

**FROM CALCUTTA TO PEKIN:
BEING NOTES TAKEN FROM
THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER
BETWEEN THOSE PLACES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649532278

From Calcutta to Peking: Being Notes Taken from the Journal of an Officer Between Those Places by J. H. Dunne

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. H. DUNNE

**FROM CALCUTTA TO PEKIN:
BEING NOTES TAKEN FROM
THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER
BETWEEN THOSE PLACES**



PRINCE KUNG,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM
CALCUTTA TO PEKIN;

BEING

NOTES TAKEN FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER
BETWEEN THOSE PLACES.

BY

J. H. DUNNE,
CAPTAIN NINETY-NINTH REGIMENT.

~~200. c. 72.~~

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO.,
LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCLXI.

203. g. 275.

LONDON:
T. HARRILD, PRINTER, SMOKY LANE,
FLEET STREET.



PREFACE.

THESE Notes were not written with any intention of publishing them; but were merely entered in a book for the amusement of some relatives. The Author has not now either time or opportunity to correct or revise them, or even to read them over, as they are going by the present mail to England. Should the interest shown at home in one of the most perfect little armies that England ever possessed justify their publication, it is hoped this statement will save them from a very severe criticism.

TRANSPORT "BOSPHORUS,"

December 4th, 1860.

FROM CALCUTTA TO PEKIN.

ON BOARD THE "MARS,"
Sunday, February 5th, 1860.

LAST night I rode my last ride on the Calcutta course. Our detachment had embarked in the morning, but one of my horses not having been disposed of, I thought I would take a parting trot on the old Arab, and say a last "good-bye" to the few I cared for in the place. Those I wanted to see most were of course absent. Perhaps it was all for the best. We have parted at too many bridges, during seven years' soldiering, to be ever again particularly affected at saying "Farewell." Still, a soldier likes to be remembered by those who have been kind to him. By the rules of Calcutta society, the only hours at which people pay visits are between half-past eleven and half-past one—precisely the time

when we have all of late been occupied in getting everything ready for embarkation; consequently I have had no time for making calls, and I fear no messages will compensate for the rudeness of not taking leave in person. They will naturally class me amongst that too numerous class of British officers who, after having got all they can in the way of amusement out of the people of a place—after having dined with the governors, flirted with their wives, and made love to their daughters—go away, and only remember them for the sake of laughing at some weakness of the man's, or abusing his wines and dinners, or telling stories about his wife, or talking flippantly about his daughters. These same young gentlemen, by the way, sometimes wonder why they are not received with open arms by every father of a family. Were I in the position of pater-familias, I confess I should be careful before opening the road to my cellar or my daughter's affections to any one of them.

But what has all this to do with China? I must return to my story, or I shall never have conducted my readers to the gates of Peking,

where, health and strength, and the matchlocks and gingals of Sankolinskin and his "braves" permitting, I hope to finish this narrative.

At the same ghât, fourteen months after having been landed in a dingy, carried over the mud, and put into a palki, was I taken out of the palki, carried over the same mud, and replaced in the dingy, with my servant "Peter," and my last half-dozen "after-thoughts," in the shape of purchases; and thus I made my parting bow to British India.

On coming aboard here, I found that, notwithstanding all the old soldiering that I had been wont to be proud of, I was done "through the eye," as we call it; that is, "out of" some thirty rupees, by the servant who had sworn to link his fortunes with mine in the Celestial Empire. Mr. "Sammy" had disappeared; all that remained of him were some old clothes, lying in my cabin. As he came on board all right in the morning, I had foolishly given him ten rupees, and leave to go on shore and buy some more clothes, as he had evidently misapplied the first twenty I had given him for that purpose. What became of the