

New Stories from Overseas

Fūkō Mineta

Translator's Note

When working on this English translation, I drew from two source texts: the original text from 1849 and Okuda Hisashi's rendering into modern Japanese, published in 2009. I produced the first draft based on the modern Japanese version, and then went back over the original to make sure that the details and the feel were consistent. My overall guiding principle was to reproduce the tone of Japanese medieval epic war narratives like *Taiheiki* and *Gempei jōsuiki* that Mineta cites as his stylistic models in the preface.

Kaigai Shinwa is a semi-historical text, based on actual events but leavened with embellishments and fabrications that Mineta hoped would appeal to a broad audience. Some of these flourishes must have been original, included for narrative effect, while others may have been reproductions of details from his Chinese source texts. Given that the historical interest of *Kaigai Shinwa* derives from it being an outsider's view of a far-off war, of course I followed Mineta where he deviates from other accounts. There were, however, some cases where I felt it necessary to render mistaken names correctly or obscure names in a more familiar form (Mineta himself makes a similar editorial note, regarding incorrect dates in his sources that he adjusted; whether or not the dates he provides are in fact correct is a different matter). These instances are annotated at the end of the translation.

It is also worth mentioning Mineta's distinction between "Qing" and "China." He tends to use Qing in reference to political and military entities, while China is used in a more essential way, designating race, culture, values, and a certain constant spirit of the commoners that is differentiated from the impermanent dynasties of the ruling class. I have attempted to preserve these differences in my translation. With regards to the geographical region, Mineta uses both China and Qing; in these cases, I opted for China.

I have used pinyin romanization for proper nouns, except in the names of certain locations where the English equivalent is most prevalent in Western historical discourse (i.e., Canton, Amoy, the Bogue). Though Mineta's text refers to time in terms of Chinese dates, I have rendered dates according the Western calendar, so that readers unfamiliar with the Chinese calendar system would have a chronological frame of reference.

Coming from a background in modern Japanese literary studies, I encountered some potholes as I worked through this translation. For their advice in matters Chinese and pre-modern, I would like to thank Peter Perdue, Edward Kamens, Guojun Wang, Robert Goree, and Ashton Lazarus. Thanks are also due to Haruko Nakamura and Tang Li for guiding me to helpful online resources.

Sam Malissa

March 2011

Preface

Great guns shook the heavens and smashed the formidable city walls; barbarian ships entered the harbor and the Chinese forces fled. Key territories were abandoned and left undefended. If the winds disturb the crane, cannonballs from ships upset it all the more.

It was Minister Lin who invited this calamity. His new laws prohibiting opium in the coastal lands came like the tumult of thunder. The measures he took were out of balance, and all his efforts led only to an excess of pent-up rage. First this gave rise to local insurgencies, and matters worsened as a ravenous beast came from the sea, tail thrashing about.

The fog of war brought wretched days with no light, as black and white demons came crashing into the houses of the people. A bitter wind made the sturdy pines and oaks tremble, while corpses lined the roads and the chilling calls of

carion birds rang out. The local generals lamented in vain at their insurmountable task.

All must now feel regret at the opening of trade with foreigners. The Emperor in his court wept, and handed down a petition for peace, for though the people in the north were untroubled, those in the south suffered greatly. Alas, peace cost millions in gold—and this payment purchased the rapid flourishing of the barbarians' authority.

Now they loom over the sea to the east, even as far as our Land of Gods, surrounded though it is on all sides by cleansing blue waves. Not needless were the lessons granted us by the heavens with the example of China. Will it be said that we were solicitous of the foreigners, or that we followed our own best interests? Oh, let us realize the urgency of this matter for our island nation! I pray that we will prepare ourselves to the utmost, that we may be ready even if the divine winds do not sink the numberless enemy ships. Rather, let us send them struggling back, with only a paltry few survivors.

—Written in the third month of the second year of the reign of Ka'ei (1849) at my temporary residence up the Sumida River, where the sounds of strings and flutes well up at whiles, and the dust of play billows into the sky; living in peace is truly a delight.

Fūkō Mineta

Explanatory Note

This account is based on the Chinese text, *The Record of the Barbarian Invasion* (*Yifei fanjing lu*). More precisely, the material is gleaned from the particular section that relates strategic deliberations, reports to the emperor by his generals from across the realm, and eyewitness accounts of the battles. Accordingly, the timeline of events is drawn from *A Brief Account of the Invasion* (*Shinpan jiryaku*). In the cases where dates in my sources were unclear or incorrect, I have adjusted them based on

other texts. For example, Chen Huacheng's fall in battle is dated mistakenly as June 20, 1842, but I have corrected it to June 17.ⁱ

The Record of the Barbarian Invasion begins when the English invaded Dinghai on June 30, 1840,ⁱⁱ and does not tell of the initial spread of opium in China or the severe measures Lin Zexu took in Canton to outlaw the drug, measures which then provoked the barbarian invasion. So that readers could learn about the events that led to the disturbance, I included material from Chinese texts like *Collected Essays on Statecraft (Jingshi wenbian)*; *Records of Hidden Sorrow (Yinyou lu)*; *Collected Poems of Zhapu (Zhapu jiyong)*; and *The Record of Sacred Military Campaigns (Shengwuji)*. I rely on the well-informed to correct the many errors or omissions I may have made.

My tale follows the familiar style and language of the old warrior epics of our land, such as *The Record of the Rise and Fall of the Minamoto and Taira (Gempei jōsuiki)* and *The Chronicle of the Great Peace (Taiheiki)*, so that even uneducated children will be able to absorb it easily.

As for the names and ranks of the English, I have rendered these phonetically in Chinese characters.

When referring to armaments we are familiar with in Japan, like canon emplacements or bayoneted rifles, I have used the Japanese terminology. In the case of things like grenades, I have preserved the Chinese terms. For words of foreign origin or whose meaning is unclear, I have provided glosses alongside the text where they occur. In all other cases, I have followed current accepted usage.

Regarding the illustrations of the English, their weaponry, and their ships, these things originate in a distant land, separated from us by the wide seas. As such, there are but few who know exactly how these people look or how their weapons are constructed. The illustrations in this volume therefore use Dutch goods as a model so that the reader may have an idea of how such things appear.

New Stories from Overseas, Part 1

A Brief Overview of England

England is a powerful island nation in seas off the west of Europe. The Chinese have several different ways to write the word “England,” and have lately taken to calling its people “English barbarians.” To the north of England is a land called Scotland, which had long been an independent country with its own ruler. But in 1707, during the reign of the Queen Anne, England absorbed Scotland, as well as the island to the west called Ireland, to form Great Britain. This kingdom was divided up into fifty-two counties and entrusted to the care of sixty-two royal vassals.

To the south, the channel at Calais separates England from France and Holland. It is only twelve or thirteen *li* across, and a round trip can be made in one day, if the winds are fair. Towering cliffs and hidden reefs ring the coasts of England, and the rushing tidal currents are treacherous; it truly is a forbidding land. Because of this, neighboring enemy countries have given up watching for an opening to invade. Even as formidable a character as Napoleon Bonaparte, the rogue Emperor of France, who sought to conquer the whole world, never made a naval assault on the British Isles for fear of the perilous seas around them.

Since olden times, England has been ruled by both kings and queens. The current monarch is Queen Victoria.ⁱⁱⁱ After her ascension to the throne, she took two princes from her tributary states as husbands. The queen presides over her court where she conducts affairs of state, while her two husbands sit to her right and left in attendance. When her vassals pay tribute to her, they approach the queen and prostrate themselves at her feet. At this, the monarch extends her hand, which the vassals then kiss before they withdraw.

England’s venerable capital is called London. It sits astride the River Thames, where there are great crowds of people and the houses are packed in one after the other like teeth in a comb. A great bridge span the river, 405 meters long and nine meters wide, with three beacons to light the way for travelers at night. The riverbanks are lined with gun batteries to defend against invaders. There are numerous markets where merchants from around the world come to trade pelts,

grains, minerals, textiles, and all manner of other goods. The ships gather so thickly at the river's mouth that the tall masts bristle like a forest, and it is as if the surface of the water has become land.

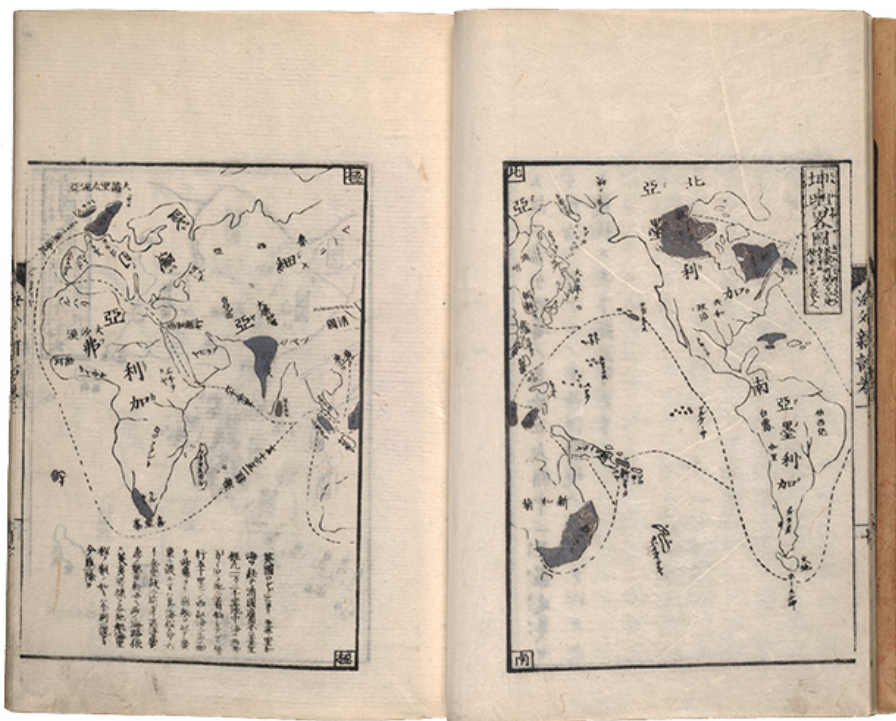
The population of the capital is about 1,050,000. There are two universities, and there are always tens of thousands of students enrolled. The English women are exceedingly wanton and show little regard for their chastity. Commoners in London indulge in drinking parties every night. The women vie with one another to win escorts to these affairs, and the men, whose lust knows no bounds, take advantage of the women's enthusiasm.

Nonetheless, the English are ambitious in their enterprises. They have built great merchant ships for sailing to all the countries of the world, where their trading has yielded tremendous profits. The trading fleet numbers 28,080 ships, which are managed by a government staff numbering 185,000. There are also over 100 ships attached to the Royal house, each equipped with between 40 and 120 cannon. Their flags they use are emblazoned crosses of three colors: red, blue, and white. Of these crosses, the red one is the most highly revered.

There are 124 English warships in the Indian territories, and about 4,000 government workers have been dispatched there. Beyond this, there is an army of local conscripts. The English draft one soldier out of every seventy men between ages eighteen and forty-five. Their method of organizing troops begins with groups of three men, called a "lot."^{iv} Sixteen lots together makes a "section," and two sections together form a "company." Four companies comprise a "battalion," and three battalions make up a "regiment." The Regal Corps is one of England's many great armies. There are various ranks of officers who command these fighting units, including "captain," "lieutenant," "colonel," and "general." As for their armaments, in recent years the English have greatly advanced their firearms technology, and thus their style of combat has changed greatly from what it once was. They have made great efforts to maximize their mobility, and so have abandoned the use of metal plate armor—only heavy cavalry still make use of breastplates. Their heavy artillery includes "cannon," "howitzers," "carronades," and "mortars." The small arms are

called “carbines” and “pistols.” Beyond these, there are incendiary units specially equipped to burn down enemy cities and fortifications.

Of all the dauntless and deadly military forces among the Western barbarians, none excel the English. When facing weaker nations, they immediately conquer their enemy; when facing powerful nations, the English apply all their skill, and before long the opponent is fatigued. And so it is that the dominions of England across the continents are as numerous as the stars in the sky and the grasses of the field. Anyone with a will to keep their shores safe ought not to dismiss the English as mere Western barbarians who are so far away that they represent no threat.



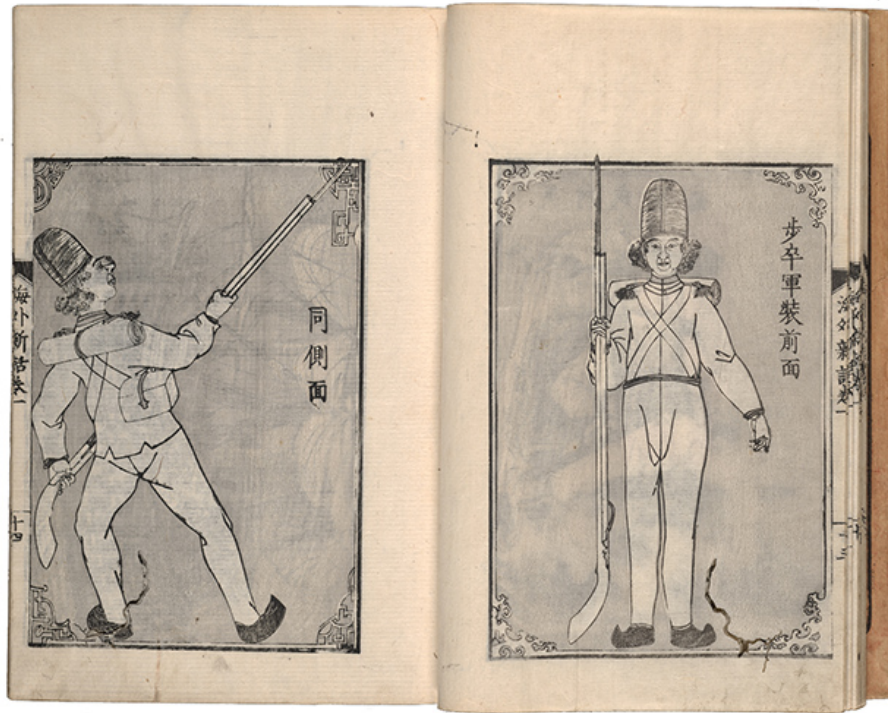
Map of the World



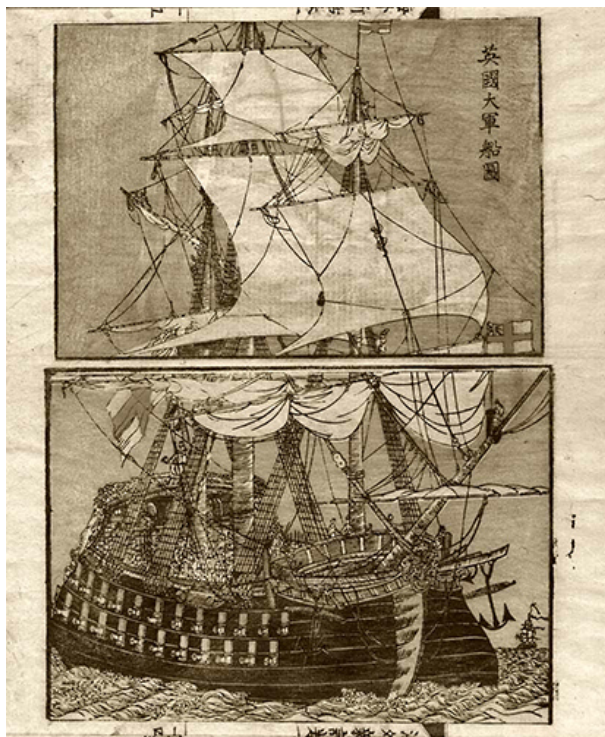
Map of China



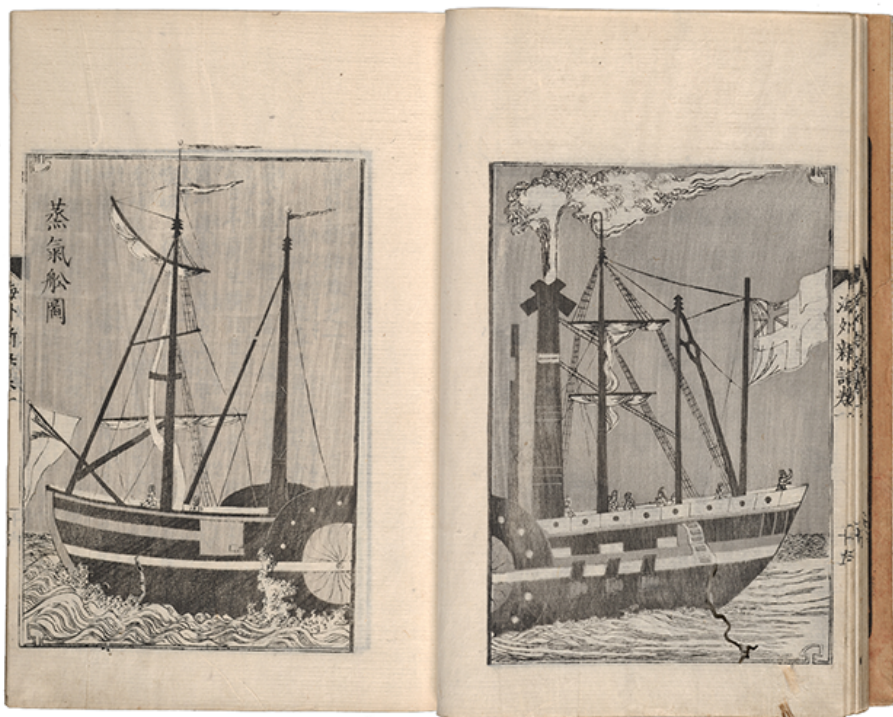
English Leader in Uniform



English Foot Soldier in Uniform



Great English Warship



Steamship

The Poison of Opium Spreads, and Huang Juezi Reports on the Damages of the Drug

It was about three hundred years ago that the poison of opium began to spread, moving out from Arabia and India into China. At first it was mostly in Canton. The people living near the coast there smoked it, but for a while it did not spread much beyond that. While there is no obvious flavor, there is a certain subtle taste that, once experienced, cannot be forgotten. When people with hardships smoke opium, their suffering seems to vanish. They become suffused with a profound sense of wellbeing, as if pleasantly intoxicated from a high quality liquor. Owing to this, it gradually grew more popular, first amongst the nobility and then the commoners, until it seemed everyone was using it. Once it reached that point, foreign merchants had free reign in selling the stuff. Every year they brought more and more of it in to Canton, trading it for Chinese bullion at an immense profit.

By its nature, opium is harmful to people. Once a person develops a habit of smoking it, their nerves become frayed and their blood unclean. They eventually fall

ill, and medicine fails to cure them. Because of this, an official decree during the Qianlong Era outlawed the drug. The decree established strict punishments for those who violated it: foreign merchants caught selling opium would have one thousand chests of it confiscated and burned, while Chinese merchants would spend two months in the pillory, suffer one hundred lashes, and be sent to the edges of the empire for three years. Even high officials who broke the decree would be dismissed from their post, and, after serving their time in the pillory, banished to some god-forsaken spot thousands of *li* away and used for all manner of slave-like work. The more flagrant the violation of the decree, the more severe was the punishment. For a while opium use dropped off, as all were frightened of breaking the prohibition. But as time passed, the law relaxed, and people began smoking opium again as they had done before.

In 1815, government officials confiscated and burned some three thousand chests of opium according to the earlier decree. But the habit had taken such deep root among the Chinese that the trafficking of the drug could not be stopped. It was especially bad among merchants living by the coast. They would row out into open waters to await the coming of English traders, with whom they would exchange all manner of goods for opium to be brought back and sold off throughout the land. Those who used the drug would smoke in dark, sealed-off dens to avoid discovery, hidden away from the public eye. Things being as they were, it was impossible for the government to completely wipe out opium use in the empire.

In 1827 and 28, during the reign of the Daoguang Emperor, the English barbarians feared the possibility that there would be another edict prohibiting the sale of opium. They bribed officials in Canton in hopes of getting around the law, and they brazenly continued to bring opium into the country. The greedy officials took the bribes and did nothing to stop the importation of the drug. Opium became China's most heavily traded import, with annual inflow never dipping below sixty million catties.

It was in 1838 that the minister Huang Juezi from Shandong petitioned the Emperor, urging a renewed commitment to the prohibition on the drug. Gripped with fear at the grave damage that opium was wreaking on China, Huang Juezi made

an earnest appeal to his ruler: “These past years China’s treasuries have been depleted and the people are greatly distressed. All of this is due to the epidemic of opium. It is not just the wealthy who squander their fortunes on it—even the poorest crave the drug to the point of selling their homes and fields to purchase it, so losing their livelihood. Such conditions are producing idlers and outlaws, whose numbers spiral out of control. If this drug is not strictly forbidden, all of the wealth of China will be snatched away by the barbarians. It is an extremely easy thing for them to produce opium, an insignificant trifle compared to the diligence required to save up silver and gold. It is therefore unthinkable that we should trade our hard earned riches for a simple poison! Each day we allow it in our country is another day of injury, each month we tolerate it is another month of suffering. The very fate of our country is at stake; we must act now, before we meet with great disaster.”

The Emperor acknowledged Huang Juezi’s petition and brought the issue up with his ministers in court. They unanimously agreed that severe measures needed to be taken against the spread of opium. The court enacted a system of communal responsibility by forming citizens into groups of ten, wherein any member’s infraction would result in the death penalty for the whole group. Owning smoking paraphernalia was just as much of a capital offense as possessing the drug itself. Officials who failed to root out opium abuse in their area of jurisdiction faced termination of both their posts and their lives.

In light of these developments, the English merchants in Canton were commanded to pack up and take home all the opium that was stored in their factories and ships, with a stern warning not to bring any more. When the barbarians heard these orders, they grieved over the misfortune of losing such lucrative trade. But, fearful of the strict prohibition, scores of merchant ships immediately pulled anchor and left China.

New Stories from Overseas, Part 2

Lin Zexu Assumes Power in Canton

Prompted by Huang Juezi's appraisal of the situation, the imperial court oversaw a rigorous suppression of the trade and abuse of opium. Nonetheless, those who had a taste for the drug suffered pains worse than thirst or hunger if they went even one day without it, and so the prohibition was frequently broken. This was especially the case in areas by the coast, where smoking opium had been a long established custom.

Opportunistic Chinese merchants took advantage of the general disregard for the law and continued selling opium from hidden stocks that they had built up. When word of this reached the Emperor, he flew into a rage and commanded his ministers to come up with a way to wipe out opium use once and for all. The ministers concluded that even though secret stores of opium remained within China's borders, if the flow of new stock through Canton could be sealed off, the stockpiled drugs would eventually be used up, and opium would disappear from China altogether. But as long as the barbarians continued to smuggle in fresh supplies, there would be no way to end this blight. The ministers suggested that the Emperor grant special authority to someone capable of handling the situation in Canton. When he asked for their opinion on who might be a fitting candidate, they recommended Lin Zexu. He was known as being honest, impartial and decisive, and the ministers asserted that he was the man for the job. It was agreed that Lin Zexu would be appointed governor-general over Canton.

Lin Zexu was well aware of the profound responsibility that came with being handpicked for this task. He swore before heaven and earth to eliminate the dark cloud of opium at the source, staunch the bleeding of China's wealth, and ensure the empire's future prosperity. Lin Zexu set off from Beijing in 1839 on the nine thousand *li* journey to his new post at Canton.

Right away, Lin Zexu took a tour of inspection. At the barbarian trading houses, he found a crowd of foreign merchants who had left the year before but had now returned. When he went around the harbor, there were twenty-four English

ships anchored in a tight cluster with bristling masts. He also noted the streams of disreputable Cantonese businessmen coming and going through the factories. They appeared to be employed by the barbarians in all manner of odd jobs as a cover for trade in opium.

When it became clear to Lin Zexu the extent to which the prohibition on opium was being ignored, he conferred with his local colleague Deng Tingzhen, to decide how best to stamp out the drug problem. First they chastised the local Chinese: "Last year's decree forbidding the purchase and sale of opium remains in effect and will be strictly enforced. Opium is a poison. The barbarians know this, and they do not tolerate its use in their own country. But they have no problem peddling it here in China, leading us into dissolution. You who abuse this drug have been long deceived by the barbarians, and you are blind to the damage the venomous smoke does to your health. You pursue this poison like a drunkard who drinks himself to death on his favorite spirit, or like moths that cannot resist the burning flame. It is as if you are completely ignorant! From this point forward, there will be no mercy for anyone who violates the law and smokes opium."

They then turned their attention to the barbarians in their factories and demanded that all opium brought into China that year be surrendered within three days. But the barbarians were afraid of what might happen if they publicly admitted to having smuggled in opium, and three days passed without any action on their part. Lin Zexu was infuriated and he threatened the barbarians, saying, "You have brought opium into China in blatant disregard for the standing prohibition. You are vile savages who seek devour the wealth of China! If you truly have no intention of surrendering your opium, I will see to it that none of you leave here alive. Your deaths would serve as a warning to any of the Dutch, French, or American barbarians who might be similarly tempted to flout Chinese law." Lin Zexu then had several hundred armed men surround the English factories. Fearing for their lives, the barbarians immediately handed over 1,317 cases of the drug.

But Lin Zexu was not satisfied with the amount the English produced, suspecting that there must be even more hidden away. He ordered them a third time to give up all of their opium, but the barbarians cobbled together all manner of

excuses and made no move to turn over any more of their supply. Lin Zexu then took another tack. He ordered his men to seize all of the small boats in the harbor so that the merchants would have no way to reach their ships anchored further off shore. He also evicted the Chinese servants at the barbarian offices and forbade the local residents from bringing the English any food. They were shut in and cut off.

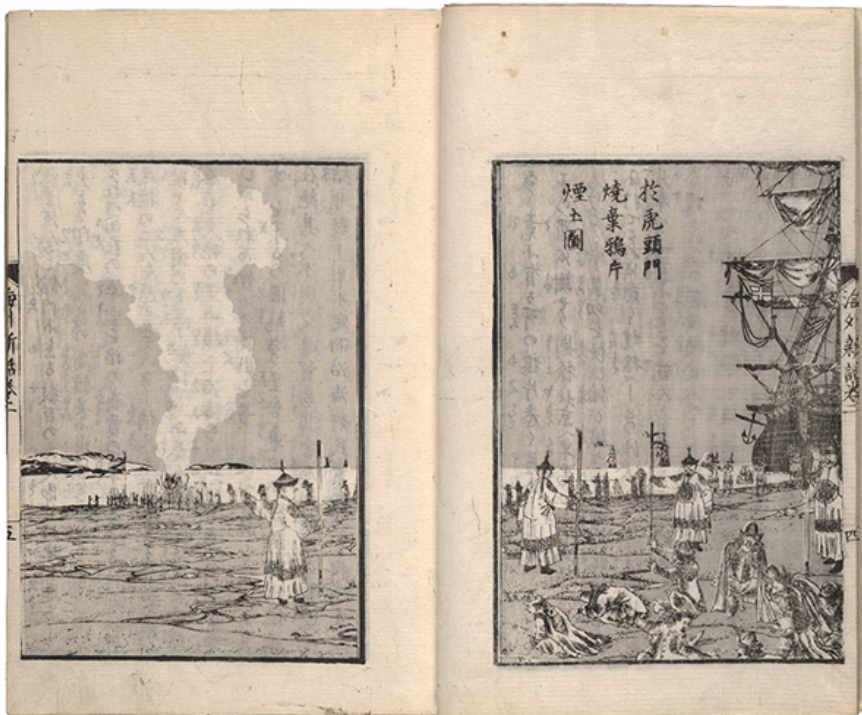
When Lin Zexu saw that hunger and thirst had pushed the barbarians to the limit, he offered them a deal: if they gave up one-quarter of their opium stock, their Chinese servants would be permitted to return; one-half, and they would be given food; three-quarters, and they could resume all non-drug-related trade as normal. The nearly starved English barbarians had no energy to negotiate. They surrendered all of their hidden opium and apologized for their crimes.

Lin Zexu sent riders to Beijing to report on these events. The Daoguang Emperor was delighted with the news, and sent a return message ordering the governor-general to incinerate the opium. According to Lin Zexu's understanding, though, the ashes of burnt opium could still be consumed for narcotic effect, so he needed to take extra measures. Once he had burnt the opium, he mixed the ashes with salt and lime to neutralize the drug, trampled the mixture underfoot, and had his men cast the remnants into the sea.

As for the barbarians, although they acknowledged that they had broken Qing laws, they bore a deep resentment for the harshness with which Lin Zexu had treated them. Several hundred of them left the trade operations in Canton and headed for the English military and mercantile outposts on the islands near India. They related what had happened to military officials, to their fellow traders, and to everyone in between, until there was not an English soul in the colonies who did not feel hatred towards Lin Zexu and Deng Tingzhen. The English officials sent word of these developments by steamship to their Queen Victoria, who at that time was only twenty-one years old.

So the wheels were set in motion for the coming events to unfold. The Qing would see their subjects fall before barbarian guns, suffer the trespass and seizure of their coastal lands, and squander untold millions of their country's wealth in a conflict that would not end until they begged for peace.

Years before Lin Zexu's confrontation with the English traders, there had been a Cantonese official named Cheng Hanzhang who did not support the policy of outlawing opium while still allowing other forms of trade. He had warned, "If we truly wish to cut off opium at its source, we must refuse all trade relations with anyone who deals with this drug. Once opium seeps into our land from abroad, any attempt to uproot it will require force of arms and will invite hardships that will persist unabated for decades! Wicked folk who live by the sea, hungry for a profit, will work from the shadows to assist those who would bring opium to China. The strategist must always consider the potential victories and losses; this is a case where, once China begins losing, it will be beset again and again by ever worse calamity." Looking back at these words spoken well before China fell into disarray over opium, we have to acknowledge Cheng Hanzhang's depth and clarity of foresight.



Incineration of the Opium at the Bogue

The English Ambassador Arrives in Canton

Lin Zexu's regulation of trade in Canton was so severe and restrictive that many of the barbarians left, returning to their home country or heading for the English outposts on islands off the coast of India. The merchants gave full vent to their frustration, clamoring for vengeance and expecting that the crown would retaliate on their behalf.

But the English Queen brushed aside their demands for satisfaction, saying, "Revenge can wait until later. Our top priority is to restore trading to its normal state, so that our merchant fleets can sail out and return each year bearing the profits needed to enrich our people. Now is the time to quiet our rage, not to raise our armies. First, let us send official correspondence to Lin Zexu indicating that we wish to reestablish our previous friendly relations. Furthermore, we will request that compensation be paid for the opium that was confiscated, in the amount of 105,600,000 taels of gold. If that whole amount cannot be paid in specie, we shall accept half of the payment in tea from Guangdong and Fukien provinces. Use of military force comes at great cost, and if at all possible we would like to avoid that." Deciding this, she had her terms laid out in a detailed letter and dispatched it to Canton with her ambassador.

The ambassador boarded a ship and departed in haste, bound across the wide seas. He arrived at the port at Canton on March 18, 1840. Two days later, he called on Lin Zexu at the state office and presented the letter from his Queen. Lin Zexu glanced over it and flared with anger. He rebuked the Englishman in a high-handed manner: "The prohibition on opium is not a new policy. Even though it has been declared illegal repeatedly over the last hundred years, the English merchants continue to smuggle the drug into China, sell it unethically to our people, and rake in a tidy profit. If they had not smuggled it in the drug in the first place, I would not have seized it, and there would be no question of any reparations. We have absolutely no responsibility to meet your demands for money, nor do we owe you any tea from Guangdong or Fukien. It must be because the ruler of England is a woman and so does not understand such matters that she could so shamelessly send

me such a letter. From now on, all manner of trade with England shall be strictly forbidden!"

Despite having witnessed Lin Zexu's outraged reaction, the ambassador was bound by duty to his Queen and requested a formal letter of response. Lin Zexu had his secretary set down the following in writing: "England is but a small country, perhaps most fittingly described as a barkless dog, who now brazenly sends an envoy to China demanding recompense for confiscated opium. As my great country's representative, I considered executing the English ambassador to demonstrate our law. But as the messenger cannot be faulted for the message, so I will allow this man to return to his country bearing the Qing's response. I have influence across the breadth of our empire and my word carries weight in every corner of the land. I have access to superior force of arms and plentiful provisions. If a tiny country the likes of England will not show the proper deference due its master China, I will petition the Emperor to unleash our full military might. I shall empty our garrisons, and soldiers like heavenly warriors led by fearsome generals will set out across the sea to wipe out all the people of England." Lin Zexu presented the English ambassador with this letter, overflowing with words of violent extravagance.

When the ambassador received this expression of unbridled contempt, he wished to kill Lin Zexu then and there. But as he needed to report these developments to his Queen, he stilled the rage that threatened to explode within him and swore that he would one day see this insult redressed. His ship set sail right away, bound for London.

Yang Jingjiang Attacks a Barbarian Ship on the Shenxing Sea

Acting on orders from the Emperor, the high officials Qixi and Huang Juezi oversaw daily operations to fortify the coastal defenses in Fukien against an attack by the English. The barbarian ships, in turn, patrolled the coastal waters and blocked the shipping of supplies for the fortifications. They also continued dealing opium to crooked Chinese businessmen who would row out to open water to trade with them.

The Qing officials held a meeting of generals to decide how best to proceed. "Since they seem to have started hanging about our shores, let us waste no time in raiding and burning their ships at anchor. They leave us no choice but to teach them a lesson." So deciding, they threw themselves wholeheartedly into preparations.

There was a local official in Fukien named Gu Jiaozhong, who used his own wages to recruit three hundred eighty water braves, and dispatched them to twelve different merchant boats with Naval Commander Yang Jingjiang in command. Yang Jingjiang was enthusiastic as he personally selected another three hundred local braves and stationed them on the merchant boats as well. He had all the men dress as unarmed merchants, and hid their weapons in the hold. Then they went looking for a barbarian ship, acting as if they wanted to buy opium.

It was on May 22 of 1840 that, sure enough, they found a large English ship at anchor on the seas near Shenzhing. Yang Jingjiang's flotilla drew closer. It appeared that the barbarians really thought it was a group of merchants approaching, for they were showing no signs of caution. Not wanting to miss his chance, Yang Jingjiang ordered his man Li Maosong to help divide their boats into two flanks. Every other boat split left or right, until one by one they had surrounded the English ship. All at once, they began bombarding the enemy with lit explosives. The barbarians were caught unawares and had no time to ready their cannons. The water braves hurled special explosive devices they called "Heaven's Eruptions" into the barbarian ships, aiming to burn down the masts. The barbarians were in a state of shock, and though they tried to put out the flames from the bombs, their hair sizzled and their faces scorched. Many jumped overboard to escape the flames, only to drown in the sea.

Yang Jingjiang ordered the men on his boat to use the anchor as a grappling hook to snare the aft rudder of the enemy ship and pull in alongside the larger vessel. Just then, a captain of the water braves named Chen Yu vaulted up onto the shoulders of the man braced in front of him and boarded the enemy ship with a spectacular leap. Seeing this, the water braves scrambled to be the next one onto the English ship, and some twenty men came aboard with swords and spears whirling. They moved about the deck cutting down anyone they came across, making no distinction between the black and white barbarians. Some set about

destroying the masts, while others gathered enemy weapons and threw them into the sea. The water braves were incredibly swift in their work, and they slew eight black barbarians and ten white ones.

Just then a southerly wind began to gust. Seeing their chance, the barbarians somehow managed to cut their anchor chain, and though the battle on deck continued, they opened their remaining sails and made to escape out to deeper waters. Not wanting to be separated from their allies' boats, the water braves dove into the water and swam as fast as fish back to their flotilla.

This all happened just a war minister named Chen Xiansheng arrived with several war junks, and he set off in pursuit of the escaping barbarians. They chased the ship for ten *li*, but could not keep up once it reached the open sea. The enemy ship pulled away until its sails could only just be glimpsed on the horizon, and the junks all headed back to port.

When Yang Jingjiang's attack unit reviewed its losses the next day, they found that they had only lost eight men. Hearing this, the Fukien generals were greatly pleased that their first attempt at naval guerilla combat was so successful. In particular, the general named Chen Huacheng devoted all his attention to training his forces for marine maneuvers.

The Queen of England Commands Her Military Leaders to Launch the Fleet

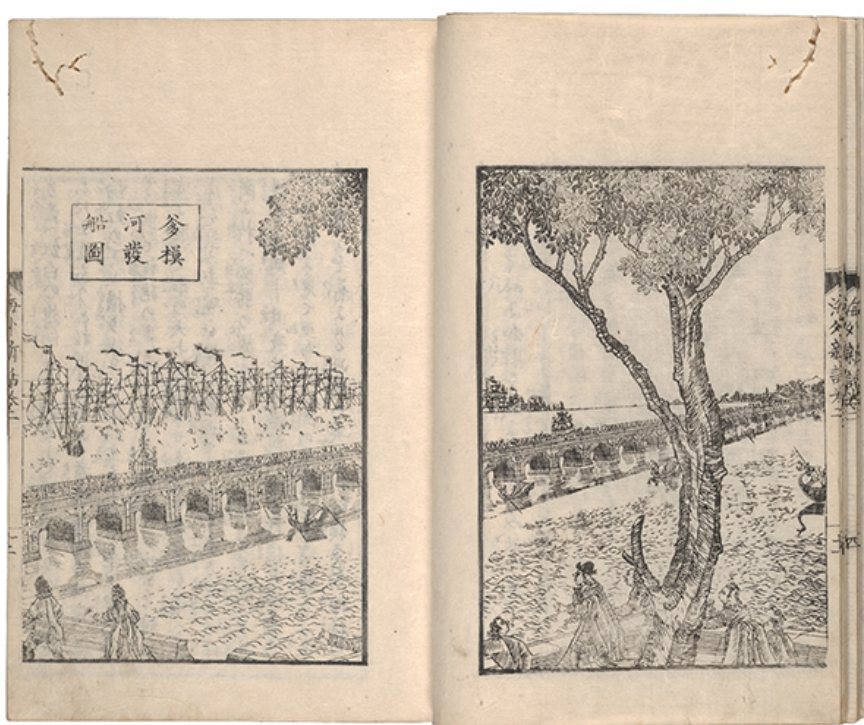
After taking one look at the letter of response from Lin Zexu of Canton, the English Queen was livid. "As if it were not bad enough that he insulted my ambassador, he dares to answer me in such uncouth, discourteous tones? He proudly trumpets Chinese virtue, but his deeds are no different from those of lowly beasts. Why, he refuses to pay the reparations for the vast supply of opium that he stole from us, and all the while he continues to harass our merchants. I cannot merely stand by idly and do nothing. Let the fleet depart for our Indian territories immediately, where it shall recruit more fighting men and lead a mighty force to the land of the Qing. After our men secure a few critical points to use as footholds, let them go wherever the tides and winds take them along the miles of coastland, attacking both day and night. They will seize shipments of rice bound for Beijing and lead the Qing forces on

a merry chase, tiring them out until exhausted. Eventually, the Chinese will be forced to sue for peace. When that happens, we will make them pay the reparations for the stolen opium as well as our military expenses for the period of the conflict. And we shall execute Lin Zexu and Deng Tingzhen, which should soothe our merchants' wounded pride quite handily. Let the fleet set sail right away!"

The top officers were mobilized, led by Captain Charles Elliot as Commander in Chief, Colonel George Burrell as General of the Army, Commodore James Bremer as Admiral of the Navy, Grand Strategist [Sanhupao], and Master Tactician [Longtan]^v. The soldiers boarded battleships like towers of iron and steamships that could speed across the seas as if flying. The ships were divided into five units, and each one was loaded up with seemingly limitless supplies of provisions, ammunition, and gunpowder. The lines of masts soared up as if to pierce the heavens, and the spectacle of the crimson and white flags unfurling in the wind was nothing short of glorious. Crowds of well-wishers lined the banks of the River Thames and watched from the stone bridges that arched across the waterway like rainbows. So many came to see off the battleships that there was hardly any room to stand, as the sound of the cannon salute echoed across the scene and the smoke from the steamships stretched up towards the sky. The fleet was organized into mixed groupings of larger and smaller craft, so that each unit would be able to respond to any type of situation. The sight of the ships raising their anchors one by one and setting off in neat ranks filled the onlookers with confidence that victory in the far-off China was a certainty.

The fleet headed south through the Atlantic Ocean, riding at full sail both day and night. They passed the Canary Islands and followed the African coast, arriving at the Cape of Good Hope without incident. As it was an English territory, they were able to recruit several thousand eager troops. From there they sailed to the island of Xiningbu near Cambodia^{vi}. The people of Xiningbu had been suffering from intense poverty for several years, and had no industry to speak of. When the dark men of that island heard that the English were hiring fighters, they clamored to be part of the mercenary force.

What's more, there were Chinese fugitives on Xiningbu who had fled Canton after breaking the law there. When these outlaws heard about the recruitment operations, they came by the hundreds, offering their native knowledge of the coastal terrain and their services as interpreters. The English leaders were greatly pleased with these additions, and their overall forces now numbered in the tens of thousands. Early in the morning on June 9, 1840, the fleet of over fifty great warships and countless smaller craft departed Xiningbu amidst thundering bells and drums, heading for the Qing port of Dinghai.



The Fleet Sets Out from the River Thames

The City of Dinghai Falls to the English

The islands of Dinghai are situated where the mouth of the Qiantang River opens into the seas off of Zhejiang Province. Shipping and trading boats headed to Beijing from the eastern provinces always stop at Dinghai to gauge the condition of the tides and the winds before proceeding out to sea. For the English, it was an ideal point of approach to China. The officers reasoned that if they were able to capture

this island, they would have a secure base from which to launch further operations. Meanwhile, neither Dinghai's magistrate Zhao Gong nor his general Zhang Chaofa had any idea that the barbarians were planning to begin the assault in their territory, and they made no special preparations of any sort.

On June 30, 1840, twenty-six English warships descended on the port at Dinghai. They split into two groups, with thirteen ships proceeding directly into the port and the other thirteen taking up positions elsewhere around the island. When the citizens of Dinghai saw the invading ships, many boarded their own boats and fled to Shanghai on the south banks of the Yangtze River or to Zhapu on the north banks of the Qiantang. Hoping to find out just what was going on, Magistrate Zhou Gong took a small detachment of troops to the English command ship. He went before Commodore Bremer and demanded to know why the ships had entered his port. Bremer drew himself up, squared his elbows and glared, and answered loudly, "This island of Dinghai used to be an English territory. Up until just a short while ago, there were English factories and trade offices under the authority of the Crown that had been here for over one hundred years. But despite that, in the past few years, the Chinese took back the island for no apparent reason, and have not allowed any more English merchants to land here. Now our Queen is furious, and has commanded us to take this island for England once more. The particulars are all laid out in this letter. Brace yourself and take a good look." Bremer handed the letter to Zhou Gong, who opened it and found the following, written out in Chinese.

As Special Envoy for Great Britain, Naval Commodore James Bremer is charged to relay this message to the Honorable Magistrate of Dinghai. It is our wish that the contents be clear and understood.

In accordance with her royal majesty the Queen of England's commands, Commodore Bremer has led a mighty force of our army and navy, arriving as the vanguard. At his signal, troops will land on and take control of Dinghai and the surrounding islands in its domain. As long as the residents of those islands put up no resistance, there

will be no need for any loss of life or squandering of resources for Great Britain and the people of these islands alike.

Let us not forget that it was the high ministers of Canton Lin Zexu and Deng Tingzhen who acted outrageously in the first place, when last year they treated the Queen of England with great contempt. Thereupon she charged Commander Charles Elliot and other public servants with special orders of seizure and conquest. They are equipped with the military might of England and prepared to take all necessary measures. As magistrate of Dinghai, you must surrender control of all the islands in your domain, as well as all military fortifications. If this occurs, our envoy Commodore Bremer will ensure your safety and prevent any wanton bloodshed. If you will not surrender, Commodore Bremer will proceed on his own initiative to take these islands by force. He will establish it as an English base, and will dispatch letters to the appropriate Qing authorities informing them of these events. You have one hour and-a-half to respond. If at the end of that period you have not responded or surrendered, Commodore Bremer will loose his cannons, land his men, and unleash a furious assault on your islands and military installations. Magistrate of Dinghai, consider your situation carefully.

— July 4, 1840, corresponding to the fifth day in the sixth month of year twenty in the reign of Daoguang.^{vii}

By the time Zhou Gong had finished reading he was profoundly shaken. He tucked the letter of state into his sleeve went straight away to show it to his general Zhang Chaofa. A hasty man by nature, Zhang Chaofa set about in a great flurry of gathering soldiers and positioning them in and around the walled city of Dinghai, without considering any actual plan for repelling the enemy. He then commandeered the fishing boats and merchant ships moored in the harbor and

loaded them full of weapons. Three days later, Zhang Chaofa led his naval force out to meet the enemy in battle.

But the English, expecting the attack, had arranged ten great warships in combat formation, and before the Qing flotilla could open fire, they unleashed a furious salvo from scores of cannon. They hit Zhang Chaofa's boats dead on, which shattered and burst with the sound of a hundred thunderbolts roaring across the seas and surrounding mountains. Countless Chinese troops were killed or injured, and Zhang Chaofa's ship looked as though it would sink at any moment. But the cannon batteries back on the island opened on the English ships, smashing some of their masts. As it was too fragile to engage the enemy, Zhang Chaofa's ship limped back to land amidst a tempest of artillery fire. Meanwhile, the officers in command of the batteries were afraid for their men's safety and withdrew back to within the walls of the city. Seeing this, the English launched hundreds of small landing boats, which swirled down from the warships like leaves in a gale; thousands of English troops leaped down into these boats and began closing in on the island.

The Qing soldiers inside the city buttressed the gates against cannon fire with sacks of rice piled high. When the English landing parties seized the cannon batteries that had been aimed out to sea, they swung the artillery around towards the city and fired with abandon. The cannonballs rained down over the city walls, smashing the turrets and edifices, and the Chinese forces were ready to abandon the fight. Zhang Chaofa, together with the other generals Wang Wannian, Luo Jiangong, and Long Peidao, stole out the rear gate of the city and fled.

Magistrate Zhou Gong and the officials Quanfu and Jiaoyu took command of the remaining troops while cursing the deserters. "The scoundrels, what do they think they are doing, fleeing before an enemy who has come from across the world for this battle? Let us stand valiantly and fight to the death!" Hearing this, the remaining soldiers hardened their resolve and held fast to their defensive positions, and for a while they were able to cut down hundreds of the attacking enemy.

But the enemy continued to pour cannon fire mercilessly down upon their heads, and the Chinese had no way to counter it. The fort was choked with black smoke so thick that all was obscured. On top of this one enemy unit managed to

force through the north gate, laying down repeated volleys from their bayoneted rifles. The Qing troops fought desperately, but they could not withstand the sheer numbers of the enemy. When they killed white barbarians the black ones would surge forward, and when they cut down black barbarians the whites would take their place, and in the end the Chinese were overwhelmed. His forces completely exhausted, Zhou Gong hurled himself into the moat. Jiaoyu's chest and guts were cut open by the enemy. Quanfu was captured by the black men, but he would not yield, and he mocked and provoked them until they killed him too, putting an end to the whole pitiable engagement.

And so the English were able to seize their first stronghold without great difficulty. They raised victory cries from land and sea, congratulating themselves on getting off to a good start. They changed the name of the place from Dinghai to Anding, and set about planning their assaults on the nearby coastal cities.

Yuan Zhaokui spies on the English at Dinghai

When the English captured Dinghai, the generals who fled retreated to the walled city at Zhenhai. No one made any attempt to find out what the English were doing at Dinghai, and time flowed by in idle emptiness. That is until one day, a civil servant named Yuan Zhaokui approached General Zhang Chaofa and announced that he was prepared to investigate the state of English affairs at Dinghai, even at the risk of his own life. The general was greatly pleased to hear this, and ordered Yuan to proceed and report back without delay.

Disguised as a fisherman in a straw rain cloak and hat, Yuan Zhaokui set sail in his small boat, headed towards Zhoushan, the principal island in the Dinghai region. It took him a day and a night to cover the thirty *li*, whereupon he arrived at a settlement called Pancang. He came ashore there, and, keeping a low profile, made his way to the southwest precincts of the city of Dinghai. Though not even one month had passed, the surrounding area was completely altered. One would have a hard time believing they were in a coast town in China, for it was exactly like being in a far-off barbarian land. Almost all the local citizenry had fled, and there were gangs of white and black men hanging about the town. There were also scores of

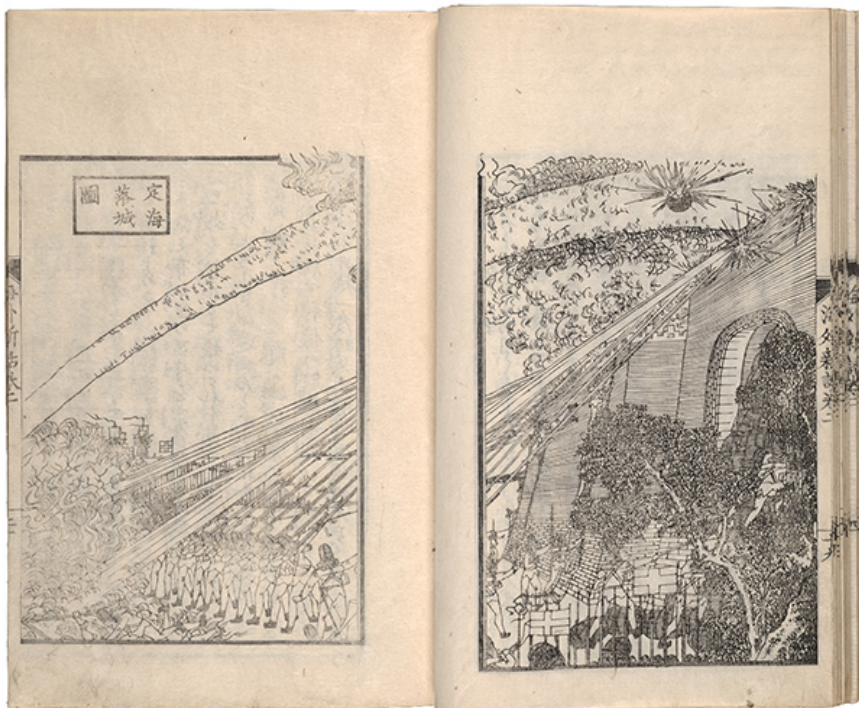
leather tents lined up in rows, around which groups of ten or twenty guardsmen patrolled ceaselessly. There was an enormous cannon brought from England set up by the west gate of the city, and cannon emplacements facing the sea had been erected in every nearby cove and inlet, each one bristling with hundreds of guns. The defenses in place looked like they would be able to swiftly wipe out any Qing attacking force, should one attempt to take back the island.

A canal had been dug that connected the city and Hongmao Harbor to the east, with factories built along the banks. It seemed that the English wanted to use this as a new foothold for trade and commerce. Having seen this much, Yuan Zhaokui wanted to learn even more about the barbarians' activity, and he decided to stay the night at the home of one of local Chinese who had not run away. From what the head of the household told him, the barbarians were brutal and cruel. Not only did they daily burst into the townsfolk's homes to snatch their cows, chickens, pigs and dogs, but they would also grab and violate any woman they saw, regardless of her age or appearance. Just ten days earlier, the English commander Charles Elliot ordered that the people of the district hand over tens of thousands of bushels of rice, and they had no choice but to comply. If there were any who could not produce their share, the English recorded their names and cut their queues. These unfortunate souls were forced to imbibe a drug that strangled off their voices, and they were then pressed into labor like the black slaves. It was enough to make one want to avert their eyes in shame.

One of the most hateful episodes involved the seventeen-year-old daughter of a scholar from Dinghai named Chen Zhixian. The girl had a gentle manner and was exceedingly beautiful. Chen Zhixian was a man of meager means, and he feared the punishment that he would surely suffer when he would be unable to pay the full amount of rice that was demanded. He took his daughter to the Chenghuang Shrine in the city, which was being used as a headquarters by the English officer Colonel Burrell, and offered her up as payment. Burrell was delighted at this. She became his prized prisoner, and he kept her locked in his embrace nearly all the time. Meanwhile, Commodore Bremer heard of this rare beauty and grew jealous. He waited until Burrell was away on some errand, and stole into the shrine intending to

have his way with the girl. She could not bear the thought of being defiled by a second barbarian and she tried to escape, but Bremer caught her and dragged her before the statue of the shrine's god. He tore off the girl's robes and forced her to wear the mantle that adorned the statue while he violated her. She was consumed with shame at having been taken by Bremer after she had already surrendered her body to Burrell for her father's sake, and she went to the well outside the shrine and threw herself in.

Having heard these sorts of accounts, Yuan Zhaokui then made his way around the region, inquiring at Matien, Shaosha, Daisha, Daizhan, Beidan, and the harbor at Cen. When he had a clear picture of the barbarians' operations, he sailed his fishing boat back to Zhenhai. Over the next several days he reported in great detail all he had learned to General Zhang Chaofa, who then sent word of Yuan's deeds to the imperial court in Beijing. Indeed, Yuan Zhaokui deserves admiration for his selfless service in gathering valuable information.



The Fall of Dinghai

A Monster Appears in Qingtian

There is no shortage of bizarre occurrences in the world these days, but this one is especially strange. In the Qingtian district of Zhejiang Province, up in the mountains, there appeared a beastly monster. It ran all about, climbing trees or hiding in the rocky cracks, howling and moaning along with the wind and rain. At night it would come down into the towns and pound on people's doors, not letting anyone get a good night's sleep.

The monster was nearly six meters tall, and had two heads stacked one on top of the other. The upper head had two eyes and the lower had three. It had four fingers on each hand and four toes on each foot, an ill-omened number of digits, with sharpened nails coming to points like drill bits. A mouth yawned open atop the upper head, and blue smoke would billow out of it. Anyone who inhaled the smoke would die before the day was out, and hundreds of people met their demise from the blue fumes entering their lungs. The monster's entire body was covered in green scales that were harder than steel.

There was one brave man who lay in wait with sword in hand, and when the monster appeared he leaped out and delivered what he hoped would be a lethal strike. But the creature did not flinch, and made no move to dodge. Just before the blow landed, the monster spewed out a billow of smoke, and ran off under the veil of blue haze. There was another man who tried to bring down the monster with a musket, but even when he scored a direct hit the thing remained unharmed. It ran amok over the land as it pleased, and seemed to be laughing in mockery at the local people.

General Zhang Chaofa spread the word amongst his troops and the citizenry that anyone who could capture the beast would be rewarded with one thousand pieces of gold. But soldier and townsman alike feared the deadly blue smoke, and no was especially eager to attempt apprehending the monster.

This creature had appeared before, in Canton in 1710. That time, it did not kill quite as many people. It ended up casting itself into the sea, with a roar that rumbled like thunder and set people trembling for hundreds of miles around.



The Monster

New Stories from Overseas, Part 3

The English Commander Charles Elliot Arrives at the Tianjin River

Word reached Beijing that the English had not stopped at attacking and occupying Dinghai, but that they had also seized the Bogue in Canton and Amoy in Fukien. On the counsel of his advisers, the Daoguang Emperor dismissed Lin Zexu from his post as governor-general of Canton and dispatched the ministers Yilibu and Qishan with orders to take the necessary measures to deal with the situation in Canton, Fukien and Zhejiang.

This came as most welcome news to the English Commander Charles Elliot, who was then at Dinghai. He reasoned, "Now that the damnable Lin Zexu has been given the sack, there are no more Qing officials with whom we need to concern ourselves. It's simply a matter of sailing to Tianjin, which is only a short jaunt to the capital at Beijing. When our ships arrive there, the Emperor will naturally propose a

peace treaty. We shall return the occupied lands at Dinghai, Amoy, and the Bogue, and in exchange they will allow trade of all goods through Canton the way it used to be. If everything works out that way, there could be no better result for England.”

Elliot boarded his great ship, and with another steamship accompanying, departed from Dinghai in mid-August, 1840, skirting the Chengshan Cape before arriving at Tianjin Harbor. The minister Yilibu had been on the way to Zhejiang when he learned that the English were approaching Tianjin, so close to the capital. Fearing that the fate of China hung in the balance, he changed course and headed for Tianjin with all speed, arriving in less than two days. He found that the two English ships were already at port there. Yilibu immediately went to meet with Elliot to ascertain the situation.

Elliot explained, “I intend to disembark here, so that I may make for Beijing and negotiate directly with the Emperor.” Hearing this, Yilibu feared that if Elliot and the English entered Beijing it would throw the capital into a panic. He knew that he had no time to lose in sending Elliot and his crew packing from Tianjin, which was perilously close to Beijing and the Emperor. He addressed Elliot, saying, “Although I am an unworthy servant, I am here on the orders of the Son of Heaven. Any requests you may have of the Emperor, I bid you direct them to me.”

Elliot responded, “If that’s the case, I’d like you to deliver the following message to the Emperor. There are currently hundreds of English warships in your realm because of Lin Zexu’s outrageous, heavy-handed actions in Canton last year, which the English are utterly unable to accept meekly. Accordingly, on the orders of our Queen, a fleet of warships was dispatched here with the mission of attacking Chinese coastal lands and taking the head of Lin Zexu, to satisfy our people’s troubled minds. Now that Lin Zexu has been relieved of his post, and it is Qishan and yourself who are responsible for Canton, Fukien and Zhejiang, we no longer have any problem. If you will but resume our friendly relationship and permit normal trade in Canton, we will immediately restore Dinghai, Amoy, and the Bogue to your control and withdraw our fleet back to our own country.”

Yilibu then told Elliot, “I shall waste no time in going to Beijing and relaying your wishes to the Emperor, who will likely grant his consent. Meanwhile, the

harbor here at Tianjin is not an appropriate place for foreign ships, so I would like you to set sail in all haste and await the Emperor's response in Canton. Qishan is already headed there, so he will surely be able to give you the particulars of the Emperor's answer." Hearing this, Charles Elliot departed for Canton that very day.

Qishan Makes an Arbitrary Peace Treaty at Canton

When Yilibu went up to Beijing and related Elliot's proposal to his sovereign, the Daoguang Emperor flushed with rage and rejected it outright. "These English rabble are animals who cannot be expected to keep their word. If they make peace in the morning, they will undoubtedly break it by nightfall. Have the generals from all the provinces in the realm raise their forces, eradicate the barbarians, and take back the Qing's coastal lands!" He then sent swift riders to Canton bearing the following strict orders to Qishan: "Regardless of what overtures of peace and commerce Elliot makes, you are not to agree to them under any circumstances. If it appears that he is preparing to land his men, you are to take him alive at the first opportunity and transport him under guard to Beijing. If any of the other barbarians seem likely to resist in these matters, exterminate them without mercy."

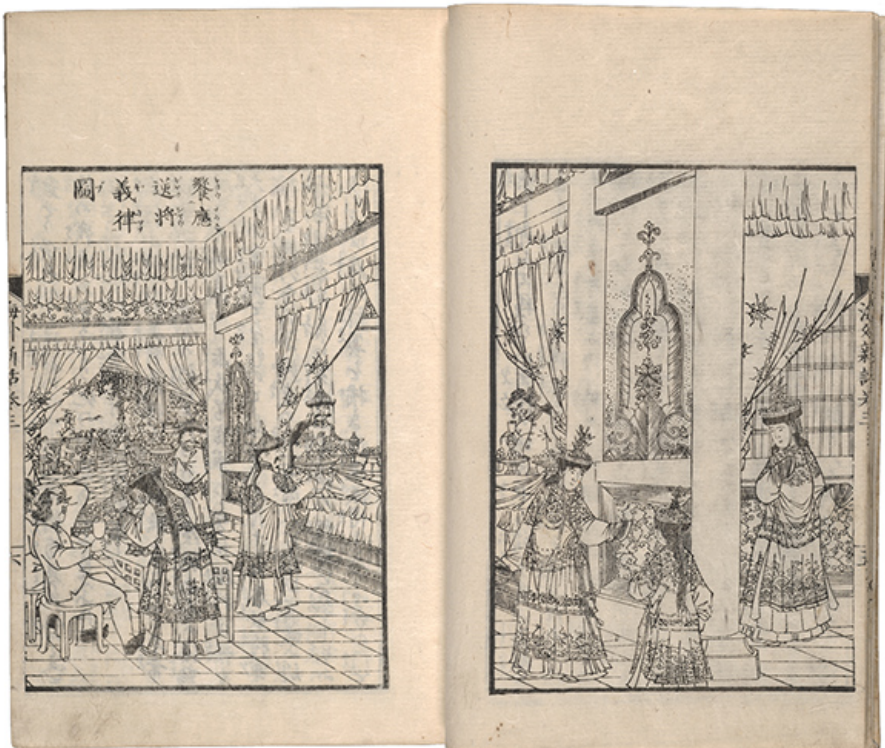
Qishan was familiar with Elliot's ruthless reputation and was deeply afraid of the man, so receiving such a severe directive from the Emperor threw him into a profound state of distress. He was at a total loss of how to deal with the confrontation that would soon be pulling into port, and had not settled on a plan of action when, at the end of December 1840, Elliot arrived in Canton leading several dozen great ships. Elliot, hearing that Qishan was already holed up in the provincial offices, sent a messenger to request an audience. Qishan was unable to refuse, and agreed a meeting.

The meeting was to take place within the walls of the city, according to Elliot's wishes. On the appointed day, Elliot donned his crimson military jacket, white leggings and tall black boots. He affixed epaulets of woven gold on his shoulders, fastened medals that shone like stars across his chest, and wore a sword made of renowned English steel at his waist. He strode out accompanied by several units of soldiers in smart ranks bearing bayoneted rifles. As Elliot led his entourage

towards the gates of the city, he was calm and collected, and looked every bit the part of a great naval leader with tens of thousands of troops at his command.

When he was face to face with Qishan, Elliot began, "Last month at Tianjin Harbor, I petitioned the Emperor through Yilibu for the right to trade. Surely the Emperor saw fit to approve this." Qishan was trembling with terror to the point that he lacked the wherewithal to obey his duty to his master. Thinking only of his own life, he agreed to peace with the English and the restoration of trade conditions to their former state. Elliot, sensing at first glance that Qishan was a coward who presented no danger, pressed on: "I also insist that Hong Kong be placed under long-term English control so that we may build and operate factories and trade offices there. Is this permissible?" Qishan immediately answered that he would permit it. As the old sayings go, "He who has once burnt his mouth will always blow on his soup," and, "A bird once stung by the bow will start at a bent branch that looks like a bow." In this case they proved true.

Qishan was desperate to stay in Elliot's good graces, and held a feast for the English commander on January 27, 1841 at Linhua Harbor near the walled city of Canton. He gathered twenty beautiful Chinese maidens aged seventeen or eighteen, dressed them in rich garments, and had them dance and sing to entertain Elliot and his retinue of hundreds of black and white barbarians. If one were to look back on Qishan's actions and wonder what he was thinking in all of this, it becomes clear that he was frantically doing whatever he could just to make it out of that encounter alive.



A Feast for the Rebel Leader Elliot

The Imperial Army Arrives at Canton and the Barbarian Ships are Burned

Although Qishan concluded a peace agreement with Charles Elliot, he neither fulfilled his duty nor implemented the law, and the crises of opium and barbarians upsetting Canton and Fukien did not abate in the slightest. The people in those regions waited for armies from other parts of China to arrive as if they were waiting for rain in a time of drought. It was on April 3 of 1841 that General Yang Fang arrived at the city of Canton leading ten thousand troops from Manchuria and Hunan. First Yang Fang ascended nearby Mt. Huangbu to get the lay of the land and devise a winning strategy. Then he returned to the city and had all four of its gates flung open, making a show for the benefit of the English of appearing calm and at ease while waiting for other Chinese armies to arrive.

On April 14, General Yishan and his six bodyguards arrived at the head of five thousand men, and General Longwen came leading twenty thousand men from Henan, Guizhou, Jiangxi, and Guangxi. Other districts sent soldiers as well, until Canton was completely full of Chinese forces totaling over fifty thousand strong.

Seeing the combined might of the Qing armies, the barbarians who had landed at Canton were greatly unsettled and started preparing to board their boats and retreat to the Bogue. The Emperor had expressly commanded that the barbarians not be allowed to escape, so when General Yishan got wind of their plans to flee, he ordered his soldiers to chase them down and destroy them. His men gladly accepted the charge and set off in pursuit, with Yishan leading two thousand elite troops himself. They surrounded the barbarians who were preparing to fall back to the Bogue, and began the attack at once. The English had no chance to deploy their cannons in the melee, and the Qing soldiers pressed the attack relentlessly from all sides. Black and white men fell into chaos and confusion, very few of them putting up much of a fight. There were even those who used their bayonets to put out their own eyes or run themselves through. Yishan ordered his men to make an opening in the ring surrounding the barbarians, who then scrambled and shoved to escape through the gap in the formation. The Chinese soldiers attacked them as they flooded out of the circle, killing ten black men and eight hundred white men. The barbarians who made it out alive broke for the coast to try and escape on the small boats moored there, but General Yang Fang's troops who had been lying in ambush sprung out and blocked the way, dispatching another five hundred of the barbarians. The twenty English warships anchored out to sea tried to approach the coast and provide support, but low tides and unfavorable winds prevented them from coming within cannon range. Although they had lost a great many troops on the shore, there was nothing that the English aboard the warships could do, and they vanished out to sea.

The Qing generals knew that the English would undoubtedly strike back, and they set about preparing for the retaliation. Their expectations were confirmed when, on May 21, three steamships and forty-five warships both large and small appeared, headed for the harbor. Commander Charles Elliot sent a representative bearing the following message: "For the defeat our forces suffered at the Bogue last month, we demand satisfaction. Now I, Charles Elliot, leading a fleet of great warships, have returned to exact our revenge. We shall begin our attack at midnight on May 22. Do not be startled when you hear the roar of our cannon." Hearing this,

General Yang Fang merely laughed, and sent the following reply: "It has indeed been some time since we have heard the roar of a cannon—by all means, fire on us to your heart's content. As for the starting time of the battle, there is no need to wait until midnight. We would be happy to begin right away."

Yang Fang then took five thousand men to a place called Huali, about one *li* from the city, and set them in formation as the right wing of the overall force. Admiral Zhang Bilu stationed eight thousand men at the western cannon emplacement to serve as the central force, and General Longwen positioned four thousand men around the eastern cannon emplacement as the left wing. In addition to this, Qi Gongbao had four hundred water braves prepare two hundred small fishing boats loaded with flammable straw for use in a surprise attack.

Before dawn on May 22, the great English ships began to draw close to shore one after another. They encountered Qi Gongbao's units first, and they unleashed a barrage of cannon fire. Qi Gongbao gave his men the signal, and they used the thick smoke from the cannons as cover to maneuver upwind of the fleet, whereupon they ignited and launched twenty-five of their fire rafts towards the enemy ships. The little burning vessels floated amongst the English men-of-war, the flames leaping to the masts and sails, spreading from ship to ship and turning the scene into a blazing inferno. Black smoke blanketed the waters, blinding and choking the barbarians, while Qi Gongbao led his water braves back to their original position. The English lost their sense of direction in the heavy clouds of smoke and drifted too close to shore, to the point where they did not have enough room to properly maneuver. The Qing forces on land seized the opportunity to take aim at the fleet and launch a fusillade from hundreds of their cannon. The balls tore through the sides of the ships, smashed the prows, and punched holes in the sterns. The raging flames of the burning ships were so fierce that the Englishmen's state of panic and dismay was almost pitiable. Their shrieks of pain could only barely be heard through the blaze. In just a short time, seven of the great warships and two of the steamships had been incinerated, as the numbers of English dead continued rising.

Seeing all this, Charles Elliot took his flagship with a steamship in tow and came in from open waters towards the coast, targeting Admiral Zhang Bilu's division

at the cannon emplacement. Elliot aimed the cannon that was perched atop his mast down towards land and fired. The gun let fly with a tremendous blast, and the cannonball slammed into the bank in front of Zhang Bilu's position, sending up a column of flame and tearing a hole in the earth nearly six meters deep. Elliot was just about to fire again, but General Longwen, as if anticipating Elliot's next move, took aim with his eight thousand catty gun and fired at the Englishmen preparing the cannon, killing several dozen of them. Greatly flustered, Elliot boarded the steamship he had brought along and escaped out to deeper waters.

Another barbarian ship attempted to approach the coast to launch an attack, but it was caught between Longwen and Zhang Bilu at the east and west cannon batteries. They poured fire at the ship from both directions, pinning it in the middle. Not even the black soldiers who came from the sweltering land of India could withstand the heat of the conflagration, and, unable to retaliate, turned their ship around and went back out to sea. The white and black men who had earlier thrown themselves overboard to escape the flames of the burning ships were trying to swim to shore here and there, but Qi Gongbao's water braves dispatched them one and all, and there was not a single survivor. There were still twenty English ships at the mouth of the harbor, but their force had lost so many men that they were unable to continue the attack, and they sailed off out of sight. The Chinese forces were jubilant at having won their second battle and raised a thunderous victory cry that reached the heavens and shook the earth, resounding across the world to the farthest reaches of the barbarian lands.

The Miracle of the Kannon^{viii} at Mt. Yuexiu

Mt. Yuexiu lies to the northeast of the walls of Canton, and it is known as the most striking landscape in the whole province. The mountain is not particularly high, but its layered crags are of the most curious shapes, and a waterfall cascades down from the summit. The leaves of the oaks and pines are a rich green, which makes for a sublime contrast when viewed against the blue of the sea in the distance. No painting could ever reproduce such magnificence.

Long ago, a small shrine was built atop the mountain, with a wooden statue of Kannon dedicated there. It was said that pilgrims who were pure of heart would always have their prayers answered. On account of this, there was a constant stream of visitors, and the shrine was never without the fragrance of their incense offerings. And this particular Kannon played much more than a minor role in the victory of the Qing forces over the English at Canton.

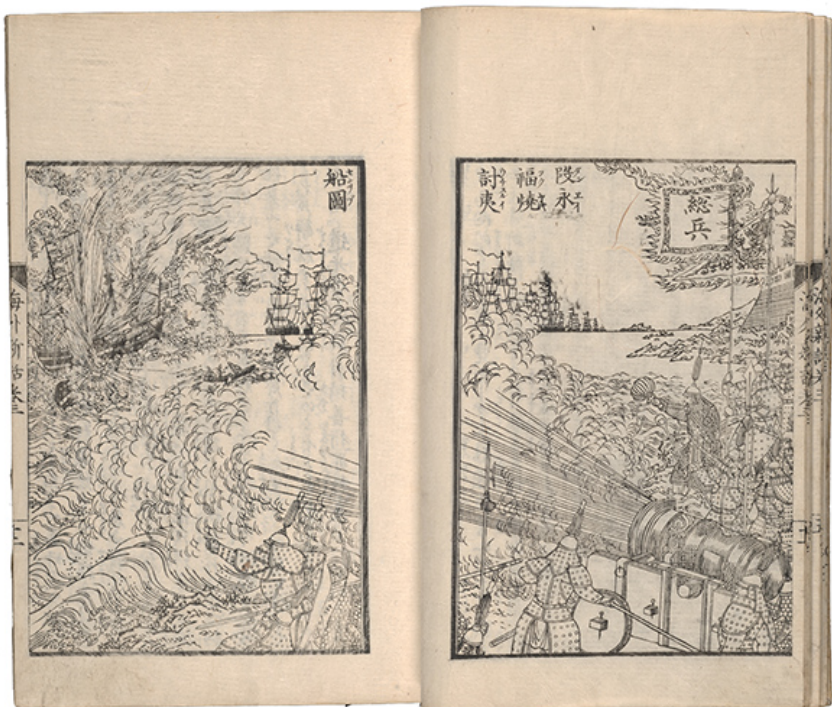
In the midst of the May 22 battle against the English that was described earlier, a single white cloud came floating from the direction of Mt. Yuexiu toward the Chinese ranks. Just as it was about to pass overhead, an aged figure in somber court dress appeared from within the cloud, holding a sprig of willow in hand. The elder plunged into the plumes of smoke from enemy bombardment and laid about with the willow bough, extinguishing the flames.

Elsewhere, one hundred of Admiral Zhang Bilu's men were stationed before an embankment around the cannon battery, when they heard a voice call down from the sky, "Beware, beware! Fall back from this place at once!" The men were perplexed, but proceeded to change their position. Sure enough, just then the Englishman Elliot fired a blast from his ship that smashed into the earthwork with a terrible report and scattered roaring flames all around. The hundred soldiers, however, having heeded the warning from the sky, had already moved out of the way, and not one of them was caught in the hellish blaze.

In another case, there was a wicked Chinese working for the English, who was planning to ignite the stores of gunpowder in the Canton city and throw the Qing forces into confusion. When the wicked man was about to set fire to the storehouse, in the instant before he lit the flame, the aged avatar in courtly dress appeared in front of the gunpowder storehouse, blocking the way. The wicked man was overcome with awe and could not move a muscle to start the fire. Several days later he died, coughing up blood.

After the battle was finished, those who went to pay homage to the statue of Kannon on Mt. Yuexiu found it blackened and scorched from head to toe, and the inside of the shrine smelled heavily of gunpowder. The aged figure who had appeared at the previous day's battle in court robes was in fact this Kannon's avatar.

In keeping with her benevolent wish to bring relief to her people, Kannon took pity on those who faced flames that could consume the whole world, and she saved them from calamity. Realizing this, the visitors to the shrine felt an even more profound reverence.



Tuan Yongfu Burns the Barbarian Ships

The Daoguang Emperor's Fury and Qishan's Punishment

Word of Qishan's crime in capitulating to the English spread rapidly through the military ranks, moving from one province to the next until it found its way to the Daoguang Emperor, who was mightily incensed. "Qishan's actions are indefensible. No matter how much he feared losing his own life in a clash with the English, he had absolutely no right to disobey my commands and make treaties of peace and trade, and, even worse, to give away our precious territory in Hong Kong. The damage he has wrought on our nation is beyond description." When the Generals Yishan, Yang Fang, and Longwen were dispatched to face the barbarians in Canton, they were also charged with sending Qishan back to Beijing. He was escorted back to the capital in

early July, and made the nine thousand *li* journey under the most stringent supervision.

The Emperor was in such a towering rage that he himself appeared in court, flanked on either side by all the ministers of justice, and delivered the counts of Qishan's indictment personally. "First, you were sent to Canton to fortify the coastal defenses, suppress the barbarian menace, set the hearts of the local citizens at ease, and demonstrate our military might to the world at large. And yet, though the barbarians' pillage and plunder increased daily, you did nothing to oppose them, remaining silent and looking the other way, as if you were their puppet.

"Second, since your arrival at Canton, you have done nothing but complain to me that Lin Zexu and Deng Tingzhen's treatment of the barbarians was problematic, rather than spending time in counsel with your generals to plan your military strategy.

"Third, on February 6, 1841, you hosted a banquet with several dozen courtesans to entertain the enemy commander Charles Elliot and his black and white barbarians.^{ix} Why would you have done this, other than to ingratiate yourself with the enemy commander and demonstrate your hostility towards your own nation and people?

"Fourth, you appointed to an important post in your administration a man named Bao Peng, a troublemaker with a history of crime in Canton that had forced him to flee to Shandong. When you were dispatched to your post, you passed through Shandong and brought Bao Peng with you to the provincial capital at Canton, where you employed him as your agent in negotiations with the barbarians. What could you have possibly been thinking, entrusting this task to a known criminal?

"Fifth, before you departed for Canton, you said to me that Hong Kong is a crucial point as the gateway to the south seas, and that it must never fall into English hands, for if they established a stronghold there they would undoubtedly block our shipping routes and make war on our nation. Is this not so? And yet, for some reason, you immediately surrendered Hong Kong to Charles Elliot, in exact

accordance with his demands. How can there have been such a discrepancy between what you said to me and what you later did?

“Sixth, when a foreign representative presents a letter of state to a provincial head, it is our established procedure that after it is received and read, the letter be sent to Beijing so that important matters may be discussed by the court ministers and dealt with appropriately. Although you were fully aware of this, you somehow saw fit to exchange communications with Charles Elliot in Canton on a daily basis, and never once forwarded any of these documents to the court in Beijing.

“Seventh, ever since last year it has been forbidden to provide fuel or provisions to the barbarians in their ships, let alone those who dared to come ashore. This prohibition was put in place so that the barbarians, having exhausted their supplies on the journey over tens-of-thousands of *li*, would not be able to linger near our coasts for even a day, and would have no choice but to withdraw. And yet even though you yourself participated in the deliberations when this prohibition was enacted, you inexplicably ordered the commoners to bring food to the barbarians every day.

“Eighth, you requested funds for the replacement some dozens of the old cannons in the fortifications at Canton that were rusted and cracked to the point of uselessness. Although the necessary funds were granted, I understand that to this day that not even one of the new cannon has been completed. With the armaments of the city in such a sorry state, I wonder just where it was that the money went.

“Finally, by concluding a peace treaty on your own initiative with the enemy commander Charles Elliot, you robbed the Imperial Army of its chance to wage war on the barbarians, despite its eagerness to do so. Instead, the barbarians continue to occupy Amoy and the Bogue, and they persist with their pillage and plunder all along our coast. This one offense of yours has done more than enough to harm our nation, let alone the eight charges I have just outlined against you. Despite this, you brazenly remained at your post and made no indication that you planned to resign. How can you justify this? State your reasons clearly.”

Being so fiercely judged by the Emperor, and seeing that his ruler had full knowledge of all that had transpired, Qishan was too humiliated to plead his case.

He could only bow low to the ground over and over again, fervently apologizing for his crimes.

But, apology or no, Qishan's offenses were impossible to ignore. That very day he was stripped of rank and all the wealth of his household was seized. His whole family was arrested, even his most distant relations. All of the members of his administration were assigned to posts in provincial outposts, and any who had broken the law in matters of military neglect were punished according to precedent.

The English Barbarians Launch another

Attack on Canton, and the Chinese Generals Sue for Peace

On June 23 of 1841, a fleet of forty English warships both great and small gathered in cannon range of the south gate of the walls of Canton and promptly opened fire. Fortunately, the fortifications around the south gate were robust, and none of the men stationed there suffered death or injury. The only damage was to one part of the arrow storehouse that was crushed. The English began launching repeated salvos of flaming ammunition that came in thick swarms, aiming to burn down the town surrounding the city walls. The flaming rounds set ablaze the houses of the commoners outside the gates, sending up thick coils of black smoke. The cannon battery was downwind of the burning houses, and the soldiers stationed there choked and coughed on the smoke as it wrapped all around them, forcing them to withdraw to within the city's walls.

Leaping at their opportunity, the English landed two thousand troops and seized the abandoned cannon battery, where they smashed the powder pans and destroyed the carriages of all the guns there so that the weapons would be useless. They had hired one hundred or so outlaws from the outskirts of Canton before the battle, and using these ruffians as their guides, pushed further inland from the southern shore.

The Chinese forces from Sichuan Province struggled to harry the Englishmen's landing progress. The guns of all sizes inside the city also rained down fire on the landing party, but the shots mostly missed their mark, and did more

damage to the fighters from Sichuan. This was such a self-defeating blunder that it is almost laughable.

An officer named Qigang led a sortie to recapture the cannon battery that had been seized by the English, but the thrust of the enemy's attack was too fierce, and his party was forced to retreat back into the city.

The English surged forward on their momentum and a second force made land at the nearby Nicheng, launching an attack on the north gates of Canton. The Imperial troops shored up the gate with sandbags piled high, and one thousand elite fighters were sent out to block the English from gaining entrance. These soldiers held shields of wisteria wood in their left hands and swords in their right, and they fought with deadly determination, so that each one of them was a match for ten of the enemy. The English shrank before these heroes, their ranks crumbled, and they made to flee. But the troops from Hunan who were inside the castle grew jealous when they saw the prowess of the elite troops, and began to sneak shots at their allies, firing from the cover of the fortifications.

The elite soldiers were taken completely by surprise and were about to take flight, when several hundred commoners came rushing out from the town buildings by the north gate. They had heard the cries of betrayal and roused themselves to support the elite troops by attacking the Hunanese traitors. The cowardly men from Hunan broke formation and scattered, which allowed the elite troops to return their focus to dispatching the enemy. They killed more than two hundred of the English, but while they held the defenses, the generals inside the city merely looked on, and there were none who would lead their force outside to join the battle.

The only exception was Commander Tuan Yongfu, who was holding the western battery. He ordered his men to defend the battery from the English, even if it cost their lives. He had them raise the bores of ten large cannon to aim for the English ships and launched a salvo. The barbarians on the men-o'-war realized that Tuan Yongfu's battery was the only position firing on them, and they concentrated all their guns on it. Cannonballs fell all around Tuan, and he suffered burns over his whole body. But he and his remaining men held their ground amidst the flames with a grim bravery, redoubling their bombardment of the English. Seeing Tuan Yongfu's

ardor, the barbarians suspected that he must have some trick up his sleeve waiting to be unleashed, and they withdrew their ships to safety.

Just at that moment, an English steamship had arrived, but it smashed into a great rock in the waters known as The Pearl of the Sea. It began foundering and listing crazily. Tuan took aim with his eight thousand catty gun and scored a direct hit on the ship's gunpowder chest, blowing the whole thing to smithereens. But the generals inside the city only grew jealous of Tuan Yongfu's valor, and they dispatched a different officer to take over command of the battery. Realizing that Tuan had been relieved, the English drew near once more to resume their attack. The new officer at the battery did nothing to fight back, and fled in short order. The people of Canton seethed with indignation and shed tears of frustration when they heard about how the noble Tuan Yongfu had been dealt with.

The next day, June 24, more than ten thousand English troops launched an assault on the north gates of the city. When the Qing soldiers who had been guarding the gate since dawn saw the approaching force, they made an unruly dash to get back within the walls, pushing and shoving so as not to be left behind. The English moved about the deserted area unchallenged and seized all the surrounding cannon batteries, establishing formations around these. Taking telescopes up to higher ground, they were able to discern the movements of the Chinese within the city, whereupon they let loose with an unnumbered swarm of flaming missiles. The burning shafts bit into the cracks of the far off turrets, bristling like the quills of a porcupine, and the Qing troops rushed about in a panic trying to extinguish blaze. Generals Yang Fang and Yishan looked out on the tumult and decided that the battle was going badly. They loaded up one pack between the two of them and slipped in amongst the crowds of soldiers, attempting to make a surreptitious exit.

Colonel Wang Tinglan got wind of this and confronted Yishan. "No matter how badly we seem to be faring, from the standpoint of numbers we have more than ten times as many troops as the English. With all due respect, how can you be so quick to abandon the city and flee? Though I may be unworthy, if I am but granted command of the men from Manchuria, Sichuan, and Guizhou who are here within the walls, I will open the gate and bring this battle to the English. I will recapture the

gun batteries at all costs!" He pressed his case determinedly, but Yishan and Yang Fang were set on avoiding engagement, and they did not grant him command. The other generals felt the same way, and in the end no one agreed to let Wang Tinglan lead the battle. With no other recourse, Wang Tinglan withdrew, muttering with frustration about a whole city full of fighting men simply allowing the enemy to burn them out.

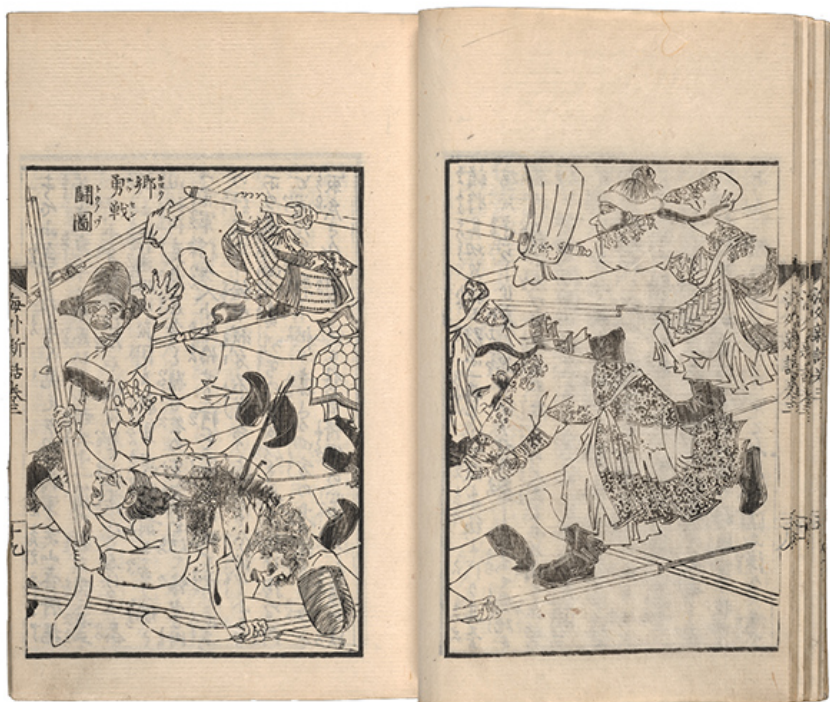
On the following day, June 25, the English pressed their attack from even closer, bombarding the city with rockets, cannons, incendiaries and explosives. The soldiers from all across China who were crammed into the city like sardines succumbed in groups of hundreds at a time. Roaring flames leapt and spread while smoke shrouded the whole area. The soldiers ran all about trying to avoid the incoming fire, and were unable to mount any sort of coherent defense. The generals Yishan, Yang Fang, and Longwen were at their collective wits' end, and decided to sue for peace, shameful as it might be. They planned to enlist the comprador Howqua^x as their messenger, as he had previously had extensive dealings with the enemy commander Charles Elliot. A man named Yu Baoren was lowered by rope from atop the walls, and he made his way stealthily to Howqua's house, whereupon they set out for the enemy camp together.

When they requested an audience with Charles Elliot, he gladly received them. Howqua and Yu Baoren prostrated themselves before Elliot and presented the petition for cessation of hostilities from Yishan, but he rejected it. "Last month we made an agreement with Qishan to end our war and resume trade on all goods as had been the case before the conflict. Although that pact still stands, Yishan, Yang Fang, and the other generals arrived at the city and began killing English merchants. It is you Chinese whose logic is warped. Therefore, I shall use force of arms to smash the city of Canton and claim this as an English territory to settle the longstanding score between our nations."

Yu Baoren and Howqua bowed to the ground repeatedly at this, begging Elliot to reconsider. "China will obey your country's wishes in all matters. We only ask that you call off this attack."

"If that is the case, then I will cease the assault as you request. In return, I demand that reparations be paid for confiscated opium in the amount of six million *yuan*, and also that the English maiden the groups of English troops and who were captured last October in Yuyao be returned safely."

Yu Baoren and Howqua thanked Elliot profusely and returned to the city, where they reported to General Yishan what had transpired. All of the generals were sufficiently relieved at having escaped the tiger's jaws, though it meant that they had abandoned their duty to defend their country from the English. That same day, they swallowed their pride and met with Elliot to seal the pact in the shadow of the city's walls.



The Local Braves in Combat

The Outrageous Behavior of the English Barbarians and the Soldiers from Hunan

As the old saying goes, "A good beginning does not guarantee a good ending." When General Yang Fang first arrived in Canton, he gave himself fully to his duty both day and night, doing his utmost to repel the barbarians and stabilize the tumult that was

encroaching on the commoners' lives. But after two fierce battles, he lost his will to face down the enemy and forfeited the battle to the English commander. What's more, he was given six beautiful women by the unctuous Yu Baoren, and now he spent his days and nights dallying with them in drunken revelry. Together with General Yishan, Yang Fang lived a life of complete dissolution, and naturally this lack of regard for duty spread down amongst his troops.

The English enemy treated the cowardly Qing generals in the city with complete disdain. Black and white men set up their encampments around the cannon batteries, and began to roam freely about the town. Groups of ten or twenty armed with bayoneted rifles barged into the local homes and made off with money and grains, and even livestock, which they slaughtered for food. On one particular day, a group of thirty women were riding a ferry across the river, but the English took them prisoner one and all before they could get across. Any old or unattractive women were immediately thrown overboard, while the young and fair were taken to ships anchored offshore. There are no words to describe how roughly they were violated, in particular by the black men. Every night the English would barge into people's homes and force themselves on the women, regardless of their age or physical appearance. Some who were defiled thus chose to end their lives, supposedly as many as five or six each night.

The black and white English rabble were not the only ones carrying out such outrages. The soldiers from Hunan who had answered the call to arms were under the command of General Yang Fang, which meant that they were no longer receiving any orders, and their villainy was no better than that of the English. Day and night, the Hunanese troops came crashing into the houses outside the city, snatching the people's belongings and assaulting the women. There were even some disgraceful cases of these soldiers cutting their queues and mixing in with the English, in hopes of being rewarded by the English generals for leaking information about the goings-on within the city walls.

One night, a gang of several dozen of the Hunanese troops was out carousing and ended up at a brothel. They demanded women but did not offer even a single coin in payment. The brothel owner was furious at their behavior, and it just so

happened that at that time a number of his women were afflicted with the measles, so he offered these to the hooligans. As can be expected, the Hunanese soldiers all caught the measles from sleeping with these women, and the next day suffered terribly from fevers and chills.

The diseased soldiers heard from somewhere or other that eating human flesh was a good treatment for the measles, so they went into the town looking for their cure. Whenever they spotted a fat person among the passersby, they would immediately cut the poor soul down, and then slice off the excess flesh. This they cooked into a broth, and they elbowed and shoved around the pot to get their share of it. The atrocities committed by the Hunanese soldiers knew no bounds. The people of Canton were unable to bear it anymore, and there were unnumbered families broken up and livelihoods abandoned. There was no smoke rising from cooking fires around Canton; it was as bleak a scene as during a time of dire famine.

The merchants of Canton drafted letters describing their plight, and, worried that the news might not reach the Emperor's ears, took the extra measure of sending copies to government officials from all around. The text was as follows:

All the wide lands beneath the heavens belong to his majesty the Emperor, and all of the people in those lands are his majesty's subjects. We of the region of Canton have suffered the fires of war, and feel that our very lives are in danger both morning and night. It was our great fortune that such an impressive number of soldiers from all the provinces of China have come in accordance with the Emperor's wish to demonstrate his might in destroying the English and saving the people of Canton; at this we were overjoyed.

And yet, since the soldiers from Hunan arrived in Canton, they have set themselves against the barbarians in name only, when in reality all they have done is injure our people. There are times when seeking distinction changes a good person into a wicked one; the transgressions of such men from Hunan grow as numerous as the

hairs on one's head, and we are no longer able to bear it. Earlier this month, there was a battle that forced many citizens to flee their homes in great haste; even at a time like this the Hunanese plundered our property and violated our women. These men commit crimes against us, and though we appeal to their superiors, nothing is done. Eventually they engaged in haphazard slaughter, carving up and devouring their victims' flesh and organs. Surely we cannot be expected to simply bear this horrific situation, for there are none who could.

Our ideal of the young man in his prime is one who would serve in the army to repel the enemy. But despite our ideal, joining the army alters the young man's mind, so that his drive to destroy the barbarians disappears. This comes as a bad omen, and it is not surprising that it aids the enemy and prevents China from being able to achieve victory. With all due respect, given that our elders protect the people for love of their country, how is it that they can sit idly by while soldiers carry out acts of brutality? If generals disobey the law of the Emperor's authority, does that not nourish the enemy? How will the young men in their prime be steered back to the right path? How will the merchants go about their business with any confidence? It is clear that all of these concerns are understood based on the orders that the soldiers should return to their encampments and are forbidden from occupying the civilian houses. And yet the soldiers from Hunan pay these orders no mind; they continue to intimidate and prey on the people. There is no telling what sorts of calamities these men will bring down upon us. Our bitterness is as boundless as the ocean. It is regrettable that the Emperor will likely not hear of these matters, and so we have outlined them for the understanding of all the authorities in the land. We pray that this pall of disaster will lighten, but we have almost given up hope. Heads of family have tried to send their people

away to safety, but the soldiers from Hunan lie in wait just outside the town and seize all of the refugees' belongings. Although we still live, we might as well be dead. Our misfortune is not solely the work of murderous foreigners. All we can do is inform you of our woeful sorrows.

Local Braves Clash with the English Barbarians

And so it was that the people in and around Canton had their way of life completely disrupted on account of the English. Their women and children were stolen, the wealth they had saved up in their houses was snatched away, and they could find neither a day's nor a moment's peace.

Ministers had been dispatched at the Emperor's orders to assemble fighting forces from all the provinces of China, and they had stationed these men in the city at Canton. But although the stronghold was full to the brim with soldiers, it was as if they had been possessed by the demons of cowardice after only a few encounters with the enemy. They made no move to attack the English, and it seemed that they had an understanding with the enemy commander Elliot, for they did as he said in all matters. What's more, the soldiers from Hunan committed atrocities against the locals as they pleased, though they were supposed to have come as protectors. The people's pitiable suffering knew no end.

Cantonese from all around assembled and discussed what was to be done. "Even if they had millions of soldiers at their command, as long as the generals dispatched by the Emperor lack any scrap of courage, they will never stop the invading English and restore the coast to the peace it once knew. We must combine our own powers instead. Let us rush several of the cannon batteries around which the enemy forces are stationed and take them back by force. That will soothe the Emperor and show him that all is not lost." So each township raised a large flag bearing the words "English-Subduing Squad." The locals were heartened to see such flags, and gathered underneath in bolstered spirits, bringing any and all weapons and tools they could lay their hands on.

Altogether there were more than five thousand local braves who had answered the call. They swore before Heaven and Earth on their resolve to slay every last one of the invading English. On the morning of June 28, 1841, they moved towards the coastal batteries through the mist that had not yet burned off, surrounded the English from all sides, and immediately mounted an attack. The English were thrown into confusion at the sudden arrival of unexpected hostiles and had no chance to ready their cannons. Forced to rely on whatever bayonets and blades were close at hand, they fought desperately.

For a brief while there was no telling who would win the battle. Then at one point the local braves feigned retreat to lure the English to a spot where an ambush party had been laying in wait. When the fleeing braves turned around to engage the English once more, two thousand men leapt up from the shadows between the trees and pressed in around the English. The barbarians, facing certain defeat, immediately prostrated themselves and begged for their lives. The braves were about to kill the English to the last man, but just at that moment, the go-between Yu Baoren came rushing from the city on General Yang Fang's orders. He ordered the braves to desist, saying, "You must not make war on the English for petty private reasons. Seeing as how we made a peace treaty with the English Commander Charles Elliot just the other day, you are not to harm the Englishmen in any way whatsoever. Release them immediately, that they may return to their encampments."

When the braves heard this, they raised their voices in fury. "Even if you speak for the generals serving the Emperor, there is no way we can simply let the English go scot-free. If these barbarians will return the cannon batteries to us, keep any more of their allies from landing on our shores, and send away their fleet of warships, we will spare their lives." The English were terrified of the braves and agreed to the conditions. The braves, meanwhile, having been ordered by General Yang Fang to release their prisoners, had no choice but to do so.

But the braves found it difficult to trust the English, so they split into two groups and set off to ensure that their conditions were met. The first group went straightaway to the four batteries around the city and reclaimed them for the Chinese. They hoisted their flag atop each battery, gave a resounding cheer of

victory, and were generally quite pleased with themselves. The second group went down to the shoreline and seized the dinghies there so that the English would be unable to commute back and forth from their warships. And just in case the English still managed to come ashore somehow, the braves wanted to be certain that they would not be bringing any supplies for those stationed on land, so they forbade the merchants and porters who dealt with the English freight from transporting any provisions.

Charles Elliot had been in the crow's nest of his ship, watching all of this through a spyglass. When it became clear what was going on, he immediately flew a red flag as a signal to the generals inside the Canton city. He also set his man Parker to meet with General Yishan and relay a message: "In light of the fact that just a few days ago we reached a peace agreement and committed not to raise arms against one another, I did not even fire one cannonball to assist my soldiers stationed on your shores when they were suddenly attacked without warning. Nonetheless, I must ask why my men were surrounded and ambushed, and why my ship's boats were stolen. If this is a demonstration of where things stand between our two countries, then it is my wish to break the peace and meet in battle."

This stunned Yishan and Yang Fang, and they both apologized on behalf of the Qing government for the infraction. They then admonished the local braves and ordered them to return the dinghies and to restore the English food supplies right away. The braves had no recourse but to obey.

But despite all this, the English were still afraid of what might happen if the braves' ire were to boil over again. Every last one of them withdrew to the ships waiting offshore, several dozen of which departed in short order.

This led to a period of relative quiet in Canton, and the people there felt a deep sense of relief. Of course, this was all the result of brave men from the local towns and villages combining their strength and rising up as one. The city was full with a whole host of generals bearing imperial orders, in command of tens of thousands of soldiers with mountains of weapons for making war on the English—but when it came down to real achievements on the field of battle, the military men were far outstripped by the valor and courage of the local braves. All the generals

managed to do was to debase themselves in an attempt to curry favor with the English commander Charles Elliot, acting as if they were his vassals. It truly was a sorry state of affairs.

New Stories from Overseas, Part 4

Zhang Hong the Merchant Designs the Tiger Tail Formation

In the Miyun district of Zhejiang Province, there lived a merchant by the name of Zhang Hong. He was about forty years of age, and he owned a shop, where he made his living selling antiques and pottery. In all his life he had studied neither letters nor the military arts. But a strange thing happened when he heard of China's repeated losses in battle since the English had invaded the previous year: he grew deeply troubled, and shut himself up in his house for several days, alone in thought. When he finally emerged, he had come up with a battle formation that he was sure would defeat the English. He wanted to draw up his plans and show them around, but he had always been clumsy with his hands, and lacked the skill to depict what he had envisioned.

This being the case, he had Nuo Laosan sketch the diagram, since Nuo was known in the village for his skill with painting. Then Zhang asked the scholar Zhao Desan for help putting his ideas into words, to be used as an explanatory text for the diagram of the battle formation. When Zhao Desan asked what the name of the formation was, Zhang Hong replied, "The Tiger Tail Formation," which Zhao then wrote at the top of the diagram. The whole thing was executed exactly as Zhang Hong had pictured it, and he gave his sincere thanks to the men who assisted him. The two of them both agreed that it was a splendid idea for a battle formation.

Several days later, Zhang Hong went to the Qing military encampment in Zhejiang and declared that he wanted to present his idea to Governor-general Yuqian. The governor-general was intrigued and granted the audience, but Zhang Hong only handed over his diagram and departed without saying a word. Yuqian spread out the diagram and read it over. He found the layout and explanation of a

battle plan for a confrontation with the English, outlining a formation that made extensive use of cavalry and artillery units. Yuqian guessed that the Tiger Tail Formation was inspired by the ferocity of a tiger as it whips around to devour someone who had stepped on its tail. It operated on the same tactical principle as the Yellow Emperor's Crushing Machine and Zhuge Liang's Eight Unit Formation, calling for quick and decisive adjustments in the heat of battle. Sun Tzu had once advised, "Fierce momentum, instant reactions," though there were few recorded instances where this was actually applied. The scholar Zhang Benxue claimed that this principle of Sun Tzu's was the secret to success on the battlefield. Studying the Tiger Tail Formation, Yuqian realized that here was a plan that fit this principle well, and he was duly impressed.

The formation that Zhang Hong had envisioned consisted of three concentric rings. The innermost ring was 540 meters across and 1,620 meters around, manned by 2,700 foot soldiers equipped with guns both large and small. The middle ring was to be 1,080 meters in diameter and 3,240 meters in length, with eight openings facing the outer ring. At each opening, there would be a cavalry unit with one thousand riders, for a total of eight thousand cavalry troops in all. The outermost ring would be 1,620 meters across and 4,860 meters around, defended by 8,000 soldiers with mixed artillery.

There were to be another three positions outside the outermost ring. Each one was a 180-meter arc of 300 elite troops equipped with all manner of firearms. The large cannons would be loaded onto carriages so they could be shifted around the field easily. Lastly, the diagram called for the whole formation to be surrounded by a perimeter of ditches and dikes, with openings in several places.

In essence, the three rings and four layers created a structure that would allow different units to change position as necessary during the battle—that is, those receiving the enemy's advance would hold their position as the body of the formation, while the other units would move about freely as the arms and legs, making tactical strikes in a kaleidoscopic attack pattern. One could say that the Tiger Tail Formation was designed to emphasize both offense and defense together.

Indeed, it truly was a magnificent battle formation. It is almost as if the gods took pity on the Qing generals for their string of defeats, and interceded through a simple merchant to grant this marvelous boon.

Pottinger Sacks Dinghai Again

Once the peace agreement between Charles Elliot and the Qing generals was reached in the spring of 1841, the English returned the islands in the Dinghai region to the Qing, and the barbarians that had occupied those lands gradually sailed away. But since the trade of opium through Canton was still prohibited and military clashes persisted, the Queen of England sent a man named Henry Pottinger to replace Elliot as the commander of English forces in China. The size of the fleet was increased, with the goal of seizing territory. When the Qing court heard of these developments, Commander Ge Yunfe and a number of other generals were dispatched to Dinghai, where they fortified the defenses and awaited the enemy.

On the afternoon of September 27, 1841, thirteen English ships arrived at a place called Mt. Zhumen near Dinghai. And then three more appeared: two steamships, and a gargantuan warship. This dreadnought was carrying Commander Pottinger and his tactician Morrison, and was the flagship for the whole fleet. Besides the ships that approached the shore, some vast number lingered out in deeper waters.

Commander Ge Yunfe was in charge of the Qing forces in Canton. He ordered his generals to make sure that everything was in a state of complete readiness in all of the cannon batteries along the coast. He then had them station their men both within and outside of the city walls. With their flags furled and their artillery quiet and ready, they waited for the coming battle. That was when one of the English ships broke towards the harbor at full speed, as if it were flying. Ge Yunfe saw this and made all haste to a battery, where he ordered the soldiers to fire the eight thousand catty cannon. They packed the wide muzzle full of especially potent gunpowder and leveled it at the enemy, then let fly. The ball punched right through the enemy ship, and for one instant the Chinese thought they saw it connect with the onboard powder stores; then the whole vessel blasted apart and sank in flames.

Pottinger was incensed at this. At dawn on the 28th, he had twenty ships move into the harbor in formation and fire a simultaneous salvo from several hundred cannon at Ge Yunfe's ranks. The Qing soldiers momentarily scattered for fear of the storm of lead, hiding in cracks between the coastal rocks, so that there were not many casualties.

At that moment then the English launched several hundred small cutters full of troops, aiming to make land at Zhuxu Mountain. It so happened that Zheng Guohong, commander of the troops from the Chu region in Zhejiang, had just arrived in that area and saw the English landing force. He immediately ordered his troops to attack, and they charged with swords and spears at the ready. The barbarians had not all made land yet, and the Chinese took advantage of catching their enemy with only one foot on firm ground. Caught in between the water and the shore, the English force came under a heavy onslaught, and many of them were hacked into pieces.

The morale of the Qing soldiers was skyrocketing and the English were having a very rough time of it, so they withdrew a short distance to Mt. Wukui. They erected a field headquarters overnight, hoping to dig in for a protracted struggle.

Zheng Guohong addressed his men, saying, "The enemy is using Mt. Wukui as a shield, and it will be difficult for our allies to mount an attack on them there. We have to wipe them out immediately." They wheeled their cannon right up to the encampment and aimed over the earthen embankment, but just as they were about to open fire, the English abandoned their position and fled.

On the 30th of September, some two thousand English troops passed through the Jixiang Gate and commenced an attack on the Donggang Inlet. Zheng Guohong welcomed them with artillery fire, sending off volley after volley and repelling their attack. The cannonballs from Zheng Guohong's forces hit home with a roar like thunder that broke the English ranks. The heat from the explosions spread all around, not letting up for an instant. The English were rattled, and not being able to advance a single step, redirected their march towards Mt. Zhumen and the Xiaofeng Cliffs. But Zheng Guohong pursued them and kept up relentless cannon fire to block their assault yet again, shooting down some five hundred black and white men.

The next day, the English assembled a group of ten steamships and moved to attack Ge Yunfe's position. He himself used a cannon known as "Heaven-Quaking Thunder" to rain fire down on the enemy and destroy three of their ships. At this point, the English Commander Pottinger was out of ideas, having suffered several days of successive defeats, so he made use of his tactician Morrison's plan. They divided thirty warships into three groups, each of which would try to land at a different location at the same time. One group headed to Mt. Wukui, another went to the Donggang Inlet, and the last went to the westward-facing Xiaofeng Cliffs.

Before long, the English at the Xiaofeng Cliffs managed to land their soldiers. Wang Xipeng, the commander of the troops from the Shouchun district, took the vanguard with 3,500 valiant men and moved to intercept the invaders. Perhaps because the English bore a smoldering bitterness at having been beaten repeatedly for several days, they mounted a fierce offensive with cannons and rifles. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of Chinese soldiers perished in a spray of blood. But the rest of Wang Xipeng's forces had shown up for a fight, and they came rushing over the bodies of their fallen comrades, pressing in on the English soldiers. Both sides kept up a heavy barrage of bullets and steel, and it seemed that neither army was any closer to victory. The Qing force had no leeway to relieve their troops, and they kept firing their guns until the metal bodies glowed crimson. Their leader was worried that the next time they loaded the guns, the heat would detonate the powder and serve only to harm his men. Realizing that they could no longer rely on their artillery, the men hardened their resolve to face death at the guns of the enemy. The English unleashed a storm of bullets and the Chinese plunged in. More than three hundred men with swords swinging rushed at the barbarians, and they managed to cut down forty white and black men.

Wang Xipeng led the charge on the English guns. He was severely wounded and his blood flowed like a spring; nonetheless, he felled ten white men and eight black men before he took five more bullets and died a splendid death. When his men saw him succumb they, too, surged forward and went down fighting.

Commander Pottinger landed his party at Mt. Wukui and led them towards Mt. Zhumen. Although Zheng Guohong had rendered tremendous service in

repelling the enemy's earlier attacks, he was ragged from days of continuous battle. Barely able to move, he propped himself up with his sword for a moment to catch his breath. Just then a rocket came whistling in and crashed down immediately next to him. Zheng Guohong was burned from head to toe and he collapsed onto the ground. One of his men came running up to retrieve the general's body from the field, but another rocket struck. The soldier was blown apart, together with his leader's corpse.

Ge Yunfe met the enemy force that was marching on the city from the direction of the Donggang Inlet. A large part of his force had been killed by the guns of the English, and the rest had fled, until he was left with only one rider under his command. Realizing that there was nothing he could do to block the enemy's advance, he threw himself down the well beside the Dongyue Mausoleum.

A wounded officer named Xu Guifu gathered the remaining troops and retreated to within the city's walls, shutting all four gates behind them. They spared no ammunition in their attempt to keep the enemy at bay outside the walls, but in the end it was clear that the defenses would not hold. Xu Guifu handed over the remaining nine hundred taels of the military supplies budget and an administrative seal to an official named Deng Jun, bidding the man to steal away from the city and make for Zhenhai. Then, when Xu Guifu saw that the city had fallen, he hanged himself.

Looking back on this battle, the Chinese were able to score repeated victories at the outset, but eventually the English gained the upper hand through sheer force of numbers. What's more, the whole affair took place on an island in the sea, so no Qing reinforcements could come. And so, some of the most valorous generals in the whole of the empire were gunned down on the battlefield, and a key territory that acts as a choke point for entering China once again fell into the hands of the enemy. There was no one who did not weep tears of bitter anguish when they heard about the unfortunate outcome of the clash at Dinghai.



Wang Zipeng in Bloody Battle

The Excavation of Zhuge Liang's Stone Sentinels

In the Ji district of Henan Province, there stood a temple. For three or four years, men and women of all ages and stations in life had been coming from far and wide to gather at this temple, praying and offering incense both day and night. This year the temple was busier than ever. There were many who left their homes and professions behind, staying at the temple for days on end, some even saying that they would never leave.

When news of this reached the officials in Canton, they were certain that something was amiss, possibly that shifty monks or dishonest fortune-tellers were misleading the people in the hopes of extorting money. They sent functionaries to the temple with orders to investigate the situation, but when the dispatch party arrived, all they found was a throng of some thousand worshippers, rubbing their prayer beads and chanting loudly before the temple's main icon. The functionaries spent several days searching for suspicious activity, but they were unable to find anything. They returned to Canton and reported this to the governor-general.

The governor-general was not satisfied, though, and sent another group of officials to the temple in Ji. They had orders to take several hundred soldiers with them, arrest all of the monks and worshippers, then raze the temple to the ground. The officials wasted no time securing weapons for their force, and set off for Ji right away. But when they passed through the gates into the temple grounds, it was completely silent. The whole place was deserted. It appeared as though everyone had departed a few days earlier. The officials and soldiers were perplexed, but they still had their orders to demolish the temple. They began by pulling down the buildings, and then they burned the various icons and sacred instruments. There was a pond behind the temple, and this they set about filling in using earth from the embankment that ran alongside. As they were breaking down the embankment, they happened to dig up a stone statue.

The back of the statue bore an inscription that began, "Erected by Zhuge Liang." The stone itself was diamond-hard, and the inscription had not faded at all, for it had been protected from the elements by lying in the earth for many long years. But though the letters could be made out clearly, they were archaic in form, full of strange and unfamiliar words. The inscription was a mystery, and many of the sentences were impossible to interpret. It read like this:

Scattered conflict obscures heavens
Nine years of vain melancholy
The sun, moon, and stars give no light
A copper coin is buried in the autumn mountains
Five fours can only be known in the year of five fours
Both lands can only be known through the mountains and rivers
Merry youth of three sevens, ill youth of three nines
Maiden of two eights, song of two eights
The old man who knows no sickness knows the world
Waters before, waters behind, shatter the gong
The years of dog and boar are still tolerable
The years of rat and ox, nothing to be done

Coming through waters, riding three thousand *li*
The courtly garb of Eastern Lu, dyed through with blood
Living together means sharing a name
In the greater water tiger year, war will be sealed

Lin Zhaopin Argues for Justice and Repels the Barbarian Ship

The people of the Yuyao district in Zhejiang had sensed the threat of the barbarians' violence looming since the previous year. As soon as they saw the foreign masts on the horizon, they packed up their wives and children and all their belongings and cleared out, so that almost all the civilian houses in the area were completely empty. Spring was at its height, and the peaches and plums were blooming to bursting, their petals scattered on the east wind, but there was no one there to appreciate the sight. The poet Jiayou wrote, "The peaches of the field open their flowers in vain to the flowing waters / the swallow returns to dance about the water, but no one sees." That poem described the lonesome emptiness after the An Lushan Rebellion, but it could just as easily be describing the present scene in Yuyao.

In any case, on March 15, 1842, three warships that were bigger than anything anyone had seen before came swooping into the harbor, their white sails puffed up with wind. The Qing generals who saw this, not to mention their troops, went all pale and green in the face. They spread great unrest through the town, wondering loudly what horrors they could expect to suffer at the hands of such mammoth ships.

Lin Zhaopin, who was serving as acting district chief then, stood before his generals and declared resolutely, "Just because a paltry three barbarian ships have entered our harbor, there is no cause for alarm. I will board their ship myself and argue for justice to persuade them to leave our waters." He took two veteran marines and a translator with him and boarded a small boat in the surf. His men took the oars and tiller and plied out towards one of the huge ships. The party then clambered up the rope ladder that hung over the side, and boarded the enemy deck. Lin Zhaopin looked around and saw thirty or so barbarians both black and white, busy trimming the fuses on their bayoneted rifles so that they could launch an

immediate volley when the moment came. He also noticed a cannon set way atop the mast, and realized that he might be fired upon from overhead at any second. There were several thousand swords and spears lined up on racks, and everything was under tight watch.

Having come aboard the English ship, Lin Zhaopin stated that he wished to speak with the enemy leader. The barbarians said that that he would need to wait as their commander was below decks preparing a new model of cannon for a test firing. Lin just pretended that he had not heard, and headed unbidden in the direction he thought the commander's quarters must be. Just below his feet, the test firing was taking place. The thunderous blast shook the whole ship and echoed across the water, and Lin felt like he had been heaved flailing several meters into the air. But even still, he was not shaken, and he strode towards the commander's room on a swell of bravery. The black and white barbarians felt their palms begin to sweat as they wondered just what was going on, and they followed at a distance to see what would happen.

Lin Zhaopin took his seat across from the commander of the barbarians, and very courteously laid out his case in the name of justice. "You, sir, were born in the far off land of The West, and so are not familiar with the Precepts of Benevolence and Righteousness or the Five Eternal Principles of Human Relations; therefore, no matter how many words I spend on my argument, you will likely not understand. But you are not a beast, sir, so please put aside your personal interests and listen carefully to what I say. If you think about why we are at war in the first place, it is because, for no reason, your lot came to China as violators.

"Since the Yongzheng era one hundred years ago, opium has been repeatedly forbidden. But despite this, your country's devious merchants have continued to break our prohibition and smuggle in more of the drug, and we have been unable to stamp it out completely. So last year, Lin Zexu took on the problem in Canton with the same severity as had been done in the Yongzheng and Qianlong eras. He applied the law justly and incinerated tens of thousands of boxes of opium. If you had stopped bringing it into our country one hundred years ago when it was first

prohibited, our people would likely not have become habitual opium users. And, of course, there would be no lost opium for which to demand reparations.

“Claiming that your other trade besides opium is not sufficient, and spouting all manner of other groundless notions besides, once more your country has mobilized military force in an effort to seize the wealth of China. Relying on the fact that your ships have better armor and your weapons are more advanced, you go about wounding and killing innocent people. I find it highly unlikely that you fail to see the logic in what I say.

“Last year, through Yilibu’s arrangement, Qishan signed a treaty with the English leader Elliot, but before even one month had passed, the barbarians from your country used our territory Amoy as a launching point to once again ransack Dinghai and disrupt all of our coastal shipping. The atrocities of your country’s monarch are numberless. What purpose do you have this time, bringing your ships so close to Canton yet again?” He spoke eloquently but sternly, his hair bristling and his hand on his sword in case the response came as an attack.

The enemy leader bowed his head before Lin Zhaopin’s well-reasoned argument, sitting there silently as his face turned red.

Lin’s heroic presence radiated through the ship. “Do not forget what I have said here. Go straight back to your country and relay it to your ruler.” No sooner had he said this than he stood up and walked back the way he had come without sparing a sideways glance towards the black and white barbarians. He once more boarded his small boat, and returned to the city with no difficulties.

At first the barbarians had made light of the Zhejiang’s generals in Yuyao, thinking that they would wipe out any resistance with just a few warships. But they shrank in awe from Lin Zhaopin’s overwhelming display of courage, and the three ships opened their sails to leave within the hour, disappearing back over the horizon.

It truly is a shame that most all of the ministers who command China’s forces quail before the enemy as if the barbarians were tigers, and would just as soon avoid a confrontation by closing the matter with some flimsy peace treaty. It is indeed a sublime joy to think that there was a man like Lin Zhaopin, who put country before

personal safety and used his powers of persuasion alone to turn back massive, armored warships.

The Zhenhai Bureaucrat Wang Shizhen Burns a Barbarian Ship

In September of 1841, the English once again conquered Dinghai. They used it as a headquarters for raids all along the northeastern coasts of China, and there was not a moment of peace in the land. It was particularly bad in places like Zhenhai, which was relatively close to Dinghai, and so always had ten or twenty great English warships at anchor in the harbor. The people there were greatly distressed and lived in a constant state of agitation. The governor Liu Yunke and the local official Yi Bao consulted with one another in endless discussions, trying to determine what they could do to expel the barbarians from their waters and make sure once and for all that they did not come back.

One day during these troubled times, a low level Zhenhai bureaucrat named Wang Shizhen submitted a plan to Yi Bao detailing a special tactic for burning the barbarian ships. Yi Bao read through the proposal and found it to be a superbly thought-out plan, and he shared it with Liu Yunke. The governor was impressed as well, so they summoned Wang Shizhen right away and ordered him to implement the plan.

Wang Shizhen then recruited two hundred local braves and three hundred water braves. He divided them up between several dozen small boats, and prepared twelve fire boats besides. There were two types of the fire boats. The first ones were loaded full of dry grasses, and had sacks of gunpowder stuffed here and there amidst the grass. A ductwork of thick bamboo joints guided the fuses from the gunpowder sacks towards the tail of the boat, where they were tied all together and fed through one more large pipe. When the time came, one needed only to light the whole bundle of fuses. The second type of fire boat was stocked with jars full of explosives, which were mixed in with bowls full of charcoal and ash. There were long poles positioned amongst the bowls and thrusting out over the side of the boats. That way, when the enemy drew alongside and disturbed the poles, the contents of the bowls and jars would mix and cause an instant explosion. Having prepared these

two types of fire boats, Wang Shizhen then had them tied up into pairs and positioned the pairs in six ranks.

As of the previous day, there had been seven barbarian ships anchored in the harbor. As the sun sank behind the western mountains on April 5, Wang Shizhen waited for the mist to rise before leading his men out into the waters. Because it was the beginning of the month, the moon was all dark, and the boats were no more than vague shapes on the surface of the water. They drew within range of the barbarian ships. According to plan, they lit the fuses on the first wave of fire boats and launched them towards the group of seven ships. It was low tide, and the current naturally took the fire boats toward their target. When the poles bumped into the barbarian ship, scores of the explosive jars went off at once with a blast that would have put one hundred thunderbolts to shame. The flames flashed like lightning and engulfed two of the enemy ships all at once, consuming the sails and burning through the masts until they collapsed.

The white and black barbarians tried to save their ships, bellowing through the roaring blaze. But their hands were singed and their legs scorched, and there was nothing they could do to stop the spread of the conflagration, so they jumped overboard to escape.

At this, Wang Shizhen had his men ring bells and beat drums, making it sound as if a great army were closing in. The barbarians still on their ships ran crazily about in an even greater panic. Not having enough time to raise their anchors, they lowered several dozen dinghies into the water and tried to escape in these. Wang Shizhen then sent off the second wave of fire boats. The barbarians did not realize the nature of these boats, and they drew near to commandeer the little vessels, hoping to moisten the straw with seawater for use in dousing any more flames they might encounter. But just as they pulled up alongside the little boats, they butted up against the poles that were jutting out, and all the piled up explosives detonated. The barbarians who narrowly escaped the explosion tried to flee, but the braves pursued them with swords and spears, dispatching more than three hundred men. The English in a great ship further out to sea heard the victory cry of the

braves, and they came to rescue their allies who were stranded on the water's surface. The tide was too low, however, and they were unable to maneuver freely.

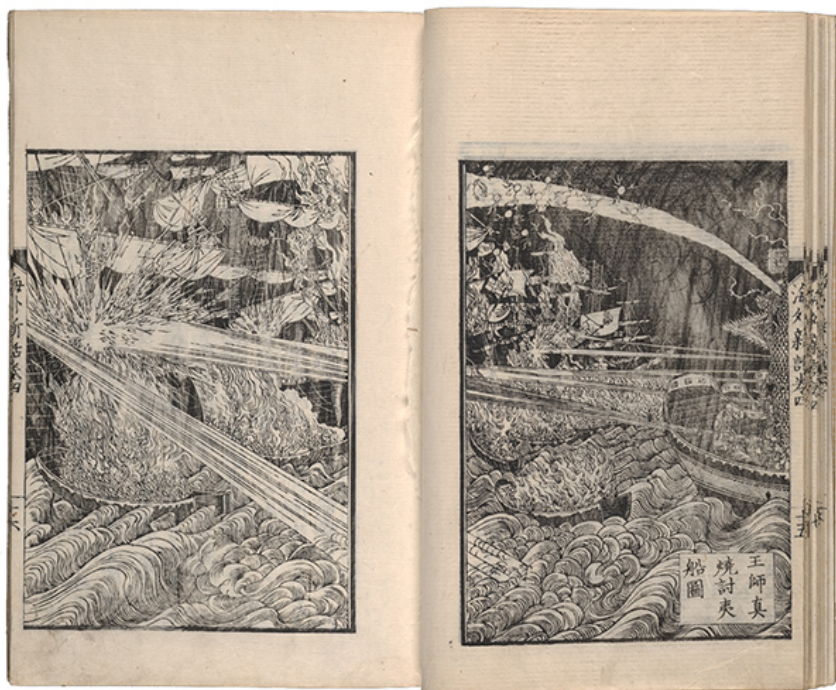
Wang Shizhen then lit the fuses and released the third wave of fire boats. The barbarians tried to blow the small boats out of the water, and launched a succession of volleys from thirty or more cannons. But through some kind of blunder, the flames from the battle reached their stores of gunpowder, and the great ship was blown to bits in the space of an instant, before even coming into contact with the Chinese fire boat.

The English aboard the warships that were still intact in the harbor no longer tried to escape, firing their cannons for all they were worth as they fought frantically through the inferno. But the flames blanketing the water's surface disrupted the cannon sights so that none of the shots found their mark. All at once, Wang Shizhen had his flotilla row out in all directions and form a circle surrounding the barbarian ships. They set off a whole slew of noisemakers that sounded like cannons, all while clanging bells, banging drums, and raising wild battle cries. In the midst of the firestorm the barbarians could not grasp what was going on, nor how large a force threatened them, nor where the attacking boats were in the water. Not knowing where to aim or how to press the fight, they were forced to flee through the flames and escape the harbor.

Whang Shizheng was overjoyed that his plan to burn the barbarians out had gone off so well. He withdrew his forces under cover of the darkness before the dawn, and upon taking headcount of the braves he had led out to battle, he found that not even one man was missing.

In an encounter that lasted only a few short hours, they had sent down in flames four large warships and over forty smaller boats, and there was no telling how many casualties the barbarians suffered. Some ten days later, barbarian corpses, blackened fragments of boats, and all manner of weapons floated to the surface in a mass, so that a seven or eight hundred square meter section of the harbor looked like it was dry land. Meanwhile, in recognition of his tremendous achievement, Wang Shizhen was promoted in rank and permitted to affix an indigo

feather to his cap of office. The local braves and water braves were also each given a handsome reward in appreciation for their service.



Wang Shizhen Burns the Barbarian Ships

The Imperial Army Drives Out the Barbarians from Dinghai

The English suffered a major defeat in the recent unexpected burning of their ships at Zhenhai, and their hatred of the Chinese built up ever more. On account of this, they began launching attacks in and around Shanghai, including at Chongming, Zhapu, and Mt. Zhaobao. Hearing that the enemy warships were coming from Dinghai, the generals of the Qing Imperial Army had a large meeting to formulate a strategy. "If the barbarians are pursuing this many operations, there cannot be too many of them left back at Dinghai." They gave orders to Ambassador-General Zheng Dingchen, the son of Zheng Guohong, the fallen commander of the troops from Chu: "When the barbarian forces are away, you must move quickly to take back the city and sweep away the enemy encampment." Zheng Dingchen was given command of ten thousand troops and dispatched to Dinghai.

He was thrilled at the assignment. "When the barbarians laid waste to Dinghai last year, they brought down my father with their guns. It is my good fortune to receive these orders now, that I may be the one to mete out punishment to the barbarians and avenge my father." He left that very day from Haimen, leading hundreds of navy ships towards Dinghai.

Zheng Dingchen's fleet pulled into Meishan Harbor on April 14, 1842. The first thing he did was to fill thirty ships with cut dry grass, which he had doused with oil in preparation for using the craft as fire boats. He then sent out scouting parties to determine if the barbarian ships were about or not. They found several warships anchored at both Xhiaji and Hongmao Harbor, and Zheng Dingchen decided he would burn these out right away. He led his fleet to a place called the Shilui Gate, where he divided his ships into seven columns. First they targeted the barbarian warships at Hongmao, lighting the fuses on ten of their fire boats and launching them from upwind.

The attack startled the barbarians, but they quickly cut their anchor line and smoothly wheeled their great ships around to take aim and fire their cannons at the Qing navy boats. The Chinese stayed safely out of range, though, and launched another wave of fire boats under the cover of the smoke from the enemy guns. While they were doing this, the first group of fire boats reached the barbarian men-o'-war. The masts and sails went up in flames, and in no time there were billows of black smoke swirling all about the ships.

There are no words to describe the extent of the barbarians' flurried consternation as they threw their dinghies into the water and crammed aboard in hopes of escaping. A Qing officer named Jiang Zhongqing flew in pursuit, his men lobbing hand grenades at the small boats. Several dozen of the barbarian boats smashed into one another trying to avoid this attack, and some three hundred of the English tried to jump to safety in the waters, only to drown.

Another enemy warship arrived then, and aimed heavy cannon fire at the formation of Qing boats, but the shots fell short and only succeeded in rolling the fire boats positioned in front of the Chinese line. Some of the oiled grasses toppled out, but there were no injuries. This frustrated the barbarians, and they

repositioned themselves for another salvo, but their cannons misfired and exploded. The barbarians' cannonballs tore through their own ship, which immediately went down in flames.

The surviving black and white barbarians tried to make a break for Mt. Zhumen, but luckily the water brave captain Yuan Gaorang and his band managed to catch them all and throw them into the sea. It was around midnight when the largest of the barbarian ships anchored at Xiazhi came to support its allies. General Han Duanqiang and General Wang Yanao, together with the water brave captain Li Shimao, lead twenty fire boats out to meet this new threat, and unleashed their flames on the winds.

But the barbarian ship plunged forward, seemingly fearless of the fire boats and intent on sinking them. The paddlewheel churned the water furiously as the ship cut a path through the bulk of the blazing vessels, but in the end the netting about the masts caught fire. The barbarians could not extinguish the flames on their ship and press the attack simultaneously, and they only managed to get off four or five blasts from their cannons before the burning masts collapsed and the ship was torn asunder. They all drowned as the ship went down, doubtless becoming the next meal for the large fish of those waters.

Since the previous day, the distinguished General Zhan Chenggong and General Yang Daisheng had been lying in wait for the enemy in the area around the city of Dinghai, prepared to repel any attempts by the barbarians to land there. They saw fiery clashes here and there on the water as all the barbarian ships were destroyed, and sensing certain victory for the Qing forces, proceeded to burn out the barbarian encampment around the city. They set fires all about, and took several hundred of the white and black barbarians captive.

The next day, April 15, Zheng Dingcheng gathered together all the craft in his fleet and proceeded to Dinghai, where he met Zhan Chenggong and Yang Daisheng. The generals held a feast for their men in celebration of victory on land and sea in the same day. Several days later, word came that the remnants of the barbarian force were quartered on Mt. Jiangkui, to the north of the city. The generals led their forces up the mountain, where they took two hundred prisoners, along with all

manner of spoils, including maps of the world, Western military manuals, and one hundred guns both large and small. All told, the barbarians lost countless men, four great ships and thirty small boats in the fiery confrontation, whereas the Chinese had no more than thirty casualties.

Zhapu Falls, and the Barbarians Commit More Atrocities

When the generals stationed at Zhapu near Shanghai heard that the two English commanders Pottinger and Parker were approaching at the head of a great force, they were seized with unshakable terror. They started at the call of the crane and the blowing wind, thinking that these were the sounds of the enemy's arrival. The same held for the soldiers who had assembled from other regions to defend Zhapu. Though they filled the city and surrounding area with their great numbers, their flags seemed limp and lifeless, and all they did was rush about fretting aloud, causing a general disturbance.

In the early morning on the tenth of May, 1842, a single English steamship pulled into the harbor. It launched a smaller boat, which plied around measuring the depth of the water and searching for submerged rocks. When the townspeople saw what the barbarian ship was doing, many began gathering together their families and belongings to depart for somewhere safer as soon as they were able, regardless of whether it was day or night. One week later, confirming everyone's fear, six huge warships that looked like floating mountains appeared together with six steamships, pulling into the harbor one after the other.

When they saw the English ships, the soldiers in the city tore about in a panic and clamored to escape. The roads were scenes of chaos, packed so thick with layers of people on top of people that many suffered broken limbs or worse, and there were all manner of weapons and supplies cast aside in the swirling dust kicked up by horses' hooves. The generals, who felt a flicker of obligation, made their way down to the cannon batteries on the coastline and fired off several dozen volleys. Although they knew the enemy ships were out of range, they continued firing for some reason, perhaps unsettled by the quaking in their hearts.

The barbarians were watching all this through their spyglasses from atop the masts, some deriding the fleeing Chinese soldiers and others laughing at the continued useless cannon fire that was doing nothing more than wasting powder and ammunition. But the battle was not joined that day.

It came the next morning at dawn, when the English ships pressed in on the coast all at once, black smoke pouring out of the openings in the gun decks. The cannonballs smashed into the batteries atop the cliffs with a roar like a hundred thunderclaps, and it seemed likely that the blasts screaming through the sky and shaking earth like the thrashing of a great golden serpent could be heard from the highest heavens to the depths of hell. Racked with fear, not one of the generals in the city showed any signs that they were willing to march out to battle.

But there was one colonel named Gang Gong who was ready to confront the enemy. He took two hundred Manchurian troops and set an ambush in the hamlets outside the city, through which the barbarians would have to pass. As it happened, a force of five hundred of the barbarian rebels had landed at Tangjia Bay and was marching towards the city's south gate, which took them right through the hamlets. Colonel Gang Gong knew that he would not get a better chance. His men leapt out of hiding and hemmed the barbarians in on either side, attacking all at once. The English were thrown into disarray and did not have enough time to fire their bayoneted rifles, and more than two hundred of them met their ends on the spears of the Manchurian soldiers.

But a detachment of the barbarians who had at some point climbed up the mountain to the north of the city unfurled a great flag, seemingly sending a signal. As soon as they did this, several more units from the main ship armed with mixed artillery made for land with astonishing speed and joined in the skirmish with Gang Gong's men. These barbarians were fresh and full of fight, and their onslaught came with the implacability of the rising tide. Just as the Manchurian troops began to falter before these new attackers, Colonel Gang Gong barked at them, "It doesn't matter whether or not the enemy sends fresh forces, they're still no more than Western bumpkins. Kill them all, leave no one alive!" The Manchurian troops took heart at this and dug in. Looking as if they were prepared to win glory in battle, they

renewed their resolve to face the guns of the enemy and cut down any who came within striking distance.

The barbarians could not withstand this assault and fell back momentarily to regroup and reload. But the Manchurian troops had used up much of their remaining vigor, and they did not have enough energy to pursue the retreating barbarians. While both sides were catching their breath, the barbarians suddenly launched a rocket. It exploded directly above the heads of the Manchurians in a deafening and blinding burst. Powder and smoke rained down all around as over one hundred men perished, their bodies and bones blasted to shreds. Gong Gang was bathed in flames, but although half of his body was blackened and burned, he valiantly rallied his remaining handful of troops for a final charge. Together they plunged into the enemy's ranks and made their last stand.

The Qing troops within the city began fleeing in every direction, and the enemy barbarians moved to enter through the east gates. Naval Minister Changxi, together with the officials Weifeng, Zhang Hui, and Zhou Gongshou, rounded up the small numbers of troops who had not yet fled, and mounted their horses to ride against the barbarians and harry their advance.

The English formed their ranks to repel a charge, lining up their bayonets like a thicket of blades. The horses stopped short at the sight of this barrier, and the ranks remained intact. But Zhou Gongshou spurred his horse onwards so that it crashed through the formation, trampling and kicking the barbarians. He made second and third passes, succeeding in disrupting the English ranks, so that Changxi, Weifeng, and Zhang Hui could lead their men in with swords and spears in hand. They fought ferociously, bringing down more than one hundred of the enemy.

Then Zhou Gongshou took a bullet through the left shoulder that toppled him off his horse and sent him crashing to the ground. He lay there motionless for a moment, but hauled himself up again and faced the enemy as they bore in on him. He cut down two white men and five black men, but in doing so was utterly spent, and in the end he was killed. The other generals burned with the desire to beat back the enemy, but they and all their men suffered serious wounds, and reached a point where they could fight no more. And they could not expect any reinforcements

either, the number of their remaining allies being no more significant than that of one strand of hair measured against nine oxen, or one dust mote against the contents of an entire storehouse. With nothing left to do, they retreated in a rout, and somehow managed to escape to the walled city of Hulu. But when they entered the gates, they found that Xuyun, the minister in charge of the city, had hanged himself. Seeing this, the generals ended their lives in the same way, their bodies swaying right beside Xuyun's.

With the battle nearly won, the barbarians took the city, demolished the encampment of the Manchurian troops with heavy cannon fire, and put to the torch the houses of the commoners outside the city walls. The flames spread quickly, moving from the Hanging Bridge in the north to the Shuilu Caishen Shrine in the south; the areas around the Horse Watering Pond and the Huoshen neighborhood were completely engulfed.

The enemy leader Pottinger was delighted at having taken the city on the first attempt. He immediately occupied it and spent several days there, taking stock of the dead and injured among his men and distributing awards for distinguished service in battle. The outrages perpetrated by the white and black barbarians during this period defy description. On May 20, they burst in to the government bank and stole all the copper coins there. Then they headed down to the nearby harbor where they scuppered two merchant ships, but not before seizing all of the wares stored within.

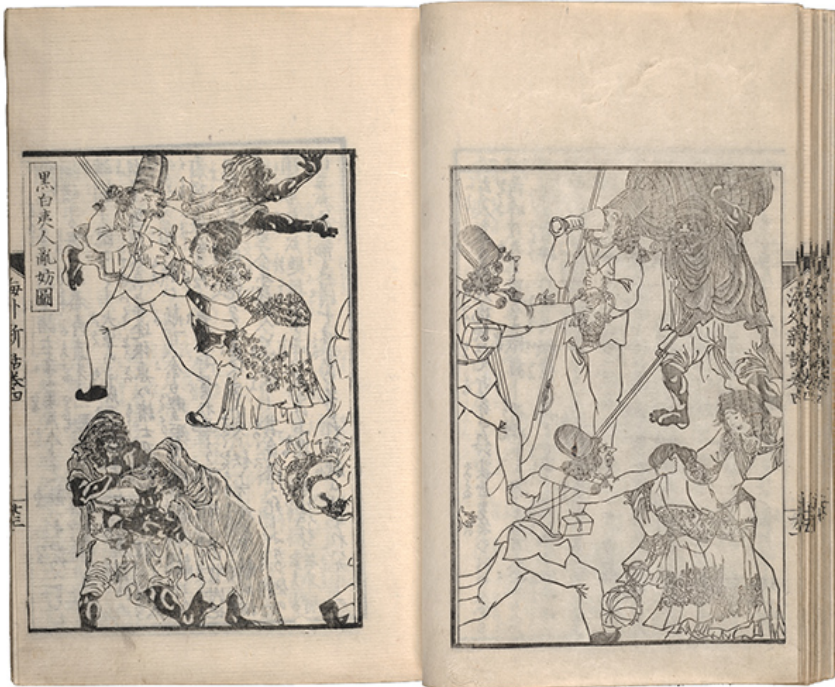
Then there is the pitiless fate that befell Jing Shi, a priest at Tianching Temple. The barbarians entered the temple and demanded that he hand over maps of the Yellow River and the Yangtze River. When he answered that he had no such maps, their blood boiled with anger. They tore his robes and stripped him naked, then bound his hands and held him prisoner, not allowing him any food or water for days and mocking him all the while.

There is also the wretched case of the man named He Dingxiang. The barbarians came barging into his house and seized him and his family, dragging them to the Tianho Shrine in a place called Haitang. Dingxiang was ordered to fetch supplies of firewood and water, while his wife, mistress, and three daughters were

divvied among the five barbarians. They forced themselves on the women in broad daylight. He Dingxiang could do nothing but look on, as his women and daughters called for his help.

The black barbarians in particular seemed to have no sense of decency. Every day they would raid the townspeople's homes to steal rice and grains. They would only cook these halfway, and pile the half-raw mess into a trough that was originally used aboard ship to store horse excrement. They would gather around this and eat without spoons or chopsticks, stuffing food into their mouths by hand. They also took several hundred Chinese women as prisoners to cook for them, and every night the barbarians would violate these poor women. The wails of grief and pain that reached the other townspeople's ears were too much to bear. There were some women who did not survive the black barbarians' savagery, and their bodies were simply tossed in the middle of the road. Heaps of corpses rose up that shone pale and ghostly by night, while a hellish stink floated on the wind by day. It was such a dreadful sight that one could only avert their eyes in sorrow.

Before too long, though, Pottinger left the city and began working his way up the Yangtze River, laying sack to all the cities he passed. He had all manner of plunder brought back to his flagship, from guns of various sizes to swords, spears, and bows left behind by the Qing armies that had fled before him; not to mention rice, grains, and coins. On the dawn of May 28 he slaughtered a bull in reverence to his god, his ships, and his guns, and then departed the region around Zhapu, taking all of his black and white barbarians with him.



The Atrocities of the Black and White Barbarians

Liu Qigu, a Woman Who Lived by Her Principles

Liu Qigu was the daughter of Liu Xinjia, the preeminent scholar in the Pinghu region, and she lived with her family in the city of Zhapu. She was both intelligent and genial, and also a beauty to look upon. Since she was a child she had enjoyed reading, and she fully understood the Five Eternal Principles of Human Relations. She was adept at needlework, studied mathematics as her hobby, and often helped with the housework.

Now, after Zhapu fell on May 18, the women and daughters of many households tried to escape the chaos wrought by the English, only to be captured and assaulted on the way. There is no knowing just how many women the barbarians defiled.

Even though all of Liu Xinjia's relations had fled to safer places, Qigu had no intention of leaving. Trusting her fate to the heavens, she closed her gate, sealed the door, and shut herself in with her parents. The barbarians had already heard of the Liu Qigu's beauty, and several dozen of the black men with designs on her body

came to the gate of the Liu household, trying to ferret out what the situation was inside.

When Qigu heard the ruckus of so many boots outside the gate, she reasoned that it could only be a gang of barbarians trying to break in, and she held the tip of a sword to her throat, prepared to take her own life. But her father cried out in shock when he saw this, staying her hand. She said to him, "My greatest wish is to live so that I may serve you, father. But it is our misfortune to be caught up in these troubled times, and at any moment I may be captured by the barbarians. There is no telling what might happen to me, or what shame would result for our family. Would we not rest easier if I simply ended my own life?" As she spoke these words to her father, they both wept together. It was not long before they heard the sound of the rear fence being forced in. When they peered outside, they saw a number of black barbarians with bayoneted rifles in their hands, making their way in through the broken fence.

Liu Xinjia and his wife took their daughter and fled to the house of their neighbor to the west, Xu. After a short while, the barbarians figured this out, and began breaking in to Xu's house. Qigu's mother and father tried to take her one house further to the west, which belonged to a man named Yao. But Qigu knew that even if she went with her parents, the barbarians would only continue to pursue them. Realizing that she had no hope of escape, she was about to throw herself into the Xu family's well. Just as she was about to jump, though, she remembered the teaching that said a woman's place was in the home, and understood that someone else's well is not the sort of place a young woman ought to die. She headed back to her own family's well instead, but grew concerned for her mother and father, and could not go through with it. She looked up the street towards Yao's house and saw that her mother and father had already been caught by the black barbarians, and were being beaten savagely.

Qigu wanted to run and help her parents, but as she was only a young woman, there would not have been anything that she could have done to save them. Without thinking, she screamed out, "Please, spare my mother and father!" Although the barbarians could not understand what she was saying, they spotted Qigu's beauty

from afar and let her parents go, coming at a run to capture her instead. When Qigu saw this, she hurried into her own house and leapt into the well. The barbarians witnessed her throw herself in, and, with nothing else to do, took their leave.

Having been badly beaten by the barbarians, Qigu's parents ached all over, and they lay on the ground in a momentary daze. But they quickly came to their senses out of concern for Qigu, and struggled past their intense pain as they staggered and half-crawled their way back home. They searched all over for their daughter, but could not find her anywhere. Then they happened to glance into the well and saw the snowy white of her skin surrounded by the crimson hues of her robes floating in the water, looking for all the world like a cotton rose trembling in the rain. The fact that she was only nineteen and still unmarried, yet had died defending her virtue, was too much for her mother and father to bear. They clung to the edge of the well and cried out to their daughter over and over again.

It may have been the strength of the love between parent and child, or it may have been that there was still the spark of life in her, but she seemed to nod her head two or three times, as if in silent response to her parents' voices. The well was not deep enough for her to sink far. Lying with her face just under the surface of the water, she took in a large amount of water and until her suffering ceased.

Aah, to cast off one's life in the cause of righteousness—it is a rare man among men who is able to do this. And how much the more moving in the case of a young woman who faced death with no regrets, thinking only of sparing her family any shame. She truly is a woman who lived by her principles, perhaps unequalled from ancient times through until today.

New Stories from Overseas, Part 5

The Noble Admiral Chen Huacheng Falls in Battle

When the blowing wind brings frost, it becomes clear which grasses are strong enough to survive; just as when the government falls into chaos, it becomes clear which subjects are steadfast and true. During an age of tranquility, the reverse tends

to be the case: individuals who lack ability are able to ascend to high position, and men with wicked hearts are able to wield power, while the just and loyal live quietly amongst the commoners, with no chance to put their talents to good use.

Let us consider the case of Chen Huacheng. During the disturbances caused by the English in 1839, he was promoted from the rank and file to Admiral of Fukien, and his list of military exploits grew.

The next year, he was assigned to the defense of Jiangnan. He applied himself wholeheartedly to his duties, sharing in the joys and hardships of service together with his men, fulfilling his role with discipline and ardor. When he heard about the fall of Dinghai in May of 1840, he rushed to the confluence of the Yangtze and Wusong rivers, where he fortified against the possibility of barbarians landing from the east or attacking by ship from the west. He commissioned sixty brand-new eight thousand catty guns which he installed in the batteries to the east and west, and he erected gated walls surrounding his fortifications. He made sure that the swords and spears were sharp and ready, and he laid in stock of provisions. All of these measures served to put the minds of the military and commoners at ease, and every last soldier admired the virtue of Chen Huacheng. His reputation spread to the English as well, who said among themselves that they had nothing to fear from any of the million soldiers in Jiangnan, except for the formidable Chen Huacheng.

In the spring of 1842, starting with Zhapu, the English made their way around the area to the south of Shanghai, conquering every walled city they came to and sweeping away any resistance that stood before them. Chen Huacheng realized that the English forces would be coming to attack his position before long, and he set about tightening his defenses. It was on June 15 that English ships drew near and began positioning themselves for a full invasion. There were not many other Qing armies that could potentially come to Huacheng's aid, and in any case none had arrived by the time the attack started, so he and his troops steeled themselves for a hard battle.

He stood before his men and appealed to their sense of justice and duty. "I intend to exert myself to the utmost in this battle, and I am fully prepared to die in payment of the great honor my country has given me up to this point. I want all of

you to join me in upholding our sacred duty to our nation.” The soldiers were overcome with emotion to a man, shedding tears as they raised their battle cries. Chen Huacheng then gave each of his soldiers a single pellet of what looked like medicine, saying, “When the battle is joined, I want you all to put this medicine in your mouth. It will make your fighting spirit grow even stronger!” The men were heartened at this.

Around midnight on June 16, the English fleet began the assault, large and small ships opening fire all at once. Chen Huacheng reached the western cannon battery before any of his men, where he packed one of the new eight thousand catty guns with high-explosive powder, leveled his aim, and fired. The enemy ships launched at the same moment, sending a cannonball smashing into the front of the earthen embankment and somewhat rattling the Chinese troops. Chen Huacheng called to his men, “When there is white smoke coming from the enemy’s gun ports, they have not fired, and there is nothing to fear. When you see black smoke it means that a ball is in the air, and that is when everyone should take cover.” The men all followed their leader’s instructions, and there were no casualties.

Chen Huacheng then hit upon another tactic, this one intended to draw the enemy closer within his firing range. He took his men out of the battery and hid in the lee of the embankment. Thinking that the battery was unmanned, several enemy ships drew near to get a better shot. Not wanting to miss his chance, Chen rushed back up to the battery with his men and fired ten of his cannon at once. Ten of the English boats burst into flames and split apart, and two thousand of the white and black men met their fiery ends. At the same time, the men at the eastern battery were keeping up a steady barrage to block the enemy’s landing operations, but they took heavy damage from the cannon atop the masts of the English ships. Realizing that his small force was getting smaller, Chen Huacheng prepared to lead a unit in support of eastern position.

But it was too late: the enemy had already succeeded in landing two thousand men, and they pressed in around the western battery. Realizing that their leader was in danger, one of Chen’s men brought him a horse and begged him to escape on it. He replied, “I am fighting to repay my debt of gratitude to my nation. If I

showed my back to the enemy in flight, how shameful it would be!" No sooner had he said this than an enemy rocket came screaming in and fell right next to Chen Huacheng, emitting a great burst of flame and burning his whole body black. Nonetheless, he stood proudly atop the embankment, unyielding. He ordered his remaining men, "Kill just one more of the enemy, that you may go to your death satisfied."

While this was happening, several hundred barbarians who had landed on the eastern cliffs closed in on Chen Huacheng, their bayoneted rifles leveled at him. They fired a hurricane of bullets, the blades of their bayonets glittering like frost. Chen had already been burned through to his insides, and he had no power left to defend himself against the enemy that bore down on him from all around. Sensing that his time was done, he faced towards the capital at Beijing and bowed his head to the ground in salute, then breathed his last. The handful of his remaining men died on the field of battle as well, just as their leader had done.

The military official Liu Guobiao happened to be there during the battle, and he was determined not to let Chen Huacheng's body fall into enemy hands. He managed to hide the remains in the overgrown rushes by the side of the road, then somehow made his own escape. Two days later, when he returned to the hiding place and pulled out the body, he found that Chen Huacheng's face had lost none of its color, and looked just as it had in life. Liu Guobiao took the body and had it interred outside of the walls of Jiading. Everyone from the nobility to the commoners wept at the news of Chen Huacheng's death, and each house that the funeral procession passed put out incense in his honor.

Cheng Jucai, the governor of Jiangsu, was so moved by Chen Huacheng's virtue that he gathered together his fellow officials to have a ceremony dedicated to the fallen hero. Everyone in attendance wept until their voices gave out. When word of all this reached the Emperor's ears, he felt profound sorrow. He barely took any food, and his robes were damp with his tears for several days, until he eventually ordered a shrine be established in memory of Chen Huacheng.

The Fall of Zhenjiang

Zhenjiang was a great city that faced the Yangtze River and sat at the confluence of several major waterways, and was thus a key strategic territory in China. It would be a disaster if the English were to take Zhenjiang, for they would have control of China's north-south corridor, and could easily spread chaos all across the land.

This being the case, the Emperor gathered all of his ministers and advisers in court to discuss the distribution of the best forces from each province. These were sent to Zhenjiang with orders to establish operations and fortify the city and surrounding areas. The flags over the encampment fluttered in the wind off the mountains, and multiple tiers of cannons were aimed out over the Yangtze River. The stalwart defenses would not fall easily, not even to an alliance of twelve western nations attacking all at once.

At noon on July 20, 1842, ten steamships came speeding up the river spewing out white smoke, followed closely by eighty warships churning up the water in their wakes. As the warships approached Zhenjiang, they connected one craft to another using nets and ropes, making a tight battle formation. One could see at a glance that the sides of the ships were crowded with gun ports looking like the openings of a beehive, and the netting stretched between the craft was like a dense thicket of spider webs.

The next morning, two thousand barbarians landed before the fog had cleared, and began marching on the west gates of the city. The Qing troops stationed outside the city flew into a panic at the sight of the enemy, and two thousand of them ran off all at once, without even putting up a fight. The units atop the city walls were steadfast, though, and beat back the advance with their cannons, killing some five hundred of the black and white barbarians.

While this was happening, the Chinese soldiers stationed on the southeast shores rushed towards their cannon batteries, hoping to repel the English fleet that were drawing ever closer. But just as they arrived, several dozen of the enemy ships all fired their guns at once, raining flames down on the encampment, demolishing the batteries, and dispatching Qing troops in groups of one hundred and two hundred at a time. The air was so thick with gore that it was impossible to see

anything clearly, and the deafening roar of the cannons put thunderstorms to shame, seeming likely to shake the earth off its axis.

It was no time at all before more than five hundred of the Qing soldiers had been blasted to their deaths. Those that somehow managed to survive quailed at the stupefying sound of the cannons; their ears ringing and their eyes blinded, they could barely even stand. Seeming to sense this, the barbarians deployed several thousand landing boats, and twenty thousand men made for the shore as if they had wings.

The barbarian force divided into two and attacked the city walls from both east and west. Since the Qing troops outside the walls had already fled, the barbarians were able to advance without challenge, and they began by launching incendiaries to burn out the city. The flaming shafts of the missiles stuck into the towers of the city and stood out as thick as a hedgehog's quills. The Chinese ran about trying to douse the flames with wet cloth on the ends of poles, and were able to control the blaze by working together.

Qishen, the general in command, was doing his best to hold off the barbarians, and his men rained arrows and rocks down on the invaders. But wave after wave kept coming, and soon they had fastened leather ladders to the walls and were climbing over. To make matters worse, the enemy had hauled scores of cannon up Mt. Beigu behind the city, and they were raining cannonballs down on the walls and turrets. They hit the city's main stone gate with several shots at once, bringing it down in flames.

As the English tried to gain the city through the shattered gate, Qishen and his fellow general Hailing took five hundred elite Manchurian troops up Gulou Hill beside the main gate, where they fired repeated volleys to break the enemy advance. But the barbarians atop the mountain kept up an even greater rate of suppressing fire, and Qishen was not able to stop the approaching army. There were already black and white barbarians swarming like ants outside the gates, eagerly pressing forward to get inside.

The enemy units that had started their attack from the north gate raised a flag with a cross on it to signal that they were the first inside the city gates. Cavalry

Commander Xianyun spurred his men forward at this critical moment, and they swept in and crushed five hundred of the English. But when Xianyun's forces killed the white barbarians, the black men would advance in their place, and when the black barbarians faltered, the white men would come to their aid. What's more, another group of the enemy had blown apart the south gate with their cannons, and were now flooding in like a wildly rising tide.

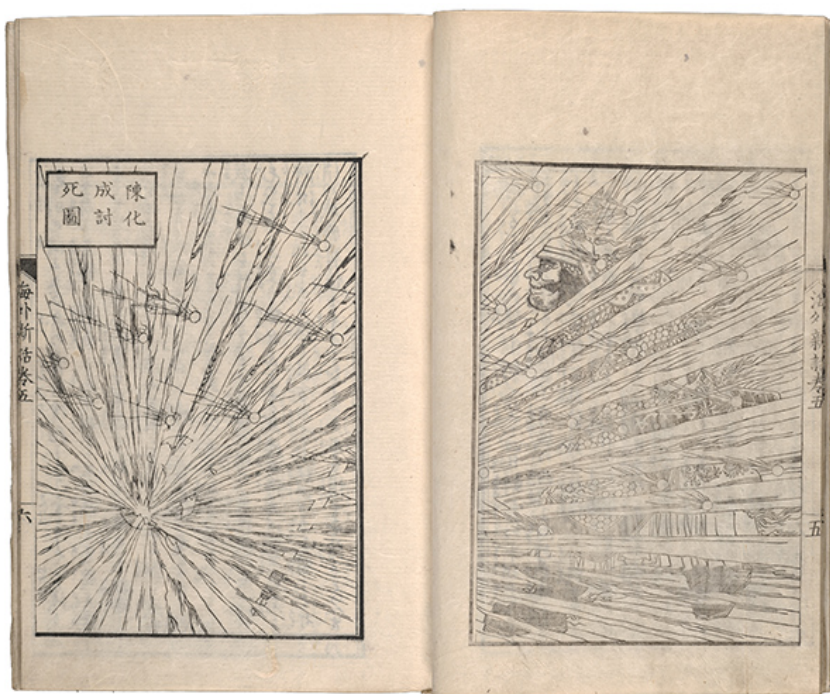
The city had already been in an uproar, and it was even more so now that it seemed clear that the defenses would soon fall. General Qishen staunched the blood from his heavy wounds and cried out to the heavens as he prepared to take his own life. But one of his soldiers rushed in and stayed his hand, saying, "Sir, even if you kill yourself, it will not make the enemy army take their leave of this place. What's more, think about how it would bring daily grief to your elderly mother. We have learned since ancient times that we must live lives of both duty and filial piety. Rather than ending your life, please escape from this place, as it is overrun with the enemy. Surely it will be better if you regroup, come up with a plan to wipe out the barbarians, and put it into action." Before he had even finished saying this, he took Qishen into his arms and slipped out of the city amidst the chaos. They escaped to Danyang Prefecture, where the soldier laid his general down in an old shrine and nursed him back to health.

Meanwhile, the Manchurian soldiers were thick in bloody battle against the enemy forces that were now entering the city from all four sides. General Hailing wielded a sword in each hand and fought with the crazed fury of the warrior god Kongo Yasha, whirling his blades about and slaying twenty of the black and white barbarians. Cavalry Commander Xianyun, on the other hand, wished to take his own life rather than fall to the enemy, and hurled himself to his death in the moat. The bare hundred Manchurian troops still remaining saw their leaders fall, and each one resolved that he too would stand and fight until he met death in battle. Such was the sad end of the affair.

The English were jubilant at having captured a critical territory with control of the Yangtze in just one day's battle, and they raised a raucous cry of victory. Expecting that a reprisal strike might come from other Manchurian forces, they

buried a great number of landmines outside the eastern gate of the city, and shipped in new artillery to install atop the city walls, acting as if they were eager for another chance to crush the Chinese in combat.

A few days later, when the English leader Pottinger ascended Mt. Beigu to take stock of his force's casualties, he found that he had lost 1,802 soldiers. He had his men go out to the villages around Zhenjiang and arrest that number of peasants, whom he pressed into service to compensate for his lost manpower. From Ganlu Temple in the west, to Jinshan Temple in the east, the lands around Zhenjiang were full of black and white barbarians like pieces scattered across a *go* board, and it seemed as if they might never leave.



Chen Huachang Falls in Battle

General Hailing's Wife Casts Herself Into the Flames

General Hailing and his men had been stationed at the southern gate of Zhenjiang, trying to repel the barbarian advance together with General Qishen, when Hailing saw that tongues of flame had started to rise from the arrow storehouse by the north gate. He led a group of men there and ordered them to put out the fire, but it

had already developed into a fierce blaze, and they could not get close enough to do anything about it.

Hailing happened to pass in front of his own home just then, and he suddenly grew concerned for his wife and sons. He entered to find his wife holding their three-year-old to her as she sat by the window, seemingly without fear. She had out her brush and ink stone, and appeared to have been writing something. When Hailing approached, he noticed that his older son was not there, and asked what had happened. His wife replied that she had only just sent the child down to the Dantu district to stay with relatives, escorted by a warrior who was headed in that direction. She said that she had included a letter explaining all of the details of the situation, and that there was nothing to worry about. Hailing then stressed to her just how serious the situation was. "It is highly unlikely that the Qing forces can win this battle. The barbarian rebels have already surrounded the outer gates and have burned down our stores of arrows. Our position is deteriorating quickly, and I want you to flee—the enemy will not be able to find you with all of this smoke, and you should be able to escape the city. Whether I live or die is in the hands of the gods, so if it is my fate, we will meet again. Do not worry about separating from me, just go!" When she heard this, his wife's eyes filled up with tears.

"How could you speak such inconstant words? With our city in such a dire situation, how can you worry about your wife and son? And in any case, if I leave this house I will be captured by the barbarians right away, and there is no telling what sorts of humiliation I will have to suffer at their hands. With that in mind, it is my wish to remain here in the city and die on my own terms. Our older son has already been entrusted to our relatives, and he will certainly grow up and be of use to the Emperor. I am sure he will even rebuild our household. As for our younger son, leave his care to me. Sad as I am to see you go, you have your duty as a warrior to defend this city, whether you can hold out for another day or another hour. Please, do not let the city fall into the enemy's hands!" The tears fell as she said spoke words.

Upon hearing this, Hailing was overwhelmed at his wife's strength and righteousness, and he renewed his resolve to make his last bloody stand against the enemy. As he was about to leave his home, his wife grasped the cords on his armor

and stopped him, saying, "Please wait. Look on me this one last time, and then put me out of your mind." She then took her three-year-old son under her arm and set off at a run towards the fire at the north gate. Hailing watched her with a heavy heart as she plunged into the inferno, preceding her husband in death.

Upon witnessing the extent of his wife's determination, Hailing was even more deeply moved. "These cursed barbarian rebels are now more than just the enemies of my country. I will have vengeance for my wife and son! If I can kill even one more of them, I will be able to leave this world satisfied." He then gathered together fifty of the remaining Manchurian troops and charged into the enemy ranks. He and his men fielded an intense effort, moving continually from left to right and back again, killing as they went. They slew more than three hundred men in short order, and the enemy shrank back from their onslaught, breaking rank and falling back to regroup. Hailing considered his next move and decided that he would pursue his end swiftly and on his own terms, without falling into barbarian hands. He cut his way clear of the fray and ran back the storehouse by the north gate. The fire was still roaring, far from having run its course, and Hailing cast himself into the flames to die in the same place and in the same way as his wife had.

Word of this reached the Emperor before long, and he ordered the Governor-general Yishan to grant a lavish reward to Hailing's remaining son in Dantu. There were also memorials worthy of Hailing and his wife's loyalty that were erected beside the gates of the general's hometown. The story of the couple that was inscribed on the memorials was unparalleled in history, and no one who read it could resist shedding a tear.

The Ministers Petition the Emperor to Make Peace

The barbarian rebels were riding on wave of momentum, having sacked Chuanshan and conquered Zhenjiang, and they were nearly prepared to lay siege to the walled city of Nanjing. When word spread that a fleet of several hundred great warships had dropped anchor around Guazhou and Jingkou, there was great unrest among the people in nearby Yangzhou and Jiangning, as well as in Jiangxi, Anhui, and Hebei.

There was a meeting held between Imperial Commissioner Qiying; Yilibu, who was now vice minister of Zhapu; Niu Jian, governor-general of Jiangsu, Jiangxi, and Anhui; and Cheng Jucai, governor of Jiangsu. They produced the following resolution:

We have been dispatched to these lands in service to the Emperor, with orders to extirpate the barbarian rebels. Although we apply ourselves to military concerns both day and night, and take all necessary defensive measures, all of our efforts come to naught. One by one, our cities and lands fall into the hands of the enemy, and our people have not known a day of peace. If we were to use every last resource at our disposal to make war on the enemy, but our armies were nonetheless defeated, it would only allow the barbarians to gain yet more ground in their conquest of our lands, and our country's bitter suffering would only continue to increase. Although it may seem cowardly to wish to avoid battle with the enemy, let us inform the Emperor of our intentions and then do as the barbarians ask, so that we may make peace and save the lives of all our people.

They then prepared the following message to the Emperor:

Although his majesty the Emperor's servants have been trusted with great responsibility, we have been unable to settle the dust kicked up along our borders by the barbarian rebels. There is no way that we can sit idly by and allow the barbarian rebels to continue their crimes of expanding their military presence and doing harm to our nation. But considering our current perilous situation, rather than perishing in vain on the field of battle, we would like to voice our unworthy opinions, after which we will submit ourselves to the mercy of the Emperor. If we humbly examine the reasons behind the barbarian invasion, these are the only three that we can imagine.

First, the money that the barbarians lost in confiscated opium, together with the funds they used to send their military forces here, comes to a total of twenty one million taels. The barbarians wish to conclude a peace agreement after receiving this money, so that they may then send their soldiers and warships away.

Second, they wish to establish trade offices and factories in Hong Kong, Amoy, Ningbo, Shanghai, Dinghai, so that their people may live there for extended periods, trading the goods of the world and earning a healthy profit.

Third, it is their desire that when English merchant ship captains or other important personages meet with Qing officials, that all parties on both sides may participate in the proceedings on equal terms, without any differentiation of higher or lower status.

Their requests are made in earnest and do not involve any more than this. We must also recognize the changing times. If the Emperor will but see fit to permit their requests, there is no doubt that the attacks from the sea will come to an end.

If we are overly proud of China's military might and we pursue combat for the purpose of punishing the barbarians, the commoners will not be able to escape the ravages of war. Though it is unclear who made the announcement, just the other day someone gathered together the brave soldiers of the Shouchun district in Anhui Province for the coming battle against the English barbarians. As soon as the barbarians heard about this, they brought several scores of cannon up to the summit of Zhong Mountain, which they prepared to fire down into Nanjing at a moment's notice. Furthermore, they flew crimson

flags over their ships and opened all of their gun ports, spoiling for a fight.

The people of Yangzhou have long been of a peaceful temperament, and when they saw these preparations for battle, they gathered before the gates of the city offices, man and woman, young and old, and appealed for help. They cried, "What great misfortune we have, to live in such times! How sad it is that when the battle starts we will be blown to pieces by the guns of the barbarian rebels! Commissioner, please save us from this plight!" Their crying and wailing has not stopped for a moment since then, and it is truly a sight to cool one's ardor.

With the situation as it currently stands, rather than raise our troops and invite a disaster that would thrust innocent people to their deaths, let us instead listen to the barbarians' demands. In accordance with the times, we wish to make a peace accord that will reinstate trade, as well as compensate the barbarians for the damages suffered by the thirteen merchants in Canton when their opium was confiscated. Paying that sum, which together with the barbarian military expenditures totals twenty one million taels, will be to the great good fortune of all of his imperial majesty's subjects.

We, the servants of the Emperor, have no intention of avoiding any penalties for failing to fulfill our duties and doing harm to the nation in this matter. We will gladly suffer any punishments for our crimes according to the law; in full knowledge of this, we humbly bow our heads and make our request.

At last having spent all of their power to make effective military plans, the ministers resorted to a peace agreement as their last hope. Suppressing their anger

and concealing their shame, they sent their petition to the Emperor. It is not hard to appreciate the mixed feelings and great pains they experienced in doing this.



Qing and English Leaders Make a Peace Agreement

A Peace Agreement is Reached, and the Conditions Therein

The Emperor was furious when read his ministers' petition to make peace. But he reconsidered in light of Sun Tzu's teachings, and carefully thought about the advantages and disadvantages of the issue.

He realized that, though it might be difficult to admit, China's victories against the barbarians were few and far between. On top of that, his generals had done their utmost to fulfill his orders, and now they were totally exhausted; not only was there no guarantee of victory if he pressed the conflict, but it would further weaken the Qing military might, making his country the laughingstock of the world. He came to the conclusion that the only option if he wanted to prevent the unspeakable suffering of his people was to do as his ministers had advised: allow a peace agreement that was in keeping with the customs of the times. He wept tears of

frustration at reaching this decision, and issued the following decree to his ministers:

I shall permit the establishment of trade offices in Canton, Fuzhou, Amoy, Ningbo, and Shanghai, and I shall permit the trade of all goods. Take note, though, that barbarians are forbidden to bring their families and stay here permanently. Of course, Zhoushan Island in Dinghai and Gulang Island in Amoy are both cut off from the main land, and so they may bring their families to those places for temporary stays. As for the opium reparations and the funds in compensation for military expenditure that the English barbarians are demanding, it is a tremendous sum, so let there be a meeting with Pottinger to determine an annual payment schedule, and then we shall pay it back with interest. I have reached these decisions after deep consideration. Last year in Canton, Qishan, Yang Fang, and others acted randomly out of fear of the rebel leaders, and they submitted to all of the English barbarians' demands, thinking only in the short term. Do not let this happen again.

The ministers gathered at Nanjing, where they received the Emperor's orders. They then went to the barbarian ships and met with the English leaders that very day, and they settled the conditions of the peace treaty. The contents of the treaty were as follows:

Herewith, his Majesty the Qing Emperor and her Majesty the Queen of England, based on their wishes to redress the recent seeds of discord and put an end to war between their two nations, do agree upon and establish this peace agreement, to exist in perpetuity.

On this occasion, Sacred Defender of the Prince, General of Canton and Imperial Cousin Qiying participated as Commissioner of Expediencies by Special Imperial Appointment; First Rank Minister of the Front and Vice General of Zhapu,

Yilibu participated; and Colonel of England and India and Baronet Pottinger participated as Special Envoy and Plenipotentiary on Special Appointment by the Queen of England and Ireland. These representatives met on public ground, each one bearing their ruler's wishes in their roles as messenger of expediency or as superintendent of trade, and they did confer and revise the terms of the treaty until they agreed unequivocally, and settled on the conditions laid out below.

~ From this point forward, his Imperial Majesty the Qing Emperor and her Royal Majesty the Queen of England will preserve a longstanding peace that will bind together the people of China and England in friendship. Citizens of one country will enjoy protection and assistance of their hosts when they are in the other country, so that they may count on the safety of their person and their property.

~ From this point forward, through the favor of the Emperor, the citizens of Great Britain, together with their families and related parties, will be permitted to reside and pursue trade without molestation in five harbors along the coast of China, namely, Canton, Fuzhou, Amoy, Ningbo, and Shanghai. Further, the Queen of England will dispatch consuls and vice-consuls who will reside in walled compounds in each of the abovementioned five locations, to supervise trade, exchange documents with the local Qing authorities, and collect taxes from English residents as outlined below.

~ British trading ships trace a long route across the oceans, and over repeated journeys they may take damage and be in need of repairs. It is desired that one more location along the coast be allotted as a site for repairs and storage of necessary materials.^{xi} Now the Qing Emperor will remunerate England for the original value of the opium, in the amount of six million *yuan* sterling.

~ All of the trade conducted by British citizens in Canton had previously been conducted exclusively through the offices of and according to rates established by the Cohong. The Qing Emperor will no longer use this practice as precedent, and trade between English merchants in each port and any trade partners of their choosing will be acknowledge as valid and without contest. Furthermore, there are a great many English merchants who are owed money from business conducted under the previous system with parties who are unable to pay their debts. The

amount of money in damages owed to these merchants has been settled at three million *yuan* sterling, and the Qing officials authorize the payment of this sum.

~ In that the High Qing Authorities dealt with the English officials and citizens with unreasonable force, and England was forced to expend funds on the deployment of naval and land forces to demand redress, the Qing Emperor agrees to pay a sum that has been settled at twelve million *yuan* sterling, less the amount approved by the British Plenipotentiary representing the funds that the English took as ransom from the cities of China since the date of August 1, 1841.

~ The monies outlined in the previous three articles, totaling twenty one million *yuan* sterling, are to be paid in increments as follows:

Six million *yuan* shall be paid immediately.

Six million *yuan* in 1843, with three million paid in June and three million in December.

Five million *yuan* in 1844, with two-and-a-half million paid in June and two-and-a-half million in December.

Four million *yuan* in 1845, with two million paid in June and two million in December.

This will result in twenty one million *yuan* paid between 1842 and 1845, with agreed upon interest rates of five *yuan* per every hundred *yuan* not paid by the designated time.

~ The Qing Emperor agrees to the unconditional and immediate release of all British military and civilians from England or affiliated territories who are being confined in any part of China.

~ The Qing Emperor agrees to publish and promulgate a proclamation granting full amnesty to any Chinese person who resided under, had dealings with, or served any English citizens, and the Emperor further agrees to the release and pardon of any Chinese persons who are currently imprisoned in connection with the English.

~ All trade conducted by English merchants at Canton and the other locations outlined previously will be subject to reasonable and agreed-upon import and export tariffs. Moreover, after tariffs have been paid at port on any English

goods, they may be freely transported by Chinese merchants to any destination within China, with additional taxation from Qing customs houses not to exceed the fixed rate of one percent.

~ It is agreed that the Chief Representative of England in China shall correspond with Qing Authorities both in and out of the capital through "Consultations." The subordinates of the Chief English Representative shall communicate through "Statements," and Qing Authorities shall respond with "Declarations." Representatives of both countries shall address one another with complete equality. Merchants who wish to communicate with officials are not considered part of this relationship of equality, and it is desired that they communicate through "Petitions."

~ On the assent of the Qing Emperor to accept and execute all conditions and articles of this peace treaty, and once the first payment of six million *yuan* is concluded, all British military forces shall depart from Nanjing and Jingkou, and will not molest or interfere with Chinese trade any further. They will also withdraw from Zhaobao Mountain in Zhenhai. As for the military posts at Zhoushan Island in Dinghai and Gulang Island in Amoy, once the full sum agreed upon has been discharged by China and English trade is established at each location as outlined above, the military will retire from these two outposts, with no designs on occupying them again in the future.

With the above conditions settled and agreed upon, one copy of this treaty for each country shall be signed and sealed by all representatives present, to be presented to His Majesty the Qing Emperor and Her Majesty the Queen of England so that both countries may adhere to the terms herein. In addition, due to the fact that great distances separate China and England and it will take some time before ratified copies are exchanged, additional copies of the treaty will be made for the plenipotentiary of each nation to approve with their seal of office, so that the provisions outlined in the copies held by each nation can be immediately and appropriately implemented.

The Twenty Fourth Day of the Seventh Month of the Twenty Second Year of Daoguang, corresponding with the English Date, August 28, 1842^{xii}

Henry Pottinger, Plenipotentiary for England,
Qiyong, Qing Commissioner of Expediences by Special Imperial Appointment
Nuijian, Governor-general of Jiangsu, Jiangxi, and Anhui
Cheng Jucai, Governor of Jiangsu
Yilibu, Vice Minister of Zhapu

Both countries agreed to peace based on the terms outlined above, and the first six million *yuan* of the total twenty one million was paid to Pottinger as promised. Pottinger withdrew his ship from Nanjing on the very same day that he received the payment. When their captains saw him leaving, the warships anchored at Zhenjiang, Guazhou, Jingkou, and elsewhere all followed, pulling out of the Yangtze river and out to sea. Some of the ships returned to England, while others headed off to India.

Pottinger made a brief stop in the areas around Canton, choosing the sites where he would establish trade offices. Guo Shili, the European who spoke and dressed like a Chinese, went to Dinghai, where he would be in charge of trade operations.

There were great numbers of people from the coast who had spent the past several years fleeing to avoid the upheavals in their hometowns, wandering the roads in tears. But now that the treaty had been signed, a sense of stability finally returned to the land. People returned to their original homes, set about repairing their houses, tidied their overgrown gardens, and returned to their professions, singing songs of peace and tranquility. The Imperial Court recognized its generals for their valorous service and meted out punishment to those who had committed crimes. The military regained its morale and re-fortified the coastline stronger than it had ever been. In fact, it may be that the threat of England, by disturbing the habits of two hundred years of idle peace, will end up as the basis of a new strength that will preserve China for many years to come.

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Notes

ⁱ Western dates in the translation were all calculated with a calendar conversion tool provided by Academia Sinica Computing Center (<http://sinocal.sinica.edu.tw/>).

ⁱⁱ In his explanatory note, Mineta actually dates the English arrival at Dinghai as July 30, 1840 (second day of the seventh month of Daoguang 20), but in the main text he dates it correctly, one month earlier.

ⁱⁱⁱ Mineta writes the Queen's name as 城喇 which bears no phonetic resemblance to Victoria regardless of whether read in Chinese or Japanese (C: *chénglǎ*, J: *jōrī*). Victoria's name is typically rendered as the more fitting 維多利亞 (C: *wéiduōliyà*, J: *itaria*) It is unclear whether he altered or misunderstood her name, or simply copied from his sources.

^{iv} All of the terms in quotation marks in this section are English words that Mineta introduces to his readers, rendering them in Chinese characters with phonetic readings in katakana.

^v Mineta names two English officers, 三戸炮 and 竜潭. Because they do not appear anywhere else in the text and cannot be tied to any specific historical incidents, guessing at their English names is problematic.

^{vi} Mineta writes 十臘, which seems to refer to Cambodia, although the more typically used characters in Japanese are 真臘. See Wakabayashi, p.10 n23. Xiningbu 咭寧埠 is also difficult to identify. Wakabayashi guesses that it refers to Sri Lanka, while Okuda, p. 142 suggests that it may be Singapore.

vii The Western and Chinese dates Mineta gives do not correspond; July 4, 1840 should be the sixth day of the sixth month of Daoguang 20.

viii Though I have been using the Chinese pronunciations of proper nouns, I have rendered the deity Guanyin with the Japanese pronunciation of Kannon since it would have been familiar in that form to Mineta's readers as a part of their domestic pantheon.

ix This differs from the date of the feast that Mineta had given earlier. There are a number of possible explanations for this: that the Emperor's information was wrong, that Mineta or his source materials made a mistake, or that there were multiple feasts over several days.

x I have used the name Howqua, the well-known alias of Wu Shaorong. Mineta reverses the order of the characters in this name, however, writing Wu Rongshao. See *Wakabayashi*, p. 14 n27.

xi This portion of the actual treaty, which includes the end of one article and the beginning of the next, is omitted by Mineta: "Therefore the Qing Emperor cedes Hong Kong to the Queen of England and her successors, who will control the island in perpetuity, with legislative control thereof.

~ In February of 1839, the Imperial Commissioners imprisoned the English Consul and English citizens in Canton, and used death threats to confiscate their supplies of opium."

xii The Chinese and Western dates Mineta gives do not correspond; the twenty-fourth day of the seventh month of Daoguang 22 should be August 29, 1842, which is when the treaty was actually signed.