

**CANTON AND THE  
BOGUE: THE NARRATIVE  
OF AN EVENTFUL  
SIX MONTHS IN CHINA**

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Canton and the Bogue: the narrative of an eventful six months in China by Walter William Mundy

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**WALTER WILLIAM MUNDY**

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UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

## CANTON AND THE BOGUE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### MARSEILLES TO SUEZ.

THE shortness of my stay in China may seem to make it presumptuous for me to attempt to relate to the public the little that I saw which may be new or interesting to them; but considering that on no point is there so much ignorance and misconception as on all things connected with the Chinese Empire, and that fewer books of real merit have appeared about it than upon any other question of equal importance, even what I have to say may prove, in its way, to be not without some

interest, and my imperfect knowledge may be of some utility. The chief good I should anticipate from my own observations would be, that it would be setting an example to those in whom a longer residence in and acquaintance with the country, together with greater powers of discernment and description, would all combine to make them produce a book that should be at once interesting from the novelty of their facts, and instructive from the depth and penetration of their views and suggestions. This is of course far beyond my aspirations, and I shall be more than satisfied if I can with success play the humbler part of pointing out the way to those who could achieve a much more brilliant success.

I may be pardoned prefacing with these remarks, and will conclude them by expressing the hope that my readers will

give me their kind consideration in my retrospect, which recalls to me many events that I need hardly say are of a very painful nature.

I left England on the 10th of March, 1874, and arrived in due course at Marseilles, where I embarked in the French mail steamer *Tigre*, en route for China.

To any person who has never before undertaken a long journey by sea, and who is about to become for the first time a sojourner for weeks on the watery deep, with all its dangers and hidden mysteries, there must always be a feeling of excitement at the uncertainty of the future immediately before him, although it is sobered down by the solemnity of the enterprise. It seems as if we were leaving behind us, with the last view of our fatherland, some landmark that we do our very best to fix on our memory for ever,



so that whatever may betide us in the new life we are just about entering upon, we at least have all our old one so impressed upon us that it may serve to solace us in disappointment, or reanimate us to fresh exertions, in order to be restored to the home we leave behind in grief intolerable, if it were not lightened by the hope of a return after a career more successful than we could with justice expect to result from a continued residence in the old country. It is this hope that alone encourages Englishmen to depart abroad in pursuit of fortune, seeking for it under conditions less arduous than are entailed on those who remain in England; but also let it be not forgotten that it is to their efforts that England owes that empire on which the sun never sets. So my thoughts were with "auld lang syne," as the fortifications of Marseilles grew

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fainter in the distance, and my imagination changed them into the white cliffs I had a few days previously said good-bye to, as I believed, for many a long year. How man proposes to himself a future out of his own heart, and how illusory it ever is! I was young, however, and full of sanguine expectations. The prospect before me seemed to me to be without any drawback, and on the horizon of my worldly career there seemed to be no cloud whatever; so I soon with light-hearted gaiety settled down to make myself comfortable, and being a good sailor, had not to go through the painful ordeal of getting my sea legs.

The *Tigre*, although by no means one of the latest build, is in some degree remarkable for a length considerably in excess of her other proportions, and her tonnage is about 3,000 tons gross. I will not

show my ignorance of nautical matters by attempting to give any express description of her, although a certain amount of gratitude must always be felt for the good ship that has performed in safety a journey of many thousand miles. As a passenger I was naturally concerned more with her internal arrangements than with her outward good points, and her cuisine and other accommodation left nothing to be desired. Of course, on starting on a long voyage like this, preparations are made for regular amusements, in order to make it agreeable and seem as short as possible. The English passengers, as a rule, compare the *Messageries maritimes* unfavourably with our Peninsular and Oriental in this respect. They say that the French officers neglect to organize theatricals and musical *soirées* to speed the journey, and that fewer steps are taken to make it a more pleasant