's berth of the *Inflexible* were financially in very low water, and had been *existing* on ship's rations. They were not averse, however, from replenishing their funds by demanding "supernumerary" mess contribution from me, but shied at my suggestion that this would require decision on the quarterdeck, seeing I had been half-starved on the cruise. However, we parted company in peace.

FORMOSA—EAST COAST CLIFFS.

I was billeted for a week at Hong Kong, waiting for passage in the old three-decker *Princess Charlotte*, the first and last of her class that reached the coast of Cathay. This huge "junk" was an object of wonder to the Chinamen, and an embarrassment to the dockyard officials, whose regulations did not permit of sufficient paint being supplied to give her a coat all round. It was only when the commanding officer hit upon the dodge of painting her in patches, and let her swing at her moorings like a scarecrow, that the red-tape difficulty was circumvented. No doubt many sheets of foolscap were expended by the "quill-drivers" at home before the matter was finally hung up!

## CHAPTER V

### ASCENT OF THE YANGTSEKIANG

"Oh England, island England, . . .
Remember those thou speedest forth round all the world to be
Thy witness to the nations, thy warders on the sea!"

OUR voyage from Hong Kong to Wusung, a distance of eight hundred miles, was made in fourteen days, and that, too, during the fair (S.W.) Monsoon. For much of this time, the *Actæon* and *Dove* were keeping company under sail; one lame duck waiting for the other.

"When the South-West Monsoon is *established*"—the italics are mine—"on the coast of China, there is no difficulty in making this passage, . . . before June and after August the passage is likely to be found tedious"; so we found even *in* August, for more than half the time we were baffled with N.E. winds, and by occasional calms, when the *Dove* did her best by towing, and in twenty-four hours got us over fifteen miles. There was some consolation in this tediousness, for we had put to sea with twenty-four per cent. of the crew in the sick list; malarial fever had made sad inroads on the constitutions of all. I thought I had escaped by breathing the pure air of the Pratas and of the east coast of Formosa; but a few days after arrival at Wusung, fever and ague, of a severe form, victimised me for the whole of September. Oh! that year in the Chu Kiang!

While at Wusung, Lord Elgin and his staff in the *Furious*

returned from their Treaty-making trip to Japan, having handed over to the Japanese Government at Yedo, as a sort of sprat to catch a mackerel, the steam yacht *Emperor*. Oliphant gives an interesting account of the scene on that occasion, vol. ii. p. 240–1; I merely refer to it here, as the Lieutenant in command of that yacht, John Ward (*b*), came to us in the middle of September as Acting-Commander of the *Actæon*. With him came also from the yacht John F. R. Aylen, "Master and Pilot," followed some short time later by F. Le B. Bedwell, Assistant Paymaster, my non-combatant brother officer and the artist of this volume.

Captain Robert Jenkins was now relieved from his perch in the "cabbage tree," and took passage for England in a P. and O. steamer. As he was "piped" over the side he responded to our adieus by such shouts of laughter as even to bring to a standstill the dollar-hunting community of the Bund at Shanghai, and we afterwards heard that on the homeward voyage he had even knocked the wind out of that great humourist of the period, Albert Smith, with whom he was a fellow passenger.

After a spell of nearly six weeks at Shanghai, the *Actæon* was taken to Wusung, and was on the eve of sailing for her "special field of survey," when again came further diversion; and, leaving her there November 6, 1858, our commander transferred himself to the *Dove*, one of the squadron to accompany Lord Elgin on his mission up the Great River of China—the Yangtsekiang. Oliphant has devoted nearly two hundred pages and a map to the description of this first ascent—from the sea to Hankau. I do not presume to follow in either the romantic or political furrows where his feet trod; nevertheless, as one of those who had some small share in making the history of that expedition, the introduction of these notes, written day by day while on the move, may, I trust, prove of present-day interest.[1]

The *Dove* left Wusung on November 6, 1858, two days in

[1] *Vide* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, 1860, for a paper bearing my name on the "Ascent of the Yangtsekiang."

advance of the rest of the squadron, and she arrived at Hankau on December 5th, one day in advance; therefore beyond question she was *the pioneer* ship of this historical expedition. Mr. Michie[1] speaks of it as a "voyage of prodigious significance," an "original and venturesome voyage, of which Captain Sherard Osborn was the Palinurus"; this latter statement must not be allowed to pass as correct history. The Chief Pilot of the squadron which conveyed the British Ambassador from the sea for six hundred miles up this "first among the rivers of the old world," was Acting-Commander John Ward, of the *Actæon*, aided by two assistant surveyors, Lieutenant Charles J. Bullock, and the writer of this book.

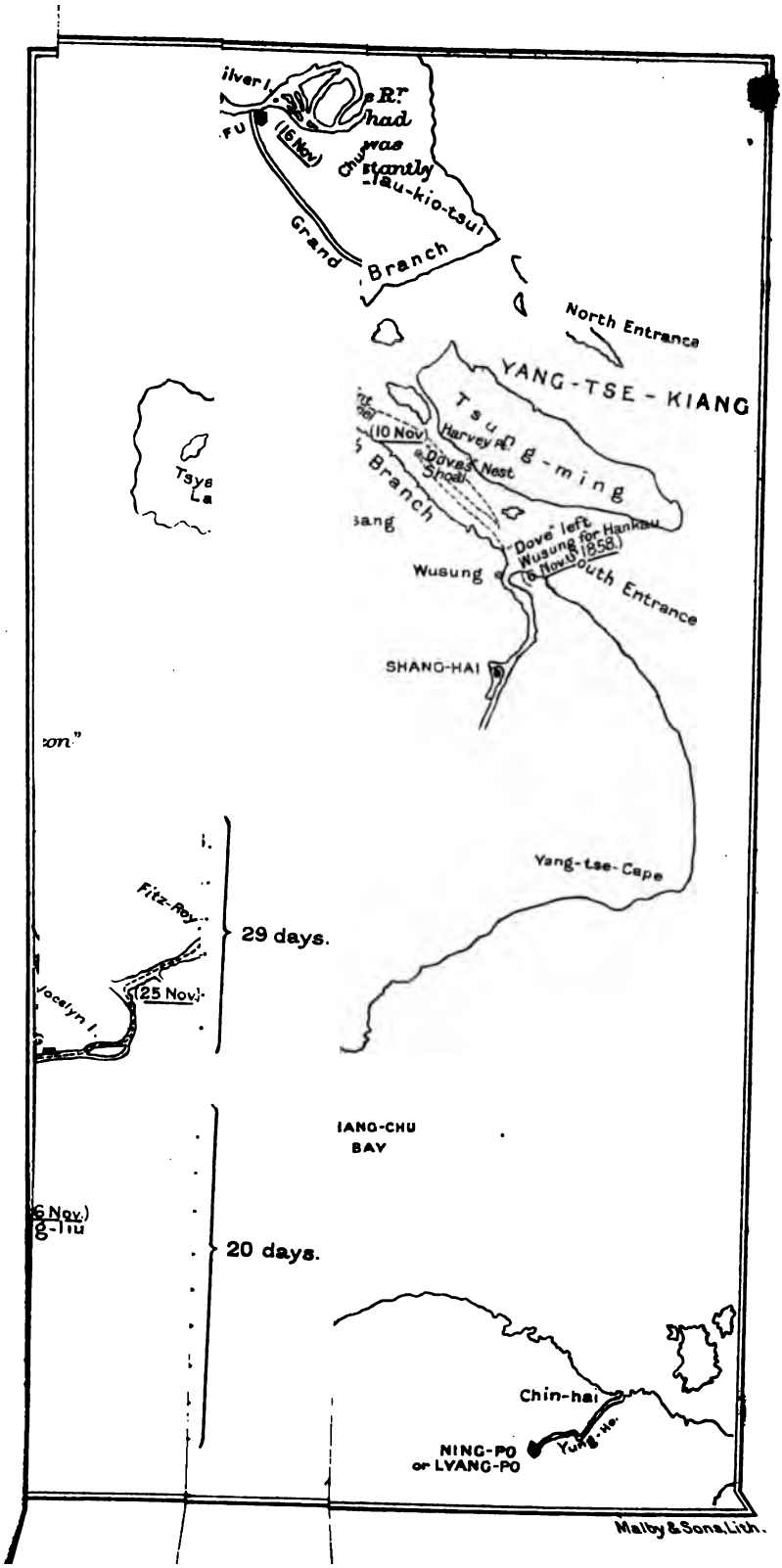
It is no wish of mine to abate one jot from the professional reputation righteously earned by Sherard Osborn in that expedition, but he was *not* the Palinurus of it. Further, as the navigation of the river above Nanking was then absolutely unknown, and since (as will be seen by the accompanying sketch map) we took twenty-nine days to reach Hankau, whereas, from the hydrographical knowledge then acquired, the same voyage, a few years later, could be made in less than three days;[2] it will I hope, be admitted that the otherwise dry record of our difficulties may be of interest in comparing the then and now of an ascent of the Yangtse. The charts of to-day, so far as I can see, are, in the main, much the same as the originals which were drawn by myself.

The vessels forming the squadron were:—

*Retribution.*—Paddle-wheel Frigate, one of the largest of her class then in the Navy, Captain Charles Barker.

[1] "Englishman in China," p. 347.

[2] "Shanghai—Wednesday at midnight, Kiu Kiang at midnight Friday, and Hankau on the afternoon of Saturday." See "Sir Harry Parkes in China," 1854.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*Furious.*—Paddle-wheel Frigate,
Commanded by Captain Sherard Osborn.
*Cruiser.*—Small sloop with auxiliary steam power,
Commander John Bythesea, V.C.
*Lee.*—80-h.p. Gunboat,
Lieut. and Commander W. H. Jones.
*Dove.*—60-h.p. Gunboat,
Lieut. and Commander C. J. Bullock.[1]

I proceed now with my own narrative :—

Our troubles began with the *Dove* running aground on the very day we left Wusung; for the chart compiled in 1842 was useless for pilotage purposes. The channels had so much altered since that survey was made, that we simply used the chart for geographical information.

We retraced our course at once to communicate these facts to the squadron, but meeting the *Cruiser* in advance, gave her the benefit of them, piloting her beyond where the *Dove* had been brought up. We had hardly left her when she signalled "Am aground," and going to her assistance *we* were again stranded by the side of her, and at nightfall on Sunday, November 7th, both ships were high and dry in a position where nine fathoms appeared on the chart. We all had an evening's promenade on the sands, and next morning—leaving the vessels still aground, as the tide had not risen enough to float them—Ward was off in his gig, taking me with him to meet the Ambassadorial *cortège*, *Furious* and *Retribution*, which we did just outside the Wusung Bar, and piloted them safely over that, and partly through the following day; when the *Furious*, which had been signalled "You are standing into danger," grounded on almost the very spot where *Cruiser* and *Dove* had come to grief. She had to be lightened of several hundred tons of stores, and then dragged into deep water by the steam power of the *Retribution* and *Lee*. She had been

[1] And Acting-Commander John Ward of the parent ship *Actæon*.

nearly twenty-four hours helpless on the sand, through taking a wrong channel.

All five vessels were in company for the night of the 10th, off Harvey Point, and the net result of four days' pilotage was 24 miles from Wusung. It was well for the future progress of the squadron that the genial, talented, but impulsive Sherard Osborn was *not* its Palinurus!

During the early daylight hours of the 11th of November, we made another 25 miles as far as Fushan, "the Hill of Peace," reference to which appears later on. There was a perfect calm; the beach in front and junks in the creek were crowded with gaping Chinese, wondering, no doubt, why so many of the "barbarian devil-ships" were disturbing the smooth surface of their river; the backwater of the paddle-wheels evidently disconcerted them.

From Fushan we attempted to cross over to the left bank, under the conspicuous Langshan Pagoda (for by the 1842 chart the channel was there), but were suddenly brought up by the shoal water—7 feet—and the rest of that day and the two following were spent in searching for an exit out of this *cul de sac*. I gladly avail myself of Oliphant's charming description of these three days:—

> "We are just congratulating ourselves on our rapid progress, when the gunboats in advance run up the hated signal 'No channel.' . . . It is a pretty sight to watch these trusty little craft, acting as pioneers to the three large ships which follow some distance astern; ever on the alert to respond to the caution-signal, and placing in them that sort of confidence which a sportsman does in his dogs. Now they are ranging the river far and wide; now they are pointing. We creep up gently; they creep on as gently; the scent seems good. Now they are at fault, they throw up their noses, and away again to the right and left, signalling every cast of the lead. We keep under easy steam for a while, reading the flags as they are run up: two

fathoms, two and a half, three, two—it is of no use, so we let go the anchor, pipe suppers, and make all snug for the night.

"12th.—This is a busy but unsuccessful day; ships' boats as well as gunboats are out channel-hunting. There must be a channel somewhere just in front of us—six fathoms are marked on the chart. We pull to the spot, and touch the bottom with a boat-hook; so it is clearly not there. The *Dove* has harked back and is out of sight; may she bring back good news to-morrow. Meanwhile we stay where we are; . . . but these lovely days only aggravate us, so long as we are chained to one spot. At night the *Dove* returned with the welcome intelligence that she has found a channel."

This channel, known as the Langshan Crossing, required the squadron to lose 10 miles of the progress it had made three day before; so that we may say, on the seventh day of the ascent 40 miles advance had been made. Will those who now career with such rapidity and comfort up this great river bear this in mind, when spinning tales of their travels in "Far Cathay," and have a kindly thought for the pioneers who prepared the way?

While at Fushan two cases of smallpox broke out in the *Dove's* crew. The patients and two messmates in attendance were put into a junk hired for the purpose of isolation. The Chinese owner was promised 8 dollars if he delivered them safely at Shanghai; he was faithful, and got his reward.

The Langshan Crossing was, with us, and so continues to be, one of the greatest difficulties in navigating the lower reaches and delta of the Yangtse. The second expedition—under Admiral Sir James Hope—began its voyage in February, 1861, with none but vessels of light draught; but not one of them got over this crossing without grounding (see later).

For the next two days our progress was comparatively

good; 90 miles brought us up to Silver Island, just below Chinkiang. This squadron must have been a strange sight for the people that were working in the level fields bordering the narrows below the Fortress of Kiang Yin. There were none of the "numerous forts," "67 guns" on the South Bank, "3 forts with 15 guns" on the North Bank, which now figure on the charts of the Yangtsekiang. China has moved since 1858.

The *Furious* had the *Cruiser* in tow, and the *Retribution* the *Dove* and *Lee*, and notwithstanding a strong head wind, and constant adverse surface current, we breasted the river at the rate of 6 miles an hour. In the reach flowing past Chusan Pagoda the wind became fair, and the five ships added their canvas power to steam. All was very picturesque and peaceful; immense flocks of wild-fowl swept across the fields like swift cloud-shadows, tempting us occasionally to give them a charge, which we did from our brass howitzers.

On November 16th, while the squadron under sail and steam was passing through the channel south of Silver Island, led by the *Furious*, she so suddenly struck on a rock, that the others close in her wake only just avoided a general smash; four days elapsed before advance was again made, and we had to coax the Imperial authorities of Chinkiang to lend us some of their laid-up junks. They responded by sending a military mandarin with some knowledge of "pidgin" English, who went in and out among his wretched and homeless countrymen, with threats of taking their heads off if they didn't help to clear us out of the neighbourhood.

When about 250 tons were hoisted into the junks the *Furious* was floated off; but this was no easy matter, for the eddying swirl of the constant downward current slewed the vessel athwart the river, and, as fast as she was lightened, jammed her against the rocks, affording great amusement to the greasy-looking priests of Silver Island, who, however, were civil to us, and permitted the surveyors

to set up a theodolite in the small pagoda which crowned the summit. The Joss-house was as large as the Temple of the Five Genii at Canton, and, like every work of man we saw on the banks of this mighty river, in a state of dilapidation.

A priest showed us round the building, and with an eye to business, as are his brethren of Western churches and creeds, suggested that Joss would like a small offering placed in the plate before him ; a bright threepenny-bit was dropped therein, which his Buddhist reverence promptly pocketed, leaving Joss to wait the next opportunity.

Of course the walls of this temple were scratched with names of this, that, and another of those who had visited it when the Nanking expedition of 1842 passed by. I noticed only one name of any historical reputation in China, "Gutzlaff," then on the staff of Sir Henry Pottinger, who probably had as companion his young relative, "the lad Harry," afterwards Sir Harry Parkes.

The name Gutzlaff has been rendered acceptable to the ears of British seamen, from the rocky islet called after him, with lighthouse and fog signals as guards against the dangers that cluster about the approaches to the estuary of the Yangtse.

Travellers of all degrees seem possessed of an incurable mania for scribbling their names wherever they go. An amusing instance occurs to me. Walking through a beautiful park, I ascended a hill commanding splendid views ; this was topped by lofty trees, which were much defaced by the carving of many sight-seeing "Arries." My host was determined to stop this desecration, and placed a signboard on one of the trees with this inscription, "Will the fools who disfigure my trees, and thus abuse my hospitality, have the goodness to carve their asinine names elsewhere ?"

"This morning—Saturday, November 20th—a little after daylight, we bade adieu to our anchorage off Silver Island, called by the Chinese T'seou Shan, or Hill of Sorrow ; so

far as it had concerned us, most appropriately named." I quote this from Oliphant, and refer the reader who is sufficiently interested, to that accomplished author's narrative for the incidents of this day as they appeared from the deck of the *Furious.*

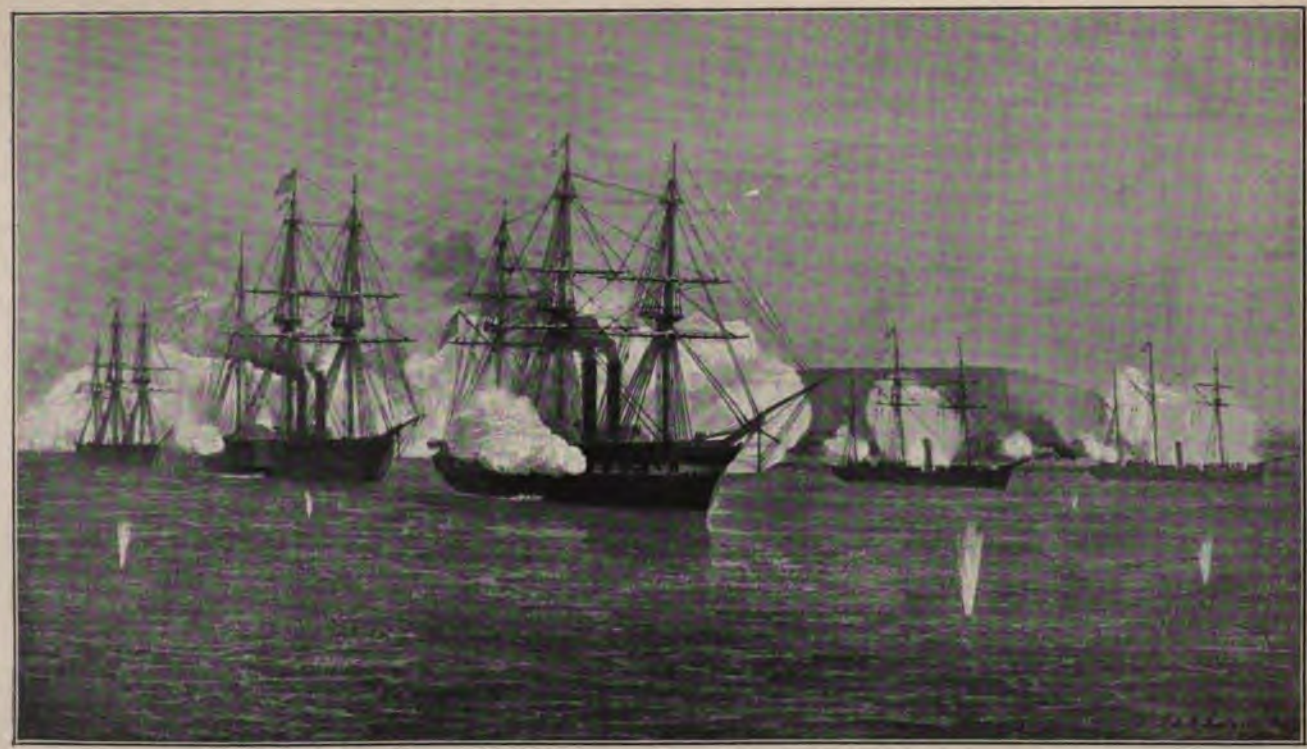
The following are my own notes, and refer to what we saw from the *Dove.* The order in which the squadron moved, was: *Dove,* leading, *Lee* on her starboard quarter; *Retribution* astern of *Dove; Furious* (flying the Ambassador's flag at the main) with the *Cruiser* in tow, astern of *Lee.*

Chinkiang was a heap of ruins, its walls and heights covered with tents and banners; while, except for soldiers of the Imperial forces, there was hardly any living thing, man or beast, to be seen; everywhere desolation and destruction. Verily, "Man marks the earth with ruin."

Anchored off Chinkiang was the small screw steamer *Pluto,* of about 300 tons; the only foreign-built ship then owned by the Imperial Chinese Government. Her commander was an American, and most of her crew were "long-shore" Manilla men.

This craft got underweigh, and craftily creeping in our wake as though acting in concert with us, came into view of the Taiping Rebels at Nanking, as the squadron approached the city, and hence the fight that followed.

Some 15 miles below Nanking, the *Lee* took the lead, flying a flag of truce, with the view of avoiding collision with the Taipings—we had been warned by the Imperialists at Chinkiang this was likely, no doubt in accordance with their wishes—and it was hoped she had succeeded, for at first only three *unshotted* guns were fired, but the fourth dropped a shot within 100 yards of her, and the fifth struck the *Dove* on the port beam at the water line, sending a shower of spray over the conning-bridge. The signal to "engage" immediately flew out from the *Retribution,* and the *Dove* fired the first shot in return; at once the engagement became general, and is faithfully represented in the accompanying illustration. There were four forts on the



ENGAGEMENT WITH TAIPINGS—NANKING, NOV. 20, 1858.

right bank, that is, on the foreshore fronting the city, and one on the opposite bank. From the former the Taiping gunners fired with good direction, but too much elevation was given, and their shots fell beyond. The *Dove* had most of their attention; the insignificant 3-lb. and 6-lb. missiles did now and then hit, doing some damage to our hull, but hurt no one. The large ships coming into action gave us a spell. We could not help admiring the steadiness of the Taipings, who had brought some of their guns into the open, where there was not a semblance of shelter, and stood erect—slow-match in hand to fire; our sergeant of marines, a dead shot, was answerable for many of these never firing again.

In the *Furious*, the Ambassador's barge was smashed, two round-shots entered his cabin; there were no casualties among her crew. In the *Retribution* one man was killed, and one officer and a seaman wounded. The *Cruiser* was struck in her rigging—the *Lee* not at all, and the whole affair lasted but half an hour.

The squadron anchored for the night of November 20th a few miles above Nanking, and just before dawn of 21st (Sunday), dropped silently down with the stream, to recommence a more determined bombardment of the forts than on the previous day. The Taipings but feebly replied; and, in about an hour and a half, the *Furious* hoisted the signal to the *Retribution* "Have found out mistake," which meant (what was suspected) that the Taipings had been provoked to action by the Imperialist duplicity of the day before. We could see the *Pluto* firing into the city at long range, the war-junks getting underweigh, and the soldiers investing the city waking up; but it was evident that the Imperalists had no strong desire to get to close quarters with their opponents, and as we passed out of sight of Nanking, they were playing a game of long-bowls.

The Imperialist lines of investment extended to about 10 miles above the Taiping Forts, and as we neared this limit, Hea San Shan, a fleet of their war-junks seemed about to

dispute our advance; but we spoke what appeared to be the "Flag-Junk," and passed through them without damage, while they were firing at the rebels. The old commodore, daintily clad in silks and satins, hadn't much the look of a naval warrior!

We had now entered, from a hydrographical point of view, the "unknown area" of the valley of the Yangtse. The great river had been ascended for over 20 miles above Nanking, some 40 years before by Lord Amherst's embassy; and an American steam frigate, the *Susquehanna* has been as far as Wuhu, 50 miles or so above Nanking; but absolutely no information bearing on the navigability of the river was in our possession beyond the farthest point surveyed in 1842, *i.e.*, Hea San Shan bluff—above referred to.

At this point began our running survey, which was carried out under somewhat novel conditions, and considerable difficulties the whole way up the river to Hankau, a distance of 400 miles; a survey from which the charts were constructed that have been, from that day to this, in use by the ships of all nations, in ever-increasing traffic up and down this mighty river to the convergence of the three cities, Hankau, Hanyang, and Wuchang.

The average daily progress made by Lord Elgin's expedition thus far—Shanghai to Nanking—had been but 17 miles a day; while in the case of Sir Henry Pottinger in 1842, in which were old sailing line-of-battleships, we have this recorded: "From Shanghai the whole fleet slowly forged its way up the shallows and sandbanks of the Great River. The ships drew more water than was convenient, and one or other of the larger vessels, the *Belleisle* or the *Cornwallis*, was continually running aground or demanding to be towed, so that 30 miles a day was sometimes all they made."[1] Clearly then, after all the advance made in steam propulsion, the race up this river had been in favour of the sailor as against the stoker.

[1] "Sir Harry Parkes in China," by Stanley Lane-Poole, p. 18.

Our anchorage for the night of November 21st was near the city of Taiping, where the rebels were in possession. A messenger was speedily alongside the *Dove*, to ask for assistance in helping them to exterminate the "Imps" or "Devils" of Imperialists; he was referred to the *Furious* for reply. It was evident that the news of our engagement had spread. They brought us a batch of fowls as a present, among them a magnificent cock; we spared him to roam at will over the upper deck, and dubbed him "Ping"—brief for Taiping—for he was such a fighter, that at every place we stopped, the cackling of his tribe when alongside for sale would bring him in hot haste to the gangway, and every cock that made any show of disputing his priority would be compelled to climb down; of some dozens he tackled, only one stood up to him, and for 48 hours intermittent fights went on, but Mr. "Ping" was victor. Our feathered friend never had or needed any setting on from us; he was "ever a fighter."

Nearly all November 22nd was spent in getting the *Retribution* afloat; she had grounded broadside to the stream just after getting underweigh in the early morning On the 23rd we proceeded, keeping near the right bank. Gallows Channel was the name given to it, after Jones, Lieutenant and Commander of the *Lee*, familiarly known on the China Station as "Gallows Jones."

Passing the two rugged headlands, East and West Pillars —barely half a mile apart, between which the river flows, and which were bristling with rebel fortifications and banners—here being their treasury—we next came to Point Morton, so called after the First Lieutenant of the *Retribution*, Theodore Morton Jones, a former shipmate of mine in the *Pandora*, New Zealand; and that afternoon we anchored off the city of Wuhu—held by the rebels.

Here the *Dove* was sent on with Mr. H. N. Lay—Chinese interpreter—to communicate with the mandarin in command of a fleet of war-junks, three miles above Wuhu. There were fifteen junks all anchored in an orderly line of their

"Flagship," excellent trim, guns well polished, and rigging neat; we had never seen such a smart-looking Chinese fleet.

The "Commodore" informed Mr. Lay, in the cabin, that he intended attacking Wuhu very soon, and it would be awkward for the *Retribution* to remain there, as she might suffer in the *mêlée*; but one of the Chinese seamen who could speak some Canton English, said to us on the upper deck, "Have been three years topside—no can get down." Wuhu, as a Treaty port, is of course well known now.

Up to Wuhu we had carried on the running triangulation commenced at Hea San Shan, but here this was lost. Enveloped in an early morning mist at the start, we had to depend on the patent log and estimated distances—not a very accurate plan of charting, but a trial of forty years has shown that, on the whole, it was good enough for all practical purposes.

At Kieuhien, "the town that was" (so called from its disreputable locality),[1] eighty miles above Nanking, the squadron went on under Sherard Osborn, of the *Furious*, as its senior naval officer, the *Retribution* being left behind, as her size and draught might perhaps cause delay in the Ambassador's further progress.

Five weeks later, when we returned here, it was found that during our absence she had prudently dropped down again to Wuhu. The day we left Kieuhien, Capt. Barker received the following communication from the Rebel authorities in Nanking:—

*Translation.*

From Lin, the True and Loyal State Champion Assistant Comptroller General Adjutant General of the Household Troops, and Supporter of the Celestial Institutes,

[1] Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 348.

To Captain Barker, Senior Naval Officer of the British Squadron—

"The Great Elder Brother Jesus is the First Born Son of God the Heavenly Father, our True and Sacred Prince, (Lord) the Celestial Prince is the Second Son of God the Heavenly Father. The Great Elder Brother, the Saviour of the World, having returned to Heaven, the true doctrine has been promulgated for more than eighteen centuries, but had not taken root in China (the Middle Kingdom). Hence our Lord, the Celestial Prince, received anew in person the true Commission of God the Heavenly Father, and in accordance with Jesus the Great Elder Brother, descended on Earth for the salvation of the World, to disseminate the True Gospel, and lead all nations under Heaven to revert to the True Doctrine, and together attain the Joys of Paradise.

"You of the English Nation, who worship Jesus the Great Elder Brother, are the sons and daughters of God the Heavenly Father, being the brethren and sisters of Jesus the Great Elder Brother, and also the brothers and sisters of our true and sacred Lord, of the same family with ourselves.

"On a former occasion, when you passed the Celestial Capital, the officers of the Pass having entered the City on public business, the soldiers left in charge, being ignorant of their duty, unadvisedly opened fire, thus committing a breach of family proprieties.

"The True and Sacred Lord has forwarded a despatch, which I imagine by this time you have received.

"I made a similar statement yesterday at our interview at Wuhu. If you will stop at the Central Pass, Nanking, when you return, our Elder Brother will depute officers to receive you, which I trust you will not object to.

"As to the future, I have to request that when you have any occasion to pass, you will previously for-

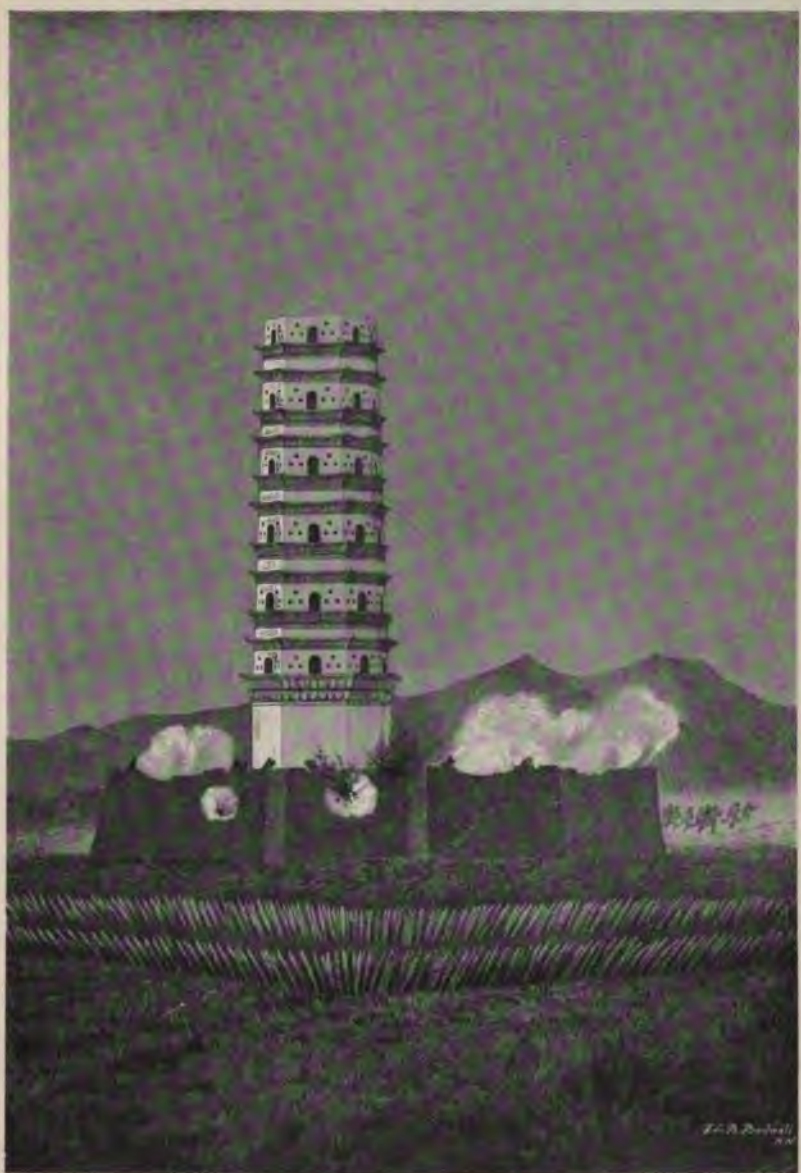
ward a despatch for our information, or send a boat in advance with a letter to prevent misunderstanding, which is what I earnestly beg of you.

"Tai Ping Celestial Agency,
"8th year, 11th month, 16th day."
(24th Nov., 1858.)

On November 25th the *Dove* weighed at 4.45 a.m., in moonlight, and shortly overtook the other three ships, which had gone further on the night before. That forenoon, when nearing the town of Ta-tung, where the banks expand to a breadth of two miles, some creature was seen—we could not at first decide what it was—swimming across, and the *Dove* gave chase. Oliphant describes this incident[1] :—

"While gazing at this interesting scenery through our glasses our attention was suddenly distracted by some remarkable evolutions on the part of the *Dove*. She had begun to pirouette in mid-stream in a manner quite unaccountable, until we made out the signal 'wild pig.' We then discovered she was engaged in an exciting wild-boar hunt. She succeeded in lowering a boat and capturing the grisly monster before he could reach the bank, and hoisted in her prize with great triumph. His long wiry hair, gleaming tusks, and bristly mane, were undeniable evidence of his savage character, even had he not shown sufficient ferocity in his endeavours to avenge himself on his pursuers. We afterwards found, in his head, a *pièce de resistance* which was a most valuable and palatable addition to our larder. No sooner was the boar disposed of, than we observed a number of porpoises disporting themselves in the muddy stream ('wild boars' in the eyes of the Embassy staff for the remainder of the day). Our time, however, did not permit of our attempting to capture any of these 'river-pigs,' as they are called by the Chinese. This wild-boar

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 351–2.



FORTIFIED PAGODA—NGANKING.

was by no means an easy catch; it was risky to go near him, though he was out of his element; so he was lassoed from the boat, towed alongside, and a rifle finished him at the gangway. The bullet was flattened out against his skull [I have it still], and his carcase weighed 145 lbs. Boar's head figured on the Ambassador's table, and that bend of the river was named 'Wild Boar Reach.'"

After this episode, the squadron proceeded in company without any serious pilotage mishap, as far as the rocky islet of Taitzuchi. We had made a good fifty miles run, this was the "record" day of the ascent, and that too among many shallows, cross-currents, and whirls, which had to be faced at a moment's notice. The navigator of to-day has no such experience, for practically every guard is provided for him—charts, sailing directions, beacons, and light-vessels.

In the grey dawn of November 26th we passed Lang-kiang-ki, or Hen Point, rendered excessively dangerous by a barrier of rocks extending more than half-way across the river, their tops rising out of it like so many stepping-stones: these are the facts; for the romance attached to the place, consult Oliphant, vol. ii. pp. 359–60.

Fifteen miles further towards the city of Nganking, known to be held by the Taipings, we took the passage south of Jocelyn Island, so as to avoid too close an acquaintance with them; but the shallows abreast of the city left only a narrow, deep-water channel along the northern shore, and compelled us to approach within 100 yards of the walls. From the fort surrounding a handsome, flat-topped pagoda, the Taipings opened fire; immediately the *Furious* signalled, "Engage the enemy," and there was a rough time for the gunners therein. They only replied by three or four shots, and then bolted to the rear. The scene is illustrated on p. 103.

The Imperialists, again surreptitiously seizing the opportunity, did a little fighting on their own account, as at Nanking. We steamed slowly and close along the walls,

looking into the very muzzles of the guns, but no further shots were fired till just as we were passing out of range, when the Taipings were indiscreet enough to begin again; and this time they had it in hotter in return, and could not fire a second shot.

The city was at our mercy, and must have suffered much within. The pagoda appeared none the worse, though our shots went clean through it, and spun beyond. The suburbs were tenantless and in ruins.

The squadron passed the night of the 26th off Tung-lin, twenty miles beyond Nganking; here the people—not rebels—were civil, and brought us welcome additions of live-stock; and no attempt was made to molest the "surveying fellows" during the hours spent ashore in the darkness, taking star observations. Saturday, 27th, weighed at six a.m., and soon after passed through a fleet of some 200 small junks, bound down the river with the stream, the first fleet of the kind we had seen since leaving Wusung.

To-day the *Furious* took another turn at grounding, which gave the two gunboats nine hours' tugging at full speed before she could be floated;—only ten miles were made.

Hereabouts, in a large lagoon, were pelicans, swans, geese and ducks galore, wary enough to keep out of range. The surveyors had some "shots at the sun" which were profitable; the position then deduced still appears, unaltered, on the chart:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lat.: | 30° | 6′ | 3″ | N. |
| Long: | 116 | .54 | .14 | E. |

contiguous to three brick-kilns—fifteen to twenty feet high, in ruins, with an aperture in the centre facing the river; we had seen nothing like them; neither have I since, except perhaps "the Medrassen"—the old-world Tomb of the Numidian Kings, in the highlands of Algeria.

Sunday, November 28th, he got underweigh at six a.m. with a stiff N.E. breeze in our favour. By the time we reached the northern entrance of Bullock Reach, so called

BLAKENEY REACH—APPROACH TO POYANG LAKE.

after the Lieutenant and Commander of the *Dove*—now Rear-Admiral C. J. Bullock—this had freshened to a strong gale, with blinding mists, and such clouds of dust off the fields, that from each ship the next ahead could barely be seen ; and, as we approached the southern end, the weird rock Siau ku shan (Little Orphan) on the starboard, and the perpendicular cliffs of King tse shan on the port bow—only a few hundred yards apart—appeared like pillars of some gigantic gate which was to bar our progress. Indeed, as Oliphant says, we "seemed plunging into the depths of some infernal region."

Our pilotage instincts had been so much quickened by previous experience, that, by the formation of the banks in Bullock Reach, we could predict where deep water was ; hence our racing speed through it, the *Dove* at times rolling the waves over her gunwale. The four vessels shot "Little Orphan Pass" as Indians shoot their rapids, and three miles beyond rounded the N. point of Blakeney Reach, which name was given to it by Captain Ward when the manuscript charts which I had prepared, were sent to England for the engraver.

The wind still increasing, and ugly looking shallows appearing ahead, the *Furious*, *Cruiser*, and *Lee* were anchored, while we surveyors in the *Dove* searched for and found a channel in readiness for the morrow's move. Several wrecked junks were seen, one capsized. Altogether, the passage through the Bullock and Blakeney Reaches on Sunday, November 28, 1858, was one of the memorable experiences of the "First ascent of the Yangtsekiang."

Monday, 29th, broke clear, cold, and calm, and the squadron—*Dove* leading—passed through the channel found yesterday, and steamed out of Blakeney Reach with mountains overhanging the approach to Poyang Lake, rising 4,000 to 5,000 feet, in full view right ahead, and on the port bow the fortifications of Hukau crowned the summit of the steep cliffs which guarded the entrance into that lake.

This magnificent scenery, and the wide expanse of water,

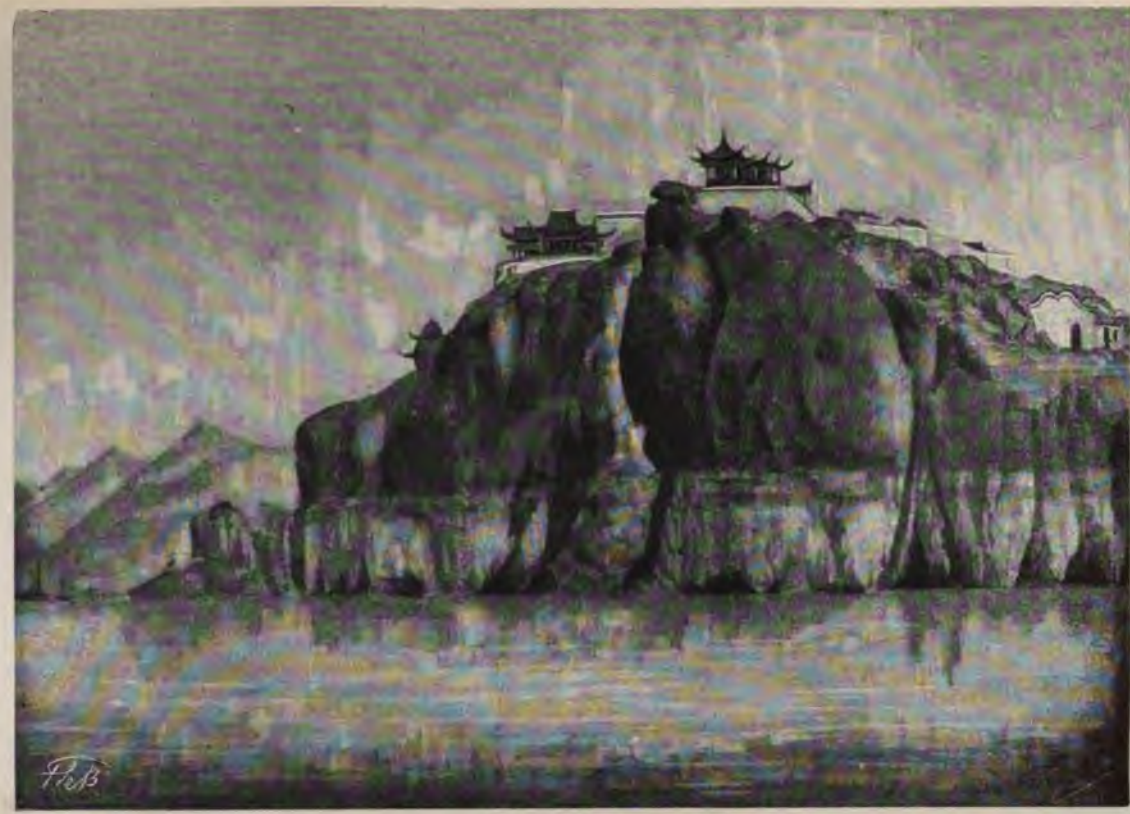
well dotted with life in junk, fishing-craft, &c., is well shown in Bedwell's sketch of Blakeney Reach.

November 29th began one of the brightest and most enjoyable periods of our upward course, though the inevitable "but" soon followed, for on rounding Point Becher, the low sharp promontory facing Hukau, the chau-chau eddies whirled the *Furious* on the tideward side of a shoal. "There's the *Furious* ashore again!"—and all progress that day was at an end.

Oliphant devotes nine pages—372 to 382—to a description of the scenes and incidents of this one day; no need therefore for trotting out my notes; but I add, in reference to his remark on the rise and fall of the waters of the Yangtse, "50 feet above its then level was a low estimate for its summer rise," that the face of the perpendicular cliffs of Hukau was a permanent self-registering tide-gauge, which we had in view (see illustration) during our search for some egress into the main bed of the river above Oliphant Island. The following quotation from that unromantic publication, "China Sea Directory," may find a place here: "Eddies and whirls at Becher, Oliphant, and Otter points, which make the navigation somewhat intricate and difficult, necessitating caution to avoid the shoals at various points of this junction, and which are probably shifting, and a sharp helm in passing through the chow-chow water. *It is almost impossible for a river to have assumed a more deplorable natural condition than the Yangtse at this point*" (vol. iii., p. 475). [The italics are mine.]

Perhaps the traveller and trader who now glide so swiftly and comfortably up and down it may have a kindly thought for the "Path-finders," the "Palinurus" crew of forty years ago.

Through the intricacies of the channels into which the stream of Yangtse was now divided, separating the two banks by five miles, the *Lee* and *Dove* had many hours of weary search; advance into, and retreat out of, passages that led nowhere. On the afternoon of November 30th all



HUKAU FORTIFICATIONS—POYANG LAKE.

four vessels were anchored securely, abreast of Kiukiang—twenty-two days from Shanghai; five years later, Sir Harry Parkes "left Shanghai on a Wednesday at midnight, and in forty-eight hours roused the English Consul out of his bed for an official interview at the Treaty port of Kiukiang."

On the walls of this city military banners flew out in hundreds, which gave a warlike look of strength to the place, but a closer inspection revealed that they were only kept in position by heaps of rubbish, broken bricks, &c., mere scarecrows, in fact, to frighten the Taipings. One old gingal showed its rusty nose, which would certainly have burst if it had been fired, and no sentry was visible, though Imperialist soldiers were in possession of the city. The few astonished inhabitants crowded round their "barbarian" visitors and were civil. It was a scene of desolation.

During the first three days of December, the squadron advanced ninety-five miles from Kiukiang, and anchored for the night of the 3rd near the city of Whang Chu? Hwang Chaw? or Whang Chow? (the reader who desires to write the name may choose which way he likes to spell it, for Chinese scholars among us will never agree, but learned or unlearned are pretty well of one voice in speech).

Three days led us through three reaches—

Seymour Reach—named after Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, then Commander-in-Chief in China.

Court Reach—after the "Master and Pilot" of the *Furious*.

Ward Reach—after the Acting-Commander of the *Actæon*.

We passed Hunter and Gravener islands, named after

James E. (Ted) Hunter, of the *Retribution*, now a retired Captain; and John J. A. Gravener, Second Master of the *Retribution*, now a retired Captain;

both the latter were in the *Dove* as "supernumeraries for passage only."

Our experiences in the *Dove* these three days, omitting

Sir Harry Parkes," by Stanley Lane Poole, p. 305.

details, were : Early morning start, at times chart projection, (by the light of a horn lantern), then stealing a sufficient march on the other ships to land for half an hour and secure some astronomical observations; occasionally retracing steps to warn the *Furious* of some sandbank or rocks lying in her way, for with the utmost care and circumspection, while passing sundry bends—only to be avoided by laying down temporary buoys, which of course had to be re-weighed—the *Furious* would occasionally yaw, sometimes do a little pilotage on her own account, and *ground*. Her Chinaman Palinurus was as ignorant as they were; he didn't even know the names of the places seen from the deck.

Passing the gaunt perpendicular cliff of Kitau, or Cock's Head, where the river was very narrow, we had "no bottom" at seventeen fathoms, the greatest depth of water since leaving Nanking—see page 130.

After crossing the Paho Bar, where was a remarkable rock of seventy feet high—I quote from my diary—"having on the S.W. bearing, the outline of a human face, with nose pointing inland," the squadron was brought up on December 3rd by sandbanks through which no channel could be found that day, a few miles above the city of Whang Chu. Saturday, 4th, was spent in further ineffectual search, and it was feared that at last we had come to the end of our ascent as regards the *Furious*, and perhaps the *Cruiser*; and that the Ambassador, instead of facing the three cities Hankau, Han Yang, and Wuchang with a fine display of British sea power, would have to make his appearance in a gunboat! So in the afternoon the "*Dove* was sent on to reach Hankau if possible" (Oliphant is mistaken in fixing this a day later), and we anchored that night off Pihuchan—or White Tiger Hill. Next morning we got hold of a Chinaman to take back to the *Furious* a rough sketch of yesterday's work, and pleased him mightily by a promise of three dollars, and an old blue ensign for his boat. We passed the town of Yanglo at 8 a.m., and at 10.30 on Sunday, Dec. 5, 1858, dropped anchor under foot, in order that we might in peace assemble

for divine service (the first time practicable since leaving Shanghai), within sight of and a few miles below our quest.

My notes for that day are: "At noon we weighed and proceeded; and an hour afterwards anchored off the mouth of the river Han, abreast of Hankau, the long desired point of our destination. We have the fortress of Hanyang on the right, and the provincial city of Wuchang on the left; twenty-four hours later, the *Furious*, *Lee* and *Cruiser* arrived at Hankau," and from Oliphant's narrative for October 6th I quote, "The well-cultivated and well-peopled aspect of the country leads us to hope that we are approaching a large town. Gradually the houses line the banks, and vegetable gardens, neatly fenced, separate them from each other. Then we see a dense mass of houses, and a hill crowned with a wall, and the masts of many junks; among them the white funnel of the *Dove*, and we know that the goal is reached at last, and that the toils and anxieties of a month's river navigation are crowned with success"[1]; and I add, at an average daily progress of twenty-one miles.

That same extent of navigation on the Great River of Cathay can now be rapidly accomplished without either toil or anxiety, as "our special correspondent" of the *Morning Post* at Hankau writes of his own experience in December, 1900: "the traveller in China reaches his Eastern Chicago by a pleasant voyage of three days and three nights, wherein he has all the advantages of ocean travel with none of the drawbacks. In spring or autumn, three days could hardly be better spent than in steaming up the great river through a green and fertile country. In winter the scenery is a trifle wearisome, since the lowness of the channel leaves a prospect on either side of ungainly mudbanks; and the whole country is brown and treeless except where a few remains of forest mark a farm or a village. Only the tender green of the winter wheat saves the landscape from becoming positively dreary. But the brilliant winter suns are always invigorating in China, and make up for many shortcomings

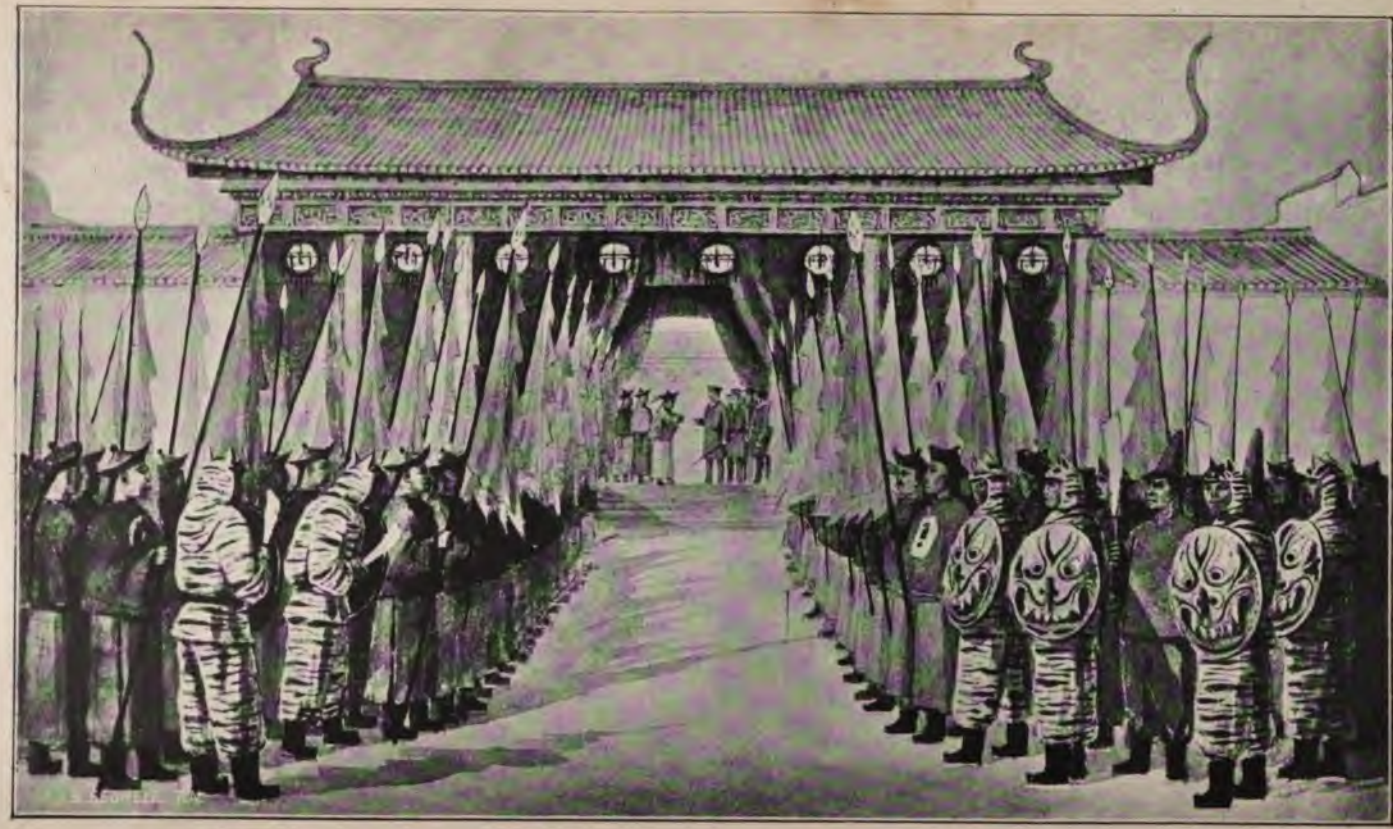
[1] Oliphant, vol. ii. p. 395.

in the country, and the enormous volume of the river, more impressive than any ocean, is a constant source of wonder and delight." [1]

The *Dove* was hardly at anchor off Hankau before the Chinese river-boats began to crowd round her; and we literally could have stepped from one to the next, as we landed at Hanyang on our way to get a first view from the top of the hill which commanded the whole position, where was a line of fortifications crowned by a pagoda (see illustration at page 116).

Descending and crossing the Han, we walked through the densely populated streets of Hankau, the people so packed that it was difficult to get along, yet we saw no sign of any desire to hinder us. Presently, a blue-buttoned mandarin appeared, and then came a change. It must be remembered that at this moment the might of Britain was represented by one gunboat; the people had no knowledge that other ships of the foreigner were so near—though the mandarin officials probably did. This blue-buttoned scoundrel (we dubbed him "Bluebeard") was clad in superb sealskins, comfortably covered up from the biting cold. He had a retinue of military at his heels; one of them bore a folding chair, some were armed with pikes and staves, and two carried bundles of stout leather thongs, eight or ten inches long, cut much the shape of boot-soles. Bluebeard had his way cleared, and his chair arranged conveniently; and then, for no conceivable reason that we could imagine, his retainers proceeded to haul one of the onlookers out of the surging crowd, twist his "tail" so tightly that his face became upturned, and then slap his cheeks so brutally that after a few strokes the poor wretch turned black and blue, and blood flowed freely; then another screw, and his other cheek suffered likewise. These cruelties were repeated till the wondering crowd, hitherto well-disposed, was turned into a howling mob, and apparently cursed the strangers as the cause of the trouble. I can still recall the features of that

[1] *Morning Post*, January 21, 1901.



RECEPTION OF BRITISH ADMIRAL BY VICEROY AT WUCHANG.

blue-buttoned brute, and the feelings in me that well-nigh developed into action. I longed to screw his neck in turn, and hurl him into the river. It was well I restrained myself! That fearful "face slapping" scene can never be forgotten; I believe I am the only witness of it now surviving. We "barbarians" made haste to get under the protection of our own flag. And here ends the record of the first tramp made by Englishmen in the then commercial heart of China, Hankau.

Forty years before, under the Embassy of Lord Amherst, similar brutality had been exhibited on his visit to Canton. "A Chinese, who had been thrust too near the mandarin's chair by those behind, was seized by the attendants armed with ropes, bamboos, and other instruments of torture; then a noose was drawn round his neck and jerked in opposite directions, until the poor wretch fell down swollen and black in the face, when he was thrown out into the yard opposite the factory." [1]

Lord Elgin with his flag—red ensign at the main—made his approach in state form the day following. The *Furious*, her paddle-wheels beating a musical measure on the waters, heralded the junction of West with East; but it was the silent gliding of the screw-ships, slowly, steadily, and, as compared with any floating craft ever seen there before, majestically stemming the swift downward flow of this noble stream, that most arrested the attention of the wondering crowds of "these from the land of Sinim."

During our week's stay at Hankau the "surveying fellows" had too much hydrographical employment for any sight-seeing hours, beyond an occasional trot ashore curio-hunting.

"Bluebeard" was not encountered again; he tried to pay a visit to the *Dove*, but we didn't let him come within a boat-hook's length. His conduct on Sunday the 5th was reported to Lord Elgin, with the result (according to Oliphant and others) that he refrained from further "face slapping."

[1] "Voyage of H.M.S. *Alceste*," published by Murray, 1820.

Astronomical observations were taken by us on the sands of Hanyang, rather a risky foundation; but the lapse of forty years has not shaken our deductions. The Admiralty charts of to-day give exactly the same particulars as were recorded in my journal of December, 1858, from which I quote:—

"On the sandbank in river—East of Hanyang Pagoda,

Latitude: 30° 32′ 51″ N.
Longitude: 114° 19′ 55″ E."

Surveyors were included in the general order issued directing all officers who could be spared to form part of the Ambassador's retinue, when he entered the city of Wuchang to pay his official visit to the Governor-General. At the last moment Lord Elgin decided that "full uniform" was to be worn. This was unfortunate for some of us in the *Dove*, myself included. Stowed as thick as herrings in a cask, what room had we for cocked hats, epaulettes, &c., &c.? So we were shut out of that show, and the sight of this "bit of old China," since shattered into fragments, we most regretfully missed.

Bedwell, however, who was lucky enough to be in the second expedition up the Yangtse (1861) under Sir James Hope, was present at the reception of the Admiral by the Viceroy of Wuchang, and has preserved the accompanying sketch (see page 120), which shows that the display of 1858 was re-enacted in 1861. Oliphant writes[1]: "the costume of the infantry was far more grotesque and fantastic. Attached to each regiment were a score or more of men dressed in a complete flesh-coloured suit, fitting tightly to the skin, which reached from the hood that covered their heads down to the ankles. Each man held over the middle of his person a circular straw shield, upon which hideous ogre faces were painted. At a distance these looked as if they were naked, with nothing on but their shields. On approaching nearer, however, they assume rather the appearance of harlequins, for

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 429–430.

TERROR-STRICKEN INHABITANTS LEAVING HANKAU.

then we could discern that the yellow skin which covered them was ornamented with little black twirligigs like tadpoles. Altogether, their aspect was most absurd and ludicrous; and as they seemed to have no weapon of defence, they were probably expected to strike terror into an enemy by their personal appearance. Next in order to this squad of tom-fools was a small body of men in black, armed with matchlocks, the fuses bound round the stock of the gun."

At our visit in 1858, the vitality and unflagging diligence of the human hives gathered in Wuchang, Hanyang, and Hankau met our eyes on every side; but

> ". . . over all there hung a cloud of fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,"

lest the destroying Taipings should again do their one thorough work, that of destruction. This fear was well grounded, for when the second British expedition, already referred to, was at Hankau, they did come again, and then followed such a sight "as for numbers and picturesqueness was probably never seen, the broad bosom of the Yangtse was covered with everything that could float, making slow headway under sail against the current." [1]

Bedwell, who was present, supplies his illustration of the scene, and I add a few of his descriptive notes: "The day after our arrival at Hankau, we observed a sudden commotion, and the whole fleet of junks getting underweigh, crowded with fugitives, and the crews making frantic efforts to 'shove off.' The cry was of the Taipings' advance and expected arrival in a few hours; the terror-stricken inhabitants howling, yelling, and quarrelling as they got in each other's way. The junks set all sail, but made little progress, being so jammed together. A party of us ascended to the Tower of Hanyang, and from there saw, as far as eye could reach, the roads leading from Hankau, packed with human beings, each carrying a bundle of household goods."

[1] "The Englishman in China," vol. i. p. 374.

Sir Harry Parkes, who also witnessed the scene, says: "Daylight brought with it a stillness that was not less impressive than the previous commotion. By that time the fugitives had left, and junks and boats of every description bore slowly away up stream the bulk of the population of three cities, which a few days before we had computed at 1,000,000 souls." [1]

"These from the land of Sinim" have changed all that. Hankau is now governed by one of the most enlightened men in China: to cross the Han, is to "step suddenly from China into Birmingham," and where we roamed unhindered, "Entrance forbidden" is inscribed in many languages.

A traveller, only a short time ago, let his pen run riot on this scene. From the summit of the very hill where we "surveying fellows"—the first of Western men—stood that Sunday afternoon, December 5, 1858, enjoying the same magnificent views around, he writes as follows:—

"VOYAGE ON THE YANGTSE—VISIT TO AN ARSENAL—'FIFTY YEARS HENCE.' [2]

"As we left the yard we turned to the west, and climbed a hill which overlooks the works, and from the top obtained a magnificent view of the three cities at our feet. Right beneath us the chimneys of the ironworks mingled their smoke with the evening haze, but beyond, across the Han on the one side, and away over the silver Yangtse on the other, Hankau and Wuchang were simply enormous congregations of whitewashed houses with black-tiled roofs. . . . In fifty years time a forest of chimneys will pour forth their smoke to obliterate the quaint curves of the roofs and the jagged edge of the wall. It will be no more China, but a Pittsburgh or a Chicago, a black cloud by day and a lurid

[1] See sketch here introduced by permission of *The Illustrated London News* from their artist's sketch, published October 5, 1889.

[2] *The Morning Post*, January 21, 1901. Our Special Correspondent, Hankau, December 13, 1900.

THE YANGTSEKIANG AT HANKAU—1889.

furnace by night. From the hill-top you think it a pity. But down below, in the reeking, filthy, pestilential streets of the native city, you will weep no tears over the passing away of Old China."

As I close this imperfect record of my personal experience of these inland cities of Cathay, one reflection forces itself into expression: Shall England—and with her I couple all of her race and speech—who was the pioneer up this great ocean highway into the very heart of Asia, be supplanted in the position secured over forty years ago, by the unscrupulous Russian and his scheming partner the Gaul, or by any other race, be it East or West? No. God forbid!

"To all our statesmen, so they be
True leaders of the land's desire!
To both our Houses—may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire!
We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great name of England, drink, my friends,
And all her glorious empire, round and round."

TENNYSON.

We began our descent of the Yangtsekiang, "at all times a voyage of danger and difficulty,"[1] on December 12th, the *Furious* grounding by the stern on the sands of Hanyang, of purpose, that the current might swing her bows down stream. That night was passed at "The Squeeze," the name appropriately given to the island which had so blocked our upward ascent, eight days previously; buoys had to be laid before the *Furious* and the *Cruiser* could be got through; and the then channel—abandoned twenty-seven years ago—was named Bythesea, after the commander of the latter.

[1] "China Sea Directory," vol. iii., p. 494.

Nearly a day was spent in ferreting for furrows, through which the *Furious* and *Cruiser* were driven at full speed, to avoid resting on the sandbanks at Paho, perhaps for months. It was noticed to our discomfiture that the river had fallen at least four feet during the last ten days, and the *Dove* finished up at dusk by grounding close to the human-faced boulder before described.

This incident was noticed by the *Furious*, and recorded —"*Dove* on shore; our channel-hunters were completely nonplussed; gloomy spirits indulged in the most depressing speculations, and visions of wintering up the Yangtse." It was midnight before we were afloat again.

"Our supernumerary messmates in the *Dove*, free from the cares of channel-hunting, try their sporting rifles on the huge flocks of pelicans and wild geese which swarm the sandbanks in mid-stream; not one falls: there is no getting near enough, their sentinel watchers are too much on the *qui vive*. Then the *Lee* pivots herself on a rock abreast of the limestone quarries of Shiwuiyau, and hours are spent in lightening her before the *Cruiser* can drag her off." [1] Here, now, is a terminus of a railway, to some iron mines in the district.

As the *Dove* passed through the narrows at Kitau, where, on the ascending voyage, we could get "no bottom" at seventeen fathoms, we stopped, and found it at thirty-three. Here, then, is the deepest water of the Yangtse during its flow of six hundred miles between Hankau and the Hwang Hai, or Yellow Sea.

On December 16th the squadron passed through the gorge at Pwan pien shan (Split Hill), where was the finest bit of scenery we had met with; and just below, the *Dove* leading, suddenly shoaled to two and a quarter fathoms. The engines were stopped, and the bower anchor let down to check her way, but, the cable parting, we were swept by the stream along the edge of the shoal, our keel touching all the way, into deeper water beyond. The note "*Forts building*"

[1] Verbatim quotation from my journal.

is now engraved in hair line on the chart where the Pwan Gorge then was; there is an obvious significance in these "two little words and nothing more."

The 17th and 18th of December were occupied by the gunboats in unsuccessful search for a crossing over the sandbanks that barred egress out of Court Reach to Kiukiang, some twenty miles further on. By this time the *Dove's* bunkers were in need of replenishing, and not a pinch of coal could be spared from the other ships, so it was decided that we should go on alone, and rejoin the *Retribution*, which it may be remembered we left at Kieuhien on our ascending voyage, two hundred miles lower down the river; this involved our running the gauntlet of the Nganking rebels.

On Sunday, December 19th, the *Dove* parted company from the *Furious*, *Cruiser*, and *Lee*, and just as we were moving out of sight, saw the *Cruiser* signal to the *Furious* that she was over the bank, Red Cliff Bar. By now we had passed Kiukiang, decorated still with scarecrow banners, without stopping, and late in the afternoon were entangled among the shallows and sandbanks that choke the sweep round Oliphant Island; feeling sure the large ships would be jammed here, we anchored, and "wished for the day."

December 30th, wind being fair and coal precious, we retraced our way under sail. A few miles above Kiukiang the consort ships were met, and, in company, all four anchored for the night near that city. Next day the *Lee* and *Dove* were busy in further fruitless channel-hunting, and on the 22nd, Captain Sherard Osborn, and Court, Master of *Furious;* Commander Bythesea, and Strong, Master of the *Cruiser;* Commander John Ward and myself from the *Dove*—all went together in the *Lee* to make a final search for some outlet from this entanglement at Oliphant Island; but it was "no go," and the "melancholy determination" was arrived at, that Lord Elgin and his staff should abandon the *Furious* and *Cruiser*, and take to the *Lee* and *Dove*.

The 23rd, writes Oliphant, "was a day of sighs and lamentation, bustle and confusion—the rapid transfer of the accumulated effects of a year to the limited capacities of a gunboat—the abandonment of much in despair—the packing, condensing, and the breakage and ejaculations incident thereto; we all turned in with heavy hearts for the last night, as we supposed, on board the *Furious*." [1]

On December 24th, after Lord Elgin and his staff had been transferred to the *Lee*, and Consul, later Sir Brooke Robertson, and five officers of the *Retribution* had been quartered in the *Dove*, the two gunboats thus freighted bade adieu to the *Furious* and *Cruiser* at Kiukiang, the Ambassador's flag receiving a parting salute.

By nightfall we had got through "Little Orphan Pass," under much the same conditions of wind and weather as on our upward voyage four weeks before.

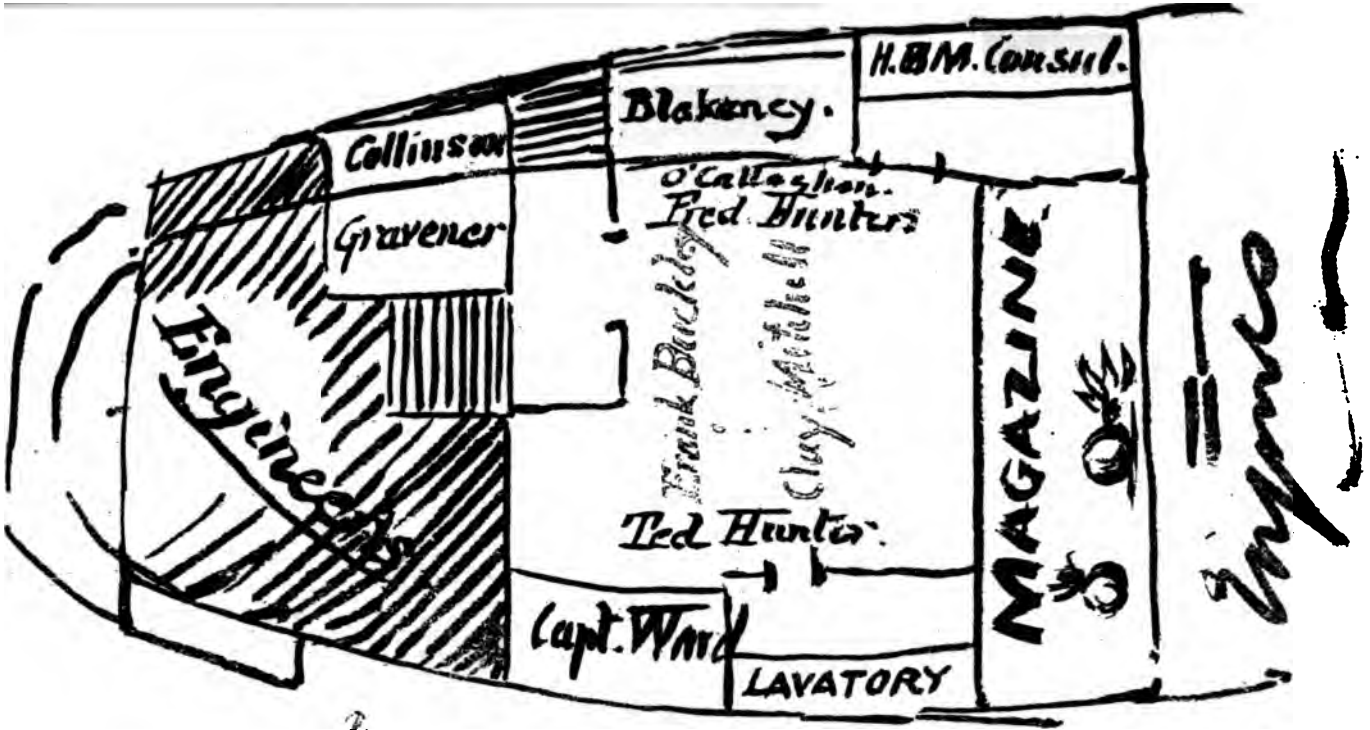
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1858, found us underweigh at daylight. The *Lee* could easily have outrun the *Dove*, but there was Nganking to pass, so the pace was regulated that both vessels might proceed in close order, and, even so, they had to stop occasionally that the *Dove* might get a supply of good coal from the *Lee*, her own being so poor.

A biting north-east wind swept snow and sleet into our faces, as we headed down the river, but happily the stream was with us, and by 5 p.m. we had made more than fifty miles, bringing us within sight of Nganking, distant about two leagues. Here the *Lee* remained, and Mr., later Sir Thomas, Wade was sent by Lord Elgin to open communications with the Rebels, but it was too dark to make landing prudent in view of the attack made on us a month before; besides which, a fleet of the Imperialist junks had got underweigh the moment we were seen, and were lustily labouring at their oars to take advantage of the occasion.

The *Dove* therefore weighed, and returned to the *Lee*, and our Christmas dinner was eaten, if not in luxury and enjoyment, at any rate in safety, about midway between the cities

[1] Vol. ii. p. 446.

CHRISTMAS, 1858—ON THE YANGTSEKIANG.


H.B.M. Consul.
Blakeney.
Collinson
O'Callaghan.
Fred Hunter
Gravener
Engineers
Frank Buckley
Clay Mitchell
MAGAZINE
Ted Hunter.
Capt. Ward
LAVATORY

[illegible]

of Tung liu and Nganking; both then in possession of rulers who claimed Celestial authority from "The Great Elder Brother." What a farce! seeing that they had brought all the sorrow, destruction, and desolation which abounded on every side. Twelve of us managed to seat ourselves that evening at dinner in the gunboat's cabin; it was a tight fit.

I have preserved the paper flag which Bullock had secretly and so cleverly prepared to decorate the "plum duff" when it appeared on the table. I think this production may be considered an historic document, hence its selection for illustration here. The art of coloured photography is not, I regret to say, yet equal to its representation in the correct tints adopted by my dear old shipmate, but what the flag is, needs no description, and the words and names are all equally suggestive. The three names of—

Elgin, under that of Victoria
Plenty „ „ Great Britain
Peace „ „ China

are somewhat indistinct, so I repeat them. On the reverse side was the Cross of St. George—may it never be lowered to that of St. Andrew—with ornamental scrolls bearing the angels' message, "Glory to God in the highest—On Earth Peace—Good will towards men."[1] As Keble beautifully expresses it in the lines—

"Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
'Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
'And love towards men of love—salvation and release.'"

Would that the echo of such words as these were resounding in the Yamêns of all "these from the land of Sinim."

In the elbow of the bend, where the night of our Christmas was spent, lies Rover Island, so called after the

[1] See illustration at end of this Chapter.

Captain's dog, a fine Irish retriever. Our four-footed shipmate, of a different bent entirely from "Ping" our feathered fighter, was a gentle friend, and had been our amusement and playmate in many a depressing hour; but soon after leaving Kiukiang, a sort of snappishness began to show itself, and before the day was over he had bitten eight people, his master most severely of all. No one even suspected madness. He died near the island referred to, and we sorrowfully dropped him overboard. Ten weeks later, one of those most slightly bitten, our sailor servant-boy, became ill, and died of hydrophobia in the hospital at Hong Kong.

Sunday, December 26th, no rest for the weary voyagers, hastening full speed from the grip of the fast-falling river; so the five guns which each gunboat carried—one of heavy calibre amidships, and two brass howitzers on either bow and quarter—were all ranged on the port side, the vessels being kept on an even keel by rearrangement of other heavy gear; they were then loaded, the crews being placed in readiness for action; and so equipped, the *Dove* proceeded in advance, Mr. Wade being on board with a message from Lord Elgin for delivery to the Taiping Rebels. I quote his lordship:—

"The nature of the channel compelled us to steer so immediately under the city walls, that our decks could easily have been swept from them by gingalls. When attacked in passing it previously, the gunboats were accompanied by two large vessels. They were alone and unsupported when we arrived before the city on our route downwards. I thought it necessary to take a pretty high tone with the rebel authorities. Mr. Wade was accordingly sent on shore at an early hour to deliver a message. To menace with capture by two small gunboats a great city, walled and garrisoned, might have been bad taste elsewhere, but in China it was the proper thing to do." [1]

[1] Oliphant's "Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan," vol. ii, p. 450.

"INSPECTOR OF THE HEAVENLY CUSTOM HOUSE" [TAIPINGS].

The *Dove* stopped within half a mile of the city. Mr. Wade and Bullock then landed, delivered the message—"We would sweep them away utterly if provoked"—and returned; the *Lee* came up, Mr. Wade rejoined her, and though he had been assured our having been fired at on the upward voyage was all a mistake, both vessels, guns loaded and primed, trigger lines in hand, went "full speed ahead"; and screw and steam carried us at the rate of twelve knots an hour: in ten minutes we were clear of that embarrassment.

The morning was bitterly raw, with rain and sleet. Few and dejected were the poor wretches who ventured out of shelter to see us go by, and that night we anchored in Wild Boar Reach, too wearied and anxious to care about another hunt in mid-stream. On the 27th we reached Kieuhien, where we had left the *Retribution* on November 29th, and found her at dusk off the city of Wuhu. Tuesday the 28th, was spent in getting ready for a further downward move, which involved a search in the *Lee* among the shallows of Gallows Channel, between Jones Island and the city of Taiping.

Just sufficient water, no more, was found for the *Retribution*; she was, happily, got across next day, and together the three retreating ships came in sight of the Nanking fortifications.

The *Lee* was kept out of range, and the *Dove* proceeded with Oliphant and Wade to communicate with the "Heavenly Kings" and others of the city. They were landed at the Upper Fort, and we then drifted slowly and unmolested along the bank in close proximity to the line of fortifications. "His Celestial Majesty" had decapitated all the ignorant scoundrels who had "previously fired on us by mistake." While drifting, we noticed that all damage done by the squadron, November 20th and 21st, had been repaired. Nine guns of the Upper Fort, and twelve of the Red Banner, or principal fort—no two of them alike, many quite as large as a 32-pounder—were mounted outside,

entirely exposed; several of our shot could be seen lying on the bank, and others embedded in the walls. The Taiping gunners, although "ignorant scoundrels," had stood manfully to their guns, and those who survived had been beheaded.—What value does a Chinese mandarin set on any man's head, except his own?

As before, the blockading fleet of Imperial war-junks and their attendant steamer *Pluto* were in sight soon after we appeared. We had hopes of seeing how they would fare, but they kept well beyond the range of the Rebel guns. At Wuhu it was with the Imperialists, "No can get down," —here it was "No can get up."

The Taipings were harder nuts than the Imperialists could crack; and looking over the past few years, and specially the year 1900, it may be perhaps regretted that Chinese Gordon led the Imperialists to victory.

To none of the "surveying fellows" in the *Dove* fell the chance of going into this beleaguered city. Oliphant, in his inimitable diction, describes all his party saw; but as Bedwell about a year later had the opportunity of a like visit, and used his artistic pencil, three of his sketches are introduced, with descriptive matter thereon; the time was when Sir James Hope's expedition was at Nanking in February, 1861.

Bedwell writes: "The first thing that attracted our attention was a procession of truculent ruffians headed by a tall, gaunt, grotesquely attired man in a yellow robe, wearing a large tinsel crown, his attendant holding a yellow umbrella over him; he was a ferocious-looking fellow, and never deigned to cast his eyes upon us as he passed, but kept up a continued oration in high-pitched nasal key. The ragamuffins who formed his *entourage* scowled at us, no doubt having in memory their punishment by the Elgin expedition. Our venerable and honoured missionary friend Muirhead told us that the title of this rum-looking chap was 'Inspector of the Heavenly Custom House'! Next day we sought an interview with him at his Yamên, to obtain

PALACE OF "CELESTIAL PRINCE" [TAIPING], NANKING.

a pass permitting us to visit the city; he kept us for two hours while he was dispensing 'justice,' viz., giving sentence to some poor trembling wretches before him. Armed with this pass, we went through the woe-stricken city, following by an evil-looking crowd, and reached the house occupied by an American missionary (Roberts, I think), who had been for some time with the Taipings as their foreign adviser. This gentleman also wore a yellow robe and tinsel crown, and greeted us in good American English—it was with effort we restrained our merriment at the ridiculous figure he cut." Two of these grotesque chiefs, with a sample of Taiping rabbledom, appear on page 137. Oliphant and his party requested, but failed to obtain, permission to visit the "Court of the Heavenly Kingdom"; the courtyard and exterior of this building, the "Palace of the Celestial Prince," are seen on page 141.

To the south of the city used to stand the once celebrated Porcelain Tower, visible to the Pottinger expedition of 1842, a long way off from the river; but not a vestige could we see when passing to and fro in 1858—it had been destroyed by the Taipings after their capture of the place, to guard against it being used as a watch-tower should ever the Imperialists recapture the position.

Sir Harry Parkes, who was in the Pottinger expedition, writes: "I was the very first Englishman who ever visited the Porcelain Tower. In a very little time a large mob was collected round us, and also some police, who had arrived with lighted torches, and when the people pressed upon us, beat them with these torches. . . . Though we had only lamps to see it by, yet it looked exceedingly well. All round the walls were images, moulded and gilt, and in the middle of each story there was a large idol, also gilt. This gilt is in exceedingly good state of preservation, and we found out afterwards that it was mixed with oil. The porcelain also looked exceedingly well, quite white; most of the inside coating is all porcelain of a very fine nature. All round about it was ornamented with moulding and carving of

the most fantastic and beautiful shapes, painted, &c. There are nine stories with four windows in each story. The tower itself is a hexagon and about 250 feet high." Before the Expedition went away the Porcelain Tower was again visited, but in a very different manner. A party of soldiers and sailors, armed with chisels and hatchets, began to destroy the tilings and mouldings in the ruthless manner of their kind. Sir Henry Pottinger was very indignant at this gratuitous vandalism; a guard was stationed to keep off intruders, and no one was thenceforth allowed to visit the tower without a permit from the Admiral or General. "Such an act as this is shameful," wrote Harry Parkes, "a disgrace to the British name; . . . Really some of the sailors and officers belonging to these transports are a lawless set of beings, and they may well be styled 'barbarians' who could wantonly destroy a building of such celebrity." [1]

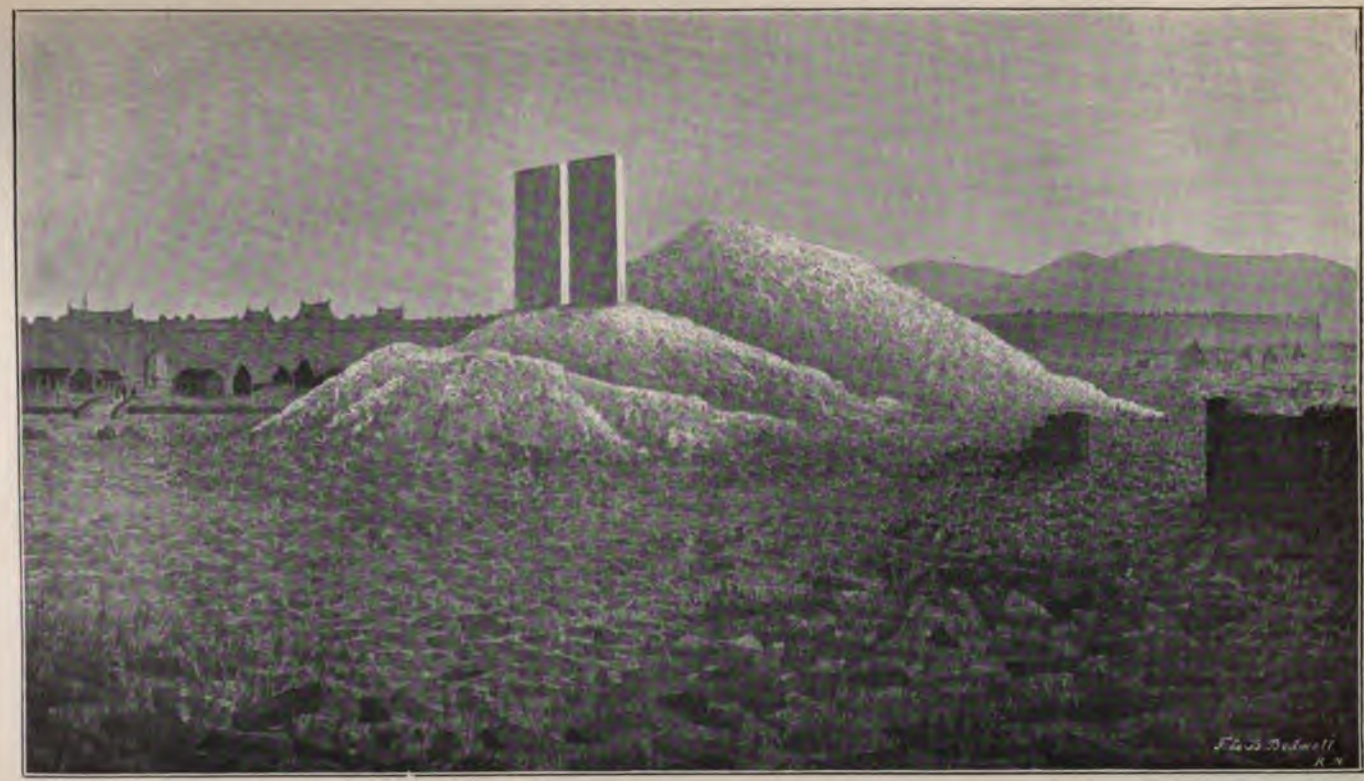
An engraving of this pagoda was published in 1843, bearing the name "James FitzJames, Artist"; it is here reproduced [2]: that officer, I believe, a few years later (as Captain of the *Erebus*) perished in the Arctic expedition under Sir John Franklin.

Sir Harry Parkes does not appear to have visited this tower in 1861, but Bedwell, with his companions and a guide from the "Heavenly Custom House," went, and I quote his words: "On passing outside the gate, we found nothing but ruins of what evidently had been a populous suburb. At a little distance were three mounds of large size consisting of debris of the tower, mainly fragments of pale buff bricks, some faced with white porcelain. Nothing was standing on these mounds but two walls which appeared to have resisted the efforts of the blowers-up." (*See illustration on next page.*)

The *Dove* was kept slowly on the move along the river front while Oliphant, Wade, and others were on their visit

[1] "Sir Harry Parkes in China," by Stanley Lane-Poole, pp. 31, 32 edition of 1901.

[2] See page 149.



PORCELAIN TOWER [RUINS], NANKING.

to the city, and we were beginning to feel somewhat anxious; but at dusk they returned safely, and then all three ships were sent to an anchorage for the night, two miles beyond, and among the Imperial fleet of junks. Just before sunset three huge flocks of wild-duck passed over our heads, quite darkening the sky, like a black rain-cloud; there must have been several hundreds of thousands.

We weighed early next morning, and the Chinese "Flag Officer" of the junks dipped his ensign—the first instance of the kind we had seen. At Chinkiang there was a delay while the *Dove* was laying a buoy on the Furious Rock in the Silver Island passage. There was ample reason for caution, after the many strandings which had occurred coming up stream.

All three vessels now proceeded, bringing up for the night of the 30th a little north of the Chusan Pagoda, and at dawn of this *Annus Mirabilis* moved "full speed ahead," Lord Elgin desiring to reach Shanghai in time for the first outgoing mail of 1859—the day of telegrams from the Far East had yet to dawn.

This 31st of December was to me personally the most interesting of the whole fifty-nine days of the expedition, and I give my notes of it in somewhat minute detail.

Shanghai was to be reached with all despatch: between it and us was "the most anxious and dangerous part of the navigation of the Yangtse," as we had experienced to our cost at the outset. The Ambassador applied to Ward for one of his assistant surveyors to be sent to the *Lee*, that he might proceed unhindered by the *Retribution's* heavy draught and the resulting necessity of caution in piloting such a vessel through the labyrinth of dangers at the Langshan Crossing. I was selected for the honour, and the mantle of "Palinurus" (did he wear an oilskin coat?) was thrown over my shoulders.

On coming up over the gangway, I heard the bos'n's shout "Anchor's aweigh," and Gallows Jones, Lieutenant in command, reply, "Full speed ahead," addressing me, "There you are, Blakeney, you're the pilot."

Heaving myself bodily at the helmsman, and knocking him, tiller and all, "hard over," there was only just sufficient time to save the *Lee's* nose from being driven into the mud-banks of Sinimu Creek, from abreast of which she had tripped her anchor. *Had* she stranded, perhaps months would have gone by before she again floated.

Lord Elgin, who was on deck, noticed the above incident, and later on talked with his haphazard "Pilot" on the novelty of the situation: that of his adventurous voyage on the Yangtse being concluded under the steering care of an "idler"[1] like myself.

We lost sight of the *Retribution* and *Dove* as they were passing through the narrows opposite Kiangyin, concerning which I quote: "On the afternoon of the first day you pass the famous Kiangyin forts—a line of hills on the south side of the river, bristling with guns and gay with martial banners. At the foot of the hills lies the Chinese Northern Fleet. There are four fine cruisers, four gunboats, a destroyer, and four torpedo boats. Altogether Kiangyin would be a nasty place to tackle, even with Chinamen behind the guns. Properly defended, the forts are impassable."[2] Proceeding now at the utmost possible speed, we reached the Langshan Crossing at dusk.

Here the low-lying banks of the Yangtse, expanding to a breadth of nearly ten miles, required us to let go our hold of the northern shore as a help in piloting, and we felt our way in the gradually deepening darkness, throughs bank and channels continually shifting, till we were really "groping in the dark"; but Lord Elgin's wishes for urgency were commands.

Just as we neared the southern shore where deep water was, the *Lee* planted her keel on a sandbank, and with a falling tide—this was about 9 p.m.

"When will she float again?"—"About midnight."

The vessel gradually heeled over till she was on an incline

[1] Name bestowed in quarterdeck jargon.

[2] *The Morning Post*, January 21, 1901.

PORCELAIN TOWER [AS IT WAS]—NANKING.

of 45 degrees, and in that position Lord Elgin and his guests, of whom I was one, sat at dinner, "fiddles" stretched on the table as if at sea, and so remained till the old year 1858 went out, and the new year 1859 came in. I have no record of names, but can recall some :—

Laurence Oliphant, Secretary of the Embassy, and its historian.
Sir Thomas Wade, subsequently H.B.M.'s Minister at Peking.
Horatio N. Lay, afterwards Superintendent of Chinese Customs.
Fitzroy and Jocelyn, attachés, the latter afterwards British Minister at Brussels.
W. H. Jones (later Byrom), Lieutenant and Commander; and three or four others.

All these voyagers, I believe, are now on the farther shore—their "Pilot" alone survives :

"For time as it is cannot stay,
Nor again as it was can it be,
Disappearing and passing away
Are the World, and the Ages, and We."

With thoughts like these I recall that "eight bells"—"and more"—of the *Lee*, as we crept slowly over the shallows into deep water beyond, and anchoring, found ourselves at daylight off the group of open trees which mark Plover Point.

Onwards from this, buoys now indicate the channel, and bear the names of our "Noah's Ark" and her tender, *Dove*. There were of course no such guides then, and when occasionally out of reckoning (I had only memory and some rough notes to depend on) speed was slackened; I could hear the *Lee's* "first-class passengers," as Oliphant called them, remarking, "Ah! we shall not get in so soon," and "not till afternoon," and so on. Even the gentle Earl was impatient, and said to his "idler" pilot, "I hope we

shall not be grounding again"—which, thank Heaven, we did not; and arriving off the bund at Shanghai at 3 p.m. of that New Year's Day, the "Pilot" was dropped, and he rejoined the *Actæon*.

It was three days before the *Retribution* and *Dove* arrived, the former finishing the voyage by grounding in close proximity to the very same shoal on which the *Furious* had done the like at the outset.

Here ends a record of my own experiences with the first (Lord Elgin's) expedition up the Yangtsekiang in 1858; with the second, that of Sir James Hope in 1861, I was only indirectly connected for a brief period, which is dealt with in the few pages following.

Admiral Hope left Shanghai in February, with a squadron composed of light-draught steamers. "Whether the pilots presumed upon light-draught and steam power, or whether the course of that river had changed so much since previous surveys were made, the vessels got stranded one after another in that estuary; and, as each grounded, a companion was told off to stand by her, so that before they got clear of what is known as Langshan Crossing, the Admiral's tender the *Coromandel* was the only vessel left in a mobile condition. Not to lose time, the Admiral determined to push on in that non-combatant craft to Nanking, the rebel capital, and test the the temper and intentions of the Taipings."[1] Here is the explanation of my remark in the foregoing paragraph. The pilots of the second expedition knew nothing by practical experience of the navigation of the river, so there followed the same entanglements among the shallows of Langshan as had so bewildered the first. The course of the river *had* changed, "for men may come, and men may go," but I (with changed course!) "go on for ever"—the poet and the pilot (see chart) are here agreed.

Admiral Hope never failed to recognise the value of "surveying fellows," and allowed no red-tape to interfere with his use of them. He gave orders at once that one of

[1] Michie, vol. i., p. 371.

the gunboats then at Shanghai, and the small paddle-wheel steamer *Waterman*, which had been hired for naval service, were to be placed at the disposal of an assistant surveyor from the *Actæon* for a survey of this Crossing, and into the latter craft the "Idler" who writes these notes was hoisted, with a navigating lieutenant as his assistant. The two lieutenants in command were directed to render all practical aid in furtherance of the survey.

What rank heresy!—a non-combatant! and at his disposal two of H.M. ships with their commanding officers as deputies.—Yes, those were the conditions, and results were in all respects satisfactory. Nothing could have been more cordial than the bearing of those officers to myself, and to my every suggestion. I was not such a fool as to strut their quarterdecks as if in nominal command, as practically for the occasion I was; and they, with much tact, suffered it so to be.

During the month these unique relations lasted, unbroken harmony prevailed, though we were glad to return to normal conditions, for the service was harassing.

Only one of my colleagues survives, John Borlase "Paddy" Warren, my messmate in the *Actæon*, then a Lieutenant, now a Rear-Admiral on the retired list; long may he enjoy his well-earned rest.

Taking up anchorage off Plover Point, where we could lie near to the shore, and register the rise and fall of the river and protect the tide-pole from the unceasing watchfulness and cunning of the onlooking Chinese, always ready for theft, there was no need to tramp ashore, except for an occasional climb for sextant angles into some of the trees which hereabout dot the river bank and grow close to the water-line. We remained in ignorance as to whether our neighbours were Imperialists or Rebels till an awkward and ludicrous awakening came, the only time we ventured with tripod and theodolite up that "Hill of Peace" Fushan, where the Elgin expedition had been corralled in November, 1859. (See page 90.)

The gunboat had been moored in mid-stream three miles distant, that her heavy unshotted gun might be fired when we, who were to land from the *Waterman*, could reach the hilltop, and note the interval between flash and sound, for a correct base to our survey. The *Waterman's* paddle-wheels caused a sensation ashore, and by the time we had landed on the sandy flat stretching out a thousand yards from the high-water line, jingal firing began, and we found ourselves facing a pack of unkempt Taiping rebels. It was *they* who held possession of this "Hill of Peace," and where these vagabonds settled, peace could not be. The surveyors' position was seen from the *Waterman*, and Warren brought her carefully in, to shorten the line of retreat; but she took the ground, and, tide falling, stuck fast. Here was the rebels' chance, for the vessel having heeled outward, was at their mercy. They were in hundreds; and our only gun, a rust-eaten old iron 3-pounder, was pointing skywards. The scene was intensely comic, but might have been just the reverse; and we were preparing for flight—unavoidable, under the circumstances—when the gunboat, in answer to our signals, came up with all haste, and let the occupiers of Fushan have some missiles from her heavy gun in return for their jingals, keeping the ball going till the rising tide enabled both vessels to get off.

The Chinaman interpreter we had shipped at Shanghai was as ignorant as we were of the Taipings' presence at Fushan, though the distance between the two places was only fifty miles across country. He had evidently intended to land as a swell mandarin, and arrayed himself accordingly in all his best silks. "Jack" carried him ashore and set him down with dry feet; but with jingal bullets at his heels, silks, &c., were of little value, and he fled through the shallows like a water buffalo on the chase!

Surveying service in the estuary of the Yangtse had its risk "from the violence of the enemy" as well as "from the dangers of the sea"; and the risks were not lessened by that "narrowing lust of gold" and "jingling of the guinea"

which were then rolling like a "bore" up the Great River, and into the Gulfs of Pechili and Liautung. We were eye-witnesses of these things, and in some instances, as will be adverted to later on, narrowly escaped serious risk to life and limb. The China merchants were probably carrying into practice the old proverb, "Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," and this, if I read him aright, is what the author of "The Englishman in China" appears to hold in favour.

Often while we were at work in the Langshan Crossing, some steam vessel, owned by merchant princes, would pass by bound for Kiukiang and Hankau, where *then* they had no right to go. Every craft that was able to burn coal was enlisted in the service, and steamers proved a mine of wealth *for a certain time.*

Bedwell gives an instance as to how this worked at Hankau. "It was quite understood when the committee of Shanghai merchants were invited to accompany the expedition (Admiral Hope's) that no commercial business was done; but one of them had made arrangements for some 'pidgin'; we will call him Mr. Blank. He had sent off beforehand two of his schroffs with $4,000 in silver; they had taken a house in the town, and awaited the arrival of the squadron. This was of course an absolute secret. The day the Rebels were reported approaching and the inhabitants fled in dismay, Mr. Blank pulled a long face, and paced the deck in a forlorn manner. He entered into conversation, and apparently taking O'Keefe and myself for a pair of irresponsible youngsters, spoke of his dilemma, unable to make any effort to save his schroffs or his dollars, as he had acted on the sly. We jumped at the chance of an adventure, and offered to rescue his treasure; this he thought risky, but gladly assented. We got permission from the commanding officer to take the dingy and two volunteer oarsmen, and threading our way through the fleet of junks and boats escaping up the river Han, reached the foot of the steps leading to streets along which the

fugitive crowds were tramping. Blank knew the door to knock at; it was immediately opened, and in the room were seated two schroffs, clad in silks and furs, and the $4,000 in four boxes on the floor, slings and bamboo poles for carrying all ready. No coolies were obtainable, so I invited one of the fur-coated gentry to pair with me, and seizing one of the boxes on a bamboo pole we lifted the ends on our shoulders, and out we went into the crowded street with the coolie shout, Ho—ha, Ha—ho; the others followed suit, the $4,000 were got into the boat, and safely shipped into our craft afloat off Hankau. We enjoyed the venture, and Blank, now all smiles, acknowledged our services by inviting us to—take a glass of beer! We declined with thanks." The "ruling factor" in Blank might perhaps be freely rendered, "Beggar my neighbour."

Before I leave this "business" question, I give an instance of how it worked at the seaward end of the movement, Shanghai. My knowledge of the river navigation had a marketable value—not for myself, oh no! but for the China merchant. I got an invitation to luncheon and a chat with one whom I but very slightly knew. My host took his seat at the centre of the table and planted me *vis-à-vis*, he and his other guests taking stock of what information I might impart. Presently a Chinese messenger arrived with a letter marked "Urgent; waits verbal reply," and my host's answer was "Yes, if he *pays* for it"; then noticing an expression of mingled amusement and inquiry on my face, volunteered this reply, "You see, I am the lucky owner of a steamer which I am sending to Hankau, and in the rush fellows will pay anything for a passage in her (300 taels is my figure), and she is crammed. One of the passengers wants to drop a letter at Kiukiang as they pass, and asks if the steamer may stop a few minutes for the purpose; you heard my answer—that means an extra £5 note for *me!*" "What!" I said, "though you have charged £100 for a four days' passage?" "Must make money," he replied, adding, "When I came out here, the limit of my

desire was £50,000; well, I made that so rapidly that I thought I would make it £100,000, and then return to settle in England; that, too, I made, and then decided to add another £50,000. I am well on to *that* now, and then I shall go." Involuntarily the words slipped from my lips, "Money is your god"—he wasn't the least offended!

In the feverish haste to "improve the shining hour," personal aggrandisement was everything, and "the natural consequences were not long delayed," *i.e.*, these merchants had overreached themselves in the "must make money" race. Of patriotism—as I understand the word—there was none.

Said Lord Elgin to the merchants of Shanghai, in reply to an address presented by them:—

"When the barriers which prevent free access to the interior of the country have been removed, the Christian civilisation of the West will find itself face to face with the ancient civilisation in many respects effete and imperfect, but in others, not without claims to our sympathy and respect. In the rivalry which will then ensue, Christian civilisation will have to win its way among a sceptical and ingenious people, by making it manifest that a faith which reaches to heaven furnishes better guarantees for public and private morality, than one which does not rise above the earth."—*Illustrated London News*, June 5, 1858.

"It was not for them [the China merchants] to construe portents, but to improve the shining hour, and if it should at any time happen that the action of private persons, impelled by the passion for gain, embarrassed a diplomatist, . . . the fault was clearly his who omitted to take account of the ruling factor in all economic problems."—*The Englishman in China*. By ALEXANDER MICHIE, vol. i., p. 250.

I ask, Which gave the better counsel to Rehoboam; the old men or the young?[1]

[1] The heads of the two principal mercantile houses at Shanghai were at that time dubbed by their lesser confrères "the Kings."

Among that group of adventurers going up the Yangtse was one man whose quest was *not* dollars (the Rev. William Muirhead, of the London Missionary Society at Shanghai), but that recommended by his noble countryman, Lord Elgin. All honour to Admiral Sir James Hope for granting a passage *without* the prepayment of £100! "Dear old Muirhead," writes Bedwell, "accompanied us with the view of future missionary enterprise"; he was dear to many of us in the *Actæon*. We knew him well, and often went with him into the slums of the city within the walls of Shanghai, and

REV. WILLIAM MUIRHEAD, D.D.

witnessed his calm and tender manner when addressing gaping, wondering Chinese "corner-chatterers"; he was never molested, nor were we; his presence was our protection.[1] Later, when entering the city on service duty, we required the support of a party equipped with loaded rifles and bayonets fixed!

Here I give a quotation from "Forty Years in New Zealand":—"I feel confident that, regarded as a mere *money*

[1] Fifty-three years a missionary in China—1847–1900.

investment, the very best investment for his country is to send out in advance, and *far* in advance of either colonist or merchant, missionaries, who may prepare the way for those who are to follow." These were words of Sir George Grey, who from his tomb in St. Paul's "still speaketh."

ON THE YANGTSEKIANG—DECEMBER 25, 1858.

# CHAPTER VI

## KOREA STRAIT AND SEA OF JAPAN

"In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumbered points it sweeps the main.
Now swelling studsails on each side extend,
Then staysails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all, to court the veering winds, are placed
With yards alternate square, and sharply braced."

WILLIAM FALCONER, a Sailor, 1730–1769.

AFTER delays, diversions, and detachments extending over a period of two years and nine months on this, that, and the other service, official need being responsible for some of these, and, not seldom, perhaps, personal inclination, the *Actæon* is at last allowed to proceed on the "Special Service" for which she was sent into the China Seas—

"To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravelled zone."

And so, on May 2, 1859, we sailed out of the Yangtse into the Yellow Sea, and three days later hove-to off Quelpart, the southernmost and by far the largest of the even now unnumbered islands of the Korean Archipelago. Some native fishing craft were communicated with, but nothing would tempt them to exchange their fish for silver or for barter, through fear of punishment by the officials,

KOREAN JUNK.

though they were generous enough to make us a present. The slopes of its mountain peak, over 6,000 feet high, were cultivated in terraces for at least 2,000 feet above the sea-level.

Daylight of May 6th found us becalmed and bewildered by fog both as to position and visibility, and later, when the mist rolled up, Port Hamilton was close to, and we entered it in tow of all the boats.

This had been surveyed some years before by British officers, and we merely added to the hydrography of its approaches during our fortnight's stay. Port Hamilton is too well known to require many notes from me. The *Samarang's* visit in 1845 was remembered by the natives who were more civil to us than later, on the mainland; probably its position was too far over-sea for lazy officials to risk a trip in their ill-found and unseaworthy junks. We made several boat-trips to Cone Island, four miles off, and from the summit had a splendid view of the labyrinth of the Korean Archipelago, but found it necessary to set fire to the woods some days in advance, and perhaps made it too hot to be pleasant for the many vipers there. One was caught measuring 6 feet 8 inches.

Port Hamilton was taken possession of by England in 1885 — to serve as a check to the growing audacity of Russia in these Korean waters; and two years later was abandoned, on the ground, I believe, that it could not be safely held unless great expense was incurred in fortifications — the conclusive argument, apparently, of party politicians, as has been shown again in the recent decision not to fortify Wei-hai-wai. The Japanese will now take care that Port Hamilton does not fall into Russian hands as a half-way house between Vladivostock and Port Arthur.[1]

On May 18th the *Actæon* left Port Hamilton under all the

[1] "The principal danger for Russia consists in the eventuality of Great Britain and Japan establishing a naval and military station in the south of Korea, thus cutting off Vladivostock from Port Arthur."—From a Russian newspaper. See *Times*, July 29, 1902.

canvas she could spread, "stunsails alow and aloft," and passed into the practically unknown waters of Korea Strait; and at sunset we "observed," so runs my journal, "what we supposed to be the southern part of Tsu Sima bearing east 55 miles. All we can make out is a high, massive hill and other elevations appearing as islands, but probably only higher portions of the same land."

I have preserved the very chart by which we were then navigating, bearing date at the Admiralty of October 12, 1855. It had but three soundings recorded on it—one of 69 fathoms, 25 miles S.W. of Tsu Sima, one of 60 fathoms midway across the eastern channel of Korea Strait, and one of 36 fathoms east of the Goto Islands, and not a rock sunken or awash, save a few haphazard indications of such, in the passage between Goto and Hirada—though the whole seaboad of the Japanese Islands is bristling with dangers to the uninformed navigator. These few dry facts are here introduced, together with lithograph copies of the (so-called) Chart of that day and of this,[1] in proof of what was our hydrographical knowledge of Cipango forty years ago. Of its history, government, laws, &c., just as little was known then. Abler hands than mine have written on these subjects; I record in these pages only my personal experience as a seaman and chartographer. Let me add, as further evidence of the scanty measure of our knowledge then, that on the Admiralty Chart of 1855 the only fairly known harbour of Nagasaki was indicated by an inset plan of 1828 from Von Siebold; and this had but the track and depths, along which the biennial Dutch ship from Batavia had been permitted ignominously to enter this harbour for 200 years. Of the great Sea of Japan, nearly 1,000 miles long and 600 at its broadest part, there was a blank, save for one group of rocks in the middle of the sea, discovered by the Frenchman Liancourt in 1849.

For purposes of historical comparison I introduce a photographic reproduction of a map of Japan published

[1] See page 171.

DUTCH TRADING SHIP ENTERING NAGASAKI HARBOUR.

*(From a Japanese Drawing.)*

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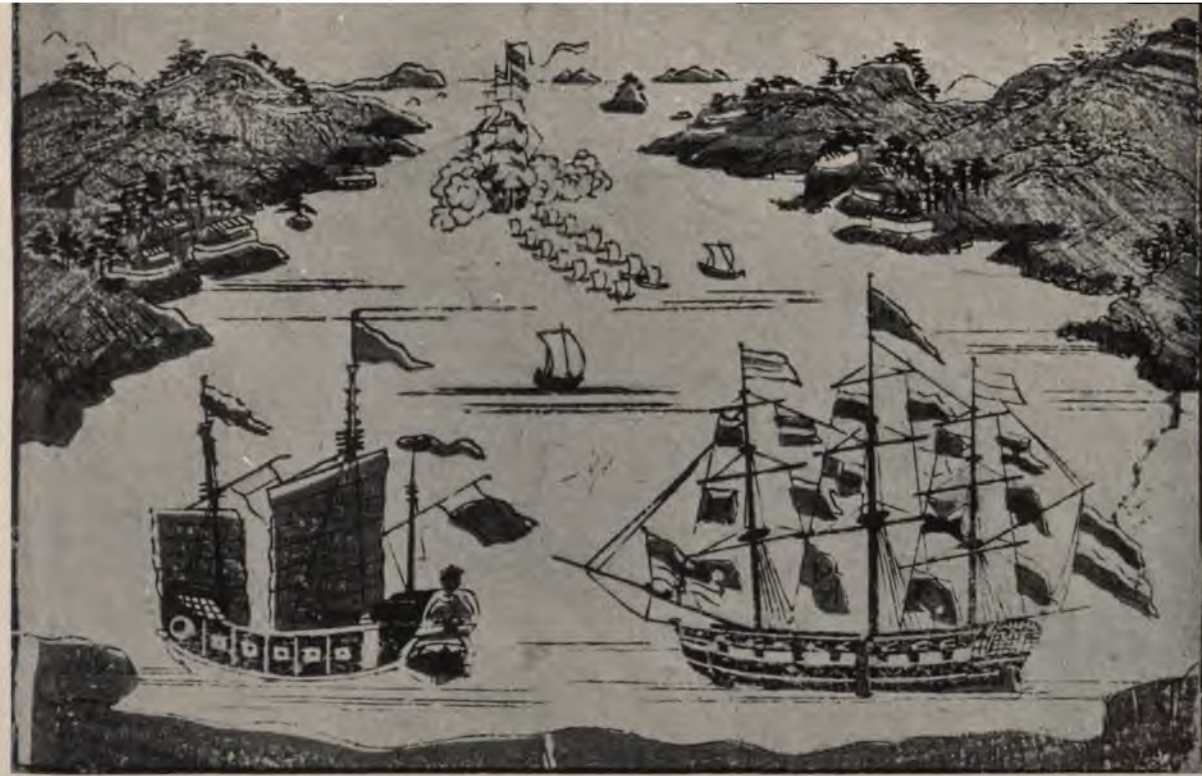


DUTCH TRADING SHIP ENTERING NAGASAKI HARBOUR.

*(From a Japanese Drawing.)*

Kalby & Sons, Lith

Published March 1st

in London in 1802, from which it will be seen that the Japanese had as successfully resisted the intrusion of geographers and navigators through all the first half of the nineteenth century as they had been doing since the middle of the seventeenth.

There is wisdom in the caution "Never prophesy till you *know*," therefore scissors and paste have been freely used here and elsewhere in these pages.

"It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that, from the year 1657, of all the nations of Europe, the Dutch alone have been allowed access [to Japan]. That this exclusive privilege has been ever confined within narrow limits, we know from Kæmpfer, and all the older authorities . . . the trade which they still permit has so far declined under the discouragement and increasing jealousy of the natives, as to have become rather matter of curiosity and habit, than of commercial profit to the Hollander."

"Unconnected as our own country is, and must expect long to remain, by any bond of intercourse or communion with this extensive Empire and singular people, . . . we say advisedly that we are likely to remain excluded from all means of investigation of our own. . . . We think it much more likely that the sole remaining link between Europe and Japan, the Dutch connection, should be severed by violence or obliterated by disuse, than that either force or persuasion should devise a new one between this country or any of its dependencies and that Empire; that New Holland, Borneo, or Central Africa have a fairer chance of being diplomatised or dragooned into hospitality or submission towards us within any period to which the speculation of mortal man can reasonably extend."[1]

"The key of British enterprise which has unlocked the treasure chambers of the world, has no power when applied to the steel-clenched postern of Japan. It has been shivered in the attempt, and there is blood on the fragments. . . . Some great and sweeping revolution must disorganise her

*Quarterly Review*, 1834.

government, and obliterate her institutions, before we can approach her coast in any other guise than that of invaders of an unoffending, we wish we could say unoffended, nation."[1]

The *Actæon* hove-to for the night of May 18, 1859, off the S.W. point of Tsu Sima, and at daylight of the 19th three boats were dropped and sent in advance to examine an opening "looking very like a harbour." The ship slowly followed in their wake, and all hands were on deck watching with intense interest the widening view of the inlet before us, gradually expanding into a magnificent sheet of sheltered water. We were, I believe, the first ship of war from any Western nation to anchor therein. Our position was abreast of the village of Osaki, just within the south entry point, and we remained there till the 8th of June. In this interval the north-east and south-east inlets of this grand harbour were explored and partially surveyed (it was impracticable to do so fully) in her two armed pinnaces, of one of which the author was in charge, with the artist as his companion and coadjutor. The accompanying sketch is his, and shows the boats come together for mutual protection during the night, having taken care to keep each other in sight during the day's work. The near shores and bays were surveyed by our smaller boats, which were never out of view of a masthead-man on the topgallant-crosstrees.

The natives clearly intended to watch our movements day and night. We could go nowhere unattended by their guard-boats. They were naturally suspicious of us as being dangerous intruders into the seclusion of their empire, being unaware of the recently made treaty between England and their *de facto* Government; and, for aught they knew, we might be meditating a proceeding similar to that of the British man-of-war on the coast of Japan fifty years before.[2] Our boat's howitzers in the bows were significant evidence to all onlookers in the guard-boats that they and the village craft would not be allowed to approach us too closely.

The only means we had on this detached service of

[1] *Quarterly Review*, 1836. [2] H.M.S. *Phaeton*, 1808.

TSU SIMA—PINNACES SURVEYING.

(Anchored in company.)

t

Village we had yet seen. Evidently the Japanese here were

[1] "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And looks out for the life of poor Jack."

...h Aug. 1876, *under the Superintendence of* Captain F.J.Evans, R.N: C.B: F.R.S. *Hydrographer.*

making our wishes known was by pantomime. At the ship it was not much better, for the Chinaman Ah-sing shipped at Shanghai, called the interpreter, only spoke "pidgin" English, and not a word of Japanese, and could only scribble Chinese hieroglyphics, which were of course double Dutch to us. We were never sure that the Japanese and ourselves had even an imperfect mutual understanding. Reflecting over the tragic incidents that followed in rapid succession elsewhere in Japan, one cannot doubt that only God's merciful providence (which Jack always recognises [1]) kept our heads on.

When landing to ascend hills for trigonometrical observations, Japanese officials tracked our steps and gathered round us. Every one of these wore the terrible two-handed samurai sword, known to Europeans of that day only from specimens in the Museum of the Hague, and capable of "dividing a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow." They were never without that weapon, careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. They could not be persuaded to draw it to satisfy our curiosity; it was meant for deadly business.

One of the officials showed us an atlas of European maps copied by Japanese, and, to our surprise, pointed out all the British possessions, and pronounced their names in very good English; he also had coloured drawings by Japanese copyists of the various national flags in use, and told us distinctly the names of the countries to which they belonged. His political geography was quite up to date, though he was ignorant of conversational English.

Once only did we succeed in eluding the guard-boats, and get hidden for the night in a secluded cove near the navigable head of the S.E. inlet.

From the hill overlooking we noticed the sea-horizon through a very narrow opening, and, close by, the largest village we had yet seen. Evidently the Japanese here were

[1] "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And looks out for the life of poor Jack."

unaware of the nearness of a foreign ship, but before daylight they had scented us, and had a closely packed mass of boats roped together ready to bar our egress to the sea, through which our axes soon cut an opening, and under oar and sail we stood out for a short distance into the Eastern Strait of Korea, but the threatening attitude of the crowds of people on the banks made it prudent to retrace our steps rapidly and pass out of sight of that village. This was the only occasion during our stay at Tsu Sima on which the Japanese and ourselves barely escaped conflict. Two years later the Russians, who had followed in our wake—of which more in later pages—essayed the same passage, and it was followed by bloodshed. Japan has now a well-equipped naval station, torpedo-boats, &c., at Tsu Sima, not far from this village.

Japanese officials of superior position visited the *Actæon* several times. We understood they came from the capital, but they would not say. Nothing could exceed their politeness and good manners. One of them we imagined was the governor of the island from the marked deference shown him by the others. Spies on him and every one else were always at hand.

The villagers abreast of the ship were allowed to supply us with fowls, eggs, and vegetables galore, at moderate exchange of silver dollars. Bullocks also they sold us, with a request that we would delay their slaughter till we went to sea again.

The non-surveying officers were permitted to move freely along the shore and into the woods for sport. They were never molested. Two of them lost their way, not returning till midnight, but [my journal] "there was no anxiety about them; the Japanese are too civil and honest to take an unfair advantage; if an enemy, he would be an open one."

We had one tramp inland to ascend the highest peak, Uyama, 1,700 feet above the sea, so conspicuous from the offing on first sighting Japan. We were nearly three hours getting to the top, as all had to carry arms as well as instru-

ments. The Japanese showed marked dislike to the trip, but seeing us determined to go, they volunteered to guide us. From the summit the capacious waters of Tsu Sima Sound were in the near northern landscape, and the twenty-five miles stretch of either half of the Korea Strait were on the far horizon, E. and W. and beyond, the coast-lines of the empires of Japan and Korea. Truly Tsu Sima has a commanding strategical position in the Japanese and adjacent seas, and is moreover, in my judgment, the grandest haven in the world. I have myself visited twice each of the three usually spoken of by seamen as the greatest harbours—Rio de Janeiro (Brazil), the Golden Gate (San Francisco), and Port Jackson (Sydney, N.S.W.)—but neither of these can be allowed the palm over Tsu Sima.

Between the two entrance points, having a clear, deep channel of over a mile between them, the harbour stretches nearly eight miles across the island, only the last half mile or so near the narrow opening before referred to being shallow. There are upwards of forty anchorages where vessels of any size could find secure, smooth, suitable resting places. The sinuosities of the shore are such that at least one hundred miles are embraced in this fissure of eight by five miles, and I will hazard the opinion that every man-of-war afloat, of every maritime nation of the world, could find room and to spare in its capacious bosom.

Happily Tsu Sima still belongs to Japan, England's ally. It might have been otherwise, as subsequent words in this book will show. (Consult *Times* of April 3, 1902.)

Tsu Sima, I believe, is destined to be of as world-wide a notoriety as is Port Arthur.

On the peak of Tsu Sima we found some offerings of copper cash from Japanese pilgrims, and we followed suit by enclosing an English threepenny bit and a gilt naval uniform button in a tin percussion cap box, with this inscription, written on a torn-out page of a notebook :—

> "The summit of this mountain, called by the Japanese Uyama, was this day visited by officers of

Her Britannic Majesty's surveying vessel *Actæon*—John Ward, Esq., Commander.

"The harbour on the west side of the range was discovered by the *Actæon* on the 19th May, 1859, and was called Washington Sound after Capt. J. Washington, R.N., Hydrographer to the Admiralty.[1]

31 May, 1859. —— All well.

To the thirsty.

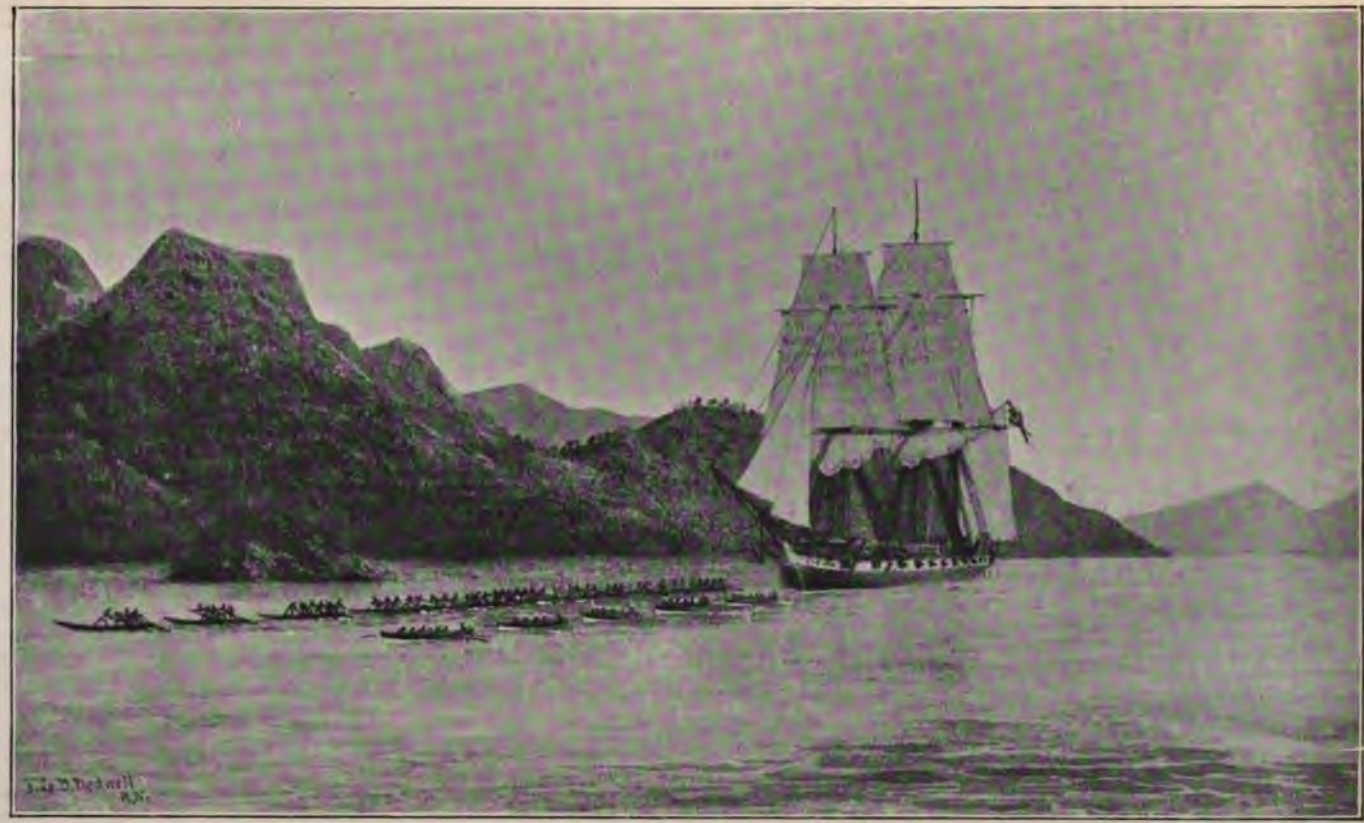
Water will be found at the bottom of the gully on the west side."

The last boat-surveying done by Bedwell and myself was in the "sort of pirates' cove" (Oliphant's apt description) "in which they [Russians, two years later] had stowed themselves away,"[2] and on June 8th we left Tsu Sima. During the whole of our stay there we were struck with the honesty and courtesy of the Japanese, high and low, and their readiness to afford us supplies—barring beef. We could get fish in plenty for ourselves, and revel in the luxury of rock-oysters, opened on the spot; some of these would each fill a plate. We weighed one which turned the scale at 12 ozs. Mussels had shells 9 inches long, and the flesh weight would average 4 ozs.

The light breeze to which we set sail on tripping the anchor from Tsu Sima failed us, and our Japanese neighbours of their own volition at once came off to take us in tow; our own boats were lowered for the same purpose, and, together, the Japanese roped from the starboard, and the English from the port bow—*in friendly alliance*—with "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," helped us out to sea—a fitting forecast of the alliance of the two nations, which, forty-three years later, has just been signed and sealed by the statesmen of England and Japan,

[1] This name was not adopted. On the English charts it is called Tsu Sima Sound, though the Japanese name is Tate Mura.

[2] Oliphant's "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," pp. 222–3, published 1887. Alcock's "Capital of the Tycoon," vol. ii. pp. 160–1, published 1863. (*See pages* 268 *and* 344 *of this volume*).



TSU SIMA—JAPANESE ALLIES.

("A long pull and a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

an alliance indeed pregnant with fateful possibilities, nay, probabilities.

The Japanese of Tsu Sima were no doubt glad at our departure; the risk of misunderstandings, through no fault on either side, but because of ignorance of each other's language, added to their increasing and harassing watch, would tend to make them ready "to speed the parting guest," but I am sure, and I think I voice the feeling of all who sailed in the old *Actæon*, that in Tsu Sima began an enduring friendship for this most interesting, intelligent, and patriotic race, and these feelings have been growing in depth ever since.

The old frigate seemed loth to quit the security of her haven; and after the boats had been cast off we had to warp her farther out with kedge and 400 fathoms of line, till the canvas lifted with the first of the sea breeze, and we headed for the Korean coast, which was clearly in sight.

I take the liberty of adapting some lines to meet the altered environments of the case, lines written 150 years ago, aptly descriptive of Bedwell's illustration here introduced.

> "A calm ensues, adjacent shores they dread,
> The boats with rowers manned, are sent ahead;
> With cordage fastened to the lofty prow,
> Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
> The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
> And pealing shouts *Cipango's headlands rend.*"[1]

The morning of June 9, 1859, found us at anchor in what is now the Treaty Port of Fusan; but to us it was known as the Chosan Harbour of Broughton, its discoverer in 1797, and but rarely visited by Europeans in that interval of 60 years, the last visit prior to ours being by two English frigates in 1855, while chasing Russian ships which then were lurking, and have been ever since, in this locality. Lights, beacons, buoys, harbour-master, hospital, telegraphic facilities, etc., all now in active operation for the

[1] "The Shipwreck." A poem by William Falconer, a sailor. Edition of 1835.

comfort of voyager and trader, were absolutely undreamt of in my day.

"It is not Korea, but Japan, which meets one on anchoring," writes Mrs. Bishop, of her first impressions on visiting Fusan in 1894,[1] and in this respect there have been no changes in the intervening thirty-five years. Our anchorage in the *Actæon* was immediately within the northern entry point, and what at once struck us, as it did Mrs. Bishop, was the contrast between the forest-clad slopes of Tsu Sima, which we had left only a few hours before; and the bare, cheerless aspect on the hill-sides round Fusan. But at the head of the harbour, three miles distant, was a charming park-like headland, so thickly adorned with foliage as to appear as if some Titanic lover of landscape gardening had uprooted a huge block of Japan and replanted it in Korea. This was, in effect, the case, except that the trees had been planted at Fusan, and the dwellings built, round which they grew, three centuries before by the conquering islanders of Japan. Of this bit of Far Eastern history I fear we, of the *Actæon*, were then ignorant, as will be seen by this matter-of-fact record, which I have copied from our ship's log:

*Thursday, June* 9, 1859. "The Commander and a party of officers started in a galley to visit a town at the head of the bay. On attempting to land at what has found to be a Japanese military settlement; they were repulsed and insulted."

The party succeeded in landing at the outer end of a mole, which had been built to form a small and sheltered pool for the lord of Tsu Sima's junks, three of which were lying there, securely tied up alongside the trees. The two-sworded men of Japan disputed the landing, hustled the Commander and Doctor back into the boat, and picking up the Master (of short stature), dropped him like a sack between the thwarts. This is the explanation of the above entry.

[1] "Korea," by Mrs. Bishop, vol. i. p. 16.

FEUDAL JAPAN IN KOREA—THE LAST STRONGHOLD.

Early next morning the *Actæon* moved up near that settlement, and must have made a rather startling apparition, as her white sails, from royals to courses, head-sails and spanker, expanded to the breeze; and the Japanese were made aware of an intentional threat on our part, by the vessel being swung with a kedge broadside to the shore. The Chinese interpreter landed with a written message from the Commander. At 11 a.m., no answer having been received, another was sent, to the effect that the Commander was surprised at their neglecting to reply to his friendly (*sic*) message. "Fired a gun as signal." "1 p.m. Governor and officials of Japanese settlement came on board." "2.30 they left." "3 p.m weighed the kedge." "Sunset, up boats."

All these laconic facts are extracts from the log, and to naval men who wish to realise the conditions, are amply sufficient; but for landsmen, and as a record of historic incident in Korea forty years ago, I quote the following from my journal of that date.

"The Chinese interpreter, who could only imperfectly convey the message in writing, and could not understand the gravity of the verbal directions given by the Commander, caused us an anxious waiting time, for the burden of both messages was that if His Excellency the Governor did not come on board, and there apologise for the insult of yesterday, bombardment and landing of armed men would follow, and there would be no hesitation in carrying out this threat after the clock struck one. To the intense relief of all, especially the Commander, who, we felt sure, meant what he said, just as the clock struck, out came the Japanese from behind the shelter of the Mole"; and it is this moment which Bedwell has admirably caught in the illustration, Feudal Japan in Korea, her (then) last stronghold — this was, in fact, her Calais on the continent of Asia, but she has not since abandoned it; and we read in the faces of the men who stood on our quarter-deck that day, that nothing but the sword would drive them out. That sword has been

metaphorically shaken in their faces by their Muscovite antagonist and his coadjutors in the greed of conquest; but it is not sufficiently tempered yet for the strife.

It was a sad sight to witness the Japanese on bended knees, bowing their heads under the folds of the English flag, for unwilling rudeness to us, which was only a necessary outcome of their position, as loyal retainers of their feudal lord—the Prince of Tsu Sima. The Governor and his retinue evidently felt their position deeply, and we did also, none more than the Commander, who had, moreover, only carried out his orders. The Governor informed us that he was aware of a treaty of friendship, recently concluded, between Japan and England (the Elgin Treaty), but his orders were very stringent, and he had received no authority to relax them. If we had roamed about at Tsu Sima, a different place altogether to Fusan, we could only do so here on our own responsibility, not his. The moment this painful episode was over, we did our best to let the Japanese see that we desired nothing better than to be on terms of mutual courtesy and respect, and they readily understood "friends were around them, though no words were spoken."

We heard that a somewhat similar refusal to allow Englishmen to land here occurred in 1855, when the frigates I have already mentioned visited Fusan. No attempt was then made to force the question; but in our case the exploration of this coast could not have been prudently proceeded with had we allowed the Koreans to be witnesses of our discomfiture, as it would inevitably have led them to serious hostility. We came very near to blows with them, as will appear subsequently; but not again were we molested by Japanese military men: they were really as kindly disposed towards us as we to them. May this concord never be broken!

As to the relative position of Japanese and Koreans round the shores of this harbour, none of the latter would come near our ship when any of the former were seen to be

THE JAPANESE GOVERNOR AT FUSAN—KOREA.

approaching, nor dare they go near the boundary walls of the citadel. The Japanese were, in effect, over-lords of all the neighbouring heights and settlements in and around Fusan, and they will (successfully as I believe) dispute the effort of any one to supplant them. They may be quite certain that it will never be made by men of Anglo-Saxon speech and race.[1]

A few days later the Japanese invited us to be their guests, coming personally to present the invitation. The Commander decided that every officer who could be spared from the ship's duties should go, but with side arms and loaded pistols, landing in pinnaces with howitzers mounted: when the escort was ordered to "Fix bayonets!" the Japanese, naturally, looked rather uneasy; we were likewise; but happily all passed off well, except for the excess described below. The Governor received us in his banquet hall, his long, double-handed sword held aloft by a kneeling attendant, the short hara-kiri sword at his waist; and he wore his official "wings." Grouped near him were his officers, kneeling, all of whom were armed with long and short swords. The feast was inordinately spun out, and the numerous courses too many to reckon. Their warmed wine we did not fancy, though the Japanese did; and rather too freely. Their medical officer toppled over bodily, and was ordered to withdraw. The Commander sent a whisper round, "We'd better clear out quietly," and it was well we did, for while we had been feasting within, our escort outside had been supplied with *buckets* of wine. Such a chance for Jack and Joe the Marine of that day, was too good to be declined with thanks; the sight of a bucket of wine, held temptingly under his nose, was too much—it was a case of "Pour it over me; I like the smell." Alas, every one of our men was more or less "half-seas over," and some on their beam-ends. Miss Weston's work has, in this and other matters, made Jack a new creature. If the Japanese had meant treachery, here was there chance, but they didn't—

[1] I write this on April 9, 1902. See *Times* of the day following.

the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was already at work.

The *Actæon* was now thrown open to all the Japanese, and many wandered over her at will. The next day was Sunday: they appeared to understand what this day meant to us, for none came off.

We were now allowed to roam about the settlement, but were warned against going beyond the walls into Korean territority; such was the haughty contempt on the one side, and the mingled fear and hatred on the other. We saw no Japanese women or children; the place was occupied by armed men for military purposes, living in the midst of 30,000 Koreans settled along the shores of the harbour, and in the near neighbourhood behind.

From the walled Korean town of Fusan some miles from the Japanese settlement, we had a few visitors. The chief, whose portrait Bedwell has sketched true to life, paid one formal call on us, with a few fairly decent companions and a tag-rag and bobtail following. One of these, while the chief was being treated with sweets and champagne in the captain's cabin, slipped, as he thought unseen, into the ward-room mess, and emerged therefrom with every silver spoon and fork we had, concealed in his capacious bag-like sleeves. Our steward, however, from between the pantry curtains had been taking observations of him, and when he had completed his plunder and came from the mess place, had him by the throat, and hauled him in before the captain and the Korean chief; and having been compelled to disgorge his loot, he was taken ashore abreast of the ship, laid on his face, and mercilessly beaten with flat wooden rods, till his cries resounded over the harbour and quite sickened us. We had rather the poor wretch had escaped with his plunder than have witnessed such a scene; though, had he succeeded, our ship's blacksmith would have had to forge spoons and forks out of iron hoops to tide us through the five months before returning to Shanghai.

Surveying on the coast north and south of Fusan was

KOREAN CHIEF TSAU LIANG HAI [FUSAN].

carried on in armed pinnaces as at Tsu Sima, a look-out, under a lieutenant, being camped on a hill-top near, commanding a view of the coast during the boats' absence, for watching the Korea Strait through which the *Dove* might be sighted on her passing through. It fell to me to go south: under the lee of an island which bears my name, from whence we could see into the inlet that leads to Masampho, a sudden shift of wind, in a heavy gale, brought us on the weather side. We had been safely riding at anchor for the night; and only just managed to escape from total wreck. We ran under close reefs for shelter, and found it *pro tem.*, but only till daylight, when Koreans by hundreds streamed out of a large town near, and we could only go on with the survey by first firing several shots over their heads from the boats' howitzer, as a means of intimidation.

On landing I had to surround myself with six of the crew, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. The natives were more often drunk than sober, and had long knives or daggers thrust into their leggings or concealed in their full-skirted robes. They were ignorant of the fact that a foreign ship of war was near, and had evidently not been visited before by Europeans; they had an unsavoury reputation (whence acquired I do not know) akin to that of the ancient cities of the plain—and they were breakers of the "twenty-ninth article of war." At a distance their calico garb appeared spic and span, but, when near, well . . . !

Their chiefs were rather attractive, both in bearing and manner—had their fellows well in hand, and were civil, even courteous, to us.

We saw but one Korean woman, and happily Bedwell, whose sketch pad was always at hand, took a portrait of her —while she in bewilderment and pent-up feminine vanity, stood still to have it done. He and I were ashore together, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Hold on, there's a woman." [1]

Frequent gales and heavy rains prevented much surveying,

See the close of this Chapter.

but gave leisure for tramps through the scrub and dwarf trees which thickly clothed the slopes of Deer Island, so named by us from the beautiful diminutive creatures of that genus that roamed there quite undisturbed by the natives. Our sportsmen secured several. The males had no antlers, but long, sharp-edged curved teeth, like tusks, proceeding from the upper jaw. Several poisonous snakes were met with, which, when disturbed, "meant venom," as one of my messmates experienced.

Russia has recently, I believe, made efforts to bag Deer Island for (so she said) a coal depôt, but Japan has been astute and powerful enough to frustrate that little scheme, as she has done in the case of Masampho, a few miles south of Fusan.

Our last evening in Chosan, or Tchaosian, or Tsauliang-hai, or Fusan—the last is now the name generally adopted—the Japanese Governor and his officers dined on board by invitation. They brought with them two large flagons of their saki (spirit) and many boxes of sweetmeats, as a present; and we, in return, were lavish with champagne. They could not be persuaded to eat flesh or fowl, but enjoyed our English puddings and sweets. They were men of gentlemanly bearing, and as they went over the gangway we gave them a shotted salute, fired seaward, from the main-deck guns, and lit up the ship with long lights. Altogether the visit to Fusan, beginning ominously, had a happy ending alike for Japan and Britain, a pleasant concord, cemented, I trust, by the recently achieved alliance.

A bag of our letters was left in the Governor's charge, who promised its delivery at Nagasaki for transmission to Shanghai—this, I suppose, was the first English post out of Korea.

On the 21st of June we made sail for entrance into the Sea of Japan, the Korean chief sending us a bullock, some fowls, and eggs, which were a most acceptable parting present, probably meant as a thank-offering for our hospitality, as his men were ordered to take no payment. We

were not sorry to part company, and so avoid the risk of a triangular collision between English, Japanese, and Koreans.

What changes since 1859! To those who are interested in comparing the then and the now I would suggest a glimpse at the prosaic pages of the "Admiralty China Sea Directory," vol. iv. pp. 128–132, and to Mrs. Bishop's "Korea" of 1894, pp. 16–25, though I fancy she has made a slip in the title of her illustration at the latter page—surely it is Fusan—but I have not seen Chemulpo.

The *Actæon* hove to for a few hours off Dagelet Island, which emerges in solitary grandeur from the floor (2,000 feet deep) of the Japanese Sea, and rises to 4,000 feet above it. It lies 100 miles distant from the mainland of Korea, is clothed with forest from the verge of perpendicular cliffs of 500 feet, and is 20 miles in circumference. On every side were herds of seals, filling the air with sorrowful sounding cries, perhaps from terror at our appearing. We could make no headway through the dense undergrowth. La Perouse discovered this island in 1786, but there is no record of his landing.

A few half-starved Korean fishermen were collecting sea-slugs, etc., for Chinese epicureans, but had only a ramshackle old junk in which to make the passage across a stormy sea in almost perpetual fog. A weird and lonely spot is Dagelet Island.

As had been arranged before leaving Shanghai, the *Actæon*, on June 30, 1859, hove to on the 40th parallel of North latitude, and on the 131st meridian of East longitude, 120 miles from the Asiatic coast, on the look-out for our tender, the gunboat *Dove*, which had been sent to Hong Kong for repairs, and should have been in the Sea of Japan about this date, so that both ships might make together their first appearance in some port on the seaboard of Manchuria.

In the forenoon of this day the masthead man reported, "A barque on the starboard bow standing to the N.E." (ship's log), and evidently shaping her course in our

direction; but we soon were convinced that she was *not* our little consort, as she was larger and differently rigged. She came nearer, then near enough to display her colours, but no such indication of her nationality appeared. The day was now waning, and darkness would soon carry her out of view. So an order was given, "Let her have something to wake them up. Six guns were fired, but no response. "Give her a shot, perhaps that will do." Two, with full charge, were fired—one dropping into the sea just under her stern—and we "altered course to close" (log), then up flew the Russian ensign, and she hove to. Bedwell, the only one of us with a fluent command of French, was sent to communicate, and elicit an explanation of his strange conduct. His account of the interview was as follows:—

The Russian captain began by saying he had been some time without European news (later, when in genial humour, he owned he had only left Shanghai on June 7th!), and spying an English vessel, and being also aware that relations were strained between Russia and England, he supposed war had begun again, and was getting the screw down and deck encumbrances out of the way of his pivot gun, adding, "Had I been ready, or you later in communicating," etc., etc., etc. They were bound for Olga Bay, Manchuria, and were surprised to find that we were on surveying service hereabouts. Why so, we could not *then* conjecture. The two ships kept in sight of each other during the following day, and as there was no sign of the *Dove* we parted company, the Russian saluting us with five guns, which we returned.

A few days later a screw steamer passed close to us about midnight, steering south-west. We burnt blue lights as signals, but no notice was taken.

On July 4th the *Actæon* anchored in Siau Wuhu Bay, about 100 miles from what has long been the great naval arsenal of Russia on the coast of the Pacific, though in 1859 it was not so; and since, at the very time of our visit to Siau Wuhu, Muravioff, the Governor-General of

CAMP OF SEAWEED COLLECTORS, MANCHURIA.

Siberia, was busy collecting information about the region to be delineated under the treaty of Aigun,[1] it is easy to understand why his nearness to a British man-of-war was not made known to us. At Siau Wuhu was a camp of unkempt, roving Chinese fishermen, collecting seaweed for their aldermanic brethren farther south. They were packed in huts made of driftwood and straw, abandoned when done with (see illustration). We saw a few Manchu Tartars, mostly living by the chase, but owning herds of sturdy little bullocks, who ran wild in the scrub. We bought some on the chance of catching them, and the "handy man" was equal to the occasion. A run ashore and fresh beef was sufficient incentive, and they were lassoed with a bowline knot swung over their horns. These Manchus were fine athletic fellows, and went with our sportsmen deer-stalking; a few deer were seen, but none shot.

We made a survey of Siau Wuhu, which the Russians have appropriated, replacing our nomenclature with Slavonic.

From here the *Actæon* ran along unexplored coast to the north under double-reefed topsails, in a fog so thick that we could only steer by the sound of the breakers. The Commander, as a seaman, was both daring and skilful, but it was only well because it ended well. For a brief spell the fog lifted, and a Russian sloop-of-war was seen heading in the same direction; at once she altered her course to seaward, and disappeared.

We anchored in the outer roadstead of Port Michael Seymour, as it was called by the British officer who discovered it. Olga Bay is now the Russian name. In the inner landlocked portion a small schooner lay at anchor, and on a flagstaff ashore the Russian colours were flying. We now began to understand why our presence was not relished.

That evening the Russian lieutenant in command dined with us. The conversation was carried on in French,

[1] See "Russia on the Pacific," by Vladimir, pp. 262–264.

Bedwell being interpreter. The astuteness of his brother seaman we had met at sea, and the chances of our licking him had we come to blows, also our mission in these waters, were some of the topics discussed. Dinner had lasted three hours when the officer of the watch reported the Russian's boat was alongside. "Please tell him this," said the Captain to Bedwell. Time goes on—no sign of movement. Captain, again, "*Do* tell him his boat is alongside."

Still no move. Captain, impatient, "Did you tell him? Hang the fellow, I wish he'd go." Still no sign.

Captain to his *vis-à-vis*, the first lieutenant, "I think the fellow means to stop all night; we shall have to sit him out with cigars and grog." The cabin got rather choked with smoke, and Bedwell, glad to clear out, whispered the Captain that if he (as interpreter) retreated in the haze, the Russian, having no one to talk to, would go. Imagine the surprise when our guest began to chatter *in excellent English*, having gained all the information he wanted, certainly more than his unsuspecting hosts intended; the party then broke up, and that gallant officer little thought how narrowly he escaped being dropped neck and crop ignominiously into his boat through one of the main-deck ports.

From Olga Bay the *Actæon* was taken north for twenty miles to St. Vladimir Bay, the intervening stretch of open coast being surveyed by me in the pinnace. Fortunately the sea was smooth, and I landed for trigonometrical stations on all the prominent headlands, and met no Russians, though they had already established road communication between these ports. They *were* annoyed at our presence, and might perhaps have planned some obstacle to our work, but the commander had informed them that he had no official knowledge of their right to be here at all, and we surveyors were verbally instructed to tolerate no hindrances.

Mosquitoes along this coast were maddening; no standing

still to sketch or write, unless surrounded by the crew puffing their "baccy" into one's face and on the summit

and—rumours—have—reached—us—of—Solferino—but—we—wish—to—know—more."

This was long before telegrams were known in the Far

still to sketch or write, unless surrounded by the crew puffing their "baccy" into one's face, and, on the summit overlooking Olga Bay, kindling a green wood fire under the theodolite, and securing fitful peeps at the coast features as the wind drove the smoke now and then in the desired direction. On one occasion, a storm threatening, the captain was appealed to to keep the ship at sea under close-reefed canvas, rather than go for shelter in the harbour under our lee, and there be driven wild by these hateful pests; even the Manchus dreaded them. Fiends of this genus were as much a curse on the coast of Manchuria as I found them in later years on the opposite shore of the Pacific—the fiords of British Columbia.

At St. Vladimir Bay, July 9th, we found our consort *Dove;* she had missed us at the appointed rendezvous during a fog, the prevalence and density of which in the Gulf of Tartary were a constant anxiety to us. She had passed between Tsu Sima and Fusan June 22nd, while we were anchored at the latter.

Leaving the *Dove* to survey St. Vladimir Bay, we crossed the Sea of Japan to Hakodate, and found lying three Russian ships of war, one bearing the pennant of Commodore Popoff. The only foreigner living ashore was the Russian consul. This was the year of the Franco-Austrian war, of which we knew nothing, and also that of the Elgin Treaty coming into force. We had hardly landed when a boat from the governor of Hakodate came alongside, and a smart young Japanese officer delivered this message in very good English, but giving it a peculiar emphasis by a short pause between each word:—

"The—Governor—of—Hakodate—presents—his—compliments—to—the—officers—of—this—ship—and—will—they—kindly—lend—him—their—latest—English—newspaper—we—have—heard—of—the—battle—of—Magenta—and—rumours—have—reached—us—of—Solferino—but—we—wish—to—know—more."

This was long before telegrams were known in the Far

East, or the route *viâ* Canada over the Pacific was dreamt of; and Japan had but as yesterday emerged from her self-imposed exclusion from European life.[1]

As the *Actæon* left Hakodate on July 20, 1859, we obtained our first direct news of the Franco-Austrian war from an inward-bound English schooner. Many of the Hakodate tradesmen had a working command of English, and used it in their dealings with the Russians; asked why they did not learn French or Russian, the reply was, "All who deal with us, *must* speak English."

With the Russian Commodore and a party of his officers, went many of our fellows to the Japanese theatre. Only men acted, in full dress uniform—a loin cloth! Most of the audience in the same rig, women a trifle more clothed, and the children naked! In one of the scenes, the actor, personating a woman, tore a love-letter, many yards long, into narrow strips, knotted these together, and, with the easy skill of a Blondin, walked across this paper rope, stood on one foot, squatted *à la* Japanese, and—which didn't take long—disrobed. Daintily got-up packets of sweets and saki-wine were served to the spectators, sitting on the floor of the arena, by Japanese girls. We were provided with seats, and after six hours' exhibition "off the reel," we left the theatre. Outside was a house open to the street where women sat like plants in a conservatory, tier on tier, as an attraction to passers-by.

The Japanese allowed us to place a memorial tombstone over the graves of some seamen of the frigate *Winchester*, who died here in 1855. There were graves of American seamen, all neatly kept, lying on the glacis of an earth-work battery of five guns, two of which were brass, sixteen feet long, finely chased, fitted with traversing rings, sights, percussion locks, etc., quite up to European date, and in striking contrast to anything of the kind Chinese.

The Governor of Hakodate was recognised as having

Japan had kept herself in touch with European life and history through the means of the imprisoned Dutch at Deshima.

been one of the Imperial Commissioners in the negotiations with Lord Elgin the year before. He was particularly anxious to get our latest news from the Manchurian coast, and to know if we were going to the Amur River—evidently not overpleased at the sight of another Russian fifty-gun sailing frigate, just then coming into port, making that squadron up to four. Later, when we left Hakodate (under sail) the Russian Commodore brought several of his "mids" on board, and sent them aloft in the *Actæon* for a lesson in reefing topsails with beckets and toggles instead of reef-points, that he might introduce the method in his own squadron. These nautical technicalities may be of some historic interest in view of the Admiralty having recently decided that such training in handling sails is now of little practical use in the evolution of seamen—this, I believe, to be a grave error.

The Captain entertained the Russian officers, and the subject was mooted of such a ship as the *Actæon*, on a peaceful voyage of discovery, being unmolested should war break out.[1] "Of course, Commodore, you would recognise this universal custom?" "Ah!" said the Commodore, "didn't you fire the first gun at the bombardment of Canton a few years since?" It was so, and his claws would undoubtedly have been open for our capture. We wondered if any Russians had been onlookers, and perhaps helpers, as it was currently believed they had been, at the defeat of the British at the Taku forts, rumours of which had just reached us through the Japanese.

It took six days of wearying work—boats laying out coasting anchor to warp the ship against an unceasing

[1] "In the event of this country being involved in hostilities with any other nation, you will scrupulously avoid every act of aggression towards its vessels, property, or settlements; and as it has long been considered by all civilised countries that vessels fitted out solely for scientific purposes are exempt from the operations of war, we trust that under such circumstances you would receive friendly aid, instead of being put on your defence."—Admiralty orders to Commander of the *Actæon*, November 18, 1856.

current—to reach an anchorage off the city of Matsumai, the western end of Tsugaru strait.

The Daimio sent off two of his high officers to find out what our business was, the presence of foreigners being unwelcome to him.[1] His palace in the city looked like one of the great ancestral homes of England, barring the five and twenty guns pointing seaward from the surrounding earthworks. There was some reason for the Shôgun's government not wishing to meddle with him. His interpreter (most likely a spy) brought off two very handsome European watches, one English and one Dutch; they were not in agreement, and he wanted to know which was right, the latter being slower. We set it right to *Greenwich time.* Dutch time and the tide of Dutch proceedings in Japan required some acceleration, and we were glad to give both a fillip.

From Tsugaru strait the *Actæon* crossed the Japan Sea and rejoined the *Dove* at St. Vladimir Bay. During our absence (my Journal) "a Russian captain of engineers and a party of six men had arrived overland from Urkutsk, Lake Baikal, to survey their newly-acquired territory on the coast of Tartary. They left Urkutsk in January: he tells us Russian villages have been placed every twenty miles along the Amur, and Cossack posts every twenty-five miles on the Usuri; and that telegraphic communication with St. Petersburg is being established. During the last part of the journey, three men had died of hunger and exposure; he himself had a very comfortable tent, bed, etc., and appeared to have as many comforts as a traveller could expect—his men had no shelter. We supplied his party with some comforts to recruit. He tells us that Russian territory now includes (under a treaty signed at the Tartar town of Aigun

[1] Commodore Perry wanted this as a Treaty Port, but the raw established by the Russian Captain Golowin, who had been imprisoned here in 1811, was still unhealed; he had been doing a little brigandage on his own hook on precisely similar lines to that going on under our eyes in 1859.

MANCHUS—ST. VLADIMIR BAY.

last year, 1858) all the coast and harbours as far south as Victoria Bay, and that they intend to stretch it still further over the Korean border to Broughton Bay, and ultimately to absorb the whole Korean peninsula."[1] These notes have not been evolved from any knowledge of the intervening years, 1859—1902, but were recorded as they were spoken in our ears by that Russian captain on the shore of St. Vladimir Bay, and I hope any Japanese friends who may read these pages will note the fact.

Personally I have good reason for remembering this bit of history. I happened to possess the only map on board on which could be clearly indicated "this brilliant diplomatic success of Maravioff, the solution of which caused great satisfaction at St. Petersburg,"[2] but of which London knew nothing, except perhaps vague and discredited rumours; so, writing to my friend and former captain, the late Admiral Byron Drury, I enclosed him a tracing of a portion of my map, showing thereon these very boundaries, and drawn moreover by the Russian captain. This was meant as a simple chatty letter, but his interest in the Far East (he had served in the China War of 1840) was revived, and he showed it to some one at the Admiralty, who in turn brought it before the Board, and through the latter it reached the drowsy conclave of Downing Street. This was followed by a reprimand to me from the Admiralty for meddling in such exalted matters. In substance this reprimand was, "What business have *you* to have an opinion outside the naval regulations pertaining to your office?"[3] Recent discussions in the public papers seem

[1] "It is not without interest to note in connection with the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty that, according to information which has reached an official quarter here (London) from St. Petersburg, that a Russian expedition, consisting of two military and three engineer officers, is about to leave that city for the purpose of exploring various parts of Korea."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, February 13, 1902.

[2] See "Russia in the Pacific," p. 260.

[3] I held the dual office of Paymaster of the ship and First Class Assistant Surveyor. Of the latter position my Lords (naval ones) were most likely ignorant.

to indicate that these ideas are not quite extinct, even after an interval of forty years!

The Government of England was befooled into believing then, as has been the case from that day to this, any asseveration of a Muscovite official.

"Nobody believes Russia's declaration that the occupation of Manchuria is only provisional, and says that Russia is not in the least ashamed either of being perfidious, or of being caught at perfidies."[1]

The *Actæon* and *Dove* continued their surveying work on the coast of Tartary through all August, and on September 1st met the steam corvette *Highflyer* in St. Vladimir Bay. She had been detached from the fleet to bring us stores and provisions, that we might continue on this coast for some months longer. The *Highflyer* confirmed the rumour we had heard at Hakodate of the disastrous defeat of Sir James Hope in his attempt to force an entrance into the Pei ho.

A heavy storm on September 9th compelled us to have three anchors down; strike lower yards, and get inboard the pinnaces to avoid being swept ashore in the Bay. A few days later the *Dove* towed us to sea, and we bade adieu to the coast of Tartary.

La Perouse Strait was now our exploring ground, and a lively life we led there for the next three weeks, dodging equinoctial gales. Secure anchorage could be found nowhere; we were alternately driven through the Strait and back again, to find temporary shelter as we might under islands on the west side, or under the northern cape of Yezo on the east.[2] Two of the former are named on the charts, Refunsiri and Totomisiri, but our crew re-christened them "Reef and Steer" and "Total Misery." At night a sudden shift of wind would convert our shelter into a probable death-trap on a lee shore, and send us to sea in this unsurveyed strait under close-reefed canvas to "wish for the day."

[1] From a correspondent at New York. See *Times*, January 1, 1902.

[2] Cape Soya—so bringing us geographically into the Sea of Okhotsk.

One night I well remember being roused up to keep the "middle watch" as a surveyor with "Paddy" Warren, lieutenant of the watch (he is now an admiral). I have refreshed my memory on this point by referring to the *Actæon's* log for 4 a.m., September 17, 1859, initialled J.B.W.: "Wind N.W., under double-reefed topsails, jib and spanker, force, 7 to 8." We had crammed into every available space between the maindeck guns all the coal the *Highflyer* could give us for the gunboat tender, and this in bulk was set dangerously in motion by the roll of the ship, the heavy seas breaking on board while we were struggling through the darkness for an offing.

Surveying service in this jackass frigate was not yachting!

Three lighthouses built by the Japanese and one by the Russians now free the navigator of this day from the anxieties of ours; the Russian light has also a bell and a signal gun to warn him of the greatest danger of this strait—a rock, 3 leagues off shore (Cape Notoro, the south point of Saghalin Island), our only warning of danger being—while flying before fierce westerly gales in clouds of mist—the bellowing, braying cries of sea-lions and seals, which were huddled into such a compact mass as to appear part and parcel of the rock itself in motion as these creatures swayed to and fro in terror at the monster closing in upon them—*i.e.*, our ship.

Seals abounded in these seas, their headquarters being "Total Misery" Island—the rugged shores of which were alive with them; they crossed over to die at Cape Notoro, the outlines of their bodies being imprinted on the flattened coarse grass, and their bones strewing the sheltered coves between the boulders.

Signs of human life were sparse. The Japanese had nominal possession, and ruled the Ainus or Hairy Kuriles, the original owners—fierce-looking fellows at a distance, but near, of gentle eye and mien. They are now too well known [1]

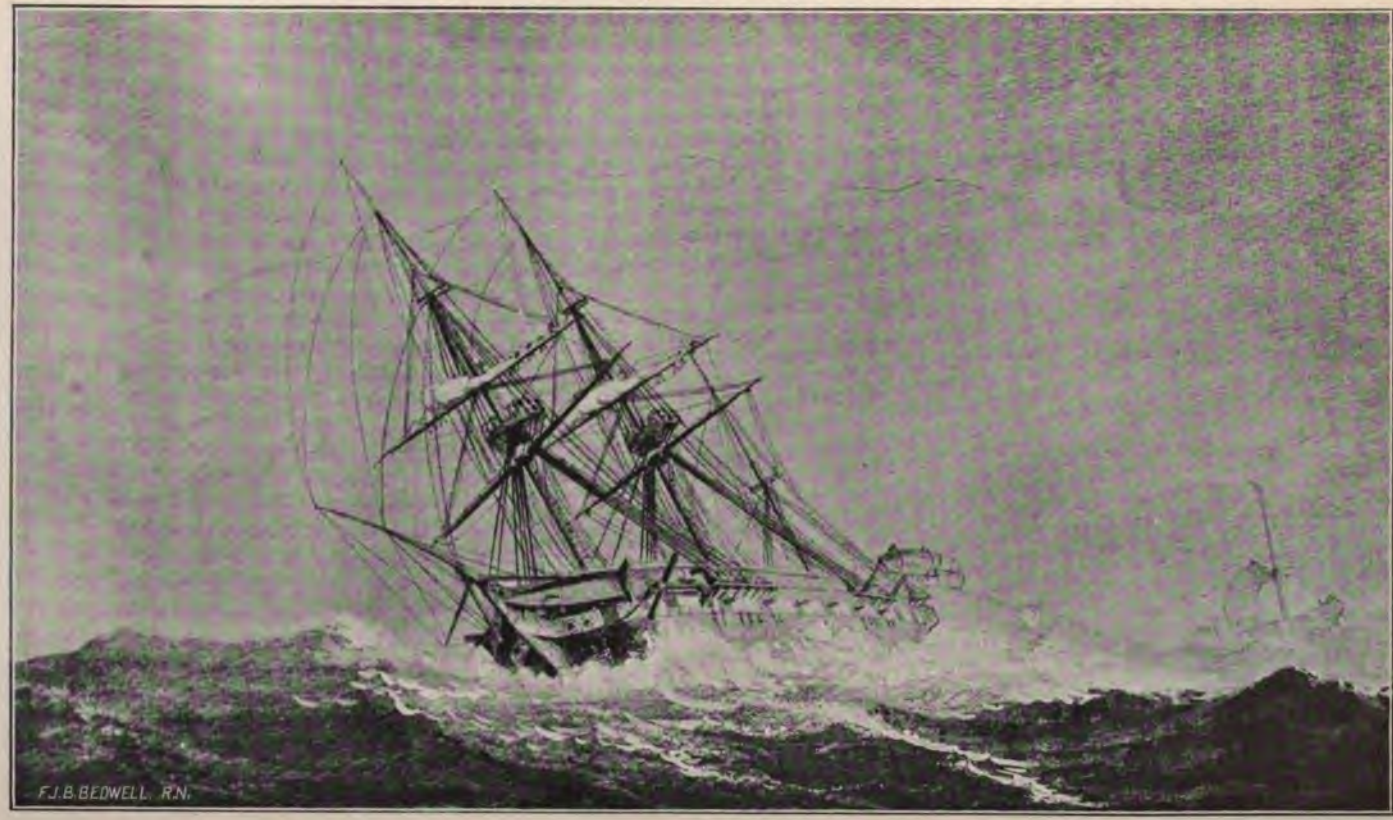
[1] See "The Ainu and their Folk-Lore," by Rev. J. Batchelor, published by R.T.S. in 1902.

to require note from me, except to add as a contribution to history, that the Professor who lectured on the Island of Saghalin at the Imperial Institute about five years ago, was *not* "the only Englishman who had visited it,"[1] in proof of which is here introduced a pen-and-ink sketch taken in

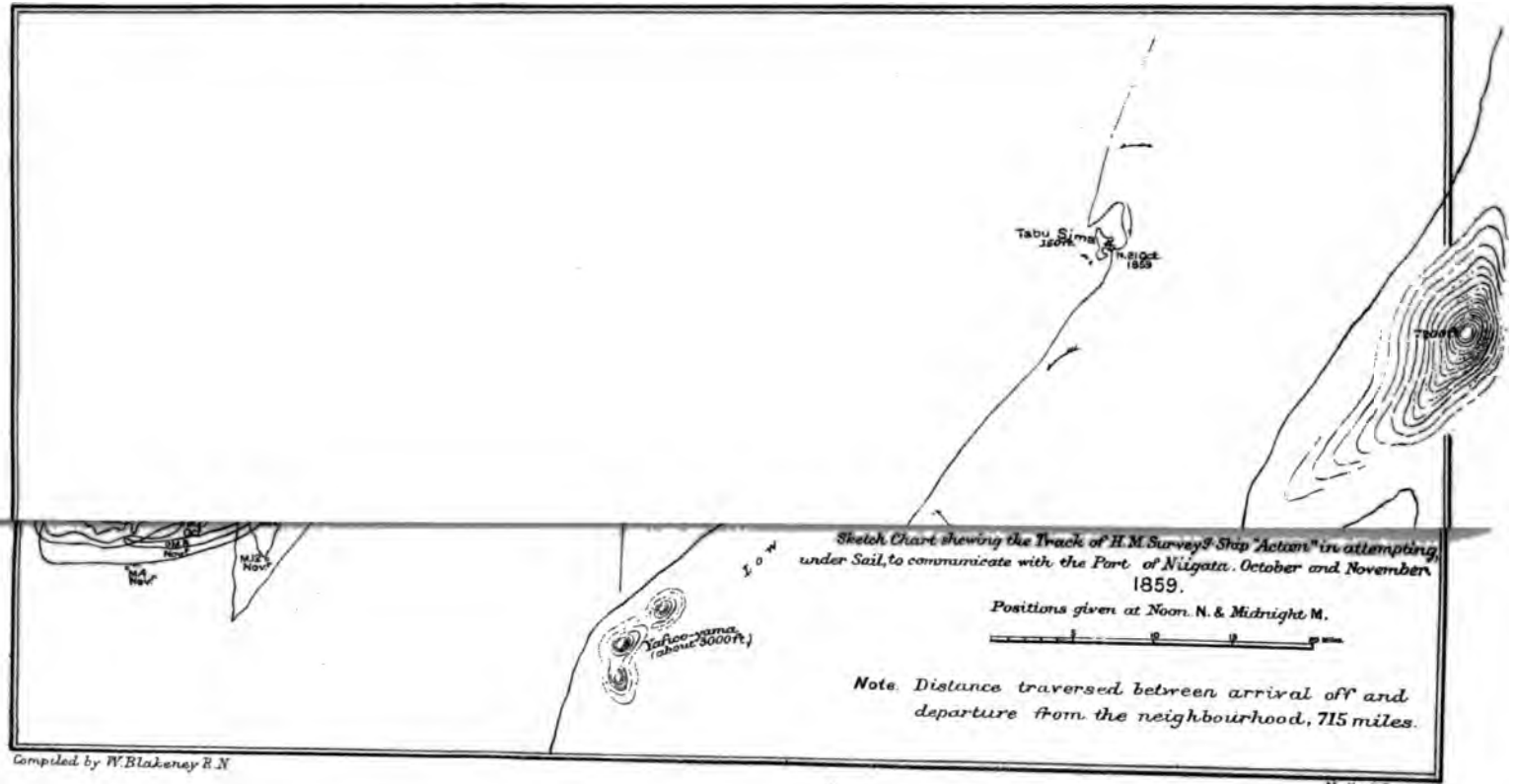
AINO. SAGALIEN. 1859.

1859 in the Ainu village at the head of Aniwa Bay. There is now established "a Russian military settlement with 300 soldiers and a number of convicts,"[2] and the rule of Japan has been supplanted by the iron grip of the Muscovite; in reference to which it is perhaps of interest to record that the

[1] See *Times*, December 5, 1890.
[2] See "China Sea Directory," vol. iv. p. 611.




"UNDER BARE POLES"—TYPHOON OFF NIIGATA.




Compiled by W. Blakeney R.N

Malby & Sons, Lith.

only bear we saw near Aniwa Bay, was on the beach not far from the above settlement. Bruin was strolling along in search of food, and we gave him a rifle salute from the quarter-deck as he hastened back to his lair.

We were not sorry to leave the boisterous, harbourless region of La Perouse Strait—only one sail had been seen during three weeks. I copy this entry from the ship's log, September 30th: "Anchored under Totomisiri, exchanged colours with a Russian ship standing N.W."

October 15, 1859, the *Actæon*, then again at Hakodate, saluted the first hoisting of the English Consular flag with 21 guns, the first Consul-general in Japan (the late Sir Rutherford Alcock) with 13 guns, and the first English Consul at Hakodate with seven guns, as usual; and of course we were in the rear of the Russians.

By the Treaty of Yedo, 1858, the port of Niigata, on the west coast of Nipon, was to be opened for commerce January 1, 1860, "if found suitable as a harbour," and on this quest the *Actæon* and *Dove* now proceeded. We arrived in sight of Niigata on October 21st, and were glad to find shelter under the lee of Tabusima[1] during a N.W. gale, and under Awasima[1] the following day from another gale. Thence we were driven, with the loss of an anchor, to the north end of Sado; blown away from there to find temporary shelter off the south end—thence, flying before a S.W. gale, to run along the exposed west coast to find shelter again off the north end—a veritable "Tom Cox's Traverse."[2] This "Sado Quadrille," as we named the cruise, lasted twenty-four days. Seamen and landsmen alike will get a fair idea of what this interval was from this sketch map of mine, and from Bedwell's illustration, "Under Bare Poles," and what surveying on the west coast of Cipango was forty years ago (it was then absolutely unexplored, at least by Englishmen).

[1] Tobisima and Afusima in the published Chart.

[2] Nautical jargon for "dodging up one hatchway and down another."

Falconer's lines will express our experience :—

> "Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
> In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
> Though every rising wave more dreadful grows,
> And in succession dire, the deck o'erflows;
> No future ills unknown their souls appall;
> They know no danger, or they scorn it all."

It will be inferred from the sketch Crossing the Bar, that Niigata was not "found suitable as a harbour." The artist was one of the two officers seated in that gig. He writes : "Suddenly without any warning a huge roller came after us, and broke as it touched the stern. Bullock and I stiffened our shoulders together to act as a breakwater, and the surf burst over us, filling the boat to the thwarts and unshipping the oars. Our backs, I believe, saved it from broaching to while the men were trying to get their oars into the rowlocks. At this critical moment we laughed to see the Chinese interpreter, Ah-Sing, open his umbrella (paper) to try and keep out the roller! Fortunately the wave lifted our stern and broke amidships, carrying us on its crest, and shooting us into comparatively smooth water within the bar—rain was pouring in torrents all this time. We re-crossed on an outgoing tide without further mishap."

The Japanese officials who had been sent here from Yedo to await us expressed the wish of their Government that if we reported unfavourably on Niigata, no further exploration should be proceeded with ; a reasonable one, for in chartographical art, as in every other they have put their hands to, the Japanese are thorough, and their charts of the sea whereon the *Actæon* danced her "Sado Quadrille," have now rightly relegated our work to ancient history.

The substance of our official report is found at p. 551 of the "China Sea Directory," vol. iv., to which has been added, at the Admiralty, "The expectations with regard to foreign trade have not been fulfilled, and the only resident foreigners

CROSSING THE BAR, NIIGATA.

are a few missionaries." Let me express a hope that these missionaries will stop there, for their expectations will be fulfilled, and pave the way for the prosperity of Niigata, if not by sea, then by road and rail.

The Japanese islanders at Sado showed us much civility, and nowhere were we opposed when landing on their sheltered eastern shore—on the western, the tempestuous winds made landing impossible. The kindly boatmen, when alongside, at "hands up anchor," would come aboard and take a turn at the capstan in high glee, making effort to keep step with the music of the ship's fiddler.

Warren, the second lieutenant, secured the only success in sport, bagging a few of the rare copper pheasant, found only, I believe, in Japan.

Snow began to fall in the second week of November, the *Dove* towed us to an offing, and then we took her in tow, to make all possible haste across the 500 miles of the Sea of Japan to the more sheltered coast of Korea, anchoring November 23rd in Chosan (Fusan), from which we had started five months before on our exploratory cruise into the Gulf of Tartary.

Our Japanese friends at the Military Settlement were visited by us, but there was a marked reserve in their manner, and a suspicion was raised in our minds that evil had befallen them during our absence; significant gestures suggesting that some of the higher officials had committed suicide (hara kiri). Orders from the capital had certainly been received requesting us to make no long stay, nor to come again, nor to cross over to Tsu Sima.

The Koreans, on the other hand, were more civil and hospitable, and another week of boat service was quite uneventful as regards native hindrance. The old Korean chief (see p. 187) renewed acquaintance with evident pleasure, and allowed his followers to be of service to us while our sportsmen were busy on Deer Island. About a dozen deer were shot, wild duck, pheasant, partridge, and woodcock were easily bagged, and our larder well filled.

We crossed to Tsu Sima for further exploration of its magnificent harbour, but the Japanese were against more researches on their shores, and gave us clearly to understand that Tsu Sima was not one of the ports opened by treaty; this, however, did not hinder our resuming work, as before, in armed pinnaces, one of which Bedwell and I were in charge of. We had narrow escapes from the two-sworded Samurai, who strongly objected to our ascending their hills. Happily the *Actæon* sailed without having inflicted any wounds to fester in the minds of the courteous Japanese at Tsu Sima. We were sorry to find that the Governor who had visited us in June, and also his Excellency of Fusan, had died during our absence.

Dread of foreign interference with her centuries-old position in Korea, of which Tsu Sima and Fusan were advanced posts, was no doubt the real cause of their wishing to see the last of the *Actæon*; possibly, too, some others less friendly disposed had been looking in here. In this matter the lapse of forty years has made but little change.

I quote from *Times*, April 9, 1902 [1] :—

> "For the past two or three years Russian influence in Korea has secured a practical dictatorship . . . Japanese interference in Korean administrative affairs has become imperative if Japan is not to lose the vantage ground she already holds in Korean commerce. Russian commerce in Korea is practically *nil*, and it is not surprising that Japan should become restive under a condition of affairs distinctly detrimental to her commercial interests."

> "Japan is interested, as is China, in keeping at a distance the single common peril—namely, the advance of the Muscovite from the north."—"Problems of the Far East," Curzon, published 1896, p. 394.

> "Japan is pledged beyond the chance of retiring to the policy of Korea for the Koreans or for the Japanese. . . . Her army has been maintained at a great strength comparatively, and this solely with a view to eventualities in Korea." [2]

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[1] "Korea, and the Anglo-Japanese Agreement."

[2] "Japan—Our New Ally," Alfred Stead, published 1902, p. 236.

NIIGATA, 1859 (FROM A JAPANESE DRAWING).

Taking the *Dove* in tow, that together we might return to winter quarters at Shanghai, we were ten days crossing the 400 miles of Yellow Sea; and, when off the entrance to the Yangtse, were driven 70 miles to the south of our course into the Chusan Archipelago. The *Dove* was sent into Ningpo for coal, that she might now help us, and while waiting off the Leuconna group a Chinese junk with her sails in tatters made signals of distress, and a boat was sent for inquiry. Her story was that she had been thirty-eight days out from Neuchwang, at the head of the Gulf of Liau Tung, and was bound for Shanghai; the north-west gales had driven her here, and the pirates had improved the opportunity—"it's their way, you know"—to board and plunder her. The sight of an English man-of-war had baulked their little game; so they decamped with the silver and light gear, intending to return and complete their work when we were out of sight, while threatening "heads off" to the crew if we were told. Our old craft spread her wings and opened fire, but, like Tom Hood's sailor, "as they ran two knots to one, there warn't no use in keepin' on the chase," and they got clear. (See illustration, "Rescued from Pirates off Yangtse Cape," p. 219.)

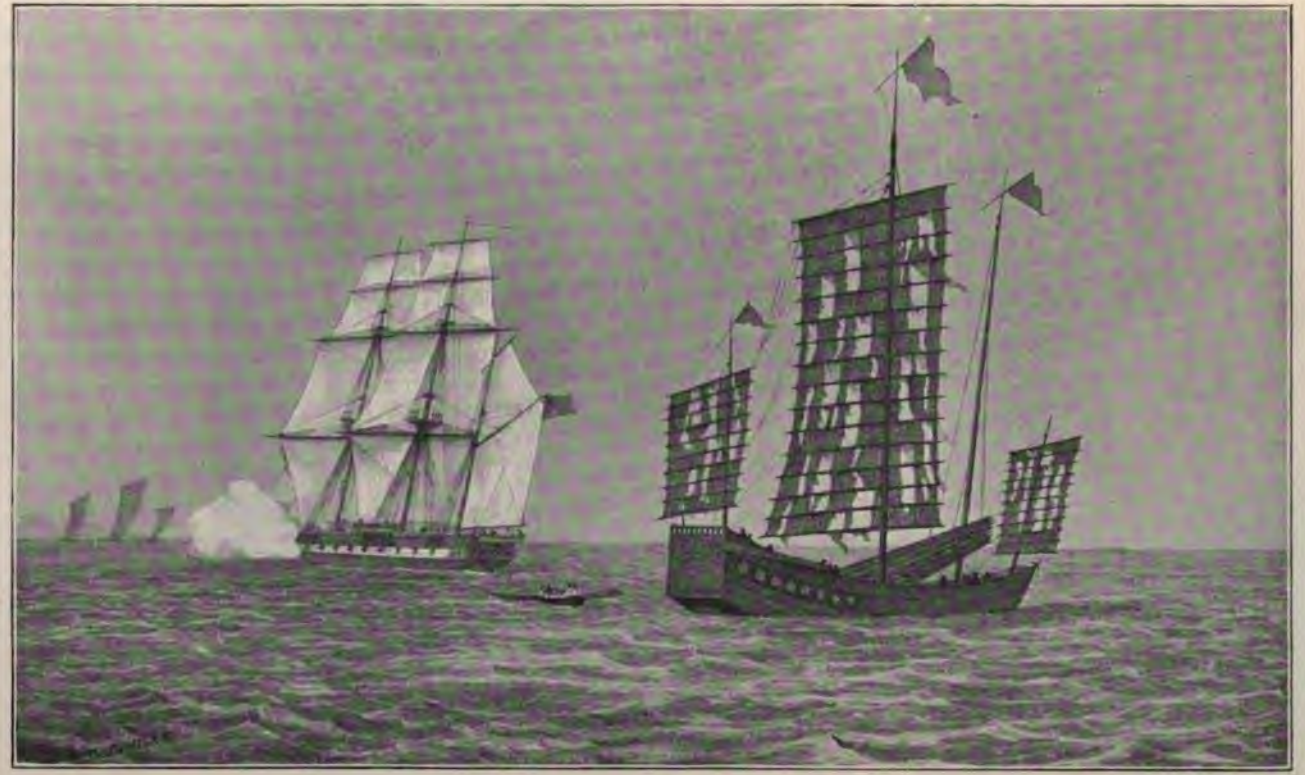
Ah-Sing, the interpreter, could at last use his tongue, and made the conditions clear between us and the distressed Chinamen, who were naturally anxious to save their faces. We were to take the junk in tow, and on reaching Shanghai to have half the value of the cargo (which the skipper gave as $8,000); but if obliged to cast off at sea, we agreed to sink the junk, and give the crew a free passage. Happily we brought her safely into port.

Our ship's log was silent as regards the dollars, and we had some high words with the junk's skipper before we secured our salvage. He was an emaciated opium-smoker, but quite alive at bargaining. Would we take $2,000? No. Would $3,000 do? No. And so on up to $3,900. No, every cent must be paid. Bedwell and I, with armed escort of marines with bayonets fixed, marched through the narrow

crowded alleys of the native city of Shanghai, getting $100 at one bank, $500 at another, till the promised $4,000 was bagged, and served out in prize-regulation shares at the capstan head; and all was done so quietly that neither the Commander-in-Chief nor any of his *entourage* heard of our windfall.

KOREAN WOMAN—1859.

(The only one seen.)



RESCUED FROM PIRATES—OFF YANGTSE CAPE.

# CHAPTER VII

## YELLOW SEA. GULFS OF PECHILI AND LIAU TUNG

"O'er bar and shelf the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm; sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclined.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode."

FALCONER.

*ACTÆON* OFF THE BUND—SHANGHAI, 1860.

EARLY in February, 1860, and in the midst of our winter chart work of the sea of Japan, came, like "a bolt from the blue," an order requiring the *Actæon* and

*Dove* immediately to prepare for sea; for what purpose we were not informed, though it was conjectured that it must have something to do with the attack on the Taku Forts, then contemplated in revenge for the treacherous conduct of the Chinese the year before, when the British Envoy, Sir Frederic Bruce, was refused entrance into the Pei ho on his way to Peking, and the naval commander-in-chief in attempting to force the passage was disastrously repulsed.

At daylight on the 15th of February, with the paddle-wheel frigate *Sampson* and gunboat *Algerine* in company, we proceeded to sea; and, off the lightship at the entrance of the Yangtse, the *Actæon* was taken in tow by the *Sampson*, and the *Dove* by the *Algerine*. The thud-thud-thud of the frigate's wheels as they stirred the muddy outflow of the mighty river and dragged us helplessly towards the unknown, are vividly in my recollection while describing these incidents to which Bedwell has given graphic representation in "Departure Under Sealed Orders."

Not until we had fairly passed out into the sea, and the ships' heads pointed northwards, did we know by the geographical signal "Rendezvous in Latitude 38° 50′ N., Longitude 122° E." (the three flags flying at the *Sampson's* masthead), that our objective was Ta lien hwan, a name familiar enough in our ears now, but not then; and the chart by which we were navigating—open before me as I write these notes—had not the faintest indication of the harbour which is now probably the most widely-known name on the coast of the Far East—Port Arthur. In the "Voyage of H.M.S. *Alceste*" (p. 34) this coast is thus described: "The narrow promontory which here extends into the Yellow Sea, and forms the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Lea-tung, was, from its resemblance to a sabre, named the 'Regent's Sword': the south end of it is the Tartar point."[1] These names appear singularly appropriate to-day (see page 238).

Heavy headwinds made progress tedious, the *Sampson*

[1] Published by John Murray, London, 1820.

DEPARTURE "UNDER SEALED ORDERS"—THE RENDEZVOUS SIGNALLED.

moving the old *Actæon* only two knots an hour. When 55 miles south of the Shantung promontory, the leadsman suddenly dropped his lead into 5, and then 3¾ fathoms—an ugly change, as, at the moment, we were being tugged and pressed by canvas 8 miles an hour. Some months later the *Actæon* made elaborate but unsuccessful search for this shoal; that it *is* there, I have no doubt, for I was looking out of a main-deck port at the moment, and saw the leadsman plumb his line at "mark 5" and at "quarter-less 4," and soon after get "no bottom at 10" as the ships moved on.[1]

The two gunboats had been lost sight of soon after starting, but we were all together again in Ta lien hwan Bay on February 21st. Surveying operations at once began under very trying conditions, temperature sometimes as low as 14° F., and the bay full of drift ice; the head of the inlet was frozen over, and so also was the foam of the sea, while the sounding-line came up into the leadsman's grasp coated with ice.

Our stay in Ta lien hwan was uneventful outside the surveying; and, when this was done sufficiently for the production of a chart to meet the requirements of the large fleet of war-ships and transports which were to rendezvous here some months later, the four vessels were off to the southern shore of the Pechili Strait to inspect the harbour of Chifu before its occupation as one of the new Treaty Ports.

We were under the impression that we were the first Britishers to visit this place, but Mr. Michie has enlightened us on this point; he says: "Shantung stood for everything that was unknown N. of the 32nd parallel (the southern limit of the Yellow Sea). Accordingly, in the spring of 1859, *a few months before the period fixed for the exchange of the ratification of the Treaty*, several mercantile firms equipped *with the utmost secrecy*[2] trading expeditions to the Gulf of

[1] *Sampson's* log contains these facts.

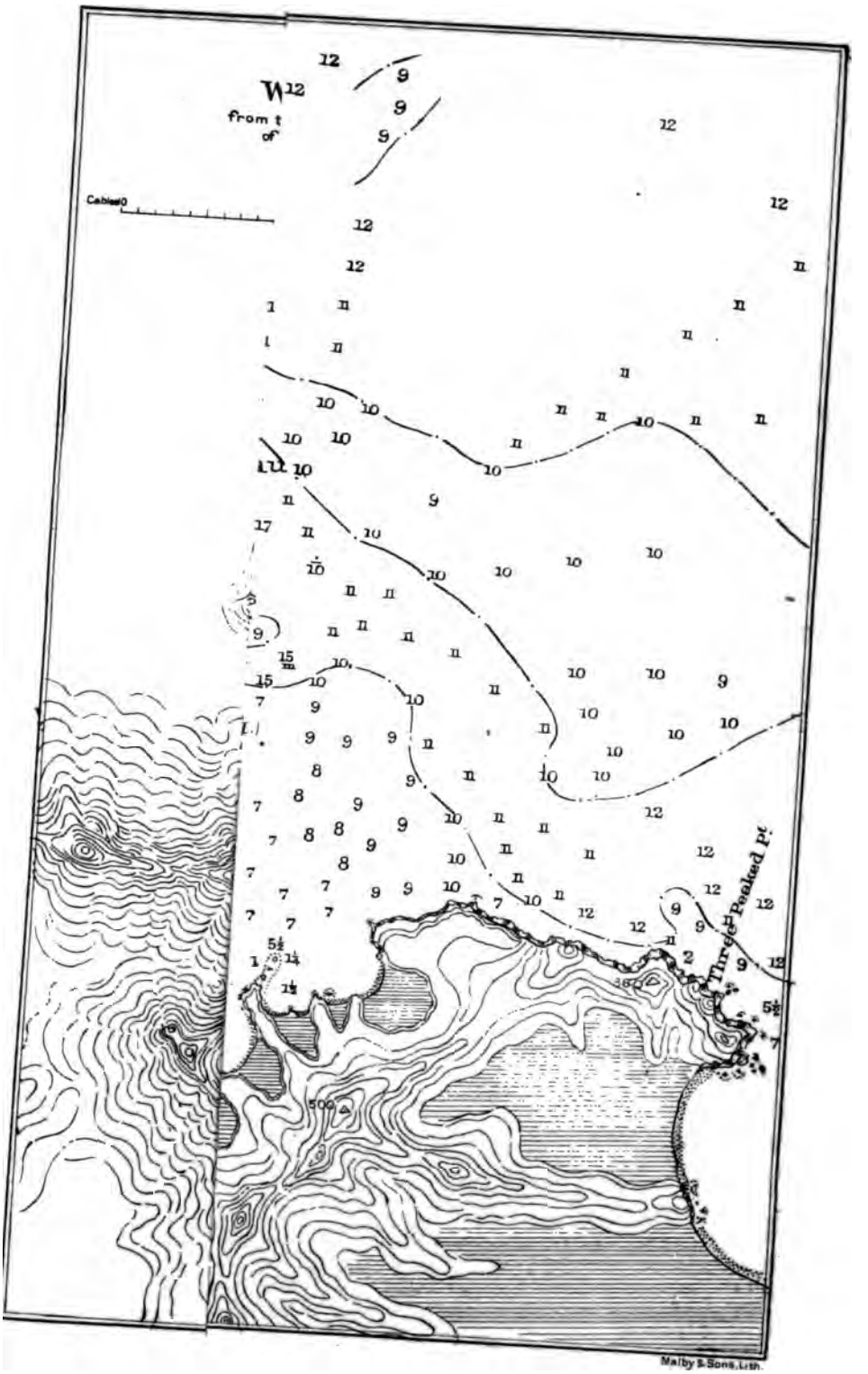
[2] "Englishman in China," vol. i. pp. 220–222. The italics are mine.

Pechili. . . . The several sets of argonauts, among whom was the writer of this book, found themselves in the month of April all together in the harbour of Yentai, which they misnamed Chefoo . . . began at once to cultivate relations with the native merchants, tentatively like Nicodemus, making their real business by night, . . . inserted the thin end of the wedge, pegged out mentally the site of the future settlement, and trifles of that sort, and waited for the official announcement of the port being opened." Could there be a more unblushing improvement of the shining hour? No wonder the Chinese officials of Chefoo gave us scant welcome; we couldn't account for their changed manner, so different were they from the officials of Ta lien hwan; but slim adventurers hadn't gone thither on the "real business" as has now been avowed.

The months of March, April, and May were spent in surveying the coasts of Shantung, between Chifu and Wei hai wei (the original survey of which is here introduced) on the north, to within a few miles of Kyau Chau on the south; these coasts the "mailed fist" of the German now grips. The *Actæon*, as she worked along the southern coast of Shantung, had occasionally to pick her way through numbers of fishing rafts; sometimes many hundreds were in sight, and the ship was so cleverly manœuvred under sail that none were injured, the fishermen looking on in wonder as we steered safely through them without rending their nets. Their main catch was the silvery ribbon-fish; we also caught some, averaging five feet in length.

Early in June we returned to the appointed rendezvous, Ta lien hwan, where some of the men-of-war had already arrived, and gunboats were busy towing in junks seized in the offing (they were paid for, of course), to be used as store-ships, and the bay became lively. Fogs were prevalent, making approach dangerous. Transports lost their way, and were in peril of running on the rocks.

Soon followed the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope, and his second in command, Sir Lewis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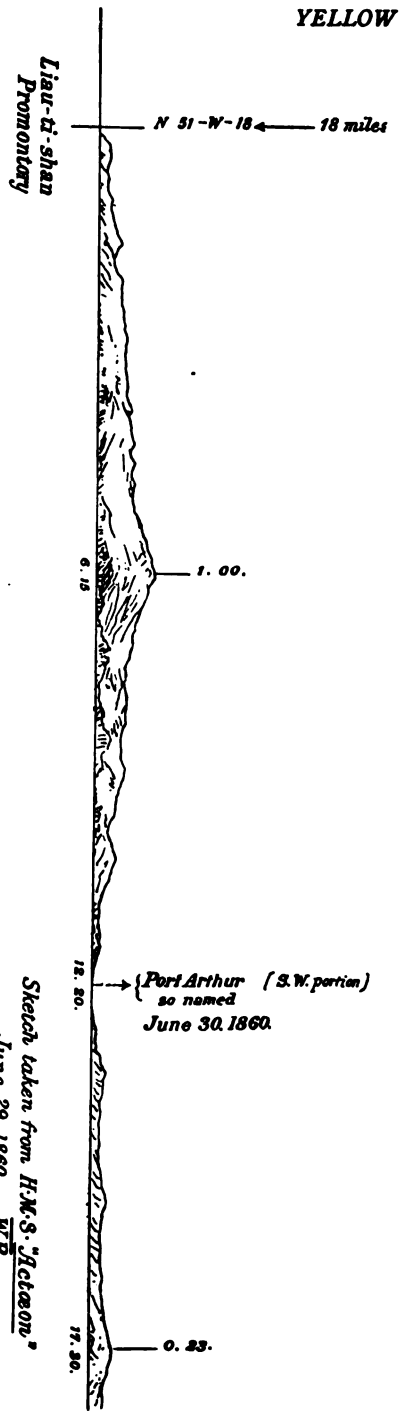
AMONG FISHING-RAFTS—YELLOW SEA.




Sketch taken from H.M.S. "Actæon" June 29. 1860. W.B.

Tobias Jones; the former was known as "Terrible Majestic Hope," after ships he had before commanded, and the latter as "Vinegar Jones," which requires no explanation. The last few days of June saw the old *Actæon* towed as usual to an offing, by the gunboat *Algerine*, and then making her way westward to the Liau ti shan promontory, while her boats were inshore searching the indentations. She was escorted by gunboats. Introduced here is a rough outline sketch I made, showing the appearance of the land as we rounded the promontory, with the indentation now known as Port Arthur.

We anchored for the night in Pigeon Bay, a league north of the pitch of the Cape, therefore within the limits of the Gulf of Liau tung; and next morning Bedwell and myself ascended the promontory 1,500 feet, and saw the *Algerine* (whose Lieutenant - Commander was William Arthur) anchored within the indentation I had sketched from the offing the day before.

"Stream out of the Gulf of Liantung 12° colder than that out of the Yellow Sea East of Chantchan. The same difference to exist between

Friday June 29 (cont)

Occurred on the 2nd of June - between Changchan and the Hwang Islands - that of the former being 61° and at the latter 69°

"Leven" took us in tow at 6 PM and piloted by the "Slaney" towed us to an anchorage about 3 miles South of Liau Shan Point.

Saturday June 30th 1860

Bedwell & myself ascended Liau te Shan mountain Road very tedious - leading over many stony ridges, and occasionally descending several hundred feet - The Southern Summit is the highest & is separated by a steep ravine of about 700 feet from the Northern - There a large cairn on the top - hillside very rugged & barren - enormous landslips filling the ravines with large quantities of stones - plain at the foot cultivated principally with Indian Corn - after patches of barley & Sweet potatoes - saw about 200 head of cattle - several calves with them - very poor from want of good pasturage - large flocks of goats - estimated at least to be 1000 in all - natives very civil.

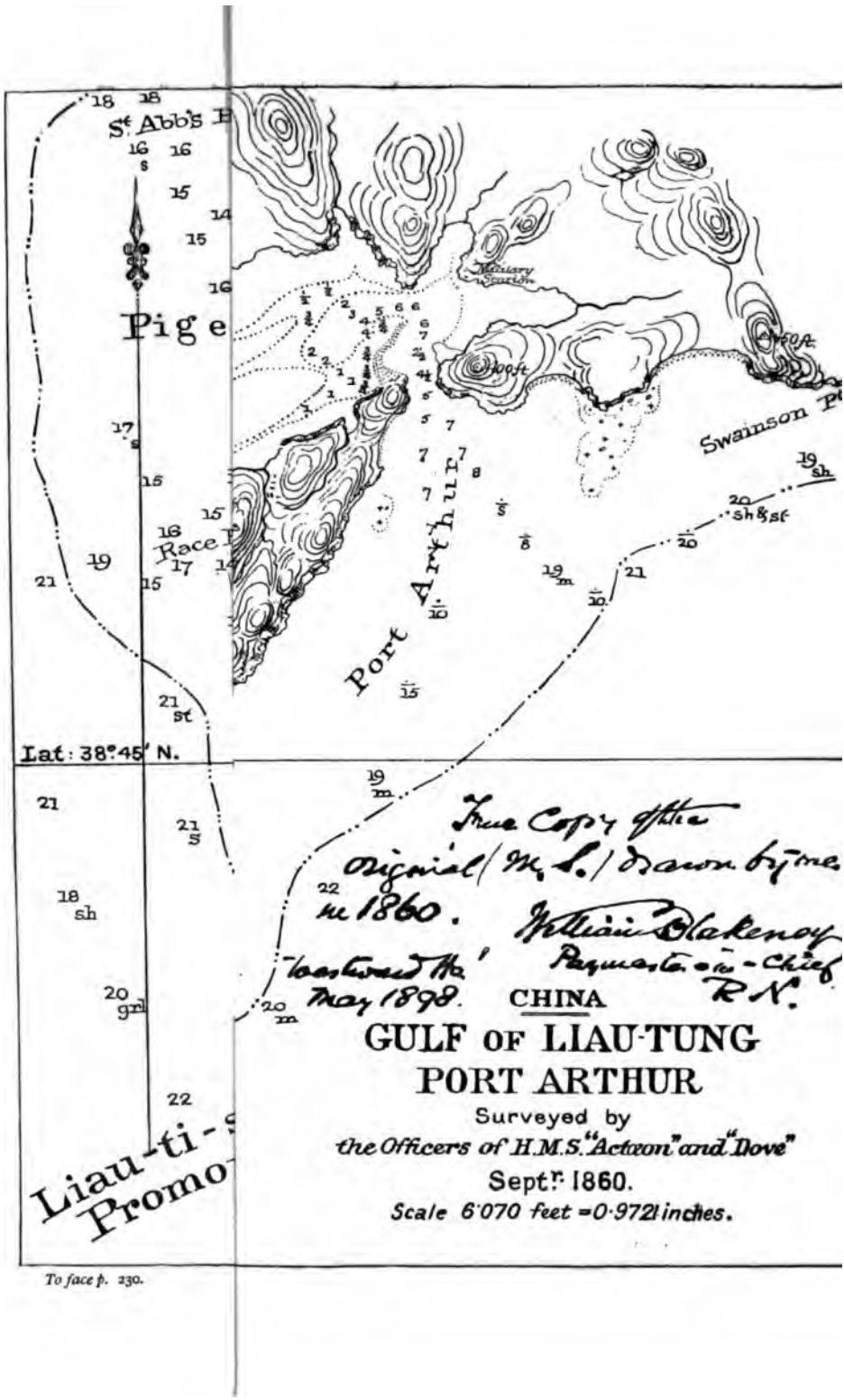
Saw the "Algerine" in a snug little harbour on the NE side of the promontory - appeared extensive at high water but extensive mud flat reduced it considerably at LW.

Fleet of Junks anchored near what appeared a strong built fort and remarkably they were painted differently to the trading Junks - very few wells of water & no running streams _____ Remarkable tidal whirl SE of Liau te Shan Pt. probably caused by the meeting of the streams from the Yellow Sea & Gulf of Liantung - the latter very much discoloured -

Returned aboard at half past six - and heard from the Algerine - that the fort she was anchored near on the NE side was equipped & armed - this very naturally caused a little anxiety for our safety - the natives however were exceedingly civil to us & came a great part of the way up the hill _____

* afterwards named Port Arthur after Capt. W. Arthur, in command of H.M.S. Algerine

FAC SIMILE OF MY DIARY FOR JUNE 30, 1860, PORT ARTHUR.—W. B.


St Abb's H
Pige
Race P
Port Arthur
Swainson P
Lat: 38°45' N.
Liau-ti-
Promo
True Copy of the
Original (M.S.) drawn by me
in 1860.
William Blakeney
Paymaster-in-Chief
R.N.
Lieutenant Ma
May 1898.
CHINA
GULF OF LIAU-TUNG
PORT ARTHUR
Surveyed by
the Officers of H.M.S. "Actaeon" and "Dove"
Sept.r 1860.
Scale 6·070 feet = 0·972 inches.

To face p. 230.

W. Arthur

The *Algerine* was the first foreign warship to enter this now celebrated place, and hence it bears her commander's name "(Port) Arthur." On p. 230 I give a page of my diary for Saturday, June 30, 1860 (reproduced by photography),* recording these facts, written on the spot; and inserted here also is a lithographic copy of the original chart [1]—the penmanship of which is mine—made of the Liau ti shan promontory, on which Port Arthur and the *Actæon's* anchorage, Pigeon Bay, are included.* Additions to our knowledge of this neighbourhood now appear on modern charts, but in view of the historical associations which now accumulate round this port and headland, the documents I introduce will be of interest; further, I have the privilege of reproducing, by the kind permission of his widow, a photograph of Arthur with signature attached, taken some years later when he had risen to the rank of Captain.*

I have been somewhat prolix on this matter from hearing so many "galley yarns" [2] as to the origin of the name. I met lately a Chinese official of that Embassy in London, and told him the story; his reply was, "I have never till now met any one who could tell me why you gave this harbour an English name; why not have given a Chinese name?" And my answer was, "I don't believe your Government knew of its existence till it was revealed by an Englishman; and now both China and Japan have been fooled into letting the Russian Bear have it for his lair under the flimsy pretext that it was only as "seaside *lodgings.*" With the special permission of the proprietors of *Punch* I am able to give point to this transaction by introducing Tenniel's cartoon of December 19, 1896.

The Chinese junks of 1860, which were the only shipping

[1] By permission of the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, Rear-Admiral Sir Wm. Wharton, K.C.B.

[2] Nautical term for unfounded chatter.

* The editor of the *United Service Magazine* kindly places these at my disposal. They were originally published in that magazine in July, 1898.

I saw at anchor in Port Arthur, have, during this interval of forty years, given place to the "might and majesty of the Russian fleet, overlooked with formidable batteries. Dock-yards ready made for them (by the Chinese),[1] and many thousands of troops quartered there; and but recently it was rumoured (the *Times* correspondent at Shanghai being the authority) that preparations were being made there for war with Japan."

Don't be in a hurry, my Japanese friends. As the Italian proverb has it—"Aspetta tempo e loco a far la tua vendetta, che la non si fa mai ben in fretta."

The first three weeks of July we "surveying fellows" were careering about the unchartered eastern seaboard of the Gulf of Liau tung, gunboats occasionally towing us, in the pinnaces, to desired positions, and then leaving us to do the best we could with the crews chopping at their oars against wind and tide, and sweltering under the heat of a blazing sun; the luxury of surveying, as carried out to-day, was unknown to us.

At Hulu Shan Bay, about sixty miles north of Port Arthur, the Lieutenant in command of the *Leven*, anchored close to the *Actæon*, was dangerously wounded, as he sat at breakfast, by a pistol-shot fired at him by his servant, a marine; the navigating officer was also fired at by the same man. In two hours a lieutenant to command, a navigating officer to pilot, and an assistant surgeon to attend the wounded were on board the *Leven*, and she was proceeding to sea to report to the Commander-in-Chief, then at Ta lien hwan. Five days later she was back again, and in that interval these remarks had been recorded in her log, from which, at the Public Record Office, London, I have recently made the extracts below:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 9 July, 1860, 8.30 a.m. | Lieut. Comr. dangerously wounded, and 2nd Master wounded, by pistol shots fired by a marine; sent to *Actæon* for assistance. |

[1] See *Globe*, June 13, 1900. "A Visit to Port Arthur," March 10, 1902.

## "SEASIDE LODGINGS."

RUSSIAN BEAR. "NICE VIEW OF THE SEA! JUST WHAT I WANTED! THINK I'LL TAKE 'EM!"

*[By kind permission of Proprietors of "Punch."*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 9 July, 1860, | 10.45. | Weighed, and proceeded under steam. |
| | 7 p.m. | Rounded Liau ti shan. |
| 10 July, | 2.15 a.m. | Anchored in Ta lien hwan. |
| 12 „ | 8 a.m. | Sent ship's company to attend a Court Martial. |
| | 2.20 p.m. | Court Martial concluded. Prisoner condemned to death. |
| 13 „ | 1.0 p.m. | Boats of all ships assembled round to witness execution. Bowman of each came on board to man the ship. |
| | 1.30 p.m. | Prisoner executed by hanging by the neck from the fore yard-arm : starboard side. |
| | 2 p.m. | Lowered the body enclosed in two hammocks. |
| 14 July, | 4.30 a.m. | Weighed, and proceeded out of Ta lien hwan. |
| | 6.40 „ | Committed the remains of the late —— to the deep, Cap Rock bearing S.E. 1½ miles. Expended Hammocks—2 in No. Round shot—10 in No. |
| | 7.50 p.m. | Came to in Hulu Shan Bay. *Actæon* at anchor there. |

The landsman who reads these notes will perhaps mark the grim brevity with which these details are given, and the swiftness of the doom awarded the culprit. Tapping the captain's wine-stores was the cause which brought him into trouble ; he had not courage to face the consequences, and was tempted by a loaded pistol close at hand to do the deed that sent him to the yard-arm. I believe no such a scene has occurred in the British fleet since. Both officers recovered from their wounds, and the lieutenant still survives as a Rear-Admiral on the retired list.

The *Actæon* and *Dove* rejoined the fleet at Ta lien hwan on July 20th, and put to sea again the same evening—destination unknown to the rest of the squadron. With us went the *Cruiser* steam sloop and three 40 horse-power gunboats —"puffers," as they were called—*Janus*, *Watchful*, and *Woodcock* ; the melody from their smoke-stacks could be heard miles off. In the offing the *Cruiser* got hold of us with a tow-rope, and took us across the Gulf of Pechili,

120 miles in twenty-four hours, to an anchorage off the bar of Petang ho, as near shore as was practicable to get a ship of the *Actæon's* draft. This was twelve miles from land, no portion of which was visible from the deck; a dead and alive spot it was!

Four Russian men-of-war (two of them gunboats) and two American, one of these flying a commodore's burgee (blue at the mizzen), were present. What were the Russians here for? We had our suspicions, for in February, when in the Yellow Sea bound for Ta lien hwan, a Russian war vessel was seen making, apparently, for the Shan-tung promontory; and when she sighted us, quickly sheered off and disappeared, to avoid communication. Mr. Michie's information throws some light on this matter, for within the city of Peking at this time—1860—there was a "political vedetta of the Russian Empire," and "few secrets escaped record in its archives." [1]

The American flag we gladly noticed, having fresh in our minds the recollection of what had happened only the year before, a few miles from the *Actæon's* anchorage. I allude, of course, to the historical words of flag-officer Tatnall, who, to the inquiry of Congress at Washington as to why he had allowed his men to work a gun in a British man-of-war, replied, "Blood is thicker than water"—an utterance which has since fructified into reciprocal action on the part of England towards the United States. That the seed sown over forty years ago on the coast of Cathay may still further flourish and blossom, in view of that not far distant event to which the current of the whole creation is moving, is, I believe, the heartfelt desire of every patriotic Englishman, alike in the homeland and in all the Greater Britain beyond the seas.

"There's furriners as is furriners and there's furriners as ain't
(I've met a sight of the first sort, and there's some as would rile a saint),

[1] "Englishman in China," vol. i., pp. 353–356.

But of furriners as ain't furriners, the only ones I know
Are the Yankee sort as stood by us, that time in the River Pei ho."[1]

Before leaving Ta lien hwan the Commander-in-Chief had inquired of Commander Ward: "Is the field work of the surveying officers so far advanced for publication that if any of them should fall during the special service I now entrust to you, the survivors may take it up, and so avoid the loss of three months' previous labour?" On the morrow, on anchoring off Peh tang, all the "surveying fellows" of *Actæon* and *Dove*, accompanied by the commander of *Cruiser* (Bythesea, V.C.) and Major Fisher, R.E., proceeded in boats across the bar into the river, and in face of the two forts which then, as now, guarded the approach.

We were divided into three parties—one to land on the west bank, another on the east, and the third to gather soundings as near in as was prudent. As it was low ebb the banks of hard mud were uncovered; on these landed the two groups of surveying officers, who rapidly recorded the technicalities of sketching, observing, and reading the verniers of the theodolite, before the Chinamen in the Forts, 1,200 yards off, had solved the question as to who we were, and what our quest was.

Two Chinese were sent to find out the nationality of the strange intruders, and they essayed to do this by scratching on the mud with a stick the outlines of the Russian flag (St. Andrew's Cross), and that of the Stars and Stripes of the United States, and, pointing to the Russian and American ships in the offing, though not visible, being below the horizon, asked in "pidgin" English if we came from there. We had taken the precaution of not having the English flag hoisted in our boats, nor in the gunboats anchored on the bar.

With telescopes we could see into the muzzles of the guns as they were being trained on us, and if our inquiring visitors could have signalled, as had evidently been arranged,

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1894. W. Laird Clowes.

that we were neither Russian nor American, the Chinese gunners would soon have made a clean sweep of us all.

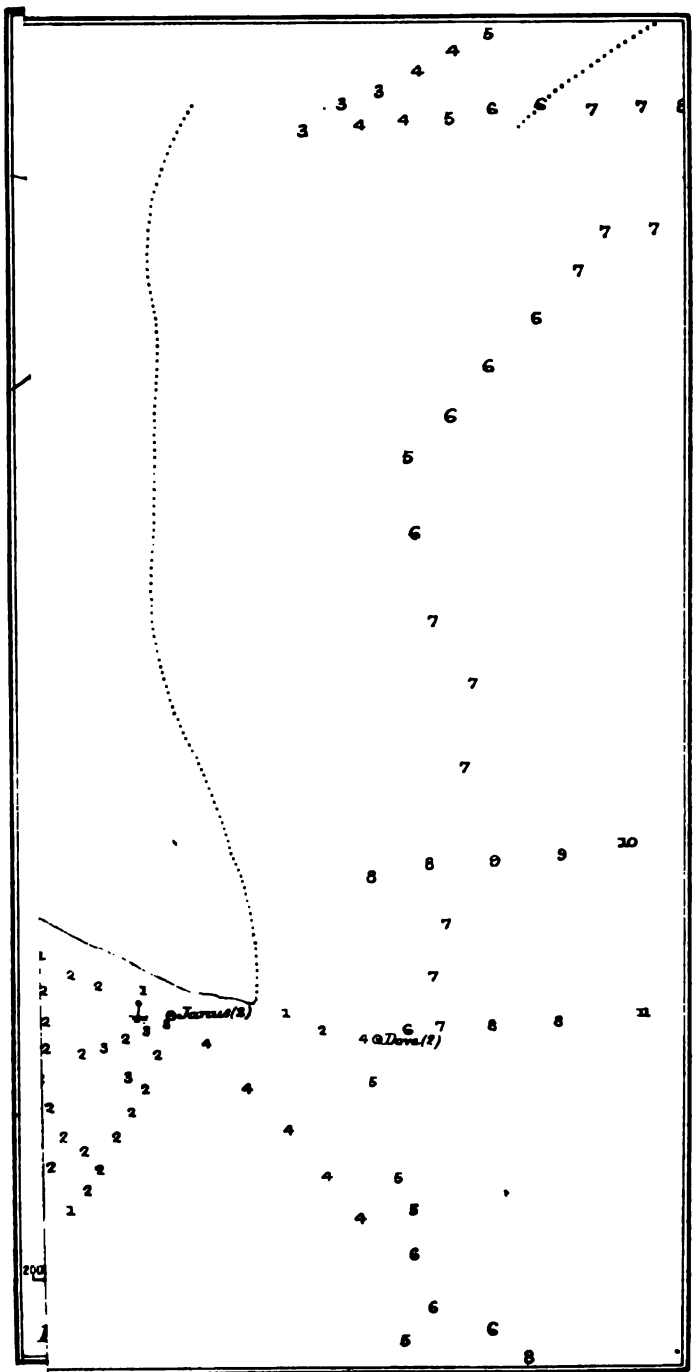
Meanwhile, the boats went on with the soundings, gradually nearing the forts in their advancing traverse of the narrow channel between the banks. Gallantly pushing on, though beckoned by sign and shout from the two commanders, Ward and Bythesea, to return (the *Cruiser's* cutter having one of her youngsters as midshipman of the boat), James Hooper Kerr—additional master of the *Actæon*, in charge of the sounding operations—was seen to pass between the forts, and so close to the ramparts that stones might have been hurled at him. Then he disappeared. The Chinese were too dazed to do anything; otherwise, not one of that cutter's crew would have pulled outwards again alive. We had an anxious half-hour, then the gallant fellows hove in sight once more, and the Chinese, still in perplexity, left us all unmolested. The boats then pulled back to the gunboats on the bar—which were anchored beyond range of any guns of that period—and our work of the eventful day was put into serviceable form as a chart—it is introduced here.

On the following day the *Actæon*, in tow of her feeble consort *Dove*, was taken to a rendezvous 25 miles off shore to await the arrival of the allied Commanders-in-Chief with the fleets and transports conveying the soldiers of England and France to tackle the land forces of the treacherous Celestials.

The Admirals, with a portion of the fleet accompanying the British and French Ambassadors, arrived first, and on July 27th came the two hundred British transports from Ta lien hwan Bay. As the sun's rays fell on them—

"The soft wind all their gallant canvas lifting,"

the horizon appeared flecked as by the flight of oceanic bird-life. Alas! the graceful winged sailing-vessel is now a thing of the past. No such a sight as we saw—ship after ship shortening sail and silently gliding into her appointed




Malby & Sons, Lith

TAKU FORTS, SOUTH. ENTRANCE TO PEI HO—1860.

*(From a Drawing by Major W. G. R. Masters, R.M.)*

for concocting delicious curry, he was requisitioned for the benefit of the fortunate few who were invited guests. So, when clasps for this war were distributed, the curry-maker was decorated with that for "Taku, 1860," because (so ran the order) he was *inside* the bar of the River on that particular day. The guests—naval men—got the clasp also, though not a shot was fired from, or at, the ship in which they were. We "surveying fellows" who had incurred all the risks and exposure, as I have described, for weeks in preparing the way, were not included in this "picnic," and so got no clasp—"curry" was awarded recognition rather than service! The Commander-in-Chief did recommend us for the Taku clasp, but it was probably killed at Whitehall by some quill-driver failing to respond to the formula "Branch to report."

One night, when anchored nine miles from shore, a rattle as of hailstones disturbed the lower deck sleepers; this was a shower of beetles, blown off the Pechili plains; they fell in countless numbers, and the crew had to be roused out of their hammocks to sweep these unwelcome visitors into the sea—in the process thousands were trodden into the deck. In the morning the surface of the sea for miles was coated with layers of them, and the polish-loving first lieutenants had their peace disturbed by the grease spots on the deck, which required the carpenter's plane to remove—the ready knife of Jack, and the dumb-scraper were found useless in restoring the decks to the spick and span neatness of a man-o'-war.

A score of Lascars were furnished as aids to the surveyors from one of the Indian steamships, and a lazy lot they were —they didn't see the force of chopping at their oars for the many hours we were sounding, and struck work when tired. Once Bedwell and myself were caught in this fix five miles from the ship with a prospect of sitting helplessly in the boat all night; happily, hunger drove these gentry to their oars, and we hailed a gunboat coming out of the Pei ho to give us a tow. No response forthcoming, Bedwell tried him

in French, "*Voulez vous nous remorquer?*" and our ally dropped us alongside the *Actæon* in the darkness of the middle watch.

These Lascars were astute enough to see that the day for steam-launches had arrived, and that our "Noah's Ark" and equipments were not up to date. In a fierce squall two days later our pinnaces alongside with mounted guns, sank, and divers from better-found ships were "lent" to the *Actæon* to recover them.

Quitting the fleet off the Pei ho, the survey of the Gulf of Liau tung followed in the *Actæon;* while the *Dove* recrossed the Gulf of Pechili to the great bight north of Liau ti shan, which was named "Society Bay" after the Royal Geographical Society; Murchison Island,[1] standing like a sentinel at its entrance; while the arm of the sea stretching thirty miles beyond was named Port Adams—after Arthur Adams, our surgeon.

We explored this to its head, where many Chinese villages were clustered, which had never before seen foreigners. The people were well armed with long spears and jingalls, and somewhat resented our landing, but soon recognised the meaning of a large white flag at our masthead, showing that we were men of peace.

Later visitors, they have since discovered, are far otherwise. Russian Cossacks now guard the trans-continental railway which Muscovite intruders have carried close along the high-water line of Port Adams, and through the quiet villages abreast of which the *Dove* anchored forty years ago. How the Chinamen of Port Adams now fare is probably unknown to outsiders, for the chart to-day goes to show that no explorer has added to it since.

The nomenclature of the charts bear witness to our labours, though the Russian intruder of to-day is already threatening to remove these; and, perhaps, from the method he has adopted of securing himself in possession, there may be something to be said for this. But the trickeries of

[1] After its then President, Sir Roderick Murchison.

SURVEYING PARTY ATTACKED NEAR TA LIEN HWAN (WARREN CLIFF).

diplomacy will never get rid of the fact that it is to the British Navy that the world owes its early knowledge of these regions. Alas! that the Muscovite should have been allowed to reap the benefit for his own aggrandisement and the discomfiture of others—of England in particular.[1]

Later that year, 1860, the *Actæon* came into Kin chau Bay, just south of Port Adams, and only separated by a narrow neck from Ta lien hwan; on this neck stands the walled town of Kin chau. Our pinnace was blown ashore in a gale and the crew found shelter in an old hut under the cliffs. Lieutenant Warren and Bedwell were sent to the rescue, for the Chinese, seeing their visitors at a disadvantage, had mustered in force and were hurling "rocks" down on our fellows. In self-defence they fired, at first, over their heads, but as they jeered at this and continued to assault, Warren turned their flank, and the crew advanced with muskets and fixed bayonets. Twelve to one were long odds, but firearms were more potent than brickbats, and the Chinamen turned tail and fled, leaving one killed and three wounded—a "regrettable incident"—but happily the only one in our surveying reminiscences.

That headland of Kin chau bay bears the name "Warren Cliff."

During the China-Japan War of 1895 the town of Kin chau fell into Japanese hands; and a striking proof of the ability displayed by them was afforded by the

[1] History has repeated itself. The *Times*, in a leading article of July 25, 1853, said: "Negotiations are carried on with an amount of delay which is, perhaps, unavoidable . . . it cannot be forgotten that the Powers are discussing propositions and protocols with the ministers of the Emperor Nicholas, while the Russian Generals are engaged in active operations tending to establish their power over provinces which do not belong to their master. . . . The months of May, June, and July have already been consumed in these discussions, but they have been employed by the Russians to accomplish their objects precisely at the most favourable season of the year for them."

Chinese presenting a memorial to the Japanese Governor at his departure. Here is an extract:—

"Since your arrival at Kin chau your Excellency has been as kind to the people as a father to his children. You have done everything in your power to protect them, sparing no pains to carry out whatever measure might be deemed beneficial to our people, and leaving unremedied no evil that was likely to injure them. . . . We trust that it may be the good fortune of our people to have the pleasure of welcoming your Excellency back as our Governor once more."[1]

Fickle fortune has decided otherwise; the Russians with their Siberian railway are in possession. For the nomenclature of the chart of Port Adams, the original of which was drawn by me, Bullock and myself are mainly responsible, and lest any learned "Ah Ah Fu Fus" of succeeding generations should make fools of themselves in writing long-winded essays in vain efforts to trace the origin of "Hoh"—a peak on that chart—I may say that we were obliged to give "Purser's names"[2] for temporary use in our notebooks, so horses grazing on a near slope suggested "Horse Hill," but as we discovered a higher peak beyond we named it "High over Horse," and as this took long to write we shortened it to initials, H. O. H., hence the word "Hoh," which might have a place in Chinese vocabularies.

The *Actæon*, *Dove*, and *Slaney* spent the first half of October in surveying the approaches to what now is the treaty port of Newchwang. As at Chifu before, we had reason to consider ourselves its first visitors, having been ordered to report as to its hydrographical and nautical environments for a treaty port. We were again mistaken; though only after a lapse of forty years has the fact come to my knowledge.[3]

One of the several sets of argonauts (among whom was the writer of this book), "pioneers of commerce," had pre-

[1] *Times*, March 16, 1895. [2] Nautical for assumed names or *aliases*.
[3] "Englishman in China," vol. i. p. 221.

BESIEGERS AND BESIEGED—NEWCHWANG.

ceded us—"there was the unknown Newchwang to be discovered, at the extreme N.E. corner of the Gulf of Liau tung . . . and the British flag was shown in the Liau River . . . for the first time." "Improving the shining hour" at what might have been the risk of all our lives; and this is "commerce!"

Leaving the *Actæon* outside the bar, ten miles off shore, the *Slaney*, with Bedwell and myself on board, towed our pinnaces into the river for survey work, but the forts disputed our advance, and two officers, Kerr, Master, with Bedwell as interpreter, were sent to hold a parley, while the gunboat "backed and filled" under steam, in case her 95-cwt. gun should be needed. Bedwell supplies notes of his sketch which here appears. "As we approached, a mandarin, careering on a white charger outside the fort, hurriedly entered. The gate was slammed in our faces. The 'braves' on the ramparts were very threatening, and those inside the gates waved us off with hideous yells. We went close up, and I showed my vocabulary in Chinese characters, 'We are friendly'—'we want supplies of food'—'we will pay you in silver,' &c. But this only brought more waving of hands and various signals to be off. I noticed a 'brave' on the wall carefully blowing the fuse of his matchlock into a red glow. It was a ticklish moment, but turning our backs on them we moved off. Instantly the gates were opened, the garrison rushed out at us, jeering and hooting, seizing hold of our coats and buttons. This we bore as peacefully as possible to gratify their curiosity, but as we neared the boat they pelted us with chunks of hard mud, and gave us parting yells as we stepped in and got off. This was the worst *mauvais quart d'heure* I ever passed through."

Doubtless this was all the outcome of the previous visit of "shining-hour" improvers from Shanghai—"Nicodemuses of commerce," making their real business by night, and "with as little sacrifice as possible" to themselves.

Russia has since "gone one better" at Newchwang, for she is in possession, though she says her rule is "temporary and provisional," and "intends to restore it to the administration of the Chinese Government *as soon as circumstances admit.*" She perhaps knows when that may be; no one else does. All this while her flag flies there, and our "realm-ruining" party-politicians in the House of Commons are professing to have "not the smallest reason to question the good faith of this intimation."[1] There are none so blind as those who won't see.

On the day we made our entrance into the Liau ho, fifty junks passed us outward bound, giving promise of the business to be done there if pursued on right lines. At the end of October (thermometer registering three degrees of frost) we crossed the Gulf of Liau tung to Ning hai—at the seaward end of the Great Wall of China, two miles from the walled city of Shan hai kuan, where is now the railway station which Russia asserts should be hers. England thinks otherwise (*Times*, May 20, 1902).[2]

The whole of this locality has been too widely advertised of late to need my notes of forty years ago, but I venture this much. Like everything else in China, as it appeared to our eyes, decay was then in evidence, and I didn't require a crowbar to detach from the edge of the wall where our bowman's boathook was hanging two bricks of this old-world erection. I have them now, but they have suffered more from the English climate between 1862–1902 than on the plains of Pechili between B.C. 213 and A.D. 1862. Each brick weighed about 28 lbs.

We left this exposed anchorage early in November; it was high time we did, for there were twelve degrees of frost, and the inshore shallow waters were frozen. As we sailed out into the offing the *Cruiser* was spoken. She had been in collision with one of our gunboat consorts

[1] *Times*, February 21, 1902.

[2] *Times*, Aug. 2, 1902: "Russia [still] retains the railway from the Great Wall to Newchwang."

in a gale, which had whipped foremast and bowsprit out of her and carried away two of her boats. The sea was freezing as it broke over them.

We communicated with the fleet, still off the Pei ho, then re-embarking the soldiers after the Chinese surrender of Peking, which followed the release of Parkes and Lock, both old shipmates of mine; and, favoured by a strong nor'-wester, the *Actæon* crossed rapidly out of the Gulf of Pechili—put in for a few days at Wei hai wei, and reached Shanghai 28th November—from where we had put to sea under sealed orders over ten months before.

In the interval 1,480 miles of almost unknown coast had been explored and charted, which, I submit, is a fair record, considering the circumstances narrated in this chapter and with appliances long since fossilised by the progress which is sweeping men and ships of the Navy, who knows where?

FIRST-CLASS WAR JUNK—1857.

# CHAPTER VIII

## COASTS OF NIPON AND INLAND SEA

"Beyond all outer charting
We sailed where none have sailed,
And saw the land-lights burning
On islands none have hailed;
Our hair stood up for wonder,
But, when the night was done,
There danced the deep to windward
Blue-empty 'neath the sun!"—*Kipling.*

OUR final cruise on these coasts began on May 15, 1861, when "Noah's Ark" was towed away from her winter moorings off Shanghai, an 80-H.P. gunboat on either side, *Algerine* and *Leven*, and three days later she was left to her own resources under sail, off the mouth of the Yangtse. A bag of letters was dropped aboard the lightship, on the chance of some considerate passer-by taking on our latest news, and we stood out into the Yellow Sea; we were five days crossing the intervening distance of 360 miles to Nagasaki.

The need of enlightenment in the hydrography of Japanese waters may be gathered from these facts:—leaden skies obscured any sight of sun or star, and dead-reckoning placed us at midnight, by the then chart, fifty miles from Cape Goto; whereas, shortly afterwards, the loom of that headland was seen through the mist fifteen miles distant. We had passed, running nine knots an hour, close to, and without seeing, a dangerous group of rocky islets standing sixty feet high, and directly in our track—of the existence of which we had no knowledge.

NAGASAKI.
*(From a Japanese Drawing.)*

A Japanese pilot boarded us at the entrance to Nagasaki, when, there being no wind, our boats were lowered for towing, and we took seven hours to reach the anchorage. The *Algerine* was seen at anchor just before rounding the Pappenberg, and she was signalled to give us a help with her steam. These are some reminiscences of the Navy *as it was* in the sixties.

Japan was waking up even at this early period of her new career—for (ship's log) "we observed a Japanese paddle steamer to the northward"; and a few days later, "arrived the steamer *Kung-go mhar* (*sic*) late England." At Nagasaki there had been established a detachment of officers and men of the Dutch Navy, to impart instruction in naval and military tactics, navigation, naval architecture, gunnery, and medical science, and some of the apt graduates were already at Yedo drilling their countrymen. There was a large machine shop, with steam hammer and all appliances for keeping a steam navy in repair; and apprentices, some of good birth, were at work at moulding, forging, turning, &c.

We were told that, in the foundry, there was a small steamer built entirely by Japanese, from drawings taken from an old Dutch work, in which the Dutch engineers of the period had corrected the slight defects of the engines that prevented rapid propulsion.

On May 24th the *Actæon* (log) "fired a royal salute in the harbour of Nagasaki, and dressed ship with flags, in honour of the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria," and "H.M.S. *Ringdove* arrived, having on board Rutherford Alcock, Esq., Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan." He was to make a start, "uncaged," for the first time since the seventeenth century on an overland journey between Nagasaki and Yedo, the incidents of which he has given in minute detail in his book (published two years later).[1] The *Actæon* was at Simonoseki when he arrived there early in June.

Nagasaki, both harbour and city, were, and are, too well

[1] "The Capital of the Tycoon," vol. ii. chap. 4 and 5.

known for any impressions of mine to appear here—save on the subject of missionary work, the foundations of which, then being silently prepared, we were eye-witnesses of. The master craftsman was Guido Verbeck, who, with his wife, honoured us with their friendship, and not infrequently with their presence at mess in the *Actæon*—in return inviting us to their house, consisting of a small and simple room or two, *not* the castle, with comforts and luxuries, as some chattering scoffers would have had people believe. The house was only a portion of a Bhuddist temple, guiltless of all but the barest necessaries, where also lived their two co-workers—M. C. Williams, afterwards the first Protestant Bishop of Japan, and H. E. Schmid, the first medical missionary. All three of these brave men were personally known to many of us *Actæons;* we made it our business to find out what they were really doing, and I can aver that, in those dark days, not one of them dared utter the name of their Master in the streets or inside the four walls of any building in Nagasaki without endangering their lives and inevitably risking the superstructure they were seeking to build up. Words fail to express the admiration we felt for these pioneers of good, and I earnestly recommend to any reader who cares to know the fruits of their labours to read from beginning to end the volume recently published, "Verbeck of Japan"[1]; and those who are men-of-war's men I will ask to refer to page 90, from which I quote: "Their only visitors were friends among the officers on board the British war vessels on the China station." Bedwell and I were among these. Would that more naval officers found out for themselves such lonely workers; then we should have less of slander and silly chatter. Verbeck, Williams, Schmid "rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."[2]

The resting-place of Verbeck is in the *Christian* Cemetery at Tokio. His Majesty the Emperor of Japan contributed 500 yen to the funeral expenses; the Master of Ceremonies

[1] By William Elliot Griffis. Published by Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 1901.

[2] Rev. xiv. 13.

GUIDO VERBECK—JAPAN, 1859–1898.

IN MEMORIAM—"Labour ended, Jordan passed."

of the Imperial Court was present at the grave; a company of Japanese infantry with arms reversed escorted the funeral party; the City Government of Tokio sent the Verbeck family a receipt for a perpetual lease of the plot of ground in which he lies buried, and in the funeral service Christian Japanese pastors, some of them speaking the English language, officiated.[1]

Contrast these facts with those I have given above from my own personal knowledge of Guido Verbeck, and with further facts which I cull from the British and Foreign Bible Society's Report for the year 1861, the last year of my service on the coast of Japan.

"All Protestant missionaries now in Japan concur in the view that it is highly impolitic and inexpedient, in the present temper of the Japanese Government, to attempt any distribution of a Japanese version of the Holy Scriptures among the people. Even the native teachers who assist them in acquiring the language, evince considerable alarm, anxiety, and even dismay whenever the conversation is drawn to the subject of Christian doctrine. At the Consular ports efforts were made by the Custom House native authorities to compel the missionaries to deliver up all Christian books."

Leaving Nagasaki June 1st, the *Actæon* crossed the Korean Strait for a passing look at Japanese friends of Tsu Sima; but, instead of meeting the kind and courteous reception afforded us in 1859, we only encountered chilling looks, and felt quite unable to guess the wherefore until we saw the mastheads of a foreign ship, her hull cunningly hidden behind a rocky headland on the eastern side of the Sound; then suspicion was aroused. Graver results than unfriendly looks followed, to wit, a desperate attempt at a general massacre of the staff of the British Legation at the capital,[2] which form the subject of two of Oliphant's stirring

[1] The accompanying illustration is from a photograph kindly sent to me by Col. W. Verbeck, U.S.A., son of Guido Verbeck, and born in Japan. The incidents of the funeral are extracted from Dr. Griffis' volume before referred to. (See pp. 353–361.)

[2] "The Capital of the Tycoon," Alcock, vol. ii. chap. 8.

episodes, entitled "Attack on British Legation in Japan," and "A Visit to Tsu Sima: an incident of Russian aggression."[1]

Here are the facts within my own knowledge. Off and on during the winter of 1860–61 there arrived in the Wusung River a Russian ship—no one knew from whence, or whither bound; secrecy was admirably kept. When stores had to be replenished the Muscovite put out to sea. It was this craft which was now (1861) at Tsu Sima in her "Pirate's Cove,"[2] and it was the unexpected arrival of the *Actæon* that unmasked her. Little wonder that the form and visage of this Japanese "Nebuchadnezzar" (the Prince of Tsu Sima) had changed towards us, supposing we had been the means of enticing this Russian pirate into his waters, by our survey, and that he attempted to vent his fury against the English nation by despatching a party of his choicest swordsmen to murder Mr. Alcock.

Under pretence of growing vegetables, as a remedy against scurvy, these Russians had cleared a plot of ground; then they professed to have discovered a leak in their ship—the Japanese were invited off to see the water coming in (which it did, through a valve surreptitiously opened for the purpose). This necessitated some building ashore in which to house their stores; the building, of course, must have a Russian flag flying over it, also, of course, Russian sentries must guard it, etc., etc., till by slow degrees there was, in this out-of-the-way spot, a Russian settlement established—to be developed later into an arsenal, for volunteer fleets coming from the Black Sea, to deposit their freights. Honour, "à la Russe," with a vengeance!

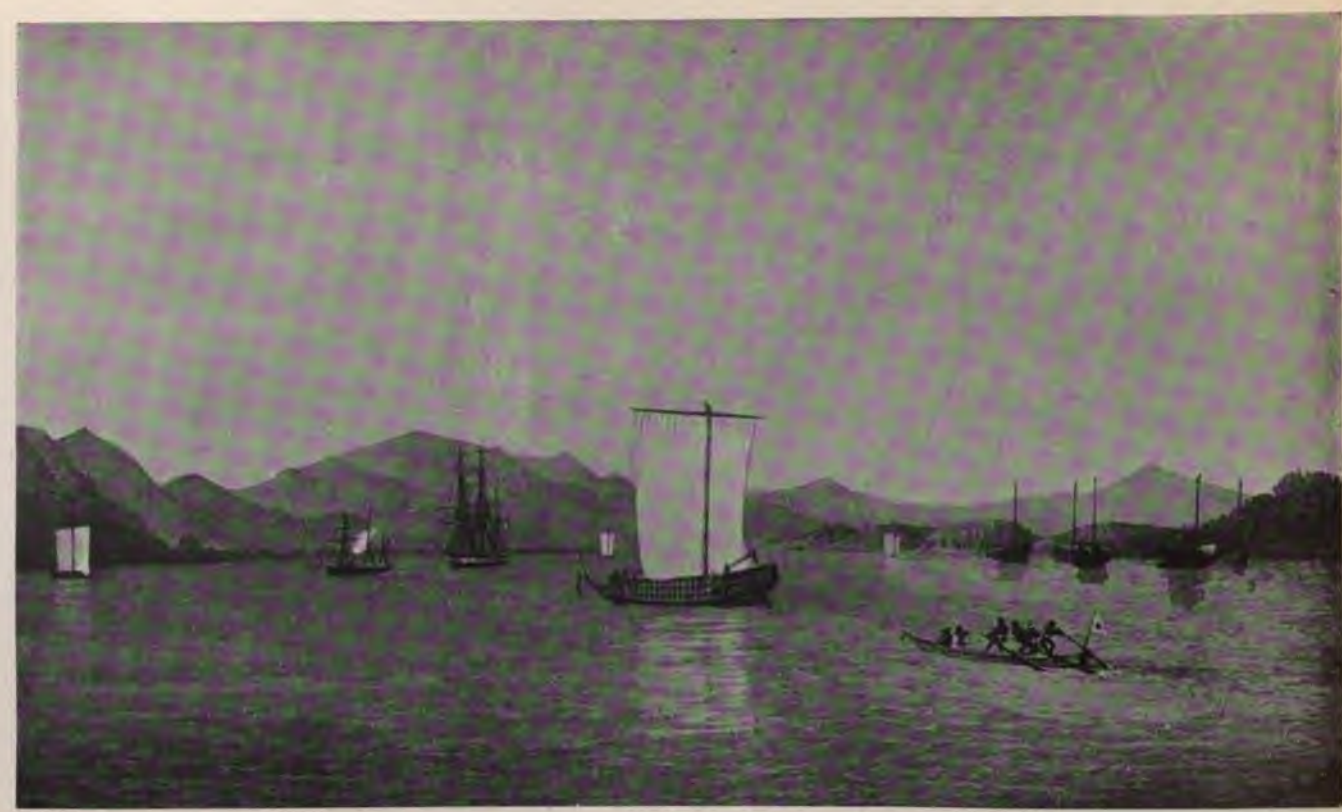
See *Punch* for May 7, 1898:—

BRITISH LION: "What! Not come in here! Why, you gave me your word!"

RUSSIAN BEAR: "My friend! *How* you misunderstand me!"

BRITISH LION: "Do I! All right! *Never no more!*"

[1] Oliphant's "Episodes in a Life of Adventure." Published by Blackwood, 1887. [2] See map of Tsu Sima Sound. Postscript.



*ACTÆON* AND *DOVE* IN SIMONOSEKI STRAIT. [*F. le B. Bedwell, R.N*

*Punch* is responsible for applying this to Ta lien hwan, and I take the liberty of adapting it to Tsu Sima. Happily the arrival of the *Actæon* (we couldn't be ordered off by telegraph) baulked Russia's design, saved Tsu Sima for Japan, and spared her then the fate which, thirty-five years later, befel her at Port Arthur. The writer, in the sunset of his life, finds solid consolation in knowing that he was a sharer in this friendly service to our present allies in the far East, and is content in the assurance that, in Tsu Sima, Japan possesses a port of infinitely more importance than Port Arthur could have been to her, or will be to her stealthy antagonist.

The Russians had the coolness to say that hydrographical research brought them to Tsu Sima—being all the while in possession of the British Admiralty chart prepared from the *Actæon's* survey published in London, August, 1860, of which, by the way, *we* had received no copies. The very cove into which they had stowed themselves, tied up head and stern to trees, was surveyed by Bedwell and myself when we found shelter there for the pinnace in August, 1859.

I give these minute details in hope that Oliphant's charming narrative may be re-read in the light of recent events in the East; specially so by Japanese, who will note, in this incident on their coast forty years ago, that to the "surveying fellows" in the English "Noah's Ark" she owes this checkmate to Russia. This fact, however, would hardly be gathered from Oliphant's words: "We were startled, August, 1861, to come unexpectedly on her (the Russian corvette)." The *Actæon* had come upon this Russian two months before [her log of June 4, 1861, the day of her arrival in Tsu Sima Sound], "a Russian corvette behind Fingerpoint to the north"—and it was on this information, brought to the knowledge of Admiral Sir James Hope, that he and Oliphant started on their quest in the *Ringdove*. I am not essaying romance, but history. That Russia did of set purpose plan a descent upon the Japanese Empire as well as on that of Korea, Oliphant supplies the proof in a quotation

from a journal published at Vladivostock. Some portion of this I transcribe :—[1]

> "The island of Tsu Sima was visited about 1860 (*sic*) by the Russian frigate *Possadnik*, and the Russian flag was hoisted but subsequently withdrawn. . . . It is unavoidable to preserve Vladivostock as the base of all serious operations; but to occupy and fortify Tsu Sima as a marine station, well armed and provisioned. . . . In connection with this suggestion, it may be mentioned that the island of Tsu Sima is Japanese territory, and could not be occupied except with the consent of the Government of Japan."

The Japanese may be trusted that their "consent" will never be given; their position at Tsu Sima goes far to neutralise the *leased* stronghold of Russia at Port Arthur; and at Wei hai wei "no towers along the steep" are needed while Anglo-Japanese fleets march together and are at home on the Yellow Sea.

The *Actæon*, in tow of *Dove*, entered the Strait of Simonoseki, and anchored off the now historical city of that name on June 7, 1861. With us also were the gunboats *Algerine* and *Leven*, detached from the fleet to aid in surveying operations; and that evening the *Ringdove* arrived with the British Minister (the late Sir Rutherford Alcock) on board, *en route* to Yedo.

The Japanese strongly objected to our being moored too near their city; and, in the swing of the stream setting through the straits, junks began to drift across our bows; one was capsized. We were requested to cross to the opposite southern shore, where, in Moji Bay, we should be as far away as possible from the city and fortifications.

The British Minister was asked by the captain to obtain Japanese permission to survey these straits, but declined on the ground of certain refusal, and decided that if the survey was proceeded with, it must be on the captain's own responsibility and in view of risk to his officers and men.

This risk was incurred, and happily without collision.

[1] "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," p. 213.

PORT OF SIMONOSEKI, INLAND SEA.

Ignorance was bliss, for we afterwards found that the two-sworded swashbucklers of the Prince of Tsu Sima were at this moment close on the heels of Mr. Alcock with murderous intent, and most probably might have tried their hands on us; the more so that the cross of St. George on our boats' ensigns might well have been mistaken for that of St. Andrew, which had so provoked their Daimio at Tsu Sima.

The *Ringdove* steamed away with three Japanese junks in tow, carrying the impedimenta of the Legation; next day our survey began. The Japanese Governor visited us, and we returned it, but not until the ship had been warped across the stream and our landing could take place under shelter of the maindeck guns, and the howitzers of the pinnaces alongside the piers.

The Prince of Choshiu, who ruled at Simonoseki, was brimful of hostility, which afterwards broke out into acts requiring a combined squadron of foreign ships to bring him to terms.

On one occasion I had landed on a small rocky islet half a mile off shore, and, absorbed in sketching, had not noticed a disturbance on the beach; but the coxswain had his "eye lifting" and he drew my attention to a party of armed men, some 270, embarking in boats, with two field-pieces, evidently bent on attacking us. Our force numbered twelve; it would have been idiotic to provoke collision and against our express orders, so we quietly withdrew, and under oars and sail—no screw at the stern to drive us 10 knots an hour—got out of range to within sight of the ship, and went on surveying.

While at Simonoseki, James H. Whitshed, Lieutenant in command of the *Leven*, died. The Japanese were opposed to his sepulture ashore; and it looked like burying him at sea (the Dutch at Nagasaki were compelled to do this with their dead), always repugnant to seamen.[1] Happily, sanction was obtained, and Whitshed's body laid in a secluded

[1] Nelson's request at Trafalgar was, "Don't bury me at sea."

spot under a grove of trees on the slope of Moji Saki, amid—

> "Noises of a current narrowing,
> Not the music of a deep."[1]

The bay at the foot was named "Whitshed Bay," but his body was afterwards disinterred by the *Ringdove*, at the request of the Japanese, in the following September, and was finally taken to Nagasaki.

Seven years later, when the *Sylvia*, the *Actæon's* successor on surveying service, was also in the Inland Sea, one of her officers died. Later on the place was visited by Englishmen, and the story they tell[2] is full of pathos and of hope, affording a strong contrast to what Cipango was to us forty years before :—

> "On casting anchor at Ino ura, which is situated on the shores of a beautiful land-locked bay, an old fisherman in a sanpan close by was asked whether he knew of a foreigner's grave in the neighbourhood ; he at once conducted them to the spot, which is situated somewhat apart from the Japanese cemetery, and is evidently very carefully attended. The grave [had been] marked by a wooden cross, which time had decayed, and the villagers, with the object of preventing it falling into oblivion, subscribed funds to mark the place by a small stone monument which was erected in 1871, . . . and is evidence of the kindly disposition exhibited by the people towards the strangers from over sea. . . . Flowers had been laid upon the grave quite recently, and the old fisherman, who was a lad of eighteen when the body of the officer was interred, said that twice a year special services were held in behalf of the stranger, and the grave put in order. A small sum was contributed by the two visitors before they left the spot. The incident deserves recognition and acknowledgment by foreigners in general."

The Simonoseki Straits reverberated with royal salutes fired by the *Actæon's* guns on the 20th of June (her log) "in honour of the accession of Her Majesty the Queen," and on the 28th in honour of her Coronation, our mastheads

[1] Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."
[2] *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 17, 1899.

THE PRINCE OF IDZU.
[See page 287.]

and those of the three consorts, *Dove*, *Leven*, and *Algerine*, being decorated with the Ensign and Jack of England. A sailing barque, built, I believe, by Japanese, and one of their newly purchased corvettes were present. Afloat and ashore, Japan was being helped to wake up by the "surveying fellows," and I feel a glow, as in younger days, in recording the fact, and rejoice over the strides which this aspiring nation has since made.

Here, too, at the time of our visit—though we had not the poet's vision to dip into the future and recognise him—must have been Hirobumi Ito, then a young Samurai of about twenty-one years of age, now confessedly one of the most prominent statesmen of the Asiatic continent. I venture on a little romance here, and picture him—now the Marquis Ito—as perchance an eye-witness of that pinnace incident to which I have just referred, and not improbably one of the armed party of 270 on the beach of Toyo Ura, assembled to dispute our right to land on the wooded islet of Kanju sima, or indeed anywhere in the domain of his master, the Daimio of Choshiu.

Possibly this was his first lesson in expanding views beyond the horizon of Japan, and translates from romance into fact the glowing account given of him when in England a few months ago :—

> "In the career of the Marquis Ito is embodied all the romance of Japanese history during the last forty years. As a statesman he to-day occupies a foremost position, not only in his own country, but among the principal statesmen of all the Great Powers of the world, among which Japan most deservedly takes a place. In his own country his influence is, and has been in the past, unequalled. . . . From a simple squire of gentle blood, his own abilities have raised him to this position, his whole history keeping step, as it were, with the history of his nation, which has passed, . . . under his guidance, to constitutional Empire, and into the comity of civilised States."[1]

The *Actæon*, with her gunboat flotilla, employed the last

[1] *Times*, December 25, 1901.

week of June in surveying the approaches of the western Japan Sea into Simonoseki Strait, and on the 1st of July was again at anchor in Nagasaki; *en route* I was detached in one of the gunboats to survey the inlet of Tama no ura, extreme south of the Goto Islands. This magnificent sheet of water, from its great depth (more like a fiord than a harbour), prevented our anchoring except in a few of its bays. The Japanese were markedly adverse to our near proximity. Apparently it was the first time they had been visited by strangers.

The vessel was occasionally tied up to the trees, so steep were the shores; but under the protection of her pivot gun, and always having her in sight, surveying went on. Eventually the inlet was partially explored by the vessel steaming round the sinuosities of the shore line, and so escaping the persistent attentions of the Japanese guard-boats. We stood out seaward three miles for shelter and quiet under Saga sima. Shelter was found, but not quiet, for three large boats with armed men—spear, axe, and matchlock—and four smaller ones, carrying two-sworded officials, followed, keeping close watch over our every move.

It was necessary for me to gain the summit of the island for sketches and angles. Twelve warriors followed at our heels, enclosing us in a circle as our work proceeded. One of these men had musket, bayonet, ball cartridges, and percussion caps, which, from pantomime, we understood had been got from Dutchmen at Nagasaki.

Surveying under such environments was far from pleasant; it was made less so by our coxswain, who allowed his revolver, loaded and capped, to be passed round that each might hear the click of the chamber and note the contents. Being unable to converse and so explain what our object was, we were glad to say adieu to these people; yet they were invariably courteous.

Before the *Algerine* left, some of the principal officials were allowed to come on board; they made copious notes and sketches on yards of rolled paper carefully tucked into

FEUDALISM TRIUMPHANT—ARRIVAL OF "URGENT" DESPATCHES.

their capacious sleeves—nothing seemed to escape notice; but the pivot gun and its mountings had most attention.

Japan of to-day knows every whit as much as we do on these matters, but it was otherwise forty years ago.

"Noah's Ark" was towed out of Nagasaki by two gunboats tandem fashion, and for a fortnight was often in a similar plight, surveying as she could the southern coast till the favouring flow of the Kuro Siwo or Japan Stream was felt. Then this river in the Pacific carried us silently 200 miles on our way, nearly half the distance between Van Diemen Strait—Nana shima no seto—and the Gulf of Yedo. We took up anchorage off Yokohama, July 27th.

At once the captain started for Yedo, taking me with him in the gunboat, to report our Muscovite find in Tsu Sima. The result of this was the murderous attack on the British Legation—causing, a few weeks later, the *Ringdove's* visit "to investigate the truth of the report . . . of the Russians having made a permanent settlement in that island, contrary to Treaty, and to take measures accordingly." So wrote Oliphant, who went in the *Ringdove*, but he omitted to say that *we* brought first news of this Russian proceeding. I supply the omission that the history of that episode should not only be complete, but true.

I well remember meeting Oliphant at the Legation, both arms tied up to his sides in bandages, both eyes bunged up with ophthalmia, and led by a British bluejacket. He showed us the wooden rafter, "full of deep sword-cuts as a crimped herring," which had been meant for him. A Japanese swordsman was truly a terrible antagonist.

Consequent on this state of things, the Government of the Tycoon proposed to the British Minister that if the *Actæon* proceeded with surveying, it would be wise for both nations to take extra precautions against any misunderstanding that might lead to disaster; and it was decided—entirely a Japanese idea—that the three ships, *Actæon*, *Dove*, and *Leven*, should each receive on board, as guests, Japanese officials, whose function should be to explain to people

along the coasts the altered conditions concerning strangers landing in Japan; and to inform them that the Yedo Government wished all necessary facilities to be afforded us, and food supplied if required—assuring them that our mission was a friendly one.

Further, to make evident that we were acting under the approval of the Tycoon, it was decided that our three ships should fly the Japanese flag (then simply white, with a red ball) at the foremast, and that all boats leaving the ships should hoist it in the bow. (See illustration, p. 281.)

These conditions were assented to, and as they are probably unique, and not likely to be repeated, I quote dry facts from the *Actæon's* log:—

> "*Saturday, 10th August,* 1861.—Yokohama. Received on board three Japanese officials."
>
> "*Sunday, 11th August.*—8 a.m. Hoisted the Japanese flag at the fore."

Similar entries appear in the logs of *Dove* and *Leven.* Thus equipped for probable emergencies, the three ships worked on and off the seaboard of Nipon through August, September, October, and November of 1861.

Some of the incidents of this novel cruise may be of general interest and seem deserving of record, as part of the history of Cipango, which we "surveying fellows" had a hand in making, when the rising sun of Japan was just appearing above the horizon.

The Government of Yedo was by no means anxious that we should survey their coasts; they could do this for themselves, and in proof sent us a huge map of Japan in manuscript made by their own people under instruction imparted by the Dutch. This map was so trigonometrically correct that we could hardly improve upon it; indeed, we adopted some portions of it to fill in blanks unavoidably left by us, to give our own work the necessary appearance of continuity; there were, of course, no soundings—it was not then in

FINAL CEREMONY ON SIGNATURE OF TREATY, YEDO, 1858.

the minds of Japanese to make it easy for foreigners to navigate their coasts. This map was placed among the archives of the Hydrographical Department of the Admiralty when the *Actæon* paid off in 1862, and is probably there still, unless it has found a more fitting place in the British Museum.

The charts of Japan now show abundant evidence of Japanese skill, and to her surveying officers the writer lifts his hat in deferential respect. We found our Japanese shipmates of the greatest service in further surveying work on their coast; though at times slightly exacting, they were always courteous, as to where we should or should not go. It was wise to warn us, when near Kamakura, not to visit the great Idol of Daiboots, which we were anxious to do; for on landing, even under the protection of our guns, we were received with signs of hostility—the people drawing their hands across their throats. We prudently withdrew, and never left our boats. Well it was we did, for not many months later it was here that the assassination of Richardson was perpetrated—which had to be avenged at Kagosima.

Matters came nearer to a crisis when we were surveying in the Gulf of Suruga, within limits of the sway of the ruling Prince of Idzu. It was this prince who was the recipient of the letter from the President of the United States when, in 1853, Commodore Perry landed at Uraga in Japan.[1] (I venture to introduce on page 277 his portrait, by Perry's artist.) Evidently Idzu had discarded nothing of his feudal pretensions during the eight years intervening, for, noticing the *Actæon* working up the Gulf under canvas (she was therefore conspicuous in the offing), he sent off a message to Yedo—a sort of ultimatum, indeed—that should any of the foreigners of that vessel land in his territory, he would have them despatched, if they were caught. Of this we were in blissful ignorance while surveying in one of his ports, Tago bay. His people there had not molested us; it was

[1] "Perry's Expedition to Japan," p. 255.

before his Highness's weather-eye was open. They had, indeed, befriended us, as did their countrymen at Tsu Sima, by sending sixteen boats to tow us out of the snug little anchorage on our way to Shimidzu harbour, on the opposite shore, where came a message to us from the British Minister at Yedo: "Please quit at once the coast of Idzu, for the Yedo Government has received intimation that the lives of your officers and men will be jeopardised if any more surveying is proceeded with in that neighbourhood." The threat of the Prince of Idzu was admitted to be the cause of this message, and it just reached in time to prevent us from detaching boats for work along the head of the Gulf, under the slopes of the matchless mountain, Fusi Yama.

The bearer of this message was the whilom English steam-yacht *Emperor*, the "white elephant" England had presented three years before to the Emperor of Japan, as was then thought to be the ruler at Yedo. One good tit-for-tat arose out of that presentation—our heads were saved.

This yacht's name had been Japanised to *Bandiomar*—Dragon; she steamed alongside us in Shimidzu, promptly delivered her message, and was off again; we soon followed. Her crew were already rigged in correct English nautical fashion—"trousers wide, trampers rum, nab, and flowing jib"—but the decorative paint and elegant upholstery of her English owners had given place to the clean, unpolished woods and simple mats of the Japanese.

Bedwell was present when the yacht was handed over. His illustration, published soon after as a chromo-lithograph, is shown in modern half-tone (p. 285). The whole picture is eloquent of departed days on the coasts of Cipango, since the British ensign was exchanged for that of the Tycoon of Japan at the three mastheads of that yacht.[1]

[1] See page xi. The flag thus hoisted was the crest of the Tycoon (or Shôgun); "identified as having been made at this factory [Ohokawachi, in Hizen] for presentation to a member of that family [Tokugawa] who filled the office of Shôgun" ("Japanese Masks and Seals," by James L. Bowes, published by H. Sotheran & Co., 1882).

ITZIBOOS—COINS.

I resort to Oliphant's pages for a few brief words of the ceremony :—[1]

> As Lord Elgin formally handed over the yacht to the Japanese Commissioners, who were strutting about the decks in all the bravery of their splendid costumes, donned only on such festive occasions, he presented her "to the Tycoon as a token of friendship and good-will" on behalf of the Queen of England. Then down came the British ensign, and up went the red ball on white ground. Japanese gunners from the forts fired a salute of twenty-one guns with perfect precision. Then the yacht got slowly under weigh, and, "commanded by a Japanese captain, manned by Japanese sailors, and her machinery worked by Japanese engineers, she steamed through the fleets, the admiration of all beholders, whether British or Japanese." (Oliphant's *Narrative of Elgin Mission*, vol. ii., p. 241.)

The 26th August, 1858, was indeed a day pregnant with important results, for it was the Tycoon's ownership of that yacht which was one of, if not *the*, initial factor in the ultimate overthrow of his rule, and which has since led, step by step, the Empire of Japan from her seclusion of centuries, to find herself now among the foremost and most progressive nations of the world.

Simoda Harbour was our headquarters for awhile, in and around which we were free to move at will ; for when this port was first opened for trade in 1854, it had been set off from the principality of Idzu and placed under the rule of Yedo. It was here the Russian frigate *Diana* was caught on the crest of an earthquake wave, and dumped to her destruction on the floor of the harbour as the sea receded. Nevertheless, even in her own distress, it is recorded that, when she sent boats to rescue the drowning Japanese, only two accepted the offer, saying it was against the law to go on board foreign ships. Matters were different when we were at Simoda, for Japanese visitors could come and go as they pleased—the feudal lord of Idzu no longer reigned there.

Leaving Simoda, we gave a wide berth to the intervening stretch of coast westward for 150 miles, lest the

[1] I was not present that day.

indraught from the ocean within the flow of the Japan Stream should again bring us under the rule of other unfriendly Daimios.

The *Actæon* and her consorts next anchored in Oösima harbour at the eastern entrance of the Inland sea. Here the people were unusually civil, on the assurance of our Japanese shipmates that our mission was peaceful and had the sanction of the Tycoon's Government.

It was safe, indeed, for me when on detached service at Urakami, a few miles north of Oösima, and out of sight of the ship, to hire native boats to expedite my work; and though their crews were guided only by pantomimic language, they willingly gave help. It was the only instance of the kind we met with. In the then coinage of Japan—long since relegated to museums and curio hunters—I gave them an itzibu and a half a day for each boat.[1]

Here, on the coast, the bay-whalers had their headquarters, and it was interesting to watch the clever, fearless onslaught made on the embayed monsters, by first entangling them in the meshes of huge strong nets, then attacking with harpoons until the prey was exhausted, when the carcase was towed in triumph to the shore. A considerable spice of danger was in this business, which the sturdy fishermen seemed thoroughly to enjoy.

Boisterous gales made us thankful that the sheltered waters of the Inland sea[2] were at hand for flight to Nagasaki. Our sailing voyage over this lovely land-locked sea began November 1st; a fortnight later we emerged through its western gate, Simonoseki. Safe anchorage was found every night in this sea of a hundred havens. Not a foreign sail was seen during the whole stretch of 250 miles, but the sea was dotted everywhere with the square single sail of Japanese junks; one day 176 of them passed us underway.

This Inland sea has had its surface troubled and blue

[1] The current value of an itzibu was then about 1s. 4d.

[2] Called by the Japanese Seto Uchi (Inner Strait).

"BAY WHALERS"—JAPAN.

*(From a Japanese Drawing.)*

sky darkened for years now by the smoke-stacks of steamships of all nations, careering through its waters as the great highway between the coasts of Cathay and Cipango; but I believe the *Actæon* is the only foreign vessel which has navigated it by the white wings of clean canvas, and both artist and scribe indulge in the reflection that they saw the shores of this inimitably beautiful salt-water lake under the conditions that prevailed forty years ago.

It was a welcome change from the rough-and-tumble wearying conditions which mostly prevailed during the six long years of our voyage out and home; sorry we were to pass again through the Strait of Simonoseki, into the open (western) sea of Japan.

Once only we lingered, and this was to give our Japanese shipmates the opportunity of a trip ashore to visit a progressive-minded Daimio, whom they were anxious to see; they were invited to bring off some friends to look over the foreign ship, the like of which had never been seen in their roadstead.

To give *éclat* to their reception, we all assembled on the quarter-deck with cocked hats, epaulettes, swords, etc. A guard of marines, with muskets, presented arms as the visitors stepped over the gangway. Our Japanese shipmates were rigged in gala attire, as if—by virtue of their special position as Tycoon's officials—they had higher brevet rank for the occasion. Mightily pleased they were at the honour we were paying them and their visitors; and the scene was undoubtedly an imposing one—changed alas! in a moment, into a laughable farce. The doctor's fox-like pet, the little musina, having a special weakness that way, suddenly bolted out from under one of the guns and set her teeth into the unshod heels of the principal Japanese visitor at the very moment he was kneeling and ceremoniously knocking his head at the Captain's feet. Alas! for dignity —wings, trouser-bags, swords, etc., spun in the air, as he yelled with terror at the assault from behind, and rubbed his heels in angry amazement. To help laughing was

simply impossible, but we were much troubled to notice the deep annoyance depicted on Japanese faces, specially on that of Araki, who, for the first and only time during his sojourn with us, was all but off his balance. It really was enough to try him, but he rose to the occasion—and in our estimation also—accepted our explanation, and calmed his friends. The misadventure was entirely owing to us; we had forgotten the musina.

The only night we were underway on our voyage through the Inland Sea was when crossing the broad expanse of Suwo Nada, the eastern approach to Simonoseki, which was not a place to linger at, seeing it was the focus round which opposition to the new order of things was gathering momentum. This had become more pronounced since our visit five months before, so, having the *Leven* at our command, we were towed through the Strait into the Japan Sea, and a few days later dropped anchor off Nagasaki. Here our voyaging on the coast of Cipango came to an end.

On November 18, 1861 [*Actæon's* log]: "Japanese officials left the ship, saluted ditto with eleven guns, and hauled down the Japanese flag at the fore"; the gunboats did likewise. The *Leven's* log, with drier quarter-deck brevity, records: "Discharged the Japanese officers to shore."

I cannot part company with my three Japanese messmates without indulging in a few random reflections concerning them. It will be admitted that as they formed, *pro tem.*, part of the personnel of an English man-of-war, and had recognised duties to perform under direction of the Captain, the circumstances were singular and interesting, as connected with our resumption of intercourse with Japan forty years ago. I introduce them in the order of seniority and responsibilities—in fact, as "persons in and belonging to" the British fleet.

Araki Saizabro (an etching of him and his P.P.C. visiting card—exchanged for mine when we parted at Nagasaki—are here shown) was an officer of high rank, and, subsequent

ARAKI, OUR JAPANESE SHIPMATE—1861.

*(From an Etching by F. le B. Bedwell.)*

to our day, so I believe, became a Governor of one of the provinces. He was a thorough gentleman; courtesy never failed him, and every officer and man of the *Actæon* felt honoured to have him as a shipmate. He had good features, dressed elegantly, and was very abstemious at table. As our guest at the ward-room mess, he sat next to me, affording me, in three months, abundant opportunity of observation. In our eyes he was typical of his countrymen generally—a race of gentlemen from lords to peasants. Of course there was the proverbial exception to prove the rule, and this was in Araki's colleague, the official spy: he *was* coarse and vulgar—perhaps his hateful calling prejudiced us; I know it was mightily unpleasant to have him as my *vis-à-vis*.

The third in seniority was Tatish, the interpreter—his seat at the mess table was on my left, so I was, for the time, in the middle of social and official Japan. Tatish was a man of great sagacity and cunning; small in stature, but his bearing was always that of a gentleman. He had complete command of English; how acquired, he never would tell. Tatish told us that they were all under orders from Yedo to take copious notes of everything they saw and heard in the English man-of-war; this they did by having fathoms of continuous paper on rolls always handily stowed in their baggy sleeves, constantly forthcoming, but especially at meal times. Tatish had to keep his colleagues informed of all we said, and what each of them wrote was voluminous enough, though its purport was rigidly concealed from us. All I know is, that if our yarns *in extenso* did ever reach the Yedo Government, they must have had some rare morsels to chew.

Each of these men seemed afraid of the others. We

were never invited into their cabin (specially built for them between two of the main-deck ports), but when night closed in and they retired, to "talk nonsense and drink saki," as Tatish said, their conversation waxed loud and long. However, with us they were always decorous, barring the vulgarities of the spy.

If our messmates had any religious belief, it was undiscoverable by us; but there was no mistaking their dread of the Christian faith—the tradition of what had followed in the wake of Xavier was burnt into their memories. The following incident is a proof; it happened just before we spoke our farewells at Nagasaki:—

Present: Araki, Tatish, and W. B.

W. B. to TATISH: Will you ask Araki if he will receive an English book from me as a memento of his having been a messmate of an English naval officer?

TATISH to W. B.: Has the book got the name of Christ or the word Christian in it? If it has, Araki would risk his life by having it in his possession when he lands.[1]

Araki, who could not speak a word for himself, knew evidently that something unusual was going on, and Tatish was in terror lest the quick ear of his countryman should catch a sound of the hated words "Christ" and "Christian"—Nagasaki then was the home of concentrated hatred against Christianity, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century. No wonder, with the Dutchman still holding on to his prison home at Deshima—a standing witness to the degradation to which one of the so-called Christian nations of the West submitted in the pursuit of business and selfish aggrandisement in the far East. Is this race for wealth at an end? Let the story of the Peking legations give the answer.

I give one other illustration of what Japan was forty

[1] See p. 264.

NAGASAKI AND DUTCH SETTLEMENT—DESHIMA.

*(From a Photograph taken by a Japanese in 1867.)*

years ago. I was walking with one of the American missionaries just then arrived, in the suburbs of Yokohama, though it was hardly a safe thing to do. At one of the cross-roads near Kanagawa my companion suddenly exclaimed, "There's one of those notices!" It was a copy of that terrible decree against the then hated name of Jesus, which was disfiguring, through their whole length and breadth, the lovely landscapes of Japan. The only

DEPUTY SPEAKER OF THE FIRST JAPANESE DIET, 1889.

specimen of this notice-board that has reached England (as far as I know) is now in the British Museum. I have a photograph of it, but refrain from reproducing it here, as I do not wish to draw further attention to a closed page of Japanese history.

To-day our friends and allies are as tolerant of the Christian religion as any nation on earth; far more so than any who allow Rome to rule in their midst. It is a happy thought that the symbol of the Cross which *I* saw trampled

on, is now held aloft on the battlefield by the soldiers of Japan; and as an Englishman who witnessed the very dawn of her new life I rejoice in the sunshine of her present position, and remark that she has been helped to climb thither by S. R. Brown—my missionary friend just referred to—for at his feet sat men to acquire Western knowledge who have risen to eminence as Japanese statesmen, and whose influence for good among their countrymen has been so marked. One of these was a welcome guest of my own at Westward Ho! Any Japanese who read this book will recognise the likeness I give on the previous page. He returned to his country to become the Deputy Speaker of the first Japanese Diet, and owed his seat to Christian electors.

May all merchants, and adventurers of every type, who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, give to Japan the grip of honest, faithful, fair-dealing friendship. Small need then will there be to fear for her future in the far East, or to dread the vultures whose flight is thitherwards for evil feast.

If I may venture a word of counsel to Japan, it is to cultivate to the utmost her remarkable linguistic aptness for the speech of her English ally, so that East and West may together "talk straight" in diplomacy; and when the time comes—as come it will—"march straight" side by side in war. The English language, an American sings [1]—and his song is true—

"——goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired,
With all that great Apostles taught
And glorious Greeks admired;

With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse,
And Milton's lofty mind;
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

[1] T. G. Lyons, "Triumphs of the English Language."

COMMODORE M. C. PERRY, U.S.N.—1854.

*(The Original was drawn by W. Heine, Artist to the Expedition.)*

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom
  And error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night
  Before the star of day.

. . . . .

Go forth we then, and speed the time
  By good men prayed for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise,
  Shall scorn revenge and wrong.

When Earth's oppressed and savage tribes
  Shall cease to pine and roam—
All taught to prize these *English words,*
  Faith—freedom—love—and Home."

The "Noah's Ark" and her faithful but decrepit consort *Dove* put to sea in company on November 24th, and the "Land's End" of Japan was last seen by us that midnight, the same headland which we had first seen on arrival. We were now "homeward bound"—though six months must still elapse before the "Land's End" of Old England was sighted.

As I close this chapter the August number of the *Leisure Hour* comes into my hands, and the author of the article, "Japan as I Saw it," says :—

"the greatest marvel of all was no one could tell us what human beings directed the policy which had carried Japan along the paths of progress with a rapidity unsurpassed in the history of the world. . . . none could tell us anything about the way in which Choshiu and Satsuma spokesmen received their mandates."

Perhaps an imperfect answer may be traced in this book, but full information will be found in the history of "Verbeck in Japan," whose life, for forty years, was given to Japan and the Japanese, and of whom they themselves speak as their "benefactor, teacher, and friend."

Commodore Perry's narrative would be good and instructive re-reading in the light of what Japan is now as compared with what Japan was half-a-century ago; and "lest we forget," I reproduce Perry's portrait (p. 305), and an illustration of the squadron he commanded, with also (as

probably of historic interest) the Japanese idea of what his flag-ship was like as she steamed along their coast off Cape Idzu, "the first steamer they had ever beheld in Japanese waters." [1] *Kuro-fune* (black ship) followed by the interjection *ya!* [2]

[1] "Perry's Expedition to Japan," p. 231 (published 1856 at New York).
[2] "Voyage of John Saris to Japan," p. 93 (Hakluyt Society, published 1900).

JUNK (JAPANESE NEEDLEWORK).

UNITED STATES SQUADRON—OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN, 1854.

*(From Narrative of Perry's Voyage to Japan.)*

"BLACK SHIP" ON THE COAST OF CIPANGO—FIFTY YEARS AGO.

*(By a Japanese artist of the period.)*

## CHAPTER IX—AND THE LAST

### HOMEWARD BOUND

"My England, island England, such leagues and leagues away,
It's years since I was with thee, when April wanes to May.

Years since I saw the primrose, and watched the brown hillside
Put on white crowns of blossom and blush like April's bride;

Years since I heard thy skylark, and caught the throbbing note
Which all the soul of springtide sends through the blackbird's throat."

*Sir Rennell Rodd.*

WITH orders on board—"Return to England"—our homeward voyage of over 17,000 miles began when we left Nagasaki, 25th of November, 1861, though a farewell surveying effort was essayed on the southern coast of Shantung, at the entrance of the harbour of Kyau Chau, which has since been gripped by the mailed fist of Germany. We could not linger here with any profit, for the snows were creeping rapidly down all mountain spurs.

On the rocks at Kyau Chau, the inscription "*Actæon* gone, 1861," was painted in good fat white letters as a notice to the *Dove* not to waste time here; and three days later we put into Wusung for supplies before going south to Hong Kong.

There was an exciting and ludicrous scene—unhappily with loss of life—as we ran into the Wusung River under sail with a flowing tide. The anchorage for junks had, during our seven months' absence, been considerably altered;

this, of course, was unknown to us, and our old craft sped into the river the wrong side of the junks, and, favoured by wind and tide, it was impossible to check her way, though all the sail sheets were let fly, and both bower anchors dropped short under the bows. We swung round like a teetotum, and in doing so, whipped off the masts and crushed the bulwarks of a score or more of junks—while the terrified Chinamen, who had not time to take stock of the position, went head foremost by hundreds into the river: the din of their Hai Yahs blended with that of thousands of onlookers on the bank, must have been heard for miles.

Bedwell and I, with Ah Sing the interpreter, were sent to soothe matters, and were somewhat rudely received. We never found out how many were drowned, though of course our boats went to the rescue. The Chinamen who were safe never lifted a finger to save life; their concern was about dollars in compensation for damage. When these were forthcoming by our subscription, there was peace. With the momentum we had the old craft might have been stranded in a padi field, and our homeward voyage put back for months.

Boating in this river was occasionally as dangerous to us as to the Chinamen. On Easter Day of 1861, the *Actæon* was then at Shanghai, four of her "surveying fellows" were returning to the ship after evening service at the London Mission Chapel. It was a stormy black night, and the river, swollen with heavy rains, was running at great speed, when the Chinese boatman ran his sanpan under the fore-sponson of a steamer, and instantly she was sucked under the paddles; three of the passengers managed to climb up the floats and shout for help, but the fourth, my artist shipmate, could only cling to the capsized sanpan, and drift helplessly down the river in the darkness. His shouts for help as he passed by three ships were unheard, but a pirate sanpan which was near seized the opportunity of sculling alongside, and one fellow poised a boathook to give the blow which would have finished Bedwell; the darkness was in his

favour, and in the emergency he, like "Brer Rabbit, kept close and said nuffin'." The rescuing boat from the steamer came just in time to save him; he would soon have sunk from exhaustion, for the dangerous chowchow water off Shanghai seldom lets any one escape its clutches.

The wife of the boatman was drowned; he came off next day for dollars, which were subscribed, and went away apparently without any grief disturbing him.

Yet another instance of boating risks at Shanghai. Returning to the *Actæon* late one night in a sanpan, the captain suddenly felt his legs grasped by some one secreted in the bow; instantly turning round the man sculling in the stern was knocked overboard, the assailant in the bow hauled out of his lair, and made to row the sanpan alongside the ship; but for this presence of mind that night would have been the last for the captain. As it was, the rower met that fate, and his pirate mate made no claim for damages.[1]

The north-east monsoon was a fair wind for Hong Kong —we did the 800 miles in four days, and spent a peaceful Christmas there. I walked to the summit of Mount Victoria, a seldom visited spot then, but now come-at-able

[1] As my last reference to our life in North China over forty years ago, I put on record the fact that it was within the purlieus of the London Missionary Society, presided over by the "old white-haired preacher of Shanghai," as the Rev. Dr. Muirhead was known among the Chinese, that our happiest days were passed. It was his influence that led some of us to start evening meetings for Bible reading and prayer in one of our cabins on the main deck, and to these gatherings many of the bluejackets came, some of whom I have reason to know were well to the fore in public and private life long after the *Actæon* was paid off. C. W. S. B., our facetious messmate (who of course didn't row in the same boat as we did), dubbed us the "Floppers," as he said he could hear us go "flop" on our knees in the cabin. The ridicule did not disturb us, and it must be added had no bitterness in it. Further, the influence of Muirhead, the missionary, was for good in the life generally of Shanghai, and English officials of high position in China knew and honoured him, attracted by his strong personality and the fame of his life work. Scoffers of missionaries may perhaps take note of these facts.

by a mountain railway, and well studded with the palatial homes of "dollar hunters."

All our guns were landed except two 32-pounders and the two brass howitzers. The ship was crammed with human freight for passage to England. We had officers and crews from *seven* gunboats that had been paid off at Hong Kong. The *Dove* was one of these; she did good surveying service later, under the command of my old messmate and schoolfellow, George Stanley, now a retired captain, and a C.B., which he has righteously earned, being still in harness at the Admiralty, after more than fifty years' service.

These passengers numbered 131—with our own crew, making up the total to 252; and this for a voyage through the Indian Ocean, and again through the tropics of the North and South Atlantic.

Just after we were underway to leave Hong Kong a signal was made, "Receive a sadler of the 99th regiment." Salt-beef squiredom and red tape would have packed a cavalry regiment into us had one been wanting passage.

We sailed through the unsurveyed Gaspar Straits—reefs abounding therein—at night, torrential rains flooding the upper deck and flowing over the hatches into the main and lower decks. All hands had to be turned out to battle with with it; but this did not matter much, we were "homeward bound."

We had a stay of twenty-four hours off Anjer, looking much as it did five years before. The illustration shows where it was in 1862, but the Krakatoa earthquake wave of 1885 has wiped out the foreground of the picture.

Billeted in "Noah's Ark" for passage, we had other than human shipmates as we sailed away from Anjer. I muster them here by open list—

1 Japanese Musina.
2 Japanese Bears.
2 Japanese Salamanders.
2 Japanese Cats.
1 Javanese Squirrel.

HOMEWARD BOUND—ANJER (AS IT WAS).

12 Javanese Deer.
1 Bohemian Staghound.
Japanese Pheasants—of sorts—over a dozen.
Javanese Parrots—by the score!

Just a few words about them may interest some of my readers. The musina has already had sufficient notice; we got her as far as the Cape, where she died, mourned by all. The bears—from Japan—were named Major and Minor (Jack said Majors were always the biggest fellows in the Army, hence the name). Minor was a vulgar little fellow and uninteresting; no one cared for him. But Major was a charming shipmate; without him the voyage would have been dull; his antics were worthy of the most accomplished monkey, of which race the captain would allow none on board. Major's weakness was shining his black coat out of the ship's grease tins—which were always handy for making the rigging blocks run smoothly. When these were hidden, he would run up the ratlines into the tops and steal there. At night he was put in irons (lashed to a gun-carriage) to prevent such wanderings, but he could roam about at will during daytime, and an empty sardine tin would fetch him from anywhere for the oil. He was a thorough dandy. He had a general invitation to the ward-room mess at dessert, being specially fond of fruit and sweets; and was such an adept at helping himself that, when a bumboat woman came alongside, he was in and off again with his plunder before detection. It wasn't safe to meddle with him at his grub; he would stand no nonsense then. At Simon's Bay he was allowed a run ashore—tethered, of course—to make acquaintance with the admiral's daughters, and startled them by climbing a well-laden fig-tree, from which no tugging at his tether could draw him till he was satisfied. He enjoyed wrestling matches with the captain's dog, and Jack over his pipe would make bets as to the victor—which Major generally was, by gripping the dog in his paws, and falling on him, but all without malice.

Once he was very near coming to grief: some idiot mixed

a dose of sugar saturated with rum and made him so nearly dead drunk, that he was just able to make tracks across the deck to the boom boats, and there sleep off his booze; and for days after he looked thoroughly ashamed of himself. He really was as near being human as any lover of the dumb creation could wish. He had his last free run when, alongside Portsmouth Dockyard, he cleared out the bumboat woman's egg basket. He was then sent a prisoner to the bear pit at the Zoo, with a grizzly for a chum; his indifferently stuffed figure now stands under a glass case at South Kensington, where I scarcely recognise my old shipmate.

The salamanders—in science lore SIEBOLDIA MAXIMA, the largest of their genus known to savants—were repulsive

SALAMANDER (JAPAN).

brutes; a hogshead cask was cut in halves for their use, with some of their smaller brethren, who were soon devoured. They were well supplied with live eels, and occasionally given liberty on the quarter-deck, but it was ticklish work to get them back in their tubs, as one of the Jacks found to his cost—with a thumb all but bitten off. I believe, till we brought these uncanny-looking creatures to England, only one other specimen had been landed in Europe (at Amsterdam). Ours were sent to the Zoo, but I cannot trace their subsequent history. One of the species is now shown living under a glass case; he, too, hails from Cipango—the only place where such are found. I have been favoured with his photograph.

One of the bob-tailed Japanese cats was mine; I shipped him at Yokohama, with the hope of clearing my cabin of

rats which gave me small chance of sleep. He did his duty well, and worked his way home to my satisfaction, if not so to others; he was an incurable thief, and though I had laid in 144 tins of sardines for his use on the voyage when rat-catching failed, he *would* steal. Every one of the parrots from Anjer were polished off in one night, and his fate would certainly have been "thrown overboard" if any one could have caught him; but he lived that anger down, though he killed the captain's handsome Javanese squirrel one day, when he had ventured into the steerage, where "Tit" kept guard. A hue and cry was raised for me; I rushed to the rescue, but it was too late. I fully expected his death-warrant then, but he was spared, and lived many years at my home—the terror of all the cats, and dogs too, around, and died, covered with scars. "Tit" wasn't handsome, but—as a very ugly fellow I once met, said of himself, —"perfect symmetry, by jingo!"

Of the lovely little deer from Java, no larger than a hare, not one lived to cross the Indian Ocean. The few surviving pheasants were landed at the Cape as invalids.

The *Actæon's* main-deck ports were far from watertight, and we wondered how the feathered pets bore it.

"Hector," the Bohemian staghound, must have his story told in detail. His master, Schmid, the first of medical missionaries to enter Japan, was in broken-down health, and had been invited by our captain to take passage as his guest to England, *en route* for New York. There was no traffic in those days across the North Pacific—almost an unknown sea—between Japan and the Western States, nor any transcontinental railway across the American Continent; so our friend could only reach his home by going three-fourths of the way round the globe, *i.e.*, westward by the Cape of Good Hope, across the S. and N. Atlantic Oceans, and would shorten his voyage by landing in England, and there taking steamship to the Eastern States.

To return to "Hector," who was Schmid's inseparable companion. We knew them both well in Nagasaki. Such

a dog had never been seen there, and was a source of great interest to Japanese of all ranks, who came from far and near to consult the medico. The master was as dumb, as regards Japanese speech, as his dog, but both could speak "with their eyes," and I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming they exercised an influence for good on all who came to see and consult. There was no appearance of evil in either; both were missionaries.

One evening, as we were trimming sails, Hector got entangled in the ropes, and was swept out of the chains. The captain, who witnessed it, shouted, "Hands, shorten sail, Hector's overboard." With all the alacrity that seamen always show to such a cry the ship was hove-to, and boats lowered, but all in vain. Hector found a watery grave, and Schmid's sobs could not be suppressed; nor was he the only mourner.

I resume the narrative of our voyage. We put to sea from Anjer roads on the 23rd of January, 1862, but calms and light winds kept us in the near neighbourhood for some days; farewell to the Far East was taken as the sun rose behind the island of Krakatoa, the same point of departure for crossing the Indian Ocean "homeward bound" as it had been our "land-fall" outward bound in 1857. For ten days after leaving Sunda Strait we averaged 2½ knots an hour. When the S.E. trade wind was felt, the pace was accelerated to nearly 8 knots; and one 24 hours our old craft made her record run of 225 miles.

While in the region of the Mauritius hurricanes we sailed warily, for one of our main-deck beams was sprung, and had to be shored up. Once the ship was hove-to for several hours, though the wind was fair, and so placed in the rear of an embryonic hurricane, that it might develop its fury ahead and not overtake us. We were under the guidance of thorough navigators and seamen; a type of officer which the modern navy does not and cannot produce, for the source from which they were drawn has been, of set purpose, dried up. I refer to the old Greenwich School—not the new.

KRAKATOA—FAREWELL TO THE FAR EAST.

About 400 miles east of the African coast, and a similar distance from the southern extreme of Madagascar, we spoke the first ship met for over 4,000 miles. She had but just escaped foundering, with all hands, by the jettison[1] of her cargo during a hurricane; within her horizon four vessels had been seen to disappear, in two of which I had every reason, from later information, to believe were two brothers of my own—never heard of again. An eye-witness of their starting told me, that so heavily laden were they, that it was impossible for them to weather any hurricane encountered.

But risks of owner and "shining-hour" gentry had been no doubt well covered by insurance, and the "devil-a-bit" cared they for the men who sailed in them.

We sighted Africa, off the Great Fish River, on the last day of February, and thus had been 35 days crossing the broadest expanse of the Indian Ocean. A few days later one of our chief petty officers died, and his shipmates appealed to the captain not to throw him overboard, but to let them dig him a grave on the beach. Permission given, the carpenters soon knocked up a shell—a hammock shroud wouldn't do—and the ship was hove-to as near shore as was prudent, we had no screw to give her a turn ahead in emergency. The funeral party, in two boats, dared much to find a safe spot to land, but the surf was too heavy—so the recall signal flew out, and they returned. Their freight was rehoisted in board and placed at the gangway, the sails were filled, and when the ship had gathered way, the funeral service followed. In sight and sound of the surf, but on the seaward side, we "dropt him in his vast and wandering grave." I have often witnessed a funeral at sea, but none so full of pathos as this. Seamen dread burial at sea when in sight of land; but "the sea shall give up its dead."

[1] The act of throwing overboard to lighten a ship in stress of weather.

". . . Oh to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hand so often clasp'd in mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells."

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

Baffling winds kept us five days on the bank of Cape Agulhas; on the 7th of March the anchor was let go off the dockyard at Simon's Bay. Here, all were in suspense waiting the issue of the Trent affair; there was no telegraph to carry instantaneous decisions of Downing Street, and the men-o'-war at the port were riding at single anchor, fires banked, provisions replenished day by day—all in readiness for a raid on American shipping, should the expected mail steamer bring the message "War." Thank God, that crisis was averted; it was, however, within measurable distance, and we in the *Actæon* had to consider the contingency of lodgings in the United States before reaching home. "Never more shall we sin our fathers' sin."

Three weeks were spent in refitting at Simon's Bay, and 15 days, on the passage thence to St. Helena; it was necessary to call there for water, as we had no condensing apparatus to depend upon. When we left, a prize crew from one of the ships of the slave-hunting squadron was put on board—a service, happily, long since finished on the West Coast of Africa.

Our stay at St. Helena was very short, as I have reason to remember. I was ordered by the captain to land, and receive £1,000 from the Accountant Officer, a military man, for conveyance to his naval *confrère* at Ascension. It was easy to check, by weight, the £700 in sovereigns, but not so the £300 in silver coins. The blue Peter flew at our mast-

head, and topsails were hoisted, so, seizing the bags, and getting a certificate that they—labels and seals—were intact, I hurried off in obedience to the signal. These bags were just as intact when I handed them over at Ascension, but the accountant there had plenty of leisure, and eight half-crowns were wanting, so of course gave me a receipt for only £999. I sent full explanation of this discrepancy, but the Admiralty officials demanded that sovereign from my purse. What cared *they* for "recall signals"?

At H.M.S. *Ascension*[1] three more passengers were crowded into us for England, and four turtles were shipped for "my lords of the Admiralty." I hope they enjoyed their soup, but the turtles had a rough time of it. For the fifty days of their voyage they had no food, and were turned on their backs, with wet swabs round their necks for their only comfort.

Eight days from Ascension the line was crossed; for the next four we were sweltering under an equatorial sun, taking advantage of every whiff of air to trim the sails and get some movement into the ship.

> "Four days becalmed the vessel here remains,
> And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;
> For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
> And not a breeze awakes the silent deep."

Old Falconer's experience and ours were pretty much alike.

At last, with welcome squalls and refreshing rains, our sails were trimmed, close hauled, to the N.E. trade wind, and, as was orthodox in that day, the starboard topmast stun-sail was set, that the helmsman might keep the sails well filled, regardless of the compass, *to stretch* across the North Atlantic into the region of variable winds. This interval of 18 days was the most enjoyable of the voyage. No need to trim sails, for the trade wind generally veers only 2 or 3 points, and the ship was brought up, or allowed

[1] This island is completely under man-of-war rule, and is in official diction called a ship.

to fall off, as the occasion required. Seldom, however, did her speed reach more than 5 knots an hour; but we were shortening the distance from home, though not yet heading thitherward.

> "How oft we saw the sun retire,
> And burn the threshold of the night,
> Fall from his Ocean lane of fire,
> And sleep beneath his pillared light!
> How oft the purple-skirted robe
> Of twilight, slowly gathered drawn,
> As thro' the slumber of the globe
> Again we dash'd into the dawn!" [1]

We spoke only two vessels in this interval, both under canvas; not a smoker clouded the horizon. Once only we hove-to to examine a large spar floating derelict in the embrace of the Sargasso Sea; there was nothing to show from where it had wandered—it was covered with the life only bred in that floating green field—

> "Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
> On the shifting currents of the restless main,"

but never to find repose in sheltered cove or sandy beach.

Seven hundred miles south-west of the Azores we saw the last of the Gulf weed, the trade wind ceased, and for the first time in a run of 2,000 miles we tacked and trimmed sails to variable winds, these sometimes flying all round the compass in the course of a few hours; and progress soon fell to thirty miles a day.

Fayal was reached May 31st; here we found the paddle-wheel sloop, *Alecto*, which had been 24 days out from Ascension; the *Actæon* had been 40 days.

We had a "glorious 1st of June" in a run ashore at Horta, the lovely little capital of Fayal, and, the day following, smoker and sailer put to sea together, and kept in sight of each other for 300 miles, winds being fresh and fair;

[1] Tennyson.

DISMANTLED [JUNE, 1862].

every stitch of canvas was set, "Stun-sails, ringtail,[1] cross-Jack course and mizzen topsail." All came in and our old craft was barque-rigged again as we entered that "well-ploughed windy sea," the English Channel; "none of your d—— blue skies 'ere" of the old Salt; but the blown seas and stormy showers of the poet, and soundings were obtained as

"We hove our ship to, wi' the wind at sou'-west, my boys;
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,
Oh! t'was ninety-five fathoms, and a white sandy bottom,
Then we filled our main to'sail, and up channel did steer."

Steam winches, pianoforte wire, and patent sounding apparatus have done away with all this; but I *am* glad I went to sea when I did.

As the night of June 9th closed in we were off the Start, and the chorus on the "fo'castle" (forecastle) was—

"Now Albion's cliffs first heave in sight,
Our hearts with joy shall glow;
We'll sing together with delight,
Up Channel, boys, we'll go.
Up Channel, boys, we go,
And stem the dashing tide;
For who is here that will not cheer
As we go down the side?"

Next day we were safe at Spithead, and our six years voyage out to Cathay and Cipango and home again was ended.

It was exactly four o'clock p.m. when we rounded St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, the same hour as did our doomed sister-ship, the *Eurydice*, sixteen years later. Each was "in sight of home, almost in sound of hail." Each hugged the shore of the Wight, to be well to windward for working into Spithead; the weather, alike with both, was overcast and threatening; but, thank Heaven, no "sudden blast leapt from its sudden cloud" to smite us, as it did the

[1] Consult Dictionary of Nautical Terms.

*Eurydice.* Had it been so, would the *Actæon* have shared the same fate? Emphatically, *No.* Our captain was a consummate seaman, ready to do and dare anything, but *he* would never have been caught in such stress; "beneath a bellying cloud of snowy sail and open ports," he had been schooled under conditions which have been short-sightedly —perilously too, as I believe—abrogated in these later days.

The closing scene of the old *Actæon's* sea-history may give point to these remarks. I quote from her log, 11th June:—

"A.M. *Sprightly* came out and went in again."
"P.M. Weighed, under topsails, spanker, and jib.
Set foresail—tacked—running into Portsmouth Harbour.
Let go S.B. (small bower anchor) and swung to the wind —weighed ditto, and lashed alongside the dock-yard."

These details deserve opening out a bit. The *Sprightly* was a small paddle-wheeler, sent out by the Commander-in-Chief to tow the *Actæon* into port; when near enough to be hailed, she was told by our captain that her help was not required. Then rang out the order, "Hands up anchor, make sail!"

Portsmouth Harbour was filled with shipping, and as it had got wind ashore that we were coming in under sail, Southsea beach was manned by old salts of bygone days—to witness a revival of "trial under canvas."

In we glided—as handily managed as a Spithead boatman would handle his wherry; brought up alongside the dock-yard without a hitch, and warped under the bows of the *Black Prince*—looking like a jolly-boat in comparison to this, the first of modern ironclads.

It was the talk for days of the old sea-dogs on Portsmouth Hard; they had not seen a sailing frigate enter for many a long year—nor am I aware that any one has since.

Of the officers grouped on her dismantled deck (the illustration is from an old photograph), only one survives

THE ARTIST.

THE AUTHOR.

of those who sailed from England in the *Actæon*—he appears abaft the captain, and is the author. The artist joined us on the Coast of Cathay—his recumbent figure appears on the bridge abaft the captain's dog. That he has lived to illustrate two books published at an interval of over forty years (1859–1902) is probably unique. To him will be due—in the main—any *kudos* which may follow on this venture; for the writer, his task is done—"and what is writ, is writ, would it were worthier!"

"Oh, England, island England, if it has been my lot
To live long years in alien lands, with men who love thee not,

I do but love thee better who know each wind that blows,
The wind that slays the blossom, the wind that buds the rose,

The wind that shakes the taper mast and keeps the topsail furled,
The wind that braces nerve and arm to battle with the world:

. . . . . .

And keep for those who leave thee and find no better place,
The olden smile of welcome, the unchanged mother face!"

*Sir Rennell Rodd.*

BANTAMS (JAPANESE STRAW WORK).

BANTAMS (JAPANESE NEEDLE WORK).

## POSTSCRIPT

### AUGUST 16, 1902

INTRODUCTORY to this book, I placed a quotation from, I believe, a Russian writer: from him we have learnt what were the initial proceedings of the Muscovite for the "mastery of the Pacific." I have endeavoured to put into print events of which I was an eye-witness in the early developments of this move; and now, in closing the book, I give another quotation from one who also appears to be a Russian writer. He says:—

> "The Empire of the Chrysanthemum, separated by the sea from its congeners, . . . will be incapable of escaping subjugation and absorption at the hands of Russia, for whom it will be *an imperative necessity to enter into possession of the islands controlling her Pacific seaboard.*[1] This will appear a startling proposition to make . . . Japan cannot feed a much larger population than the one she already possesses. . . . What can 40,000,000 do, even entrenched in an island kingdom, against 500,000,000 or 600,000,000, which will be Russia's population at the end of the century?"

Does he imagine, and do his co-visionaries imagine, that Japan in alliance with England, and *therefore* practically with the whole Anglo-Saxon race, has no answer to such an illusion?

Keep watch and ward, Japan, over your incomparable strategical port, Tsu Sima Sound. Remember how it was

[1] *The Nineteenth Century* for August, 1902. The italics are mine.

nearly filched from you over forty years ago (note the Pirate Cove on the annexed map). Fusan, on the Korean coast, is potentially yours, and has been so for over three hundred years. Retain your grip over it at all hazards. Simonoseki Strait, on your own coast, is within almost gunshot of Tsu Sima, as the latter also is of Fusan. You can on this line bar egress of Muscovite fleets out of the Japan Sea through Korea Strait as effectually as, for the peace of mankind, Western nations bar egress out of the Black Sea through the Dardanelles. Outlets through Saghalin Gulf, La Perouse and Tsugaru Straits involve too long and hazardous a route into the wide Pacific for effecting a junction with fleets issuing out of Port Arthur and Gulf of Liau tung—the latter practically, or will soon be so, a Russian lake.

No—though "Russia is the most grasping Empire the world has known,"[1] the mastery of the Pacific will not rest with her. Her seaboard will be controlled by that mighty breakwater the foundations of which are already laid—the possessions of England in the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, those of the United States in the Philippines, of Japan in Formosa and the islands stretching thence to Great Japan herself. Russia, I venture to predict, is likely to be driven out of Saghalin.

The author of the article might "look at a general map of Europe and Asia," and with that under his nose read to his profit Tennyson's lines—

> "Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
> Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me."
>
> *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.*

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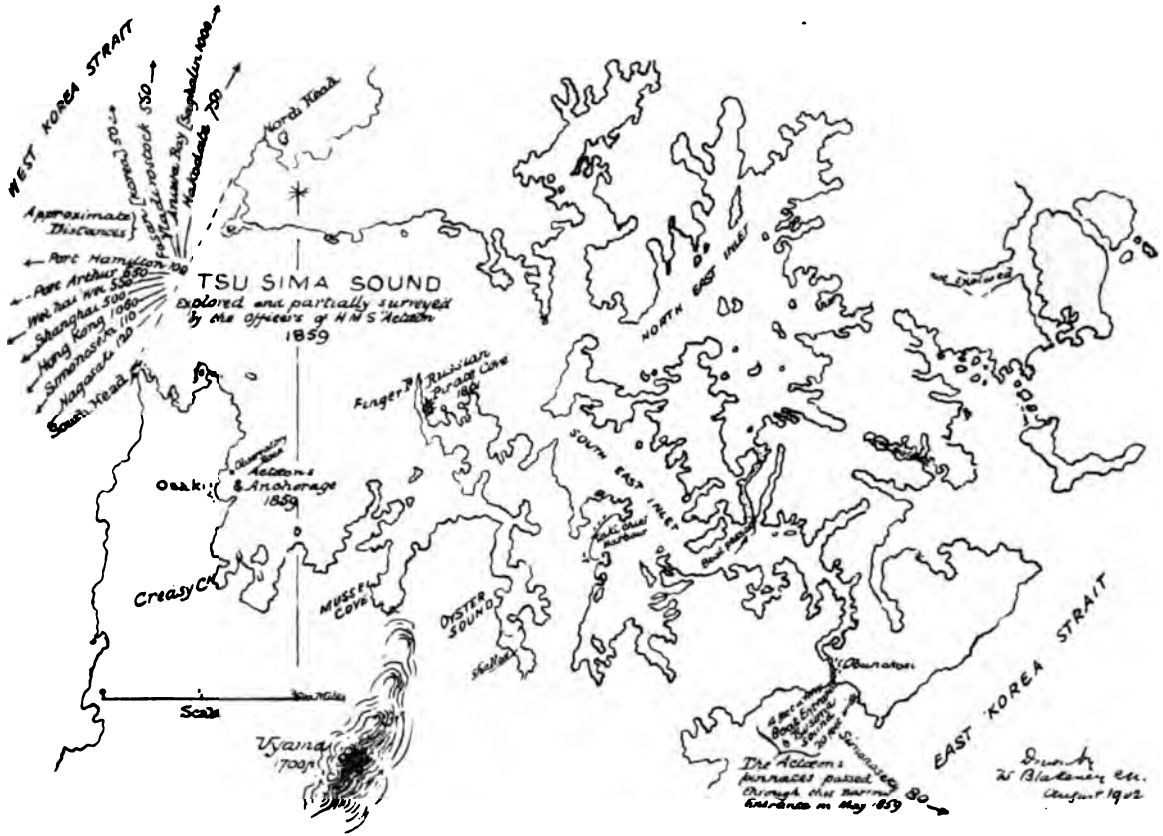
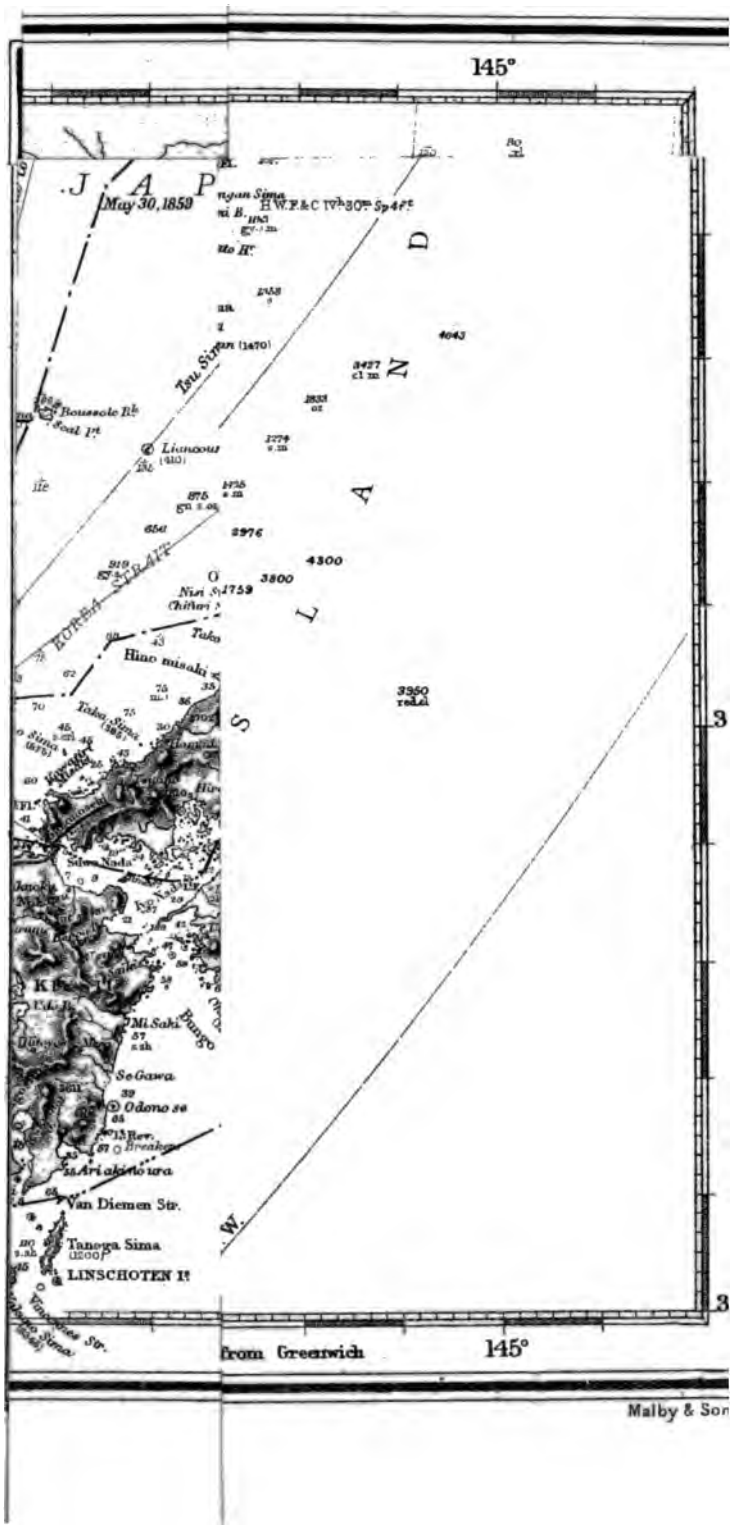
[1] *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1902.


WEST KOREA STRAIT
Approximate Distances
Port Hamilton 100
Port Arthur 850
Wei Hai Wei 500
Shanghai 500
Hong Kong 1060
Simonoseki 110
Nagasaki 120
South Head
Fusan (Korea) 50
Fusan to Vladivostok 550
Amur Bay (Sagalin) 1000
Hakodate 750
North Head
TSU SIMA SOUND
Explored and partially surveyed by the officers of H.M.S. Actaeon
1859
Finger P.
Russian Pirate Cove 1861
Actaeon & Anchorage 1859
Oak
Creasy Ck
Mussel Cove
Oyster Sound
Skidan
Ussuri 7009
Scale
NORTH EAST INLET
SOUTH EAST INLET
Obunatori
EAST KOREA STRAIT
The Actaeon's furnaces passed through this narrow entrance in May 1859
Drawn by W. Blakeney R.N. August 1902


145°
J A P
May 30, 1859
A N D
L A N
S
Bousole Bk
Seal Pt
Liancourt
Niri S
Chitari
Tuka
Hino misaki
Tuka Sima
Mi Saki
Se Gawa
Odono se
Breakers
Ari akino ura
Van Diemen Str.
Tanega Sima
LINSCHOTEN Is
W.
3
3
from Greenwich
145°
Malby & Son

ALLIED
1902
Malby & Sons, Lith.

## ODE TO JAPAN.[1]

Clasp hands across the world,
Across the dim sea-line,
Where with bright flags unfurled
Our navies breast the brine ;
Be this our plighted union blest,
Oh ocean-thronèd empires of the East and West !

. . . . . .

Perchance, some war-vexed hour,
Our thunder-throated ships
Shall thrid the foam, and pour
The death-sleet from their lips ;
Together raise the battle-song,
To bruise some impious head, to right some tyrannous wrong.

But best, if knit with love,
As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
The world-wide dream of peace ;
And, smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in faithful hand across the golden years.

[1] By Arthur Christopher Benson ; published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1902.

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[The Author's wife has transcribed, from his hieroglyphic MSS., in aid of the printer, every line of this volume, and has finished her willing co-operation by employing her useful hand in the compilation of the Index.] I end, by whispering in her ear—SAI O NARA.

W. B.

*Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London.*

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