



The "Wyoming" dashing into the Japanese Fleet.

OUR NAVY IN ASIATIC WATERS.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

AT the date of the expulsion of the Spaniard and the Portuguese from Japan, a new nation was begun by the Pilgrims at the edge of the North American wilderness. Two centuries later, in 1837, the unarmed ship *Morrison*, sent by an American firm in China to take back Japanese waifs into Yedo Bay, was fired on and driven away. "Why," asked the owner, "is the sentence of expulsion passed so long ago upon the Spaniards and Portuguese entailed upon us?" It is creditable to the Great Pacific Power, as President Arthur named the United States, that her very first ships carried the olive-branch. Beside the apostles of gainful trade, our country sent missionaries, physicians, and teachers, planting churches, hospitals, schools, and colleges. In the empire of China, first peacefully opened to American commerce by Shaw, and in Japan and Korea, both led into the world's brotherhood of nations by Perry and Shu-

feldt, blood has been spilled by our people only in self-defence or after provocation.

I.—EARLY EPISODES IN CHINA.

THE Dutch and British East India Companies opened the eyes of Americans to the rich harvest-fields of trade whitening in the Far East. It was American ginseng that first, through the Hollanders in the Hudson Valley, made the Chinese practically aware of and interested in "The Country of the Flowery Flag." It was the Chinese leaf, tea, shipped from Amoy on British merchantmen, that precipitated the Revolutionary war, bringing about that event of July 4, 1776, which has ever since required an endless supply of Chinese fire-crackers to celebrate it.

No sooner was peace concluded between Great Britain and the United States than the ship *Empress*, loaded with ginseng, and commanded by Captain Green, sailed from New York on Washington's birth-

day, February 22, 1784, for Canton. Major Samuel Shaw, her supercargo and ex-artillery officer in the United States army, established American trade in Canton. In the ship *Massachusetts* he returned, and was American consul from 1790 to 1794. The exchange of ginseng and tea, and afterwards of cotton and crockery, became lively and permanent. Captain Gray carried the American flag round the world between 1787 and 1790, during which time he discovered the Columbia River, thus making a basis for the American claims, and opening the way for barter of the furs of Oregon for the silks of China.

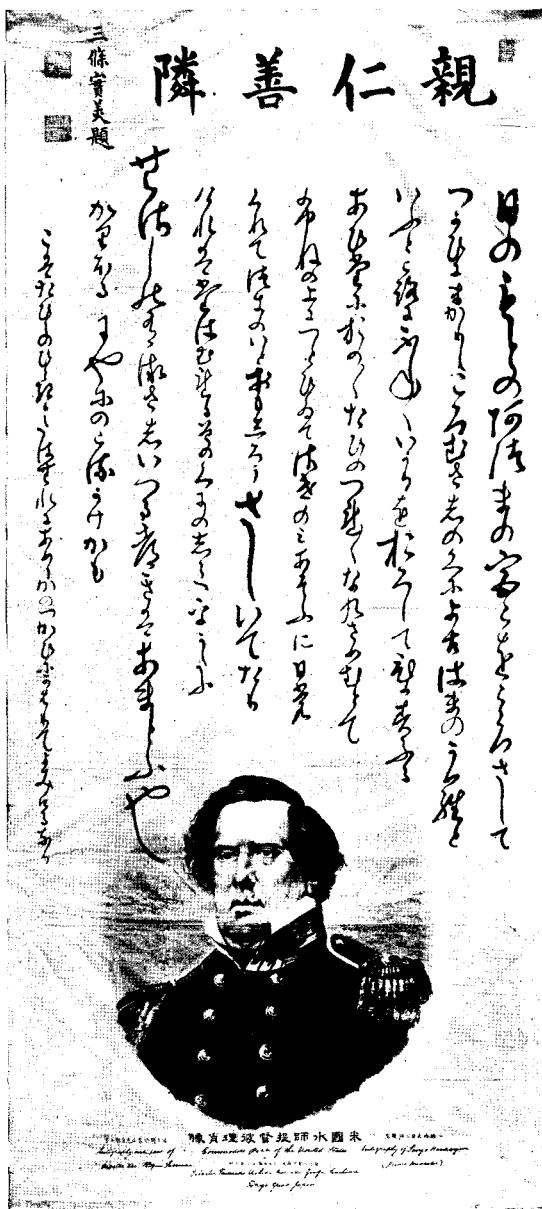
The first passage at arms between American citizens and Chinese was in 1809, when Mr. J. P. Sturgis, of Boston, arrived in the ship *Atahualpa*. Captain Bacon, at Macao. The terrible Chinese pirate Apootsae was then ravaging the coast, capturing imperial forts, laying whole towns under contribution, massacring those who opposed him, and terrorizing the mandarins. In vain were rewards offered for his head. Having watched and seen the chief officer and an armed boat's crew leaving the *Atahualpa* for the city to obtain a river pilot, he thought the capture of the foreign devil's ship would be easy. Ranging his junks under color of moving up the river, and feigning to run past the American ship, the pirates suddenly rounded, expecting to leap on board and kill the eighteen or twenty men left there. Instead of quick success, the Chinaman caught a Tartar. Astounded as the Yankees were, their cannon were fortunately loaded, and they made lively use of them, and with Brown Bess muskets, horse-pistols, and boarding-pikes, defended themselves with spirit. The Chinese threw on deck plenty of those home-made hand-grenades which, owing to the quantity of sulphur in the powder, were unpoetically termed "stink-pots," but they killed none of their foes. Amid the shrieks and groans of their wounded, a hellish din with gongs and drums was kept up. The Yankees fired with such effect that the Chinese were beaten off. Apootsae called away his men, and his ships were soon lost to sight. This episode put such courage into the cowardly mandarins that, by means of bribery and treachery, they secured the cutthroat Apootsae, and had him put to death by the slow and prolonged process of hacking, called "the thousand cuts." From this time forth there was intense respect for

Americans at Canton and Macao, and business increased with little interruption.

II.—EARLY VISITS TO JAPAN.

THE American flag was seen in Japanese waters as early as 1797, at a time when the future Commodore M. C. Perry and his brother Oliver, boys of three and twelve years old, trained by their Spartan mother, were learning how to conquer self before capturing a squadron and opening a hermit empire. Over-fat Holland, then neither brave nor little, but distracted and bleating like a fat sheep before Napoleon the wolf, had been degraded into the Batavian Republic. The Dutch flag was wiped off the sea, for British cruisers were at the ends of the earth. In order to keep up their trade monopoly with Japan, the Dutch of Java engaged Captain Stewart, on the ship *Eliza* of New York, to go to a place of which—except in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*—few Americans had ever heard. Thus the thirteen stripes and seventeen stars were mirrored on the waters of Nagasaki Bay when President Jefferson was in Japanese eyes the "King of America." In 1799 Captain James Devereaux, in the American ship *Franklin*, performed the same task. When the nineteenth century opened, Captain John Derby, from Salem, Massachusetts, under charter of the East India Company, attempted to open trade with Japan, but failed. In 1803, Stewart, still flying the American flag, came again to this loop-hole which the Japanese kept open by means of the Dutch. Except ginseng, the Japanese wanted none of our products.

Japanese art pictures in symbol the primal introduction of civilization into their "Cliff Fortress Country" by means of a whale, and the god of literature has a brush-pen in one hand and a roll or pad of manuscript in the other, while he stands in festive attitude on the back of a huge sea-monster. In reality it was a whale that introduced the Americans to Japan, and ushered in her present amazing prosperity. In search of this furnisher of oil and bone, American ships moved out beyond Nantucket southward, around Cape Horn, and up the Pacific. Though the blubber industry was nearly destroyed by the Revolutionary war, it revived. By 1812 our men of the harpoon were so numerous in the Pacific Ocean that Commodore David Porter, in the *Essex*, with David Farragut among his midshipmen,



COMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY.

A Japanese portrait, with a poem by Yashida Shoin.

was sent out to protect Yankee whalers from British depredation. Already some had gone far north, bringing back stories of how the little brown men of Japan caught whales—as they do yet—in big nets. Commodore Porter, in 1815, urged upon Secretary James Monroe that Japan be opened to commerce, and plans were ma-

tured for the despatch of a frigate and two sloops of war; but the vessels were never sent. Now began the long story of the imprisonment of shipwrecked American sailors on the coasts of Tycoonland. John Quincy Adams denied the right of Dai Nippon to be a hermit nation, but his was a voice crying in the wilderness. Neither our government nor people seemed to be properly interested in foreign commerce, much less in any naval application of the doctrine of "manifest destiny" or territorial expansion.

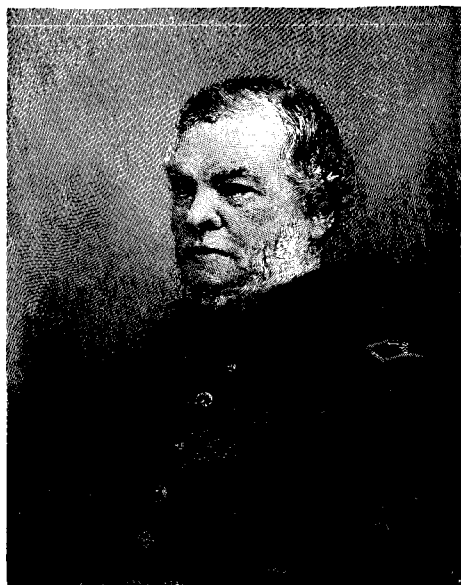
III.—THE ADVENT OF AMERICAN POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

WHEN Andrew Jackson became President, the United States began to formulate something like a foreign policy. Commodore David Porter made treaties with Turkey. The French and the Neapolitans were compelled to pay their debts. One of the most brilliant of American naval operations in the Mediterranean was seen when six of the finest floating fortresses in the world, under "Old Glory," entered successively the Bay of Naples, and ranged their broadsides opposite the beautiful city of King Bomba. Changing his attitude of haughty refusal to pay, he handed over in cash what he owed the United States for his father's depredations.

Even Asia felt the new influence from Washington. Edmund Roberts, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire—posthumously, and perhaps truthfully, called in stained-glass memorial the "ambassador" of the United States, but officially President Jackson's "agent," and navally rated as captain's clerk—became our efficient first American envoy in the Far East. On the sloop of war *Peacock*, after overcoming great obstacles, he made treaties with Muscat and Siam. In Cochin China he failed, where success was impossible. In the expectation of reaching Japan, he died June 12, 1836, at Macao. In August of the next year Commodore Kennedy, in the United

States sloop *Peacock*, reached those islands one of which Captain Reuben Coffin, of Nantucket, had already named, but which were called by the Japanese Bonin, or "no man's land," for they were then claimed by no government. Since 1876 the Bonin group has been made an integral part of the Mikado's empire. The *Peacock* was our first man-of-war in Japanese waters, the forerunner of Dewey and his steel squadron.

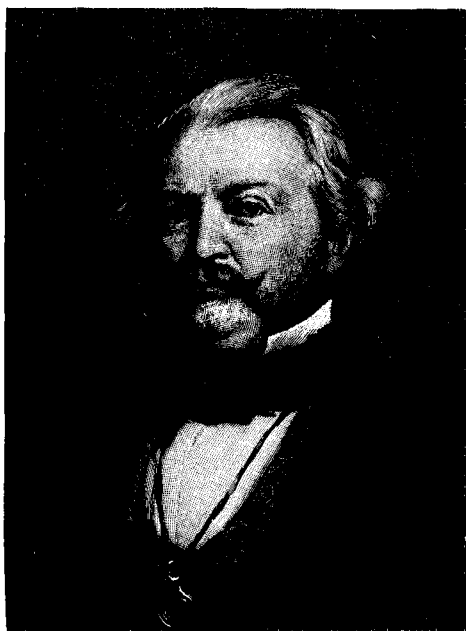
Americans took up the torch dropped by Roberts to bear it on in the race. Messrs. King and Co., of Macao, in their own ship, appropriately named after the great missionary *Morrison*, reached Uraga, in Yedo Bay, July 29, 1837. Their freight consisted of shipwrecked Japanese and presents for the people. As on William Penn's colonizing ships, there was not a gun or cannon aboard. The story of their repulse is soon told. Though they explained their mission, and were visited by hundreds of people who saw their unarmed condition, they were fired on before casting anchor, and again the next morning from a fresh battery of cannon built overnight. The same experience met them in Satsu-



COMMANDER JAMES GLYNN,
Of the United States Brig "Preble."

ma, farther south. In the eyes of the Japanese, the Spaniard and Portuguese had tarred all aliens with the same brush.

By the time of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," American naval operations had become so far organized that there was an "East India squadron." The United States ship of the line *Columbus* and the *Vincennes* reached Yedo Bay in 1846, but were at once surrounded by scores of armed boats. To the polite letter of President Polk, an answer of impudent defiance was returned, and Commodore Biddle was insulted. While in full uniform, stepping from a junk, a common Japanese sailor gave the American chief a push which landed him unceremoniously in the bottom of his own boat. Japanese officers promised to punish the man, but nothing was done, and the American ships went away. The immediate result was that the American shipwrecked sailors—who were not indeed always of the loveliest disposition—were more cruelly treated than ever. One of them, on threatening possible vengeance from American men-of-war, was sneeringly told that his government could care nothing for poor seamen, for a Japanese

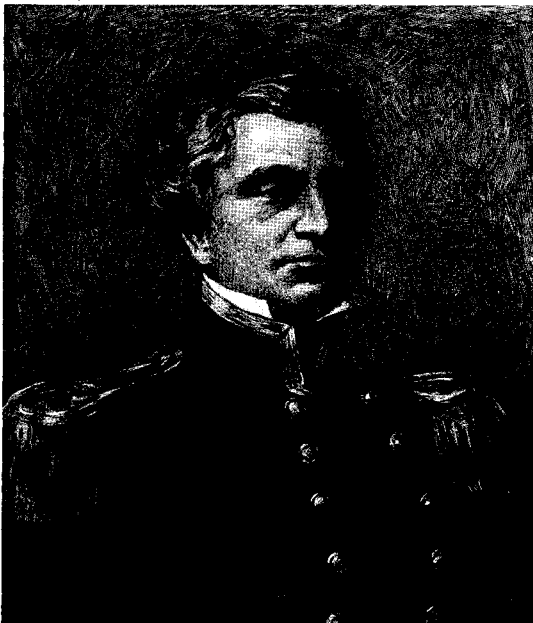


TOWNSEND HARRIS,
United States Consul-General to Japan.



CAPTAIN (AFTERWARDS REAR-ADMIRAL) ANDREW
HULL FOOTE.

boatman had insulted even an American admiral, and had not been made to suffer any punishment.



COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL.

IV.—GLYNN, PERRY, AND HARRIS.

THIS episode made our naval officers, and one in particular, resolve on a different course of deportment. Captain Geisinger, formerly of the *Peacock*, hearing from the Dutch consul at Canton of eighteen sailors imprisoned at Nagasaki, ordered Commander Glynn in the United States brig *Preble* to rescue them. At this time the seas were so little known, the charts so imperfect, and the season so inclement, that naval men at Hong-kong laughed at the idea of the little fourteen-gun brig ever arriving at her destination. At Napa, in the Loo-Choo Islands, the natives openly scorned the notion of Glynn being able to do anything, when, in the "Japanese victory over the Americans"—referring to the episode in Yedo Bay—a ship of the line and a sloop of war had been "driven away."

All this put Glynn on his mettle. Reaching Nagasaki, he dashed through the cordon of boats and dropped anchor within range of the city suburbs. The boom of the cannon announcing his arrival was sweet music to the American sailors in prison. Boarded by a chief interpreter with attendants, who inquired his business, Glynn was ordered to leave the waters of Japan at once. The American's immediate reply was that his mission was to the government. Then, rather ostentatiously, he gave the order to heave anchor, spread sail, and move forward. Visions of involuntary hara-kiri at once excited the Japanese to voluble protests. Nevertheless, Glynn moved into the inner harbor and anchored within two hundred yards of the batteries on either side of the anchorage. He refused to see anybody but the governor, sending word that he would not leave until he had obtained the American seamen on deck. He demanded their immediate release. Fur-

thermore, he made it plain that if the cordon of boats was not quickly broken up, he would blow them out of the water.

During the nine days the *Preble* remained, a great army of soldiers gathered. Extra guns to the number of sixty were mounted, any one of which, rightly trained, might have sunk the *Preble*. Yet, in spite of the glittering arms, the bright and variegated colors of the feudal banners, and the military and naval flags, the American commander, while granting a little longer time, refused to modify his request. Half his crew were on deck all the time, and every precaution against surprise and preparation for attack was made. Glynn was ably seconded by Lieutenant Silas Bent—afterwards with Perry, and the scientific discoverer of the Kuro Shiwo, or Pacific Gulf Stream.

A new governor came into office. Visiting Glynn in the cabin, he asked for three days more time. Making an end to suavity of manner, Glynn dashed his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "Not another hour!" Nor should the governor nor any of the party leave the ship till he got an answer. Instantly the excited Japanese stood up, the interpreter telling Commander Glynn that this was a high officer, and must not be so spoken to. "So am I," retorted Glynn; "I represent the government of the United States." A parley was then asked for by the Japanese. With watch in hand, Glynn waited during the promised fifteen minutes. When the Japanese returned to the cabin, the governor remarked to Glynn that he could have the men on the following day.

Then "grim-visaged war smoothed his wrinkled front." With the frankest cordiality Glynn ordered refreshments, extended every courtesy, and showed the

officers the drill, discipline, manual of arms, and general quarters. The next day the imprisoned Americans were brought on board, with every particle of property that belonged to them or their owners. Within fifty-nine days from leaving, Glynn had returned to Hong-kong.

Among the captives released was Ronald MacDonald, born in Astoria, Oregon, about 1825. He had reached Japan in the whaling-ship *Plymouth*, and had been voluntarily put ashore for curiosity's sake, but was involuntarily made a prisoner. This bright youth was the first teacher of the English language in Japan—the forerunner of that modern education by American teachers which has so transformed an Oriental people. He was a bearer of the Pilgrim's creed to a nation which now rejoices in a written constitution and is tending to democracy; for, when asked by

the Japanese officer to state the source of all power in the United States, and proceed from the highest to the lowest in authority, he answered, first of all, "the people"—a phrase inexplicable to the Japanese of that day. Among his pupils was Moriyama, who served as interpreter in the Perry negotiations.

Commander Glynn put into the hand of Perry the key which that gallant officer used with such success in making the long-closed doors of feudal Japan open to commerce and civilization. By the blending of scrupulous politeness, consummate attention to the details of etiquette, and, last but not least, the display of abundant and most efficient force, Perry was able to win a "brain victory," without firing a hostile shot or shedding a drop of blood. Yet Commander Glynn had paved the way for his success.



THE JAPANESE PREMIER II.

After a wooden statue presented to the Museum at Washington.

When Perry's peaceful armada had sailed away, Japanese officialdom hoped it had got rid of the "hairy barbarians" for a long interval. What was the amazement of the Shimoda officers on August 21, 1856, to behold the United

Meanwhile, without a ship or a sailor, practically deserted by his government for eighteen months, except a brief visit from Captain Foote in the United States ship *Portsmouth*, Townsend Harris won every point, and prepared the way for

the diplomacy of twenty nations. Refusing to deliver President Pierce's letter to any one but "the emperor," he entered Yedo, the long - forbidden city, on November 30, 1857, refusing on the way to undergo any of the humiliations common to the Tycoon's vassals. His guard, attendants, and baggage-horses were decorated with the American arms and colors. With only his Dutch secretary, Mr. Heusken, he secured audience of the Shogun, standing. He continued during many weary months the instruction of these political hermits in modern international etiquette, in view of a desired treaty of commerce and foreign residence. While the American ships were



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID STOCKTON MCDUGALL.

States steamship *San Jacinto*, Commodore Armstrong, with Townsend Harris, consul-general, on board! A residence was asked for, and the common courtesies proper in opening relations of official amity were demanded and obtained. Amid the strains of "Hail Columbia," Harris landed. On September 4 our sailors formed a ring around the flag-staff and cheered "the first consular flag" in the empire. At 5 P.M. the *San Jacinto* left for China.

in China, the pot of Japanese politics was boiling over in murders and assassinations. The counterplay of forces was between Kyoto, the seat of the Mikado's authority, and Yedo, the place of long usurpation and of the sham emperor. Signature to the treaty being delayed, Harris threatened to go to Kyoto.

V.—FOOTE AND THE "PORTSMOUTH."

THE names of Foote and Tattnall take us across the Yellow Sea. The former



THE PRECURSOR OF MANILA.

The "Wyoming" blowing up the "Lane."—[After a painting by a Chinese artist.]

recalls the only passage at arms between the two forces of the governments of China and the United States. The latter revived a famous saying of Walter Scott, "blood is thicker than water," making it mean forever, to speakers of the English tongue, that Briton and American are one in heart and aims, as in their best inheritances.

While Governor John Bowring, Admiral Seymour, and Consul (afterwards Sir) Harry Parkes were having their quarrel with the Chinese commissioner Yeh, American steamers were twice fired on when passing the barrier forts near Canton. It seemed high time to teach the Chinese that all foreigners were not opium-smugglers, and that peaceful neutrals had some rights which ignorant mandarins were bound to respect. Commodore Armstrong ordered Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Foote, of the *Portsmouth*, to bombard, capture, and destroy the forts.

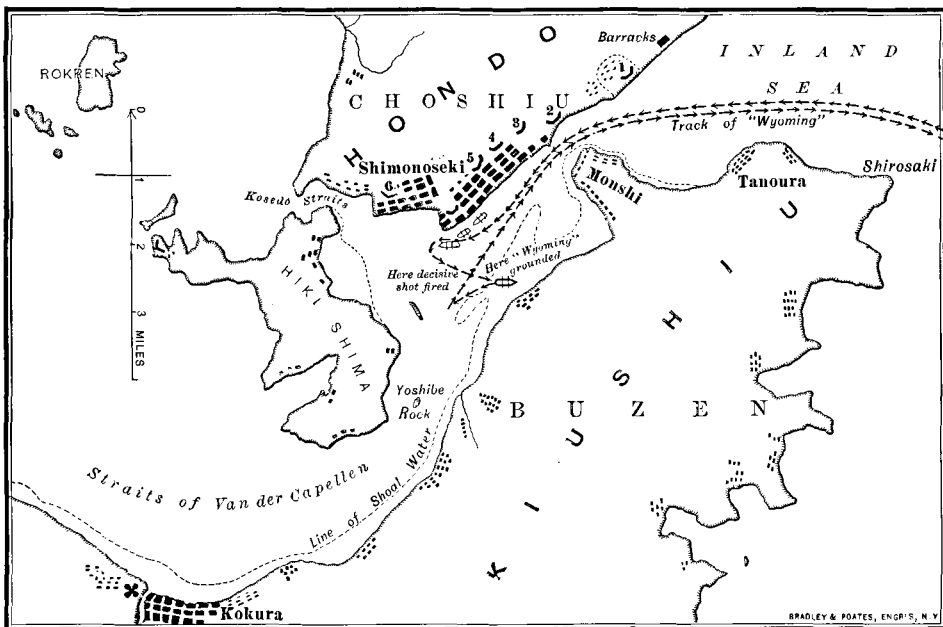
The steamer *San Jacinto* drew too much water to get near enough to use her guns, but the little American steamer

Williamette towed the sailing-ship *Portsmouth* to within five hundred yards of the largest and lowest fort, which was built of great blocks of granite and mounted heavy cannon. The *Levant*, towed by an egg-shell steam-launch, the *Kum Fa*, struck on a rock. So the *Portsmouth* on the first day had to fight alone.

The Chinese began the war. For one moment that day the long granite walls and darkened embrasures of the fort seemed in harmony with the sleepy repose of the beautiful soft afternoon, but before anchor was dropped, grape and round shot flew around and over the ship. Loud and clear were Foote's orders as, without steam and without wind, in a narrow and unknown channel, and with only the precarious expedient of a spring cable, the *Portsmouth* got into position. To the few non-combatants on the ship—purser, chaplain, surgeon, etc.—the time seemed long before the 8-inch ship's guns began to roar. Then her timbers quivered with the recoil of eight starboard broadside guns,

and the cheers of our men made inspiring and consoling music. The shells from the *Portsmouth's* columbiads were hurled with awful effect, and the splendid marksmanship quickly told inside the fort. Though the Chinese stood to their guns manfully, they had no explosive shells, but only grape and round shot.

was struck by a cannon ball and three men killed. Once on the semi-solid land, and in the face of a hot fire of grape, round shot, jingal, and rockets, our men rushed forward. The Chinese fired so rapidly that it is wonderful that our men were not all swept away; but, as a rule, the jingal and rocket men fired too high.



THE PATH OF THE "WYOMING" AT SHIMONOSEKI.

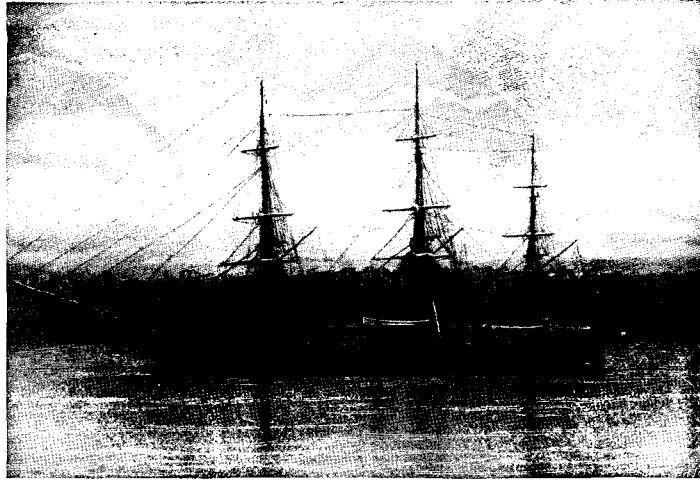
These lashed the water into white foam, or flew over the ship. The *Portsmouth*, caught in the current, was swung round with her stern toward the fort, which exposed her to a raking fire. A thirty-two-pound shot came into the cabin, carrying off the right arm and crushing the hip of a marine. Captain Foote at once ran out a gun from the stern port and continued the fight. When dusk fell, the fort was nearly silent.

During several days, filled up in the interval with diplomacy, the Americans prepared for a land attack. On the 21st the *Levant*, towed by the *Kum Fa*, silenced one fort on the left after an hour's cannonade. Then four hundred of our marines and sailors, in their boats, towed by the *Kum Fa*, moved landward for a charge over muddy fields to take the forts. The launch of the *San Jacinto*

As soon as our men entered the forts, they broke and fled. Our total loss was seven killed and twenty-two wounded, all, in the final attack, belonging to the *San Jacinto*. Under the ship's artillery fire, and during the fighting in the fort, at least three hundred Chinese lives were lost. A rocket, with a spear-pointed head and a feathered bamboo shaft six or eight feet long, bounced over the rice-fields and struck one of our marines, entering the leg along with its dirt and straw, and causing his death.

One hundred and seventy-six guns were found in the fort, one of which was a monster brass piece of eight inches bore, weighing fully fifteen tons. It was over twenty-two feet long, and nearly three feet across at its greatest diameter. These four barrier forts were captured between November 20 and 22. Al-

though this gallant exploit was highly commended by the British officers, it attracted almost no attention in the United States. Nevertheless, it greatly cleared the situation, the Chinese learning to distinguish Americans and the American flag as they had not done before. At one of our navy-yards a monument recalls the episode and names of our gallant slain.



THE "WYOMING" AT ANNAPOLIS.

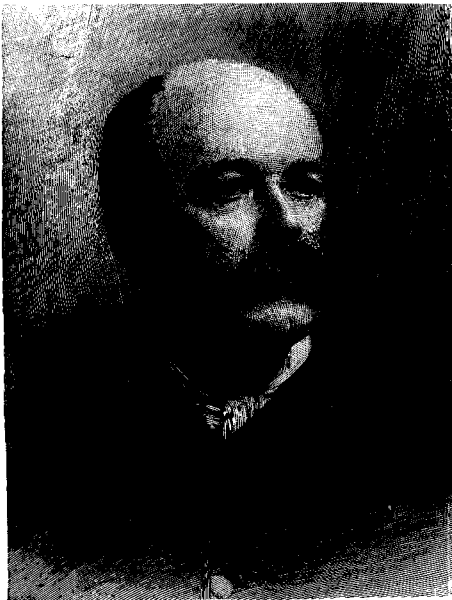
Though now used as a store and training ship, her hull and spars are the same as in 1863.

VI.—"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

A FEW months later Commodore Tattnall appeared in Chinese waters. It was Tattnall who, in 1847, at Vera Cruz, wanted to prolong his half-hour's cannonade of a fortress built of heavy masonry, with little steamers mounting one gun each. It was he who said, "war short-

ens life, but broadens it." Now, in 1860, he was conveying Mr. Ward, the United States minister, on the chartered steamer *Toeiywan*, into the Pei-ho River. On the 23d of June the British and French allied gunboats, having blown up one boom, attacked the forts, but being unable to force the second, were caught in a trap under short range of the Chinese guns, and were terribly defeated. Many ships were sunk or silenced. Eighty-five men were killed, and three hundred and forty-five were wounded.

Tattnall, in the American steamer outside of the bar, was a spectator. He bore the sight until things were at their worst. The flag-ship *Plover* had parted her cable, and drifted a helpless wreck until lashed to the *Cormorant*. With the admiral wounded, and all her men killed or disabled, only the one bow gun was still gallantly served by a weary squad. Then the American commodore ordered his cutter, and in the thick of the fight passed through the fleet and the hell of fire to visit and cheer Admiral Hope. A round shot from the Chinese fort killed Tattnall's cockswain and shattered the stern of his boat. This raised the fighting blood of both tars and chief to the hottest. To the British officer's query of surprise at this act of a neutral, Tattnall explained that blood was thicker than water, and that he would gladly aid their wounded. Meanwhile the American

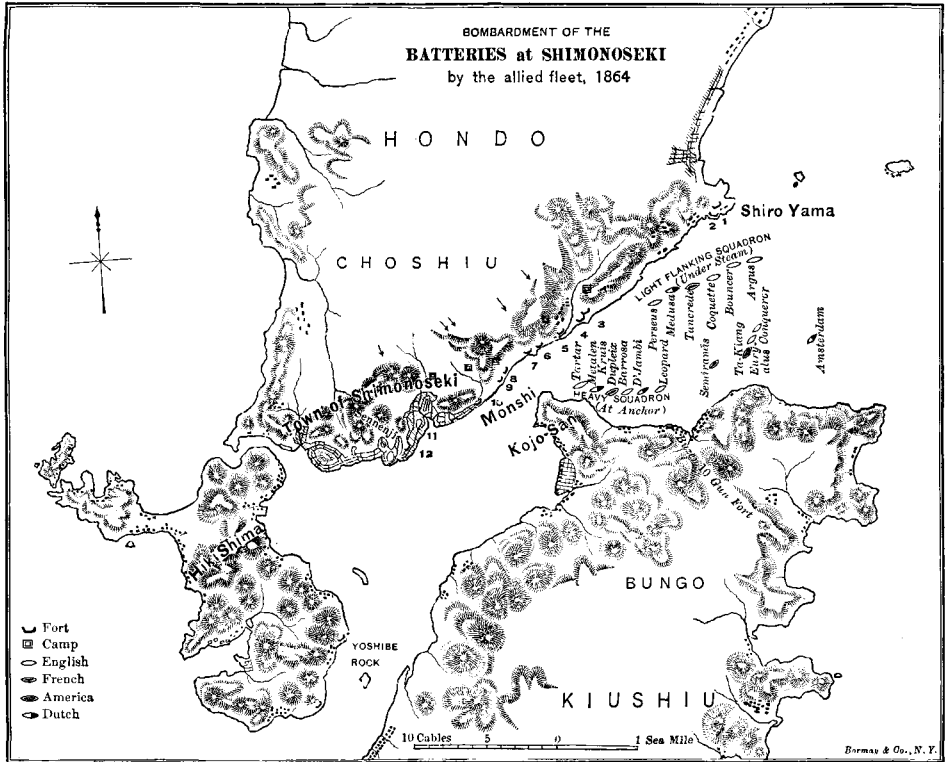


LIEUTENANT FREDERICK PEARSON.

sailors, moving up to the bow, leaped on board the *Plover*, and actually relieved their exhausted British sailor-mates, serving the gun during a round or two until Tattnall ordered them off, even while ap-

VII.—TROUBLES IN JAPAN.

THE American men-of-war *Mississippi* and *Powhatan* were released from China, and in the nick of time reached Japan, then politically like a volcano just ready



proval twinkled in his eyes. His excuse for towing British marines into action, for assisting in an assault upon a Chinese fort, and for other technical violations of international law was, in a phrase, a sentiment, but one destined to strengthen and deepen as the years flow on.

On the other hand, with equal humanity, Tattnall offered the services of his surgeons to aid the wounded Chinese; but neither the Chinese government, nor race, nor nation—if there be such a thing as the last, which we doubt—has ever been particularly interested in saving lives endangered in war. Tattnall's offer was declined. The Pei-ho forts were captured. Our minister, J. E. Ward, reached Peking, refused to make the ko-tow, or nine prostrations, but ratified the treaty and returned.

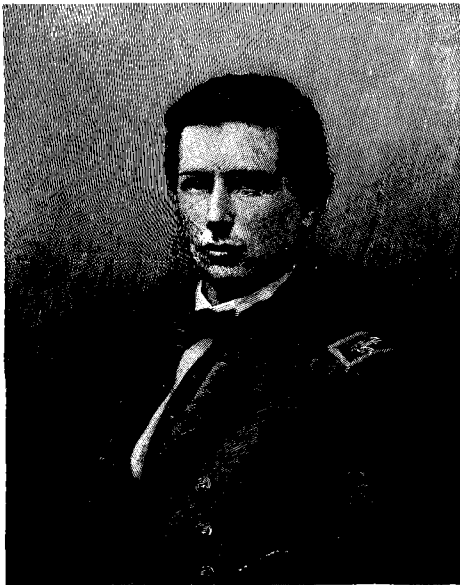
to blow off its rock cap. Townsend Harris had, on February 17, 1858, secured the written promise of the Yedo government to sign the treaty, and on the 27th of July the American envoy was at Yokohama with Tattnall on the *Powhatan*, delivering his letter, urging the Premier Ii's signature "without the loss of a single day."

Yet, so far, the anti-Tycoon party at Kyoto had withheld the Mikado's signature. The country seemed ready either for intestine war, or conquest by the "hairy alien." Should Japan become as India or China? The regent-premier Ii answered no. He signed the Harris treaty July 29, and opened Japan first to the United States, and thus to twenty nations. For this act he was assassinated, March 23, 1860, while the Japanese embassy sent by

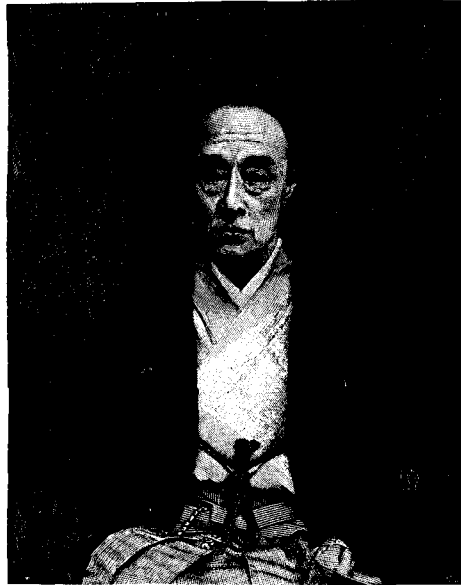
him was in America. In our days the critical scholarship of Shimada Saburo has set Ii's long-clouded character into the sunlight of honor. The hermit days of the agitated Japan of 1853-1868 are forgotten in the wealth, power, and splendor of the industrial and naval empire of to-day.

Nevertheless, the olive-branch from America meant civil war in Japan. "The steel parted from the wood." Swords flashed from the red scabbards and from the white. Satsuma, of the scarlet sheath, typified the Mikado-reverencing and progressive South. Aizu, of the virgin white wood covering the steel blade, stood for the loyal and conservative North. Choshu, in the West, however, held the Strait of Shimonoseki, the great highway of foreign commerce. "In obedience to the [imperial] order," was inscribed on the flag which the clansmen flung to the wind from bluffs which they lined with batteries of heavy guns. They staked out the channel, so as to hit exactly the ships of the "barbarians," who had defiled the Land of the Gods.

On June 25, 1863, that eventful day

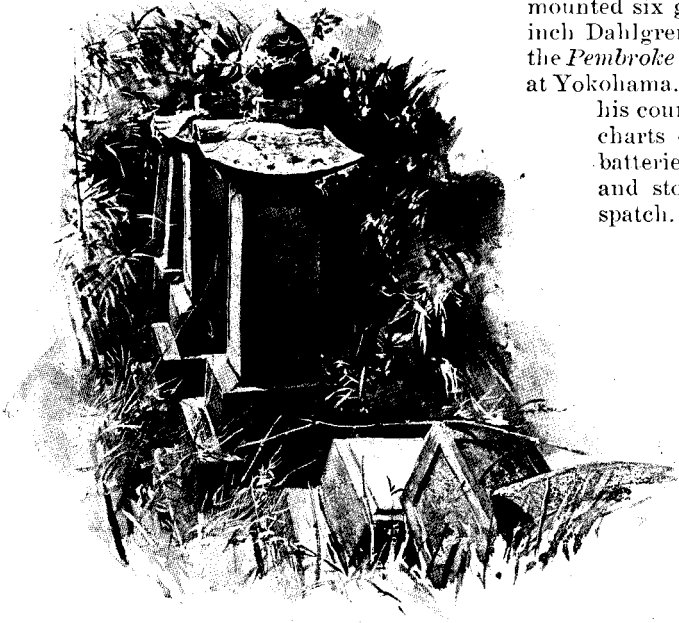


LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ALEXANDER SLIDELL
MACKENZIE.



THE LAST TYCOON OF JAPAN.

fixed for "the expulsion of the barbarians from the god-country," the American merchant-steamer *Pembroke*, with a pilot furnished by the Yedo government, and with the American flag apeak, was on her way northward through the strait. She was fired upon by the Choshu clansmen in the batteries and on their armed brig, formerly the *Lanrick*, but was unhurt. The peace of nearly 250 years in Japan was broken. On July 8 the French despatch-vessel *Kien Chang* was hit in seven places, her boat's crew nearly all killed by a shot, and the vessel saved from sinking only by lively use of the pumps. On July 11 the Dutch frigate *Medusa* was hit thirty-one times, seven shots piercing her hull, and three 8-inch shells bursting on board, four men being killed, and five wounded. On July 20 the French gunboat *Tancrede*, though steaming swiftly through the channel, was struck three times with round shot. Not long after a steamer belonging to Satsuma, but mistaken for an alien vessel, was set on fire by shells and sunk, twenty-six Japanese losing their lives, their bodies floating past Yoshibe Rock. The Choshu artillerists were in high feather at their splendid successes. With their armed brig, their bark (formerly



NEGLECTED TOMBS OF AMERICAN SAILORS AT SHIMODA, JAPAN.

the *Daniel Webster*). and the big steamer *Lancefield* converted into a man-of-war, the Japanese believed that they could whip anything afloat which the foreigners might bring. The Confederate privateer *Shenandoah* had annihilated our whaling fleet in the North Pacific, and our commerce having been swept from the seas by the *Alabama*, Americans living in Japan felt like people without a country.

VIII.—McDOUGAL AND THE "WYOMING."

CAPTAIN DAVID McDOUGAL was then in search of the *Alabama*. His ship, the sloop of war *Wyoming*,

mounted six guns, two of them being 11-inch Dahlgrens. He heard the news of the *Pembroke* from Minister Robert Pruyn at Yokohama. He determined to cheer up his countrymen. Though without charts of the strait or map of the batteries, McDougal ordered coal and stores on board with all despatch. He learned the exact

draught of the Japanese steamer *Lancefield*, and was delighted to find it greater than the *Wyoming's*. On July 16, under a cloudless sky, without a breath of wind, and the sea as smooth as a tank of oil, the *Wyoming*, with her ports covered with tarpaulin, so as to look like a merchantman, arrived in the strait. The lieutenant in the fore-castle called out that he sighted two square-rigged vessels and a

steamer at anchor close in to the town. Most of the *Wyoming's* men and her Japanese pilot had never been under fire.



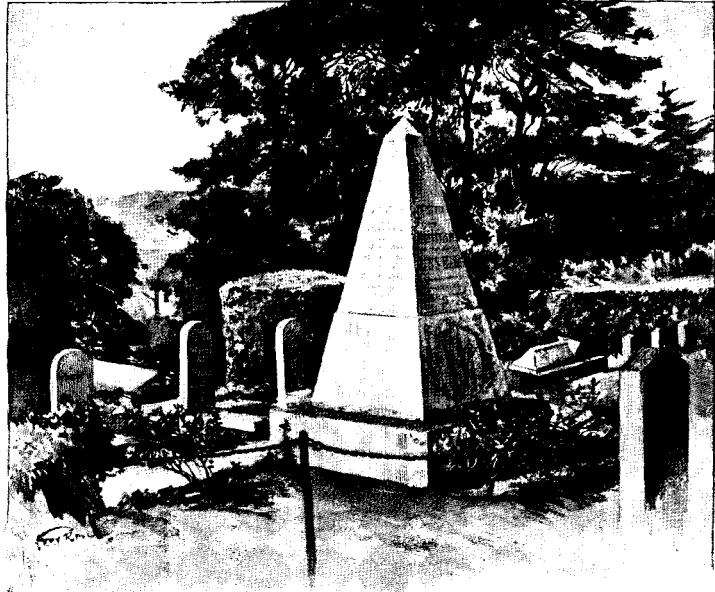
THE TOMBS AS RESTORED BY AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

When, therefore, McDougal called out, "All right; we will steer right in between them and take the steamer," not a few aboard turned pale at the thought of their captain's thus "running amuck." Moreover, McDougal, noticing the stakes that marked the channel, and suspecting that the Choshiu guns were all trained on it, ordered the man at the wheel to run the ship inside, between the stake-line and the northern shore.

The Japanese pilot seemed paralyzed with terror at the ship's running so close under the batteries. Yet McDougal took his risks, with cool knowledge of the situation and the depths of water, and without foolhardiness.

Even before the ship was thus steered, the 8-inch guns on the bluffs opened fire. The American flag was hoisted at about 10.30, and the artillery of the *Wyoming* began to play. McDougal's wisdom was quickly justified. Great red dragonlike tongues of flame and white clouds of smoke revealed fresh batteries on the hills and behind the town. Shot and shell screeched through the air, but they flew ten or fifteen feet over the heads of the *Wyoming's* men, for the guns on shore had all been pointed upon the channel. There were six finished batteries, mounting in all thirty guns. The three Japanese men-of-war carried eighteen pieces, making forty-eight cannon opposed to the *Wyoming's* six. The first Americans killed were two sailors near the anchor, and then a marine named Furlong, from Maine. Except Furlong, all the casualties were in the forward division.

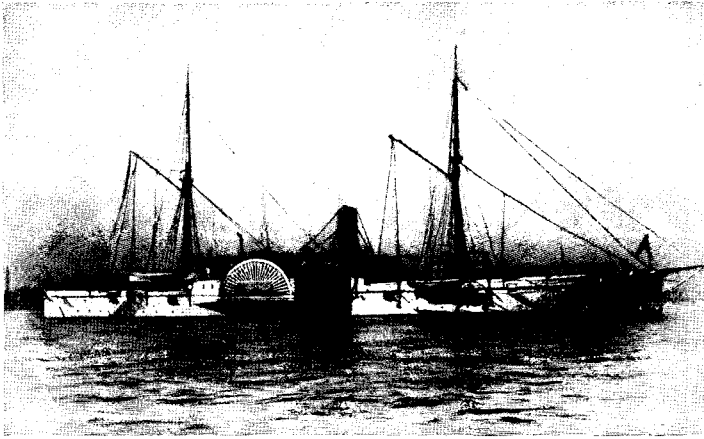
By 10.50 A.M. the Yankee ship, now in front of the town, dashed directly between the steamer and the two brigs. The Japanese gunners on the *Lanrick*, who



THE MONUMENT TO THE MEN OF THE "ONEIDA," YOKOHAMA.

were so near that their faces could be seen, fired no fewer than three broadsides from their bronze twenty-four pounders, while the muzzles of the *Wyoming's* four thirty-two pounders nearly touched theirs. The *Lancefield*, having her heavier guns pointed up the channel, was not able to make use of them, but fired swivels and muskets. The *Wyoming* rounded the bow of the steamer, and when out into the clear water again became the target of the batteries behind the town and of one brig, the other brig showing signs of sinking.

Unfortunately the *Wyoming* grounded. Seeing this, the heavily manned Japanese steamer began to move, either to escape into the inner harbor, or to ram the *Wyoming* and board her while stuck in the mud. Fortunately the Yankee's propeller worked the ship off. Then, neglecting the sinking brig, the *Wyoming* manoeuvred, in the terribly swift stream, until the pivot-guns had the range of their splendid target. Then both Dahlgrens spoke. Their shots so demoralized the company on board the *Lancefield* that the dignitaries from under the magnificent purple canopy got off in sculling-boats and were rowed away, while the sailors leaped overboard by the score,



THE "MONOCACY."

The most effective of the ships in shelling the Korean forts.

dotting the water with topknots. Again McDougal ordered the gunners of the 11-inch Dahlgrens to fire. At first they seemed to pay no attention, and the order was given three or four times. The gun-captain of the forward pivot was only waiting to get the exact range. The big shell struck the *Lancefield* at the water-line, passed through the boiler, tore out her sides, and burst far away in the town beyond. The frightful explosion, casting out steam, smoke, ashes, iron, timber, and human beings, was succeeded by a gurgling swell, under which the steamer disappeared from sight. On her way back, the *Wyoming* dropped shells with marvellous accuracy into the batteries, one of which was wholly destroyed.

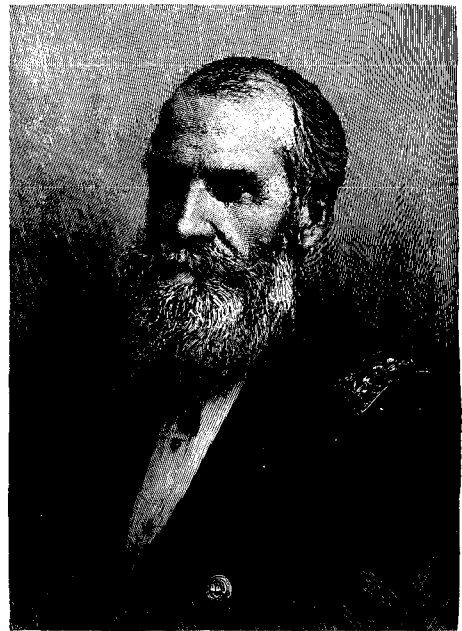
At 12.20 the firing ceased. Fifty-five shot and shell had been fired within a space of one hour and ten minutes. Counting time lost when aground, this meant more than a gun per minute. The *Wyoming* was hulled ten times, her funnel had six holes in it, two masts were injured, and the upper rigging badly cut. The Choshin clansmen fired chain-shot, grape, shell, and round shot from guns mounted on carriages of improved foreign pattern, able to sweep a wide arc and to change their elevation quickly. Their one hundred and thirty rounds killed five and wounded seven of our men. The loss of the Japanese, beside one battery ruined and two ships sunk, was probably over one hundred.

After studying the original papers and questioning numerous eye-witnesses, both Japanese and American, it is hard for the writer to qualify his matured judgment that in the annals of the American navy no achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the *Wyoming* at Shimonoseki.

McDougal set the mark for Commodore Dewey. The Manila victory was on a larger scale. It cannot have been morally greater.

IX.—PEARSON AND THE "TA KIANG."

FOUR days after, the French thirty-five-gun frigate and gunboat *Tancrede*, with a land force of two hundred and fifty



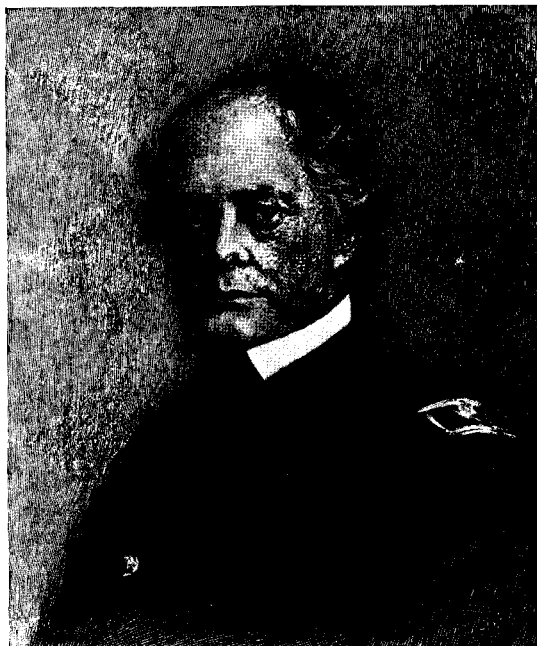
COMMODORE HOMER C. BLAKE.

men, with maps made by the Dutch captain, shelled the forts, took one five-gun battery of twenty-four pounders, and came away. Nevertheless, Choshiu became the centre of opposition to the Shogun's government at Yedo. The clansmen, re-enforced by ronins, or free lances, from all parts of the empire, repaired their losses, built new batteries, mounted heavier guns, and succeeded for fifteen months in closing the strait against foreign commerce. The Tycoon being helpless, it became necessary for the treaty powers then represented in Japan to force the passage and destroy the forts.

In the allied fleet assembled to enforce the treaties and chastise the rebellious vassal, out of a total of 17 ships, mounting 208 guns, with 7590 men, the British had nine men-of-war. The heaviest were equipped with splendid new breech-loading Armstrong rifled cannon, of which the English officers were exceedingly proud, not sparing their ridicule of our antiquated muzzle-loaders. The French had three fine vessels, mounting 49 guns, with 1235 men. The Dutch squadron consisted of four heavy ships, carrying 58 guns, served by 951 men.

What was the American force? Our civil war was in progress, and the only national ship on the station was the sailing sloop of war *Jamestown*, Captain Cicero Price, worthless in a dangerous strait with a narrow channel and the tide running like a mill-race. Yet the moral influence of the United States was desirable, as showing united action of the powers. So, like a tiny bantam amid big fighting-cocks, the little steamer *Ta Kiang* of 600 tons was chartered. A thirty-pounder Parrott gun from the *Jamestown* was mounted on her deck. Lieutenant Frederick Pearson, with a party of thirty marines and sailors, was sent to co-operate with the fleet in towing or carrying the wounded. The ordinary complement of this merchant ship's officers and sailors were to work the steamer, while Pearson and his men were to give it a martial air. Nothing was said about fight-

ing. Since the government at Washington could not be communicated with, and approval of the action of Pruyn and Price was not certain, Pearson was given orders which he might interpret to suit a Quaker—or otherwise. In reality, despite Washington's warning against "en-



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS.

angling alliances," here was a case in which the United States was allied with three European powers for war-purposes against an Oriental people. It forms a striking precedent. Was it the first?

The greatest of naval battles in Japanese waters was fought September 5 and 6, 1864. The six heavy ships took up a position on the left, fronting the town and the ten batteries, which mounted sixty-two cannon. The five light vessels made a flanking squadron on the right, while in the centre were the largest ships—*Euryalus*, *Conqueror*, and *Semiramis*—all finely equipped with heavy rifled guns, and among them was the little *Ta Kiang*. In the battle which followed, lasting during the afternoon and next morning, the *Ta Kiang* took part, doing splendid execution at three thousand yards with her rifled Parrott. In a trial of speed, Pear-



McKee.

Chester.

Blake.

Wadhams.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE UNITED STATES CORVETTE "ALASKA."

son's men actually beat the gun-squad of the *Euryalus* with her breech-loading 100-pounder Armstrong gun. It must be remembered, however, that the method of breech-loading was in those days so clumsy that this feature was later abandoned in the British navy. It was resumed when the notable improvement of hinging the breech, and putting in a gas-escape check, and an outward latch on, made breech-loading the only method worth considering.

The *Ta Kiang* assisted handsomely in towing the boats of the landing force which captured and dismantled all the forts, but beat all the vessels and quickly landed the fifty-six wounded on board in the hospital at Yokohama. Pearson was warmly praised by the British, French, and Dutch admirals, and awarded by Queen Victoria the decoration of the Order of the Bath, which Congress allowed him to wear. Yet neither McDougal nor Pearson ever received promotion, notice, or thanks for his superb and shining example of duty nobly done. In May, 1898, a prominent Japanese editor wrote: "The expedition against Choshu did more to open Japan's eyes than anything else."

X.—THE FORMOSA CAMPAIGN.

OUR civil war being over, Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, Commodore H. H. Bell, joined the China squadron. The American bark *Rover* had been wrecked on the southeast corner of Formosa, and her crew murdered by the copper-colored natives, whose favorite sport was head-hunting. As usual, the Chinese mandarins could do nothing. So on June 13, 1867, guided to the right place by British residents of Takao, a force of 181 marines and sailors was landed from the *Hartford* and *Wyoming*, who were to go into the bamboo jungles to chastise these Indian-like skulking cannibals. After four hours' marching in the frightful moist heat of darkest Formosa, unable to see but a few feet in the tangled thickets, "a fight in a furnace" took place, in which Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, one of the finest officers in the navy, was slain. The loss of the enemy, who were scarcely visible in the undergrowth, and were only indicated by the frequent flash of a gun barrel in the sunlight or the puff of smoke from their hiding-place, was not known. Beyond burning a few huts, little damage was

done. The body of Mackenzie found a hospitable grave in the garden of the British consulate at Takao, which again showed that "blood is thicker than water." A young officer named Sigsbee, afterward captain of the battle-ship *Maine*, made a sketch of the funeral and burial-spot.

American interests in Formosa were afterward handsomely served by General Le Gendre, United States consul at Amoy.

tery, like those at Shimoda, Yokohama, and other points in the Far East, are faithfully and lovingly decorated by our men annually on May 30. Memorial day is always impressively observed by our men abroad. Usually, in the case of recent burials, our American tars lay flowers on the graves or hang a wreath on the monuments of their British sailor-mates also. "Blood is thicker than water."

Americans could not but rejoice when,



KOREAN OFFICERS ON THE FLAG-SHIP.

A few months later, January 11, 1868, Admiral Bell, with Lieutenant Read and ten sailors, was drowned in the upsetting of a boat off the ever-dangerous Osaka bar, Japan. No American officer of so high rank has thus far died on this station. The graves of the seamen in Kobe Ceme-

in 1895, the Japanese took over Formosa from the Chinese, and began to govern it decently.

XI.—THE CIVIL WAR IN JAPAN.

THE jealous Japanese clans of the south — Satsuma, Choshuu, and Tosa — settled



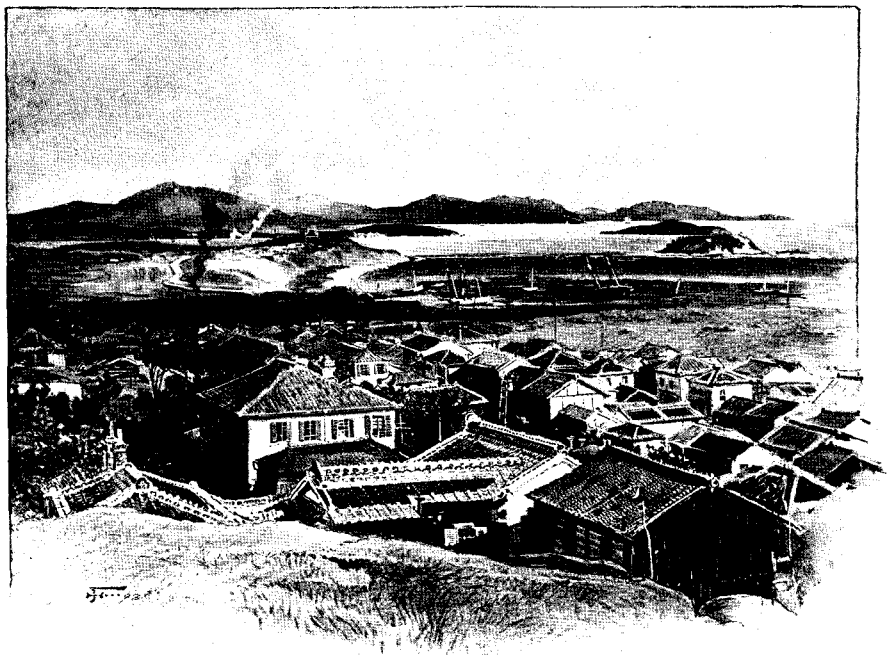
SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA IN 1898.
Showing the American Methodist college and the French cathedral.

their quarrels, "pooled their issues," and made a coalition, the "Sat-Cho-To," which seized Kyoto and the Mikado's person. At the decisive battle of Fushimi, January 27-30, 1868, Tycoonism and duarchy were blown to the winds, and feudalism was dealt a mortal wound. In the war troubles around Kyoto, Osaka, and Kobe eleven French soldiers were slain. The British body-guard of Sir Harry Parkes suffered frightfully in the attack upon them by two assassins in a narrow street of Kyoto, one fanatic's sword doing most of the work of wounding eleven men and five horses.

In Japanese proverbs, "The beaten soldier fears even the moving tops of the tall grass." The defeated Tycoon, Keiki, unrecognized, gladly found asylum on board the United States steamship *Iroquois*, until in his own steam-yacht he took passage northward. Though he resigned his office, his followers fought the battle of Uyeno within the city limits of Yedo. The campaign of civil war was continued in Aizu and Yezo. The victorious imperialists, led by Satsuma and

Choshii, armed with American rifles, drilled in modern tactics, and full of valor and enthusiasm, won. On the water, the men of the cause which, by reason of its unfitness for the age, was foredoomed to be lost, were at first strong in modern war-ships built chiefly in the United States, and officered by natives educated in Holland. When, however, the iron-clad *Stonewall* arrived from the United States, and the Mikado's party secured her, the war was soon over.

That handsome war-steamer the *Idaho*, whose vitals of machinery were a failure, after costing the "butt end of nearly a million" dollars, became our store-ship at Yokohama. Delightful are the memories of the *Idaho* still enjoyed by resident landmen, and of naval men whose happy hours of duty were in sight of Fujiyama's snowy crown. Commodore Watson, now looking up castles in Spain, and Captain Chester, now of the United States cruiser *Cincinnati*, illustrated the suavity and social charm, the unquailing courage, the stern devotion to duty, and the strict discipline of the American naval



CHEMULPO, THE TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY AND THE SEAPORT OF SEOUL.

officer. Nearly all our old wooden ships which had been active in the civil war visited the Japan station between 1866 and 1896.

After three years' service in Asiatic waters the crew of the United States steamship *Oneida* were happy in setting their faces homeward January 24, 1870. Joy soon changed to woe. Within an hour after leaving Yokohama and the cheers from her sister crafts, the gallant ship was beneath the waves. Struck amidships at 6 P.M. by the British mail-steamer *Bombay*, Captain Eyre, off Saratoga Spit, the *Oneida* sunk in fifteen minutes. All on board except four officers and sixty men were drowned. Their monument is annually hung on Memorial day with flowers, the protests of the resurrection hope against the might and mystery of death.

XII.—KOREA.

JAPAN had forged ahead in enlightened progress, but Korea persisted in her mood of morose seclusion. Besides American vessels shipwrecked on her inhospitable coasts, the crew of the schooner *General*

Sherman, which, early in August, 1866, entered the Ping-Yang River, met violent deaths. Whether "merchant or invader," aggrieved or aggressors, those on board lost their lives. The Koreans, first with fire-rafts and then with weapons, had attacked and slain them all. The facts in the case were investigated and found about twenty years afterward by Ensign John B. Bernadou, the first naval officer wounded in our present war with Spain.

To inquire into the *General Sherman* affair, and to make a treaty, an American force, consisting of the *Colorado*, *Alaska*, *Benicia*, *Palos*, *Ashuelot*, and *Monocacy*, under "fighting John Rodgers," moved into the Han River, on which Han-Yang, the Seoul or capital of Korea, is situated. With Mr. F. F. Low, our minister in Peking, with whom was the responsibility of peace or war, our men caught sight of the superb scenery of Korea at Boisé Island, May 30. Only the *Palos* and the old double-ender *Monocacy*, now the Noah's Ark of the Asiatic squadron, could enter the river. On June 2, leaving the heavy vessels behind, four steam-launches and the two gun-boats moved out to the work of survey-



INSIDE THE LARGE KOREAN FORT.

ing. Around the bend of the river was "a whirlpool as bad as Hell Gate," and a channel only three hundred feet wide. To the surprise of the Americans, there was a fort and a new earth-work mounting several thirty-two pounders, and hundreds of jingals lashed by fives to logs. The treacherous Korean commander was one second too late. A storm of fire burst and clouds of smoke rose over the fort, while the water was torn into foam and our men soused in the splash. One American was wounded, but of the two or three hundred Korean missiles of many sizes not one injured a ship or boat. The bow guns of the launches, the cannon of the moving *Palos*, and the 10-inch shells of the *Monocacy* at anchor quickly cleared the fort of its defenders, the white-coated Koreans flying like sheep before the well-dropped shells.

Those who know the inside of the Hermit Nation's history do not wonder at the silliness, obstinacy, and ill-concealed contempt of the Tai Wen Kun's cat's-paws, called officers, who from the first rudely rejected all offers of intercourse. This prince-father, with heart of stone and bowels of iron, an intense hater of foreigners and Christianity, was then the

virtual ruler of Korea. Admiral Rodgers allowed ten days for some apology for the treacherous attack, but none coming, an expedition of chastisement was prepared. The two gunboats, four launches, and twenty boats carried ten companies of infantry with seven pieces of artillery, the 105 marines and 546 sailors being organized as a landing force. With the sailors of the *Monocacy* and *Palos*, this expedition, under Captain Homer C. Blake, numbered 759 men in all. Among the active officers were Winfield Scott Schley, Silas Casey, C. M. Chester, L. A. Kimberly, Douglas Cassel, Seaton Schroeder, Albion W. Wadhams, and others now famous.

The *Monocacy*, strengthened with two 9-inch guns from the *Colorado*, led the way up the river June 10, and quickly breached the wall of stone, ten feet high, and emptied with her shells the first of the five forts built on three promontories. Our men landed eight hundred yards below the fort, and went into camp. After destroying everything warlike in the stone fort and the water-battery, they bivouacked under the stars, the marines guarding the outpost. In the dark the white-clothed Koreans moved about like ghosts,

firing on our pickets. The next day, dragging their howitzers over the hills, our men moved towards the next line of fortifications, called the "middle" fort. After the *Monocacy* had shelled it into silence, and the marines found it deserted, the sailors destroyed everything in it.

Up hill and down dale in this country, rough to soldiers dragging cannon, but a dream of beauty to tourist and poet, our men moved to the main stronghold, which seemed perched like an eagle's eyry upon a high rocky bluff. How could such a citadel be stormed by men without wings to fly? This fort, mounting 153 guns, large and small, was fully garrisoned by stalwart tiger-hunters from the north. To the left thousands of armed natives were gathering in dark masses on the flanks of the Americans, and in a rush on the howitzer companies of the rear-guard and outposts they might overwhelm their foes. Some of our men were already prostrated by the heat. Something must be done quickly. From a ravine, up the steep incline of a cone 150 feet high, our men must climb in face of jingal and musket fire. Fortunately the shrapnel of the howitzers kept the clouds of warriors on the flanks at a distance, while the *Monocacy's* shells had breached the walls. At the right moment Casey gave the order, and up the ladderlike cliffs our men rushed amid a rain of jingal balls. When the tiger-hunters could no longer load their clumsy pieces, stones, dirt, arrows, and spears were their weapons. Fighting with desperation in the hand-to-hand struggle, the Koreans chanted a death-dirge in melancholy cadence. The majority were slain inside the walls, and the few fugitives were quickly anni-

hilated by the rifles of McLean's sailors and the canister of Cassel's howitzer battery. About 350 Koreans were slain. Only twenty prisoners, all wounded, were taken alive. The other two forts, open to the rear from the main work, were easily entered.

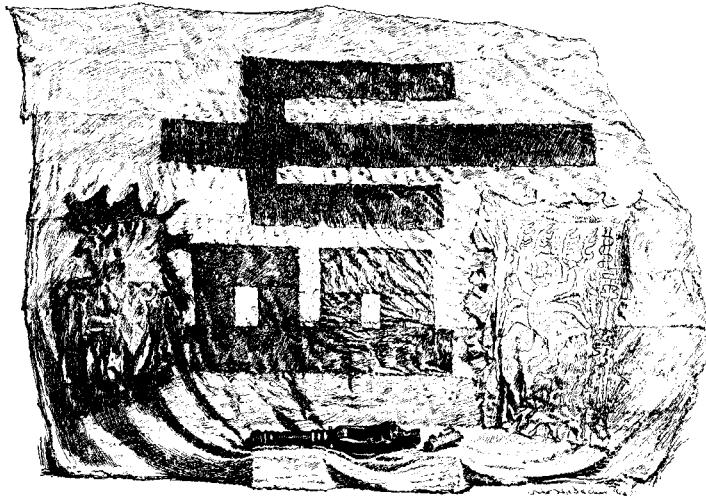
On our side, Lieutenant McKee and two other men were killed, and ten wounded. Five forts, 50 flags, 481 jingals and can-



OUR SAILORS AFTER THE BATTLE.

non (27 being heavy guns), and hundreds of matchlocks were captured as the result of the two days' operation. Courage, zeal, and discipline marked our heroes throughout. Except possibly in the disembarkation on a mud flat, it is difficult, from a naval point of view, to see how the operations could have been more wisely planned or more scientifically carried out. Some of the Korean cotton-armor suits, flags, lances, and rude breech-loading cannon, of a model like those used by Columbus, were brought to Washington.

Seen in the perspective of Korean history, it seems now utterly improbable that any treaty could have been made at the time when the Tai Wen Kun ruled the country. Even so sound an authority as the late S. Wells Williams declared to the writer that Rodgers's chastisement of



THE FLAG OF THE KOREAN COMMANDER, THE FLAG OF THE TIGER-HUNTERS,
A BATTALION FLAG, AND A KOREAN BREECH-LOADING CANNON,
CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS.

the Koreans helped to make them willing to treat with their fellow-creatures in 1882. After a winter of negotiation in Peking, Commodore R. W. Shufeldt, in the United States steamship *Swatara*, off Chemulpo, May 19, signed the document which ordained peace and friendship between one of the smallest and one of the greatest of nations, and his guns saluted the new flag of Korea. To-day, in Seoul, the young stars and stripes and the age-old mystic symbols and diagrams wave in harmony. Electric lights, an American-built railway, the first in the kingdom, improved machinery and methods, to say naught of schools, teachers, hospitals, and

physicians, show the change from isolation and barbarism.

XIII.—MANILA.

It has been only in the nineties that American steel ships with modern armament have been seen in Asiatic waters. On the 3d of January of this year, Commodore Dewey hoisted his pennant on the United States steamship *Olympia*, and his subsequent exploits are known. Let not the lustre of his fame be dimmed, or the credit of his daring acts be discounted. Yet in Asiatic waters there were brave Americans before him. All honor to them!

COMPLINE.

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS.

AS evening settles down along the land,
And lamps blink and the wind is lulled asleep,
Then through the spirit moves a knowledge deep
The day denies us; then a living hand
Nestles from Nature into ours, as sand
Slides in the glass: we dream, and half we leap
The barriers that the dumb Recorders keep,
A ray streams through, and half we understand.
For twilight is the spirit's dwelling-place,
Where mystery melts the slow-dissolving world
And ghosts of order step from accident.
Faith that still hovers where the dew is pearled
Steals forth and beckons, and from banishment
Our dearer selves we summon face to face.