

THE "WYOMING" IN THE STRAITS OF SHIMONOSÉKI.



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 Shimonoséki. Happening on the other side of the globe, during our civil war, this daring exploit passed unnoticed at the time. Ignored by our naval historians, it has thus far found no chronicler. The modest report of the hero, in about five hundred words, conveys no idea of the splendor of the achievement.

Briefly told, the story is this: A sloop of war of six guns, in a narrow strait, engaged during seventy minutes a force of seven batteries mounting thirty heavy guns, and three men-of-war carrying eighteen guns—in all, forty-eight guns. The Japanese force comprised probably twelve hundred men. The *Wyoming*, unassisted, destroyed one of the batteries, sunk two ships, disabled a third, and emerged from the conflict with a loss of four men killed and seven wounded.

The *Wyoming* was a sister ship to the *Kearsarge*, and on the same errand. At the outbreak of the war, being one of the few national vessels within call, she was despatched to the Asiatic station. Built in 1858 by Merrick & Co. of Philadelphia, she was rated as a sloop of war, second class, of 726 tons. Like the *Kearsarge*, she was of the type recommended, as far back as 1841, by Captain Matthew Calbraith Perry. This sailor diplomatist was not only one of the most accomplished artillerymen in the navy, but the trainer, as both officers repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged, of David McDougal and the able executive officer of the *Kearsarge*, James S. Thornton. Long and narrow in build, of great speed, the *Wyoming* was armed with the heaviest ordnance. With only four 32-pounder broadside-guns, she mounted amidships two 11-inch Dahlgren pivot-guns.

In anticipation of Confederate privateers being let loose in the eastern seas, the *Wyoming* received a new crew at Panama, and was put under the command of McDougal in June, 1861. This tried and true officer was then a commander. He was fifty-four years old, had seen service for thirty-two years on many seas, and had been under fire in the Mexican war. Having been trained especially on steamers, he had little of that fear which in 1861 occasionally possessed, like a paralyzing demon, naval

officers who had never fought over a boiler. Though he had served for sixteen years in one grade,—that of lieutenant,—he was not a creature of routine, afraid of taking responsibility when necessary. One of his companions in service had been Lieutenant James Glynn, who, at Nagasaki, in 1849, with his little fourteen-gun brig *Preble*, in the teeth of all the Japanese batteries, had dashed through the cordon of spy-boats and compelled the release and delivery of eight shipwrecked American seamen. With such precedents in Japan as Glynn and Perry, McDougal was the man to make the most of his ship and men. Among these, mostly native Americans inured to danger and burning with patriotism, were some foreigners who required watching, and McDougal found it expedient occasionally to shift or change the personnel of the gun-crews. Even after the battle, with the smell of powder still in their clothes, he found a Portuguese fighting an Englishman because the latter had said, "My stomach is on the *Wyoming*, but my heart is on the *Alabama*."

The complement of the *Wyoming* was 160 officers and men. The efficient executive officer was the late Commander George W. Young, who nobly seconded his captain in every enterprise. Master William Barton, then twenty-three years old, now President of the Maryland National Bank at Cambridge, Maryland, was in charge of the forward division, and Acting Master John C. Mills was in command of the after guns. Surgeon E. R. Denby, Paymaster George Cochran, Engineer (now Captain) Philip Inch, and Ensign Walter Pierce, were among the other officers, all young, and of the finest stock of which our naval officers are made.

By the end of the year 1862 the Americans resident in Japan felt like men without a country. The *Alabama* had so swept American commerce from the seas that the sending home of a package, or even of a letter, became a matter of extreme risk. News of disaster to the Union armies came thick and fast, and Americans were frequently twitted by men speaking their own tongue that the day of the "United" States was over. Besides the national troubles at home, they were living as social exiles in a land threatened with both civil and foreign war, because one party had determined to sweep all foreigners out of Japan.

On the 4th of April, 1863, Captain McDougal, then at Hong Kong, and alert for the *Alabama*, received word from the Minister of the

United States in Japan, the Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, to bring the *Wyoming* to Yokohama, and to "be ready to use her guns for the protection of the Legation and American residents in Japan." Incendiarism and assassination on the part of the Japanese *ronin*, or "wave men," were increasing, and the sight of an American man-of-war would be welcome. Shortly after the *Wyoming's* arrival the American Legation in Tokio was burned to the ground, but whether on account of politics or by accident is not known to this day. By an act of terrorism, but in evident anxiety for the safety of all foreigners, the Tycoon's ministers secured the removal of all Americans from Tokio and Kanagawa to Yokohama. The American flag was hauled down in Tokio, never again to float over the Legation of the United States established where it ought always to be—at the seat of the Government—until John A. Bingham raised it in 1873 in Tokio, then the imperial capital. The *Wyoming* was turned into a temporary hotel, and the American families were accommodated on board until shelter under her guns was to be found on shore. The British, French, American, and other legations ate humble-pie at Yokohama, because a horde of would-be assassins held Tokio in terror.

The Japanese were, in fact, already well advanced in those internal troubles preparatory to the crisis which they had been approaching for a century, but which the presence of foreigners, by disturbing the elaborate political machinery created by Iyéyasū, had precipitated. Potentially, the civil war of 1868, under which the "curtain government" of Tokio, the dual system, feudalism, and Old Japan were to sink into oblivion, had begun, though foreigners knew not the significance of the mighty movement which was to give birth to New Japan. They supposed the turmoil to mean simply the revolt of two great feudatories from their suzerain, and that it was simply a quarrel between Satsuma and Choshu on the one hand, and the Shogun on the other. The British agents were pressing those demands upon the Tokio government for "the Satsuma outrage" in the murder of Mr. Richardson, which issued in the bombardment of Kagoshima, even after \$440,000 of indemnity had been paid.

Tokio at this time had lost its prestige and nearly all the spectacular glory of feudalism, which now centered at Kioto. At this city gathered tens of thousands of two-sworded clansmen over-eager to flesh their blades. They were furious alike at the vacillating Tycoon and at the "ugly foreigners," for whose expulsion from the defiled Land of the Gods they clamored. The "Great Prince" of Tokio had been compelled to come to Kioto, and on his knees and with face on the ground to pay homage to

the divine Mikado, not only "worshiping the dragon countenance," but impoverishing himself by a list of gifts that reads like the catalogue of a museum of decorative art, and which cost 63,000 ounces of silver. The sole purpose of this untold personal trouble, profound humiliation, and heavy mulct was the hope of staying the imperial edict that all foreigners should be expelled from the Holy Country, the ports closed, and Japan resume her hermit-like isolation. In vain, however, did he "moisten the whole populace in the bath of his mercy," for the decree of the Emperor had gone forth. "The ugly barbarians," so ran the edict, "are watching the Empire with greedy eye, and you will, in obedience to his wish, perform the exploit of sweeping them away." In Japanese phrase, signifying what Darius meant by "the laws of the Medes and Persians," "the decree of the Mikado is like perspiration—it never goes back."

This was the edict which set the clansmen of Choshu at work building batteries, and which let loose the *ronin*, the unattached two-sworded bullies and swashbucklers, all over the country. They swept Tokio as with a broom, until no foreigners, despite all their fleets and soldiery, were left in the city, while Yokohama became an entrenched camp. The work of incendiarism and assassination was carried on diligently, even by youths who afterward became the liberal and enlightened men of New Japan; for their object was to embroil the Tycoon with the treaty powers, and thus to effect his overthrow, that the Mikado might be restored to supreme power.

On the 28th of May, in Kioto, with all decorative circumstance and spectacular pomp, the Mikado Koméi, father of the present Emperor Mutsūhito, borne invisible in his phénix car, accompanied by the Tycoon, Hitotsūbashi,— "the throne and the camp" together,—made a ceremonial visit to the shrines of the gods to pray for the "brushing away of the 'ugly barbarians.'" Myriads of people worshiped the Mikado as his Mysteriousness passed by, and prayed to him as the representative of the heavenly gods. His imperial Majesty took this solemn step preliminary to heading his armies for the sweeping away of the foreigners. June 25 was fixed as the date. Mere children in their seclusion, the courtiers imagined that by the word of the Emperor, backed by the sword and "the unconquerable spirit of everlasting, great Japan," the task would be as easy as the splitting of a bamboo. On the 23d of June, at Yokohama, even while the carts loaded with silver were being emptied of their \$440,000, which was deposited as indemnity in the holds of the British ships *Euryalus*, *Encounter*, and *Pearl*, the order

for the closing of the ports and the notice to all foreigners to leave Japan were duly received. At the same time the Tycoon, a gentleman still living, who knew what foreign ships and cannon were, sickened at his task and wished to resign, but was not allowed to do so. Like grist poured into a hopper to be ground between the upper and the nether millstones, he manfully addressed himself to the hopeless tasks laid on him by the foreign diplomatists and his sovereign.

Meanwhile, Mori, lord of Nagato, or Choshiu, being guardian of the Straits of Shimonoséki, had resolved to begin war on his own account. So soon as the barbarian-expelling edict was promulgated, swift couriers were sent southward. In a few hours after the receipt of the news hundreds of laborers, under native engineers, were leveling, excavating, and throwing up earth on commanding portions of the bluffs overlooking the narrow straits. They worked under a flag inscribed "In obedience to the imperial order." Before the rise of Iyéyasū and the Tokugawa family of Tokio rulers, in 1600, the lord of Choshiu held sway over eleven provinces. When Iyéyasū became master of all Japan, and covered again the chess-board of the Empire, he stripped Mori of all his possessions except two provinces. Proximity to Kioto was coveted by the great daimios, with a view to seizing the imperial person and making a *coup d'état*. This was the king-move in the game of Japanese politics. Iyéyasū checkmated Mori, and surrounded Kioto with his own most loyal vassals. He further pressed the game by setting the Kokura clan between Choshiu and Bungo, so that the powerful feudatories Mori, Kuroda, Nabéshima, and Arima could never easily unite for harm to the Tokio government. This old allocation of friend and enemy on opposite shores of the straits explains why only one side was at this time fortified. After two centuries of galling subjection, Mori now saw a grand opportunity to regain the ancient fortunes of his house by obeying Kioto and defying Tokio. Iyéyasū's maxim of "divide and rule" seemed about to be turned against his heirs.

The Straits of Shimonoséki form the western entrance into the Inland Sea, and divide the great islands Hondo and Kiushiu. They are three miles long and from one half to one mile wide, the navigable channel being from three to seven hundred feet wide. The town, of eighteen thousand inhabitants, consists chiefly of one very long street at the foot of bold bluffs, except that in the center the houses completely encircle and cover two or three small hills, and cluster thickly in a ravine. The town of Shimonoséki, like that of Nagato, or Choshiu, is ancient, mirroring in its name

the old feudalism of Japan. It means "the lower barrier," at which all persons passing or entering Nagato, or the long gateway of Hondo, the main island, must be examined. Some have called it "the Gibraltar of the Japanese Mediterranean."

As geography is half of war, so the most famous naval battles in Japanese history took place here in the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries. The tide in its ebb and flow runs like a mill-race at the rate of five miles an hour, and the violent oscillations acting upon the numerous sunken rocks and shoals have, in the course of centuries, furnished an appalling list of wrecks and a great loss of life. Every landmark in the region is eloquent or ominous with traditions of gloom. It is told that the foundations for a beacon, often swept away by the invincible current, were finally made by binding a fair virgin to the granite block, as it was lowered into the waters. Her life propitiated the dragon whose lair was beneath, and the tower was built. On one of the rocky ledges stands the monument of the young Emperor Antoku, drowned in the great naval battle, A. D. 1185, between the Genji and the Héiké, the white and red flags, when possibly one thousand war-ships fought together. The same waters which were reddened with the blood of the nearly annihilated Héiké clan were to witness, seven centuries later, a series of artillery conflicts between ships and forts—the prelude in both cases of a new era of national development.

At advantageous points on the bold bluffs overlooking the rushing current of this narrow and crooked passage the Choshiu men prepared the ground for seven *ho-dai*, or cannon-platforms. These were from 50 to 100 feet above tide-water, and each mounted from two to seven guns. A few of these were 12- and 24-pounders, but most of them were 32-pounders, and several in the batteries nearest to the town were 8-inch Dahlgren cannon, which the United States had presented to the Tokio government, but of which the Choshiu men had in some way obtained possession. For several years previous the study of Dutch treatises on fortification had been carried on, and it is even possible that thus early there had been direct instruction by French artillerymen.

The Choshiu clansmen trusted not only to their batteries to close the straits and thus to bring on war, but also to their armed ships. Ostensibly for the Tokio government, they purchased of the American firm Jardine, Matheson & Co., for \$160,000, the iron steamer *Lancefield*, of 600 tons. They also secured for \$45,000 the clipper-built brig *Lawrick*, a fine sailing vessel formerly used in the opium trade, and for \$22,000 the American bark *Daniel Webster*. On the steamer they mounted four, on the brig

ten, and on the bark six guns, mostly brass 24-pounders. On these vessels they raised the flag of Japan, a red ball or sun on a white ground, and at the fore the blazon of Choshiu, a blue flag with a straight bar at the top, and, underneath, a pyramid of three white balls. They named the war-steamer *Koshin* and the brig the *Kosei*. Without knowing the Chinese characters, we read the names as meaning "loyalty to the Mikado" and "in the Emperor's service," or "imperial vassal" and "imperial order," respectively.

Ships and batteries were not fully completed, but nevertheless were ready for action, when, on the 25th of June, 1863, the very date appointed by imperial order for hostilities, the first game appeared in sight, of which these eager hunters expected to make easy quarry.

The American merchant steamer *Pembroke*, from Yokohama to Nagasaki and Shanghai, entered the straits in the afternoon, passing on her way an armed Japanese bark. Instead of attempting passage through the seething, current-tossed waters, her captain obeyed the customary sailing directions, and awaited slack water. She carried the United States flag, and her Japanese pilot had been furnished by the Tokio government. Shortly after her anchor was dropped the armed bark moved past her and anchored a short distance off. It was noticed that she carried the national flag of Japan, although it was the law that vessels owned by daimios should fly the clan or feudal flag at the fore. There was no suspicion of hostilities, however, harbored by the captain of the *Pembroke*. An hour after midnight the bark suddenly opened fire on the American ship. Some minutes later a brig, which was made out to be the *Lanrick*, appeared in view, her crew shouting as they passed the *Pembroke*, and, anchoring near the bark, began firing on the American ship. As it was reported in Tokio a few days afterward, and officially made known to Mr. Prun by an officer of the Foreign Office, that the American vessel had been sunk, it is probable that the doughty cannoners, who had broken the peace of two hundred and fifty years by firing the first hostile gun, did really so believe. As a matter of fact, it being a dark night, the *Pembroke*, having steam up, eluded her assailants by retracing her course, and, escaping through the rarely used Bungo Channel, reached Shanghai without having touched at Nagasaki. For indemnities, "loss of time, freight, passengers, and deadly peril," etc., though no one was hurt, and no paint, rigging, or wood injured, the owners at once sent in a bill for \$10,000, through the American Legation, to the government of Tokio. As a matter of fact, \$12,000 were paid.

By the 8th of July the batteries were finished,

the ships equipped, and the gunners, after practising night and day, well trained. The Dutch treatises on artillery had been well conned, and were curled into dog's ears at the pages treating of how to attack ships caught in a current. A French despatch-vessel, the *Kien-chang*, on her way from Yokohama, appeared in the straits July 8, and anchored as usual to await the turn of the tide. The batteries at once opened upon her, and she was hit in seven places. A boat was lowered to inquire into the reason for these surprising hostilities, but a well-directed shot shivered it to pieces, killing several men. With heavy work at the pumps, the *Kien-chang* was able to reach Nagasaki, though nearly in a sinking condition. Her commander informed Captain, now Admiral, de Cassembroot of the heavy Dutch frigate *Medusa*, sixteen guns, then on her way to Yokohama, of what had happened.

For 250 years the flag of the Netherlands had been known in Japan. The Dutch commander, though hoping for peace, went well prepared for war. Anchoring at night, the frigate entered the western entrance at daylight on the 11th of July. As the current was running at five knots, and the *Medusa* was able to steam only six knots, progress was slow, though in this case desirably so. Signal-guns, two from the first battery and eight from the brig, were heard, yet, as the opposite shore was lined with Japanese junks, the Dutch captain was disposed to think that no hostile shot would be fired. Vain hope! No sooner was the *Medusa* opposite the brig, than the *Lanrick*, which flew the flag of Nagato, the bark *Daniel Webster*, and the heavy battery of Sennenji, mounting six guns, opened simultaneously. In a few minutes the frigate was within the concentrated fire of six batteries. What most astonished the Hollanders were the projectiles, such size and weight being undreamed of. The splendid abilities of the Japanese artillerymen and the rapidity of their fire were astonishing. To find 6- and 8-inch shells exploding on their ship was a novelty to the Dutchmen in the eastern world, and showed that the Japanese were up to the times. With his port broadside Captain de Cassembroot illustrated true "Dutch courage" for an hour and a half. Unable, on account of his draft, to attack the ships directly, he passed on his way. The *Medusa* was hit thirty-one times. Seven shots pierced the hull, sending bolts and splinters in showers about the decks. Three 8-inch shells burst on board. The long-boat, cutter, and smoke-stack were ruined. Four men were killed and five wounded. On his return to Europe Captain de Cassembroot was knighted, and his crew received medals of honor. He is still living at The Hague.

A few days later, July 20, the French gun-

boat *Tancredi* was hit in three places while swiftly steaming through the channel. Later, a Satsuma steamer, mistaken for a foreign warship, was set on fire and sunk by the batteries. The bodies of nine officers and nineteen men, killed or drowned, were swept out to sea. Evidently, then, the Japanese as artillerists were not to be despised.

Before any news of hostilities was received at Yokohama the *Wyoming* had received orders to return to Philadelphia by way of the Straits of Sunda. Officers and men were in high spirits at the prospect of home and the possible capture of the *Alabama* on the way thither. When, however, on the 11th of July, the Tokio government gave information of the attack on, and the supposed sinking of, the *Pembroke*, the exact facts being received by mail from Shanghai next evening, Captain McDougal, rejoicing that the daimio of Nagato had provided an *Alabama* at hand, ordered coal and stores on board with all despatch. Two Japanese pilots were furnished by the Tokio government. Mr. Pruyt sent his interpreter, Joseph Héko, a native gentleman picked up at sea as a castaway, educated at Baltimore, and still living. Journalism was represented by Mr. E. S. Benson, an American who edited a cable paper at Yokohama. Without charts of the straits, or map of the batteries, Captain McDougal took care to learn the exact draft of the *Lancefield*, finding to his delight that where she went the *Wyoming* could follow. He hoped to board and capture her, and perhaps one of the other vessels. Weighing anchor at 5:30 A. M. on the 13th, and entering by the rarely used Bungo Channel, the *Wyoming* anchored at the eastern end of the straits at 9:30 P. M. on the 15th. There McDougal awaited the favorable turn of the tide.

Moving into the straits at 5 A. M. next day, the point of Shiroyama was rounded at six o'clock. Signal-guns were fired, and were repeated along the six batteries to the town, which was still invisible, owing to the promontory of Monshi, which projected from the southern shores of Bungo, where no batteries were. In a few minutes the first shot struck the ship just above the engine-room, cutting away the wind-sail halyard. The crew were beat to quarters, but no reply was made until after rounding the Monshi promontory on the southern side, when the whole panorama of the town, the larger batteries, and the three Japanese men-of-war burst into view. The bark was lying close in toward the town or northern shore; fifty yards outside of her and one length ahead was the brig; another length ahead and outside of the brig was the steamer. The main channel lay south and outside of all these vessels. McDougal noticed that stakes had been driven into

the mud along the edges of the main channel, and it was evident that the Choshu cannoners expected to blow the *Wyoming* to atoms. As the three vessels lay with their sterns to the *Wyoming*, each in turn was quickly recognized. All three were crowded with men, and from the steamer hung kedge-anchors at the yard-arms, to be used as grappling-irons for boarding. On each vessel the national flag of Dai Nippon was flying at the peak, and the feudal flag at the fore.

In symbolic design the Choshu pennant would have been suggestive to the occidental mind of the pawnbroker's three balls and the ominous interpretation of "Two to one you'll never get it again"; but the reversed form of a pyramid, one ball above two, gave an omen that was cheering. It meant at least one chance.

What was to be done? The Japanese pilots had at first kept the *Wyoming* in the main channel, bearing to the port side or southern shore. Already frightened when told by McDougal to take the ship toward the northern shore under the very noses of the cannon, they were paralyzed with fear when he ordered them to run the *Wyoming* in between the steamer and the brig. In vain they protested that the *Wyoming* would get aground. Knowing the exact draft of the *Lancefield*, McDougal, though without charts, took all other risks, and steamed directly for the vessels. Immediately another battery of three guns, fifty feet up on the side of the hill, fired its heavy shot, cutting the rigging between the mainmast and the mizzenmast, which showed that remaining in mid-channel would have made the *Wyoming* an easy target. The American flag was now run up at the peak, and all hands were ordered to prepare for boarding. The flag was at once saluted by shot and shell from a fresh battery of four guns, and it was then noticed that the *Lancefield* had steam up and was making ready to move.

Upon this, McDougal called his men back to the guns and gave the order to begin firing. Both pivots and the starboard guns at once opened. So excellent was the gunnery, though at the time the Americans knew it not, that one fort was practically torn to pieces with the shells of the first broadside. As the Japanese historian writes, "One of the balls of the barbarian vessel destroyed a fort, and, encouraged by this lucky shot, she dashed in." As the *Wyoming* forged abreast of the bark the latter opened a broadside fire from three guns, by which two men, William Clark of New Jersey and George Watson of Vermont, stationed near the anchor, were killed, the latter by a chain-shot. A marine in the gangway was also struck dead by a ball from the battery of Sennenji, which, mounting six or seven guns, was the most formidable of all. Within two minutes more the



SHIMONOSÉKI IN 1859.
DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Wyoming was abreast of the brig, from which a broadside fire of four brass 25-pounders opened. On the port side the steamer was less active, having her guns pointed up the channel and being able to fire only swivels and muskets.

In these few moments every gun on the American ship was worked to its fullest power. She was so close to the bark and the brig that the faces of the Japanese were plainly discernible, the guns seemed almost to touch, and the *Wyoming* to be wrapped in sheets of flame. The Japanese sailors worked their guns so rapidly that no fewer than three broadsides were fired from the brig during the swift passage of McDougal's ship. One of her shells entered under the forward broadside-gun of the *Wyoming*, and killed and wounded all the gun-crew except three. The captain of this gun, William Thompson, having his left arm torn off, and the tackle being shot away, Charles J. Murphy, though himself wounded, lashed the breeching of the gun, kept it in position, and fought this 32-pounder short-handed until, later in the action, Lieutenant Barton sent him reinforcements from the pivot-gun. With the exception of the marine and the two men killed at the anchors, every other man killed or wounded in the action belonged to the division of Lieutenant Barton, whose sword-guard was struck and bent by a piece of shell. In passing the ships, every shot of the American told upon the Japanese vessel on each side.

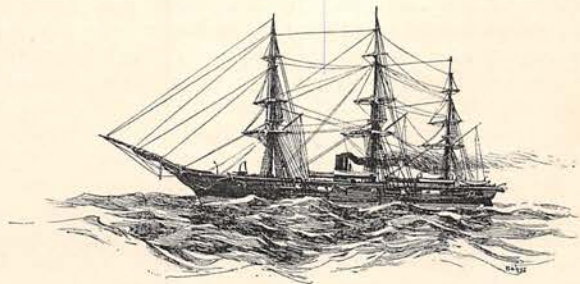
When out into clear water, the *Wyoming*, having rounded the bow of the steamer, was nearer the southern shore, and the six batteries and the bark concentrated their fire on her. Despite the holes torn in the sides of the vessels by the Dahlgren shells, their guns were still vigorously plied, when the danger hitherto feared was realized—the *Wyoming* was aground. Meanwhile the steamer had slipped her cable and was moving over to the northern shore, whether to escape, to examine damages, or, as is probable, to swing

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round and to attempt to ram or board the *Wyoming* while stuck fast, is not known. Fortunately the propeller was powerful, and the *Wyoming* was worked off the mud. Neglecting the bark and the batteries, the brig being already in a sinking condition, attention was turned entirely upon the *Lancefield*.

Manœuvring into favorable position, despite the current, which was running like a mill-race, and training his pair of pivot-guns upon the steamer, McDougal prepared to give the Japanese a lesson in the power of 11-inch Dahlgren ordnance. This was exactly what the Choshu men needed to know. Of the after-pivot Frank Wyatt, boatswain's mate, was captain. Of the forward gun Peter King, a fine specimen of the American sailor, had charge. Both sent their shot into the hull of the *Lancefield*, whereupon a group of men, presumably officers, left the ship in a sculling-boat, and scores of men jumped into the water, which was dotted with heads as a winter rice-field is tufted with stubble. The second shell of the forward pivot was planted directly in the center of "the Prince of Choshu's own steamer, the *Koshin Maru*," one foot above the water-line. It pierced ship and boiler, came out on the other side, tearing a great hole, and, passing into the town a quarter of a mile away, exploded among the houses. In a moment great volumes of smoke and steam rolled out of the doomed ship both fore and aft; cinders and wreckage were hurled upward as from a geyser; and as red tongues of flame shot out here and there black crowds of men leaped into the water to swim ashore. According to reports in Tokio a few days later, forty men lost their lives on the steamer. Two more shells were fired to secure the utter destruction of the vessel. When, however, McDougal found that the sailors were using their revolvers upon the Japanese struggling in the water, he called them off, and the inhuman work stopped.

The guns of the bark were still at work as fast as they could be loaded and fired, and despite the smoke concealing the hull of the *Wyoming* the flags on the trucks enabled the



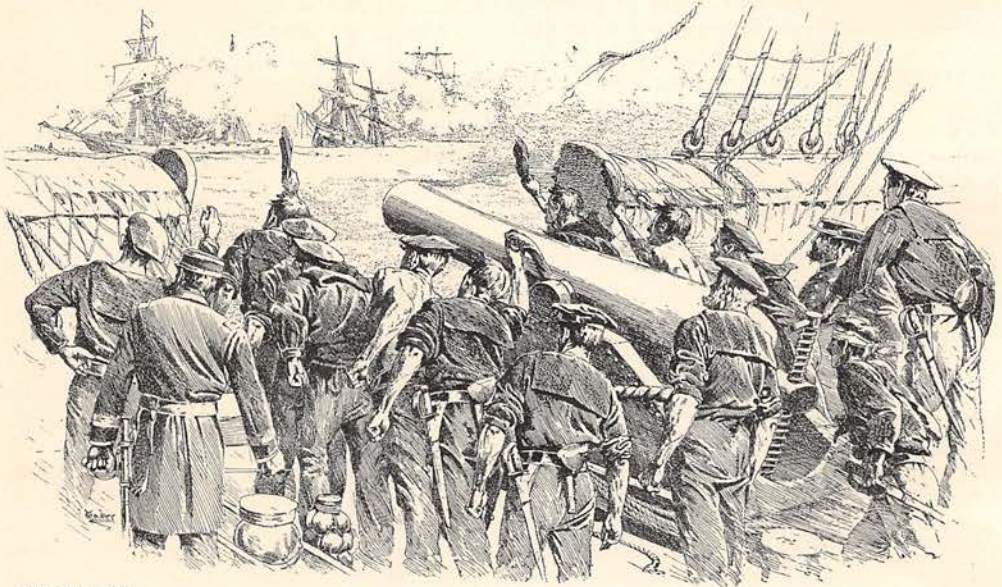
DRAWN BY W. TABER,

THE "WYOMING."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

batteries to find their target. Upon these and the bark the pivot- and the broadside-guns were now trained. By the splendid gunnery of our sailors several shells were dropped exactly within the batteries, and the bark was so riddled as to be worthless. Three days later the *Tancredi* saw only the tops of the submerged brig, the steamer also having sunk. The fire from the batteries was less active on the *Wyoming's* return, and not a man on her decks was hurt. For their non-participation in the fight the spectators on the southern side, the clansmen of Kokura, were afterward roundly berated by the Choshu warriors, and the Emperor was greatly distressed about their conduct.

the United States the sum of \$10,169. The fact that McDougal had run his ship out of the main channel and close to the northern shore, and then, incredible as it seemed to the Japanese gunners, between the ships without grounding, gave the batteries a good target only in the spars and rigging. Losing their first good opportunity to sink the ship, they failed to regain it. It was thought at first that the cannon of the Choshu men were fixed to fire up the channel only. Before the engagement was over, the Americans found that the Japanese were able to alter their range, and did so. Four days later, when the French admiral appeared with his heavy 35-gun frigate *Se-*



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE SINKING OF THE JAPANESE SHIPS.

Throughout the action both the men and the officers of the *Wyoming* behaved with admirable coolness and *elan*. After a lucky shot the whole crew gave three cheers, enjoying this, their first battle, with fierce delight. After the last battery was passed, and the point of Shiroyama rounded, there was time to count the odds, and hear what surgeon, carpenter, mate, and quartermaster had to report. The battle had lasted one hour and ten minutes, and the *Wyoming* had fired fifty-five rounds, or, from the hoisting of the flag to the last discharge, nearly a gun per minute. The ship was in good fighting trim, though struck in over twenty places. Her hull had received ten shots; her funnel had six large holes in it; and the foremast and the mainmast were injured each in four places, while the upper rigging was badly cut. For rope, wood, canvas, and metal injured, and for ammunition expended, the battle cost the Government of

miramis, the gunboat *Tancredi*, a land force of 250 men, and, provided with maps made by the captain of the *Medusa*, took, after bombardment, a 5-gun battery of 24-pounders, it was found that the carriages were of excellent foreign pattern, able to sweep a wide arc.

Of our gallant sailors four had been killed outright, and two died of their wounds. Two sailors were severely and two slightly wounded. Except a negro, born in Martinique, and three Irishmen, all of these were native Americans. That the Japanese fired a variety of missiles was shown in the abundance of marks left by the grape and canister, the death and wounds by shell, and the killing of a landsman, George Watson, by a chain-shot. James Caswell, another landsman, by a solid shot coming through the bulwarks, was filled with splinters from head to foot, and died at sea on the Sunday following the fight. Michael

Lynch, a coal-heaver, who had both legs shot off below the knees by a ball, walked half the length of the deck on the stumps. Before he died he complained of his toes hurting him.

Sewed in their hammocks, the dead were committed to the deep next morning at 9 A. M. The service was read by the commander, who now, with the tenderness of a bereaved father, and with tears rolling down his face, mourned for his brave seamen. Beloved of his men, he had by kindness won the highest discipline and strongest personal regard even from those whose lifelong habits as landsmen had made the routine of a man-of-war odious, so that the *Wyoming* in all the potencies, human and material, was ever a unit of the highest possible efficiency for the Government of the United States.

The act of the Choshu men, who thus deliberately and voluntarily broke the peace of two centuries and a half by firing on the steamer *Pembroke*, was, as the native historian wrote, "the first deed of arms in Japan." It marked the beginning of civil and foreign war, and began the long political struggle of which the constitutional and representative Japan of the year 1892 is the outcome, and which none more than the Choshu men, both in war and in peace, helped to achieve. Above all things eager to try their strength with foreigners, and to show the "ugly barbarians" the spirit of unconquerable Japan, it was they who began their exhibition upon an American ship. It was an American ship, also, which first gave them a counter-exhibition, not only of extraordinary physical prowess, but of moral courage. To the Choshu clansmen, brave and capable as they themselves were, it seemed as though McDougal possessed more than human nerve in thus running his vessel into the fierce fire which they had prepared for him. Long afterward they spoke respectfully of the "American devils." They had fought the Dutch frigate, and four days later were chastised at one point by the French, but neither of these combats, carried on in mid-channel at long range, or by a charge after the single battery had been emptied by long bombardment, so impressed the thinking men of Japan's most intellectual clan as that of the commander of a single ship coolly and of choice meeting such overwhelming odds at close quarters and winning so surprising a victory. The Choshu men were noted for their thinking, and for the power of profiting by their reverses, and this time their profit was great.

Yet this act of McDougal was not a mere "running amuck," a rash plunge; it was as cool and scientific a movement, albeit one requiring as much nerve and courage, as Cushing's attack

on the *Albatross*. With Japanese prison-cages and torture all foreigners in Japan of that day were acquainted by daily report. Even casual walks around Yokohama had made the American officers familiar with the pillories near the blood-pits, which were almost daily decorated with human heads. Besides, it had been immemorial law and custom for the beaten party in Japan to perform *hara-kiri*; or, failing, to suffer decapitation. It was a clear knowledge of these facts that led McDougal, while shrinking from nothing within the bounds of possibility, to give an order not mentioned in his amazingly modest official report. He had, only a few days before, seen the American flag hauled down and the Legation of the United States driven from the capital; and this was humiliation enough for McDougal. Hence he determined neither to see nor to have the like thing done on the ship he commanded. If boarded or overwhelmed, or made helpless by grounding or a shot in the boilers, it was his deliberate purpose to blow up the ship and all on board, the officer of the powder division being instructed to that effect. Knowing his ship, officers, and men, the draft and the tide, he took the chances, and won. His splendid courage in fighting all their ships and batteries with his one small vessel affected the thoughtful men of Choshu as mightily as when, a year later, as their twelve batteries, mounting sixty-two guns, crumbled under the fire of the combined squadrons of four nations, they swore by all the gods of everlasting, great Japan to give body and soul no rest till they had won the secret of the strength of the western nations. "The plucky falcon had its leg broken," but even while temporarily disabled it dreamed of new quarry. Even before their great battles with the fleet in 1864 Choshu had no need to prove her courage. All foreigners believed and respected it. They saw one clan, and one only, even though well-drilled and armed with American rifles, fighting at one time the whole army of the Tycoon at Kioto and the combined foreign fleet at Shimonoséki. Although unable to sound the depth of Japanese politics, they admired bravery. What puzzled the men of Christendom was the ronin's attack from behind, which they counted as cowardly murder. Both assassination and incendiarism seemed to them barbarous, and as inconsistent with the boasted honor of the samurai as do "the Shimonoséki indemnity" and "Christianity" to the Japanese, when these words accidentally occur together. Yet hard fighters as they proved themselves, the chief glory and distinct mental endowment of the Choshu clansmen is their remarkable capacity, not for military, but for civil, organization and affairs. In military talent and in the bolder virtues the Satsuma men

excel; in patience, foresight, and constructive ability, the Choshu. The two, as mortise and tenon, make superb framework of government.

After their chastisement at Shimonoséki and Kagoshima, both Choshu and Satsuma forgot



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID STOCKTON MCDUGAL, U. S. N.

their hatred of foreigners in their eagerness to win the secret of their power, which they suspected lay behind ships and cannon. Thirst for alien blood was consumed in the more intense thirst for knowledge. They overthrew anarchy and feudalism, and made New Japan.

For twenty-two years they have led the most progressive of Asiatic nations. Now, indeed, in limited monarchy and parliamentary government, they are to be forgotten as clansmen, and to be known only in the general democracy of voters. In the education of that clan which, since the era begun by Perry, has produced more than any other the leadership and practical intellect for Japan, McDougal had a larger share than he ever dreamed. Out of that superb company of men came not only Yoshida Torajiro, the man who, with clothing stuffed with paper and pencils to take notes in a foreign country, and with scholarly hands blistered by rowing past the guard-boats, stood on Commodore Perry's ship at midnight beseeching passage to America, but the more brilliant statesmen and leaders, Yamada the brave, Kido the matchless, Inouyé and Ito and Yamagata, statesmen of highest rank, all names forever to be associated gloriously with New Japan.

One of the bravest and best of American naval officers, David McDougal acted not only in harmony with his instincts as a patriot, but in accordance with the tenor of orders from the Navy Department, the urgent request of the American Minister, and the unanimous sentiment of the Americans in Japan. His reward from the Government during his lifetime was ordinary routine promotion, as captain at the age of fifty-five, and as rear-admiral on the retired list at the age of sixty-four. He died at San Francisco, August 7, 1882.

William Elliot Griffis.

THE KING.

SUGGESTED BY GÉRÔME'S PICTURE, "THIRST."¹

STRETCHES of sand whereon no thing of life
Is visible. Above, a copper plane,
Hung like a cymbal poised before the strife
Of clashing. Lying, seething, grain on grain,
The sand stares up, the vacant sky stares down,—
As on two idiots, one by the other seen,
Grows no expression, neither smile nor frown,—
And heated, filmy mists are spun between.
Across this horrid space a lion's tread
Is traceable. None save a king dare track
This hellish vast. Kingly he reared his head,
And his proud step pressed firm upon the rack
Of blistering sand. . . . Far in an oasis
This king bent low a water-drop to kiss.

Louise Morgan Sill.

¹ See THE CENTURY for February, 1889.