

**IN EASTERN SEAS; OR, THE  
COMMISSION OF H. M.  
S. "IRON DUKE", FLAG-  
SHIP IN CHINA, 1878-83**

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In Eastern seas; or, The commission of H. M. S. "Iron Duke", flag-ship in China, 1878-83 by J. J. Smith

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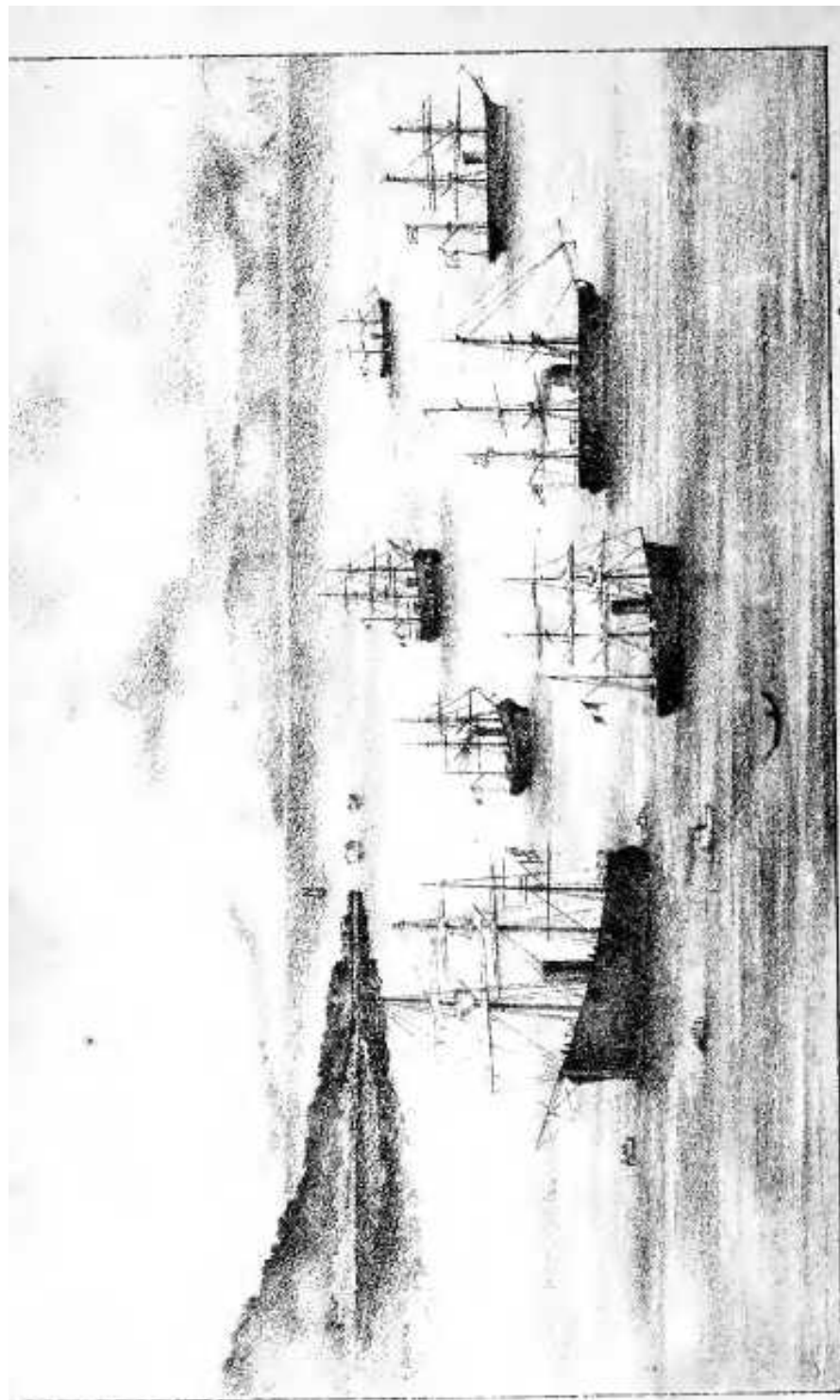
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**J. J. SMITH**

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COMMISSION OF H. M.  
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SHIP IN CHINA, 1878-83**





O'KOSIRI, 1850.

IRON DUKE,

KERSULEN,

THEMIS,  
CHAMPLAIN.

RAIDEN,  
MODESTE.

MAZONIK.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE AGROUND AT O'KOSIRI.

IN EASTERN SEAS;

OR,

THE COMMISSION OF

H. M. S. "IRON DUKE,"

*Flag-ship in China, 1878-83.*

BY

J. J. SMITH, N. S.  
"

DEVONPORT :

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1883.

## P R E F A C E .

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To write something which shall please one's own friends is one thing ; to undertake the task of pleasing anybody else is another ; and, I take it, a far more difficult one. The writer of the following pages never sought to sail beyond the peaceful and well-marked area of the first, until induced—at the suggestions of his shipmates, though against his better judgment—to venture on the dark and tempest-swept ocean of the second.

The only originality claimed for the narrative is that of introducing such a manifestly inferior production to your notice.

Shipmates, my little bark is frail ; deal gently with her, and—let me ask it as a special favor—do not blow too fiercely on her untried sails.

Much depends on the title of a book. Does it convey an adequate idea of the subject-matter ? I would claim for mine at least that merit ; for is not every sea over which we have voyaged to the eastward of England ?





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## CHAPTER I.

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"We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty."

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WE COMMISSION OUR SHIP. VISIT PORTSMOUTH.  
PREPARE TO SAIL.

ON one of those delicious semi-tropical afternoons, which geologists tell us once bathed the whole of our island, and which even now, as though loath to part from its one-time home, still dwells lovingly in Devon's summer, I wended my way to Devonport Park to feast my eyes once again on the familiar scenes of early days. What I beheld was a fair picture—the Hamoaze, with its burden of shapely hulls, and its beautiful undulating shores of wood and dell, lay glittering resplendent at my feet. So still and peaceful was it all that the din of hammers, the whirl of machinery, and the voices of men were all blended in one most musical cadence. Scores of pleasure-boats dot the lake-like surface of the noble sheet of water, for the most part rowed by the lusty arms of those amphibious creatures familiarly known as "Jack Tars," recently let loose from the dear old "Model" or the equally dear "Academy." A voice, bell-like and clear—surely that of a girl—invited my closer