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From the New York Tribune. THE JAPAN EXPEDITION. U. S. STEAMSHIP SUSQUEHANNA, China Sea, Aug. 4.

SCENERY OF THE BAY—THE SURVEYING PARTIES.

EVERY morning and evening, when the air was clear, we had a distinct view of the famous volcanic peak of Fusi-yamma, rising in the western heaven, high above the hills, and sixty miles away. In the evening its solitary cone, of a pale violent hue, was defined with great beauty against the rosy flush of sunset, but in the morning, when the light fell upon it, we could see the scars of old eruptions, and the cold ravines of snow on its northern side. It is the highest mountain in Japan, and estimated to be twelve or fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level.

On the morning after our arrival, the Japanese put up a false battery of black canvass, about a hundred yards in length on the south shore of Uraga. There was no appearance of guns, but with a glass I saw two or three companies of soldiers— in scarlet uniform, riding through the groves in the rear. In most of the batteries they also erected canvas screens behind the embrasures—with what object it was difficult to conceive. These diversions they repeated so often during our stay, that at last we ceased to regard them; but it was amusing to hear some of our old quarter-masters now and then gravely report to Capt. Buchanan: "Another dangaree fort thrown up, Sir!"

On Saturday morning a surveying expedition, consisting of one boat from each ship, under the charge of Lieut. Bent, of the Mississippi, was sent for the purpose of sounding up the bay. The other officers where Lieut. Guest, of the Susquehanna, Lieut. Balch, of the Plymouth, and Mr. Madigan, Master of the Saratoga. The boats carried, in addition to the usual ensign, a white flag on the bow and were fully manned with armed seamen. They ran up the bay to a distance of about four miles, and found everywhere from thirty to forty-three fathoms of water. The recall was then hoisted, and a signal gun fired, to bring them back. In the afternoon they sounded around the bight of Uraga, keeping about a cable's length from the shore. They found five fathoms of water at this distance, though nearer to the beach there was occasional reefs. Mr. Heine, the artist, obtained a panoramic sketch of the shore, with the batteries, villages and other objects of detail. On approaching the fort, the soldiers at first came out, armed with matchlocks, but as the boats advanced nearer, they retired within the walls. The forts were all very rude and imperfect construction, and all together only mounted to about fourteen guns, none of which are larger than nine-pounders. The whole number of soldiers seen was about four hundred, a considerable portion of which were armed with spears. Their caps and shields were lackered, and glittered in the sun like polished armor. The carriage of the guns were also lackered. The embrasures were so wide that the guns were wholly unprotected, while they were so stationed that the forts could be stormed from either side, with very little risk to the assaulting party. The parapets were of earth, and about twelve feet in thickness, and the barracks in the rear were of wood. Indeed the whole amount of the Japanese defenses appeared laughable, after all the extravagant stories we had heard.

Mr. Madigan approached at one place, to within a hundred yards of the shore. Three official personages were standing upon a bank of earth, when some one in the boat raised a spy-glass to get a nearer view of them. No sooner did they behold the glittering tube at them than they scrambled down as quickly as possible, and concealed themselves. There were three boat loads of soldiers near the shore who made signs to him to keep off, but he answered them by pointing out the way he intended to go. Thereupon they put off and bore down upon him so rapidly that he at first thought they intended to run into him, and ordered his men to trail their oars and put caps on their carbines. The boats stopped at once, and made no attempt to interfere with the cutter's course.

On Monday morning the same surveying parties was again despatched up the Bay, followed by the Mississippi, which was designed to protect them and tow them back in the evening. Lieut. Bent's boat was in advance, and as he passed the promontory of Uraga, three Japanese boats put out to meet him. The officers in them made signs to return, but he kept steadily on his way. We watched the progress of our boats with glasses, but at the distance of four miles, they, with the Mississippi, passed out of sight behind the point.

Several Government boats, fully manned, were seen from time to time, pulling across the bay, in the direction of the surveying fleet, but no prominent movement occurred until noon. At this time the distant shores were so lifted by the effect of a mirage, that we saw land extending entirely around the head of the Bay, where previously none had been visible. The eastern shore was remarkably distinct, and for the first time we observed a low, sandy promontory stretching out into the Bay, five or six miles to the north of us. Near the middle of it rose a low mound, on, by the aid of a glass we could discern a number of soldiers, clustered around some white object which I took to be tents. In a short time, several hundred men were marched down to the beach, where they formed a line nearly half a mile in length. At least fifty banners, of various colors, and devices, were planted along the line. A number of Government boats, similar to those which had visited us, were drawn up on the beach. The greater part of the soldiers embarked in the boats, which put off, one after another, and made directly across the bay. We saw nothing more until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Mississippi made her appearance, at a distance of ten miles. The headland of Uraga was crowded with soldiers, who came out to see her pass.

From some of the officers who were of the party, I learned the following particulars; in ascending the Bay, they were constantly met by Government boats, the officers in which urged them, by signs to return. They kept on their course, however until Mr. Bent endeavored to proceed to the head of a deep bay on the western coast. Here he was met by forty-five Japanese boats, which placed themselves in front of him, to intercept his progress. He ordered his men to lay on their oars and to fix bayonets to their muskets, but this produced no impression. As the Mississippi was more than two miles astern, he dispatched one of the boats to summon her, and varied his course sufficiently to prevent coming in collision with the Japanese. The approach of the steamer soon dispersed them.

The boats everywhere obtained deep soundings, with a bottom of soft mud.— The furthest point reached was ten or twelve miles from our anchorage. The shores were bold and steep, with mountains in the back-ground, and the bay (to which Lieut. Bent gave the name of Perry's Bay,) offers a secure and commodious anchorage. On her return, the Mississippi came down the centre of the bay, finding everywhere abundance of water.

LANDING OF COMMODORE PERRY—RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER BY THE PRINCE OF IZU.

It had been arranged with the Japanese officials that the President's letter would be delivered on Thursday morning, July 14, at the town of Gori-hama, two miles south of Uraga.

The morning was heavy and dark before sunrise, but soon afterward cleared off brilliantly. As soon as the shore could be distinguished, it was seen that the principal battery on the promontory of Uraga had been greatly amplified and adorned by screens of cotton canvass, in honor of the occasion. On the hill above, among the trees, there were two small forts or rather pavilions, of the same material. The canvass was stretched along a row of stakes so as to form a species of paneling, alternating with other devices. Behind the canvass we could see that numerous companies of soldiers were drawn up, in different costume from that which they usually wore. Their arms were bare, and the body covered with a short tunic of a dark-brown, blue and purple color, bound with a girdle at the waist.

About 8 o'clock the anchors were lifted and the Susquehanna and Mississippi moved slowly down the bay, leaving the Plymouth and Saratoga. We soon saw two boats bearing the Government flag pulling abreast of us, but further in shore, and accompanied by four other boats with red banners, probably containing a military escort. As the bight opened behind the promontory, we saw a long line of canvas walls, covered with the Imperial crest, stretching quite around the head of the bight. In front were files of soldiers, standing motionless on the sandy beach. A multitude of banners of various brilliant colors gleamed in the sun. Near the centre of the Crescent formed by the troops were planted nine tall standards—four on one side and five on the other—from which broad scarlet pennons hang to the ground. In the rear of these three new pyramidal roofs showed that a house had been prepared expressly for the Commodore's reception. On the right, upward of fifty or sixty boats were drawn up in a line parallel to the beach, each having a red flag at its stern. From the head of the bight a narrow valley extended inland between luxuriantly wooded

hills. On the left side was a picturesque little town, the name of which, the Japanese informed us, was Gori-hama. The place was undoubtedly chosen, both on account of its remoteness from Uraga, which is a port of customs, and the facility it afforded to the Japanese for the exhibition of a large military force—a measure dictated alike by their native caution, and the love of display for which they are noted.

The anchor was no sooner down, than the two Government boats sculled alongside, and Yezaimon, with the Interpreter, Tatsonoske and Tokoshiuro, came on board. The second boat contained the Deputy Governor, Saboroske, and an attendant officer. They were accommodated with seats on the quarter deck, until all our preparations for landing were completed. They were dressed, as they had hinted the day previous, in official garments of silk brocade, bordered with velvet. The gowns differed in form from those they ordinarily wore, but were elaborately embroidered, and displayed a greater variety of gay colors than taste in their disposal. Saboroske had a pair of short and very wide pantaloons, resembling a petticoat with a seam up the middle, below which appeared his bare legs and black woollen socks, with an effect rather comical than otherwise. His shoulders contained lines of ornament in gold thread. All the officers wore their crests or coat-of-arms, embroidered upon the back, sleeves and breasts of their garments.

The boats of the Mississippi, Plymouth and Saratoga, were alongside in less than half an hour after our anchor dropped, and preparations were made for leaving at once. Both steamers lay with their broadsides to the shore, and the decks were cleared, the guns primed and pointed, ready for action, in case of treachery. Commanders Kelly and Lee remained in their ships, in order to act in case of necessity. The morning was very bright and clear, and the fifteen launches and cutters, containing the officers, seamen, marines and bandmen, presented a brilliant appearance, as they clustered around our starboard gangway. Commander Buchanan took the lead, in his barge, with one of the Japanese Government boats on each side. Merrily as the oars of our men dipped the waves, it required their utmost to keep pace with the athletic scullers of Japan. The other American boats followed nearly in line, and the van of the procession was more than half way to the shore when the guns of the Susquehanna announced the Commodore's departure. The gleam of arms, the picturesque mingling of blue and white in the uniforms, and the sparkling of the waves under the steady strokes of the oarsmen, combined to form a splendid picture, set off as it was by the background of rich green hills and the long line of soldiery and banners on the beach. All were excited by the occasion, and the men seemed to be as much elated in spirits as those who had a more prominent part in the proceedings. We all felt, that, as being the first instance since the expulsion of the Portuguese from Japan, when a foreign Ambassador had been officially received on Japanese soil, it was a memorable event in the history of both countries, and that, if not an augury of the future and complete success of the Expedition, it was at least a commencement more auspicious than we had ventured to anticipate.

An impromptu jetty, composed of bags of sand, had been thrown up for the occasion, near the centre of the crescent-shaped beach at the head of the bight. Captain Buchanan, who had command of the party, was the first to leap ashore.— The remaining boats crowded rapidly in beside the jetty, landed as many of their crews as had been detailed for the escort on shore, and then pulled off about fifty yards. The seamen and marines were formed into line as soon as they were landed and presented a compact and imposing file along the beach. The detachments of seamen were under the command of Lieut. John K. Duer, of the Susquehanna; Lieut. Charles M. Morris, of the Mississippi; Lieut. John Matthews, of the Plymouth, and Passed Midshipman Robert W. Scott, of the Saratoga. Including the officers there were upwards of 330 persons landed, while the Japanese mounted, as they themselves informed us, to five thousand. We had 112 marines, about 120 seamen, 50 officers, and 30 or 40 musicians. About a hundred yards from the beach, stood the foremost files of the Japanese, in somewhat loose and straggling order. Their front occupied the whole beach, their right flank resting upon the village of Gori-hama, and their left against a steep hill, which bounded the bight on the northern side. The greater part were stationed behind the canvass screens, and from the numbers crowded together in the rear, some of the

officers estimated their force at nearer ten than five thousand men. Those in the front rank were armed with swords, spears, and matchlocks, and their uniform differed little from the usual Japanese costume. There were a number of horses, of a breed larger and much superior to the Chinese, and in the back ground we saw a body of cavalry. On the slope of the hill, near the village, a great number of natives, many of whom were women, had collected, out of curiosity to witness the event.

A salute was fired from the Susquehanna, as the Commodore left, accompanied by his staff, Commander Adams and Lieut. Contee, and the men had scarcely been formed into line before his barge approached the shore. The other officers commanding detachments were Commanders Buchanan and Walker, and Lieuts. Gillis and Taylor. The officers composing the Commodore's escort, formed a double line from the jetty, and as he passed between them fell into the proper order behind them. He was received with the customary honors and the procession immediately started for the place of reception. A stalwart boatswain's mate was selected to bear the broad pennant of the Commodore, supported by two very tall and powerful negro seamen, completely armed. Behind these followed two sailor boys, bearing the letter of the President and Commodore's letter of credence, in their sumptuous boxes, wrapped in scarlet cloth. Then came the Commodore himself, with his staff and escort of officers. The marine force, a fine, athletic body of men, commanded by Major Zillien with a detachment from the Mississippi, under Capt. Slack, led the way, and the corps of seamen from all the ships brought up the rear.

(To be continued.)

DON COSSACKS.

From the Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852-3.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

WE entered the country of the Don Cossacks at Jablonsky, our first stage from Tzaritzin. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the country between the Volga and the Don, except, perhaps, that through which we travelled after crossing the latter river. The undulating prairie, covered with short dry grass, interspersed with quantities of wild thyme and lilac crocuses, stretched away illimitable, and looked like an ocean regaining its tranquility after a three days' storm. For miles we did not meet a soul; occasionally we saw a few bullock-carts carrying timber across to the Don, or a wild-looking Cossack galloped past on a wilder-looking horse. The road seemed carefully to avoid all villages, and the few we discovered at a distance consisted chiefly of round huts, so exactly like the haystacks amid which they were placed as to be scarcely distinguishable from them, but though I saw carts carrying straw, as well as these haystack villages, I do not remember passing a road of cultivation until we reached the Don. The weather having been fine for some weeks past, the road was pretty good, though a mere track; but the delays at the huts, dignified with the names of post-stations, were most annoying.— However, after a ten hours' journey we reached the river, a placid and unperturbed stream. Its banks had much the same character as those of the Volga; the high steppe on the west rising abruptly from the waters' edge, intersected in every direction by ravines. We were ferried across, about sunset, to the pleasant little village of Piatsbanskia, where, for the third time since leaving Tzaritzin, we changed horses.

And now, for the following night and day, our journey presents one unwearied monotony; one undulation is as like another as are the best-stations; generally, on arriving at one of these not a soul is to be seen; a solitary chicken, perched on the wheel of a broken-down cart, is the only visible sign of life. At length, sundry ineffectual attempts to open the door of the wooden cabin, a slovenly woman looks out, followed by three or four ragged brats. One of the children immediately disappeared upon the steppe, returning in about half an hour with a bearded sullen-looking man, who, without deigning a remark, mounts one of the last team, and gallops off as if he never meant to come back; presently, however, half-a-dozen horses rattling at full speed down a distant slope, followed by two men—our sullen friend and his sullen friend, whom he seems to have picked up somewhere with the horses. By this time our yamschik, or driver from the last place, has succeeded in loosening the th rope, which serves as a pole-trap, and which has hitherto been continually breaking on the side of every hill just when it was most wanted; upon the last

occasion, however, he has apparently succeeded in getting it into a most permanent knot. Meantime three horses are selected from those which have been driven into a sort of kraal, the work of harnessing begins, and occupies another half-hour. Notwithstanding all the experience which the driver brings to bear upon the subject of the pole-ropes, they prove a dreadful puzzle, and are evidently quite a modern and hitherto unseen invention. At length everything is ready. The last driver is thrown into costiasies at receiving a vodka of fourpence, after driving us fifteen miles; the new driver is so less enchanted at the prospect of a similar magnificent remuneration; while the original sullen-looking man, who has been engaged inspecting and writing on our padaroshna, emerges with a grim smile on his countenance, and charges a rouble, by way of a good round sum, for the next fifteen miles, instead of the proper price, which is only eighty copeks (two shillings and eight-pence.) The yamschik then mounts the box in high spirits, and after having thus wasted an hour or two we are off again *entre terre*, down one pitch and up another, regardless of the ditch at the bottom, over which the carriages and horses take a sort of flying leap, much to our discomfort. Our delays, however, are too long and numerous to admit of any remonstrance effecting our speed, and the yamschik continues to earn his vodka by undergoing the most tremendous exertions. He shouts, and curses, and applauds, and whistles, and yells without ceasing, flourishing his whip over his head, by way of a hint that the lash may come down, which, however, it very seldom does; for the horses being without blinkers, invariably take the hint, and seem not to require much pressing. He is a picturesque figure altogether, this Don Cossack yamschik, with his huge red moustache, the ends of which are visible protruding on both sides of his head, as we sit behind him. He wears a grey fur cap, and a blue tunic reaching half way to the knee, bound round the waist with a red sash. A huge pair of jack-boots, into which his loose trousers are thrust, complete a costume which, though not altogether unlike that of the ordinary Russian peasant, somehow invests the wearer with a degree of independence. In an hour and a half he has jolted us to the end of our stage, where the same delay occurs, and the same scene is re-enacted. At night, however, the routine is varied; the horses are sometimes at home, but the delay is not much less; we have to rattle at the door and wake the children, who cry and wake the woman, who wakes the husband, who, to be saved all further trouble, immediately says that there are no horses. We repeat incessantly *loshedye* (horses) and *vodka*; and when at last we show him twenty-five copeks, he produces three nags. We put him on the back, and try to be friends, but our advances are very coldly received; and he fumbles and scribbles on our padaroshna, by the dim flickering light, for a most interminable time. The yamschiks are more mystified in the dark than ever, and lose all the nuts in attempting to grease the wheels. At last when we are off, it begins to rain, and we discover for the first time, that our carriage leaks like a shower bath.— We are vainly endeavouring to avoid the deluge, when, after a violent jolt, we hear a rattle; upon investigating the cause of which we find that the wheel will probably come off before our arrival at the next station, in which case we shall be obliged to pass the black and stormy night in a wet carriage on a steppe, miles from any habitation or means of obtaining any assistance. It may be imagined with what intense anxiety, as we slackened our speed into a cautious walk, we watched the loosening of all the spokes of one of our fore-wheels on such a night, the third we had spent on the road; and it was with feelings of no less satisfaction that we at last hailed our arrival at an unusually large substantial cabin, where we determined to stay until morning should bring fine weather, and some person to repair the wheel.

* * * The following morning, after getting our wheel clumsily patched up, we started. We had numerous Don, and tensive views over the winding Don, and the terminable steppe which stretched uninterruptedly to the Caspian, and appeared to be on a level of about two hundred feet lower than ourselves. The country of the Don Cossacks is much more thickly peopled than the traveller who follows the line of white posts across the turf which mark the post-road has any reason to suppose; indeed, it seems an erroneous principle that the post-hut should be in the most solitary position where it is impossible to obtain the assistance requisite for the constant repairs