

1976 Jan. 30

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Commodore Perry at Okinawa
From the Unpublished Diary of a
British Missionary

WILLIAM LEONARD SCHWARTZ*

I. BOUND FOR JAPAN; NAHA, MAY 26-JULY 2, 1853

MAY 26, 1853. About noon I was invited to the Kung Kwang [public hall]¹ and most friendly received by our two first mandarins, the Tü ti kwan [regent of Ryukyu] and the Puchingwan [treasurer]. The discourse mostly related to my leaving, which I told them I am resolved to do as soon as I shall have answers to my last letters, as I could not fix upon any line of conduct without knowing how our Society is now situated.

"Ship in sight!" First two, then three. Two are steamers. Surprising, that the mandarins are scarcely alarmed at this extraordinary appearance, perhaps they were better prepared for it than my ignorant simplicity.² After an hour's longer talk and repeated messengers from Mrs. B. I was permitted to take leave.

Two hours later. All three ships are Americans. It rained dreadfully. Still I thought it my duty to row out. Was immediately admitted into presence of—Commodore Perry.

Our forces may have discovered, at Naha, the stone tablets erected in 1926 and 1937 in honor of the writer of the preceding paragraphs. He was Bernard John Bettelheim, M.D., lay missionary of the Loochoo [Luchu] Naval Mission, resident in Naha since 1846. Though born in Pressburg, Hungary, in 1811, he had become a British subject. As a boy, he had shown marked ability, writing verse in Hebrew, German, and French at the age of nine. He left home in his thirteenth year, supporting himself as a tutor at Pesth and Vienna, winning the M.D. at Padua in 1836. Having practiced as a cholera specialist at Trieste, Naples, and other places, he became a surgeon in the Egyptian, and then in the Turkish, navy. While serving near Smyrna in 1840, Bettelheim was baptized by a British chaplain, at whose urging he set-

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¹ Bracketed material in the text of the diary is added by the editor.

² The diarist affords a hint that the Luchuan government may have known of the presence of American steamers in the China Sea. He writes on April 9 that he was "urgently asked" for complete information on the machinery and working of steamships. Aided by his wife, he prepared the desired diagrams and explanations in four days. His sources were David Mair's *Grammar of Natural and Experimental Philosophy* and the *Penny Cyclopaedia*.

bled in London. He was now proficient also in Italian, English, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Turkish. In London he worked as an independent missionary to Jew and Gentile. In 1843, he married Rose Barwick.

In the same year, Lieutenant Herbert J. Clifford, R.N., last surviving officer of Captain Basil Hall's Pacific exploring expedition, opened a public subscription to send a missionary to Luchu. At Naha, one Sunday in 1846, this officer had told some Luchuan chiefs that they had been dismissed from the *Alceste* because: "They are chin chinning Joss [worshipping God]—just as you do." In remorse for this thoughtlessness, Clifford, undiscouraged by the refusal of the established missionary societies, entered singlehandedly upon the enterprise. In 1844, an old messmate wrote Clifford: "I'll lend you a hand—let us at once make it a 'Blue Jacket' affair," which is how the independent Loochoo Naval Mission came into being. Bettelheim answered their call for a missionary, and sailed for China on September 9, 1845, accompanied by his wife and daughter, Rose Victoria. A Miss James, an "infant schoolmistress," went along but refused to debark at Naha. During months of waiting at Hongkong, the doctor began the study of Chinese and recruited a teacher to accompany him to Ryukyu. He disembarked at Naha from a trading schooner on April 30, 1846, about one hundred years ago.

Seven years of stubborn opposition, provoked by officers of the Satsuma clan, the Japanese overlords of Ryukyu, were to be the Bettelheims' lot. A French Catholic had lived at Tomari, near Naha, since 1844, but his successors withdrew in 1848. The Bettelheims' only visitors came from occasional merchant vessels, the English and French flagships, and other naval units on the China station. The doctor's furlough was much overdue when Perry's squadron arrived, and the diary shows him to be weary, high-strung, and a victim of insomnia. Since they left home, a son, Bernard James Gutzlaff, and a second daughter, Lucy Fanny Loochoo, had been born to the couple.

Part of the doctor's time on Okinawa was spent in coaching the government's interpreters in English and receiving instruction from them in Chinese, Luchuan, and Japanese. Both he and his wife learned to write the Chinese characters, and Mrs. Bettelheim helped to copy the doctor's translations of the Gospels and Acts into the Luchuan and Japanese languages. Bettelheim was luckily equipped with a "manifold writer," on which he wrote the very full intimate diary whose quaint pages, forwarded in batches to mission headquarters, were quoted in the annual reports of the society.

Only a few specimens of these reports have been preserved, and almost all Dr. Bettelheim's original diary was destroyed by a fire at Brookfield, Missouri. The generosity of Mr. Arthur E. Bettelheim of Kansas City, Missouri, one of



five surviving grandchildren, has allowed me to study the extant fragments. Fortunately, the record is complete for two periods in the life of Commodore Perry. The first cycle gives an outsider's account of Perry's doings upon arrival at Ryukyu, bound for Japan; the other part tells us a little more about Perry's last call at Naha, after the opening of Japan, when he imposed an unratified treaty on the kingdom of Luchu.

For lack of space, I shall quote only entries that either show how a British outsider regarded the "Great Commodore," his new acquaintance, or reveal the hitherto unknown services rendered by Dr. Bettelheim to the expedition. What became of the missionary after leaving Naha, in 1854, will be told at the end of this article.

Found Commodore very communicative. He appeared to have no mystery at all before me. I knew in the first five minutes that he wants to go to Japan, make Loochoo his rendezvous station, and that his present Expedition is not empowered to use force, except—so I inferred from several hints—the Americans be attacked, or insulted. Such frankness marvellously contrasted with the morose taciturnity of our English Envoys, who give importance to matters most plain and understood by people even of a very mean degree of sagacity. [The probable reference is to the conduct of Admiral Thomas Cochrane, who called at Naha in October, 1846, with the *Daedalus*, *Stirling*, and *Vesuti*. He communicated with Bettelheim through his secretary.] All is mystery with our English folks, and impenetrable state diplomacy, which it would be beneath their aristocratic dignity to consult upon, even with an English missionary, who certainly could have nothing against their plans, suppose also he had no means of advancing them, which, however, is here, far from being the case, as the missionary's local experience cannot but be advantageous, and very materially contributes to facilitate negotiation. I was also perfectly convinced, in a few moments conversation, on our position here as missionaries, that Commodore Perry does not only not incline but has even objections to pushing religious matters into his negotiation, and he even enjoined on me careful avoidance of any allusion to similar topics. He spoke of erecting here a hospital, and leaving cattle, imported partly from China, partly from the Cape of Good Hope. I could easily see this was meant only as a pretext for getting a house or two and some ground, on this account all the more palatable to me, who am persuaded there is no way of aiding Loochoo and Japan better than by forcing upon them a foreign population. I promised Commodore Perry that although I was only physician for human beings, I should with pleasure study veterinary medicine to mind his farm well. In fact I was so pleased with the frankness and condescension [*sic*] of the Commodore, and what is more, the object of his Expedition appeared to me so unmistakable an answer to our repeated and anxious prayer for Japan that I offered to serve him as a son serves a father . . . and to obey him strictly, even where my humble opinion differed from his in all matters pertaining to the propriety and success of the Expedition.

I was then shown a group taken by one of the artists connected with the Expedition, I think his name is Mr. Heine, a German. The group represented the *Té-fus* [commissioners], and retinue who waited upon the Commodore (as usual when ships arrive), with the long card of the Napa [*sic*] Mayor. The group was

excellent, and I actually recognized several faces. . . . But Commodore's favorite appears to be Mr. Brown, another artist, who produced two portraits of (I believe) a relieved Chief and his beautiful wife at the Cape, both indeed masterly done and quite finished. The hand of the Chief and its position was repeatedly and loudly admired by Commodore Perry, so that I could easily infer he is not merely head of the military and diplomatic part of the expedition, but considers himself connoisseur and amateur of arts in a prominent degree. All this united wrought most favorably upon me. For I am exceedingly fond of comprehensive characters, and finding Commodore Perry is many sided and gifted with an abundance of talent—I even suspicioned he had tried himself at the Chinese pencil—I gave him my full confidence and esteem. What shall I say more? When I heard that Dr. Williams,³ the talented missionary brother of Canton, is Interpreter to the Expedition. . . . He was on board the *Saratoga*. "*Saratoga*?" asked I. "Yes", said Commodore Perry, "all our ships have either names of rivers, as the *Susquehanna*, *Mississippi*, or of renowned places, as the *Saratoga* (I believe this is the name of a celebrated watering place in the United States), all national names." Commodore sounded the *a*, à la Webster, long, as in the noun 'nations', and not as we do, short, as in mat, hat. I had thereby some tangible evidence of a passage I somewhere read in the newspapers, regarding the new American English, as spoken in the Congress. This, however, had very little to do with the Japanese Expedition.

Now there came out a letter for us from our friend the esteemed Chaplain [Reverend John Hobson] at Shanghai, accompanied by a parcel of bran fresh newspapers, *North China Herald*s up to May 14. To get 10 days after publication foreign news in Loochoo is a glory belonging to America.

Commodore Perry gladly acceded to my request to give the men, who rowed me out, something to eat and drink, evincing thereby his intention of gaining the confidence of the natives by doing them bodily good, a view which [I] myself endeavour to act upon in Loochoo.

I parted from Commodore with a grateful heart cheered beyond expression. I had nothing more to wish. He was quite the man after my own heart. I did not even consider it a drawback that he intended having nothing to do with religious matters, although I frankly told him in the case of Japan . . . the religious aspect of the question is purely political. If he shall find it out—as I think he soon will—I had no doubt but he will warmly take up the now discarded topic, and I had much rather see him act energetically, without direct bearing on religious toleration, than hear him cant and rant away in pious mood, and from apparent Christian scruples be prevented from attacking the impious, godless, Christian hating government of Japan.

May 27. Commodore, according to promise, sent a boat for me to come to breakfast and meet Dr. Williams. Was introduced to several officers of the Squadron. Dr. W. almost frightened me with his pale face and corresponding frozenness of behaviour. I anxiously inquired whether he was or had been ill, and was assured that this was his usual complexion and that he was notwithstanding in perfect health. I soon overcame my first unfavorable impression, thinking only of his having been for so many years missionary to the Chinese, the useful elementary works he published and edited, and the great Expedition of which he now formed so prominent a member. . . . I acquiesced in the request of the Commodore

³ For a brief memoir by his son, and for Dr. Williams' notes on his relations with Bettelheim, cf. S. Wells Williams, first interpreter of the expedition, "A Journal of the Perry Expedition to Japan (1853-54)," ed. by his son, F. W. Williams, in *Asiatic Society of Japan, Transactions*, XXXVII (1910), 7-46, 227-55.



to accompany Dr. Wm. and an officer to the mayor. Commodore Perry told me Dr. Williams was to be the interpreter and myself—I could scarcely make out what role I was to play, whether as simple guide, or counsel, or whisperer. I confess I was not pleased with the indistinctness of my commission, still I passively submitted and went. . . . At this first meeting [with the mayor], I was sorry to experience how poorly off the great Expedition is in the Interpreters' Department, Dr. Wm. himself speaking more the Canton than the Peking dialect, and his aged Chinaman—though desirous of figuring as a native of Peking—speaking a hardly intelligible Ningpo mouth. I could now somewhat more clearly perceive what for my presence at the meeting was desired; but having received no distinct orders to speak, I held my peace. . . .

May 28. Had a quite sleepless night, the mistakes of the yesterday's interpretation giving me no rest till I resolved to write to the Commodore on the subject. . . . [His letter concludes:] Whatever your Squadron needs on provision—if you desire to purchase through government, and not on the markets, I'll pledge myself to have effected it in an hour after the arrival of an officer with such message. I beg to remain / with profoundest respectfulness, / Sir, / your most humble and obedient servant.⁴

I was just having a Chinese chat with my Todzies [Luchuan language officers] . . . when a boat arrived with a message from the Commodore that I should immediately come on board. Went. Commodore told me he had received my note, and thought I might have yesterday immediately repaired what I thought had been wrong. I said I did not feel myself empowered to speak at all at that meeting. Commodore Perry then told me plainly, at the meeting of this day [when the regent of the kingdom was to board the flagship], I should be interpreter as well as Dr. Williams. . . .

[After the meeting]. Dined with the Commodore—Returned with all the pursers who wrote out their orders. The manner in which we found it necessary to proceed was thus: I received first an order for provisions from each mess in the several ships. This was then written over into Chinese and sent to the government's purveyors. Several articles were often not granted at all, and if then, a great abatement made. The purveyors sent off a ticket with every batch, which I had to translate and sign. The same ticket is receipted on board each ship, and then sent back to me to be entered into the accounts. Certainly a fatiguing and time consuming route. [Dr. Bettelheim expressed frequent surprise at the patience with which the powerful Americans tolerated the negligent way their provision orders were handled. See p. 268 below, under date of May 30.]

May 29. Lordsday. . . . Towards evening two officers of the Saratoga called on us, wanting a boat to return on board. While waiting they expressed a strong desire to possess some Loochooan articles, and having with me some hair ornaments . . . I gave them each a pair. These were the first who obtained something Loochooan, and they were the first who offered me something imported by the Squadron, a few cigars. Hitherto I had not been able to get out of the whole Squadron even as much as a cigar, and not even for money.

To show my readers how deep my interest in their Expedition is, I must acquaint them with the fact that notwithstanding my heavy morning business on its behalf, and going to and from the Susquehanna [flagship], which lays about

⁴ To save space, a bar has been used in addresses, salutations, and endings to indicate short lines in the original documents which have been run together here.

two miles off my place [a Buddhist temple on the land side of Nami-no-ue headland], and doing the honors to some visitors, besides sending off a good batch of provisions . . . I have written this day a short vocabulary, including some necessary phrases, and a few grammatical hints, stretching over twenty-eight two-columned pages of large 16° size; a labor by which I hope the Exploring Expedition, which is to go out tomorrow, may be greatly benefitted, and the whole Squadron be greatly accommodated.

May 30. Mr. Barry, purser of Susquehanna, came, showing me a note he had made under dictation of the Commodore, as follows:

"Ask Dr. Bettelheim how he can be compensated for his services which we want for the interest of the Squadron, whether in presents of provisions from the ships or in money. Ask him to obtain a place for us to land our cattle, bulls, cows, and sheep, and how they will be taken care of. We can land some [hired Chinese] coolies if necessary. Ask him to obtain a house for our use on shore going to land our men for exercise and drill in small parties at a time, tell the mayor not to be uneasy, the intentions are all friendly. Tell the people the same."

Mr. Barry and the purser of the Saratoga, Mr. Harris, loudly discussed among themselves what method, in their view, would be best to overcome the craft of the native authorities. Of course a good deal of plain application of power entered their best scheme. . . . Our friends appear to have forgotten that their Expedition now—droll enough—was to be a friendly mission. I call it droll, for they who expect to get in a friendly way any concession from Japan, in the slightest approaching a permission for foreigners to do or obtain anything without the vexatious interference of government, show they had never had the simplest notion or intelligence of Japanese matters.

I had this time taken with me a tobacco stand ornamented with silver handles, intended for the Commodore, and a Bochooan eating box, of the better class, for Commander Buchanan. The former, being indeed a collector of rarities, appeared pleased with my humble offer. Of the latter I never heard or saw anything to infer either his pleasure or displeasure. . . . The Commodore ordered Mr. Barry to hand me over the note above quoted, on which I could say nothing better than that I trust entirely in the Commodore's kind disposition, and assured him once more of my faithfulness independent of any regard to reward. He now gave a written order for some officers of the Saratoga and Dr. Wms. to accompany me on shore, where we were to get our office for the Squadron, the mode how being of course left with my humble self. . . . I must not omit to mention that while on board the Saratoga Dr. W. handed me over a Marocco [*sic*] bound large quarto volume, being the Dictionary of the English Language, by Webster, and presented to me by the Editor. . . . I have not a single book of the sort, and yet as Foreigner having much to write in the English, feel the need of it very much.

U. S. STEAMFRIGATE SUSQUEHANNA / NAPA, 31 May 1853

To Reverend Dr. Bettelheim,

SIR, Commodore Perry has directed me to present you for the use of your family and of the Mission, one Barrel of Beef, one Barrel Pork, one Barrel Flour, one Box Sperm Candles, two Barrels Pilot Bread, two Sacks Rice, and ten Gallons Whiskey. The Commodore asks you to accept these presents as a proof of his appreciation of your services to the Squadron under his command, and as an earnest of the intention of his government to reward all who may contribute in



any way to further their views. The Commodore hopes he will have the pleasure of adding greatly to these presents in the future.

I am respectfully, / Sir / your obedient servant

G. R. BARRY, Purser.

Overjoyed as I was with the written as well as practical expression of the Commodore's approval of my humble services I could still not do better than show the officer who brought off the things, [a] copy of my last Report, containing a statement which makes it clear that until we had a cellar or other regular storehouse, the climate here does not permit to keep even salt meats, and much less other food for any length of time. It would neither have looked well for the Loochooans—to whom nothing in our house can remain hid—to see us accept victuals from a Squadron for which we daily urge them to find fresh supplies. . . . We had therefore to send back all except the candles and the whiskey which we supposed our Todzies and other visitors might like. We were rather surprized that notwithstanding we had given Mr. Barry, on his yesterday's inquiries, a hint that we should want some soap, calico, lamp chimneys, shoes for myself, some butter and other articles, all which he had noted down, none of them had been granted us. . . .

June 4. Today the Exploring Expedition came back, just after having encountered heavy rain. . . . About noon, Ichrazichi [a mandarin speaking fluent Pekinese and fair English] came, stating that they had resolved to wait upon the Commodore with a dispatch and wished me to interpret for them. . . . About 4 o'clock, and what with running to and from and attending to a variety of business which made me quite forget to take some nourishment, I felt now so weak and exhausted that I think the shrewd eyes of the Commodore easily guessed at the state I was in, and he kindly ordered the steward to bring me dinner, which I greatly enjoyed. Commodore also ordered me during his absence in Japan to bring to paper whatever I knew by hearing or otherwise of the history of Loochoo, which I of course unhesitatingly promised. I had incidentally the most decisive information of my not accompanying the Squadron to Japan.

June 5. Rev. Dr. Besselheim

DEAR SIR. Commodore Perry directs that a ram and two female goats, giving milk and having kids, be procured and sent aboard the ship by Wednesday morning next, with proper fodder to support them a month. Will you be pleased to give the necessary orders?

G. R. BARRY / Purser, / U. S. Steamfrigate Susquehanna.

. . . The Commodore himself with Captain Walker (Saratoga) and pursers Speiden and Harris and other officers arrived. [June 6 was the date when the commodore was to land and force his reception at the palace of Shuri against the wishes of the mandarins.] The Commodore immediately asked how matters stood on shore. . . . "I do not think," said the Commodore, "for the sake of the Loochooan mandarins, to deprive my men even of a single breakfast. Their breakfast time is at nine, and the procession cannot begin to move before 10 o'clock." All present, myself included, applauded the paternal feeling of the Commodore towards his men, and having done what I thought to be my duty in the matter, I could not but leave the rest to the Commodore himself. Commodore Perry was today particularly kind and condescending. He kissed my two girls, telling my boy he kissed none but girls, then cast his penetrating eye into my poor study, and

promised me a pair of windows, shoes for myself, and a shoemaker for my children, we having told him we had just got in a box brought over by the Saratoga, the leather and all requisites for shoemaking, but no leather for big shoes.

June 7. The whole of this day we had hard and partly fruitless work. The Commodore had strictly ordered the pursers to settle their accounts, but there was none of the purveyors to be got, although they had been repeatedly sent for, and the one who after hours of waiting arrived, brought his accounts with him in such confused state, that himself confessed he could not make them out. There was also an order of the Commodore for 200 boards, which rather startled the purveyors—as they had obtained hints of a hospital which the Commodore wanted to erect, and thought the boards were to serve that purpose. . . .

June 8. . . . Among the many calls we had this day, one came from an officer of the Mississippi, who sent me a message to come up to the upper temple yard on the top of our hill [site of the modern Shinto shrine]. . . . But how great was my surprise on coming up to the upper temple to find the side door . . . quite rammed in with boards, and the very entrance to the yard in the act of being boarded in . . . the officer in charge said he had peremptory orders, and if he did otherwise, the cattle would not be prevented from escaping, and the sheep would be in danger of breaking their necks in case they jumped down the rugged side of the hill. . . .

A while after the Commodore came on shore and honored us with a visit. He was even kind enough to give a box of Chinese toys to our children. . . . Then came out a bundle of calico for Mrs. B. which encouraged me to bring forward my grievance as to our being deprived of the enjoyment of the upper temple yard, which place I really never supposed would be used as a kind of stable.

The Commodore took this quite unfair of me, telling me I had premises spacious enough without the upper temple, and that he saw no reason why to allow me to occupy so much ground. He moreover thought, as I knew he only wished to civilize this nation, I should rather have been glad to see a new breed introduced, etc. I contended, the cattle could be reared quite as well and much better in another place, and that we used the upper temple as belonging to our establishment these seven years; that in time of bad weather this is the only place where my wife and children can take a walk . . . and finally, that we have there a flagstaff planted . . . and I could thus not give up so easily possession of a ground thus constituted.

Commodore Perry told me rather angrily, he did not like it, and soon rose from his chair as though he would leave immediately, but held on to send an officer with me to look at the place I considered preferable for the cattle. When this was disapproved, I was told we had no right to hoist a flag here, and that anyone might pull it down, and if, as I said, the flag staff served merely for signals when a ship arrived, I might as well plant it somewhere else. It was clear to me both the Commodore and his officers liked the enclosure on the False Capstan [on the old admiralty charts, this name applies to Nami-no-ue headland] as commanding a good view of the harbor and town, and looking somewhat like a fort. . . . I thought it best to drop the point and hastened to accompany the Commodore and his Lieutenant out in the street whither they wished to proceed for a walk.

Commodore looked into several poor workshops, inquiring after their wages, profits, etc. Seeing some To-fu (bean extract), Commodore took up a bit and threw down some money to the stall keeper, a move which must look very startling



to those Loochooans who knew of his rank, as Confucian foolish pride would forbid a much minor official stooping thus in public to make a purchase and much less to taste tofu at a stall.

On our back way, Ichirazichi came to say, the door of the upper temple would be required to be kept open, as they had therein gods which they wished to worship. (It is near seven years that no sort of worship whatever was carried on in either the lower or the upper temple). The Commodore said they had gods enough in other places. Ichirazichi said they'd rather make an enclosure inside the yard that the cattle could not escape. Commodore was ready to make an offer of the cattle to the mandarins for the improvement of the native breed. Ichirazichi would report. . . . In the evening, Mrs. B. told me that while I had been out, the Commodore called his own Chinese servant and sent him off with a large bundle. [This man] had repeatedly in broken English told us how much he sympathized with us, and that he would make effort to persuade the Commodore to send up a tailor to make up some clothing for our children, so that Mrs. B. should not have to work so hard. The Commodore had been so kind today as to give my wife and children each a present apart. We now concluded that my expression of dissatisfaction with the Commodore's disposing of our ground against our wish had produced this sudden change of sentiment in our benefactor.

June 9. Passed a sleepless night, and rose with the resolution to address a note to the Commodore, containing a respectful protest, and at the same time begging him to consider that by his permanently occupying part of our premises, the whole neighborhood, in which we have succeeded to establish unrestricted intercourse with the natives, will again be subjected to strict espionage to the great detriment of our Mission. However, upon further consideration, and talking the matter over with Mrs. B. we resolved to do nothing more in the matter. . . . We also had the probability that at the Commodore's return [*i.e.*, from the cruise to the Bonin Islands], in about a fortnight, the cattle would be disposed of in one way or another, and that such use may be made of the premises as not to exclude us from their use.

About 9 o'clock in the morning the Susquehanna and Saratoga left [on a cruise of exploration to the Bonin Islands].

June 10. As already mentioned the Commodore at his forelast [*sic*] visit at our house was kind enough to order two windows should be set in my study, and that a few pairs of shoes be found for me of the stores of the Squadron, and likewise that a shoemaker be sent us to make up shoes for our children, we having obtained . . . the material required. The shoemaker and carpenter arrived this day. Sent to the mandarins to let a native shoemaker or two, whom we had already taught a little of shoemaking and employed for our children, come and learn the craft more perfectly under a regular master. The request was totally refused. . . .⁸

June 23. . . . About 4 P.M. the Susquehanna and Saratoga hove in sight, and were soon at their anchors. . . . Waited on the Commodore. Found him all friendly and remarkably well looking. Commodore told me, in 5-6 days he was to be off to Yedo. On board the Mississippi, heard they were all under order to be ready for sea, *immediately*. I could not help thinking within myself how pleasant it is to have high connections, be it only for having correct information on matters. . . . Thus when I told my friends, who were almost taking leave of me, that there was no occasion for haste in the matter . . . they immediately quieted down . . . sure the order of the Commander, though given immediately on his arrival, was meant

⁸ Worms have spoiled portions of the diary from the date June 22 onwards.

only to stimulate the squadron to be ready at a moment's notice, though that moment may still be distant some days.

June 24. . . . Commander Kelly comes on shore with order from the Commodore to arrange for a present of cattle to be given to the native authorities, to improve the breed of horned cattle on the island and introduce that of sheep. It was certainly a valuable present consisting of 3 [water-] Buffaloes (1 Bull and 2 cows, one among these pregnant), Ditto 1 Bull and two cows, and 12 sheep, among which several were with young. I looked upon this somewhat like Jacob's droves sent before him to Esau [Gen. 32:13-20], though fortunately quite from other motives than his. . . . Commander Kelly [gave] me a hint that he should be glad to get rid of the smell of the cattle soonest possible. . . .

Commodore Perry honored me this evening with a visit, on which immediately some articles I had ordered several days ago, and which never made their appearance, went off; a full proof we are entirely under the hand of the spies and underlings.

June 25. . . . The Commodore kindly invited me to preach tomorrow on board the flagship, and told me he had sent his Chaplain, Mr. Bittinger to give me a formal invitation on his part. But on informing the Commodore of my engagement at the Plymouth⁶ the matter dropped. "Next time," said the Commodore, giving me thereby at once a good hint that he meant soon to be back from Japan. Accompanied the Commodore, who had concerted a walk at Wi-Dumai [Japanese: Uedomari, "above Tomari" village], with purser Speiden who deservedly stands much in his favor. On our return to the residence of Messrs. Brown and Harper [in the Buddhist temple of Amiku village], we gave the telegraph a trial, and sent several messages to and fro the upper and lower temple, separated from each other about one hundred yard distance.

There was such a scarcity of boats on our return that I would have had difficulty in returning home had not the Commodore kindly invited me into his own boat and landed me while steering himself. This was a rare ride indeed.

June 26. Lordsday. Studied my sermon over from the text: "Thou has prepared a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Was received very friendly on board the Plymouth, but was given to understand—as is usual the case on men-of-war—that the service must be short, which induced me the more warmly to pray and preach to them. . . . Left immediately for the Susquehanna. . . .

June 27. . . . The Commodore having kindly left me the choice of three sheep, I had made up a bamboo enclosure for Mrs. Nelly, a Cape of Good Hope folk [*sic*], quite the pet of the Mississippi, her mate, and a China ewe with young.

Mr. Speiden comes with the following note from the Commodore:

DEAR SIR I thank you for the meteorological tables which shall be returned

⁶ This vessel, whose crew included some Hungarians, spent more time at Naha than any other unit of the squadron. Dr. Bernard F. Bettelheim of Spearfish, South Dakota, owns a large silver cup bearing the inscription:

To
Dr. B. J. Bettelheim
as a token of esteem
from
the Officers and Crew
of the
U. S. Ship, Plymouth
December 1853

SOMEI KONYU
20
SZEGED

after some notes are taken from it. I also thank you for the reptiles' skins. I had been under the impression that reptiles, or rather, snakes, were unknown in the island. . . . I shall be glad to see you on board with the Regent tomorrow. Boats will be at the landing at Tumai [Tomari] at 3 o'clock P.M. . . .

M. C. PERRY

Mr. Speiden had beside a message to say I should mention what, or the amount I wished etc. for my trouble about the squadron, the Commodore being sure his government would incline richly to reward me. I said, I trust entirely in the Commodore's kind and generous feelings toward us, for which I am greatly obliged. Mr. Speiden had also in charge a bundle or two of calico, bed-tick, drill or twill, linen, flannel and I know not what, for which I should, according to ability, change in some native stuffs. I rather declined this offer, but Mr. S. told me the parcels were entirely at my disposal even without such condition.

Mr. Bittinger . . . was kind enough to accompany Mrs. B. and the children in a boat to Mr. Brown at Tumai, where we all were, by order of the Commodore, to be daguerrotyped. . . . Arrived at the back of our house just before a boat of the Mississippi overtook us with the following message:

Sir: / The pleasure of your company and family is this evening requested, to attend the theatrical performance of the "Dramatic Corps" of the Mississippi. The curtain will rise precisely at 8 o'clock.

Very respectfully

S. S. LEE / Commander. . . .

I never could have supposed anything of the sort could take place on board a ship, and thought rather of attending partly from regard for the Commander's express request, and mostly to let my children get an idea of a theatre in an innocent way, sure a similar performance once seen will give rise in them to a world of ideas. . . .

. . . Went on board the Mississippi where all the nobility [*i.e.*, Luchuan], was assembled, and officers, boatswains, sailors and negroes performed in a most remarkable way. The dancing and singing of the negroes pleased my children exceedingly. We left long before the performance was over. . . .

June 30 [page torn] Early in the morning . . . comes with a note from Commodore, we should specify . . . articles we stood in need of, and if to be had in the ship's stores . . . have them. This was very kind indeed. Wrote down a list. . . . After . . . young Speiden came with butter, sugar (American), tea, ribbon, comb, and I do not recollect what other articles in addition, amounting, I believe, to \$68 for which I thankfully signed receipts. . . .

NAPA, July 1, 1853.

Commodore M. C. Perry / U. S. Str. Susquehanna

Sir: Allow me humbly to express my gratitude for the stores and other articles you were kind enough to send us yesterday. If your intention was to stimulate my devotion to your cause, you have failed, for my delight in, and, so to say, instinctive attachment to any effort for widening the sway of civilization are scarcely capable of increase. There is only one chance more of augmenting my lively interest in your great undertaking and that is, the news that the great western flag is hoisted in Japan, and I pray the Ruler of the History of the Universe may soon grant this consummation of the ardent wish of all Christendom.

But if it may give you pleasure to hear that one more humble individual feels attached to you among the many, which I am persuaded your generous heart has gained and claimed, I am glad to be able to give you this pleasure in its fullest measure. Myself and wife and children all love you, feel much obliged and grateful to you, and daily pray for you.

Please accept these humble effusions of my sincere gratitude and believe me ever
My dear Sir / With profoundest respects / Your most humble

B. J. BETTELHEIM

July 2. The Squadron (with exception of the Supply) got under weigh [*sic*] about 6 in the morning, the steamers soon taking each a ship in tow, a sight which must be very novel for the Loochooans.

II. LAST ANCHORAGE AT NAHA, JULY 1-17, 1854

July 1. . . . We are truly glad that the Powhatan and Mississippi, both steamers, are again at anchor in our roads since 10 o'clock this forenoon. . . .

On the eve of the successful return of the American expedition from Japan, Dr. Bettelheim was living with the Reverend G. H. Moreton, his wife, and young son Philip. The missionary sent to be his successor had arrived in February on a British coolie ship bound for California. Five months before, Mrs. Bettelheim and the three children had sailed for Shanghai. Two master's mates and a detachment of seamen had been left by the commodore to guard a United States coal depot established in August, 1853, in Tomari Village. The contingent was under the volunteered medical and spiritual care of the doctor. He was energetically teaching Mr. Moreton to speak Luchuan and introducing him to the friendlier natives. It was over twelve months since the diarist first met the commodore, so, at this period, he has less to tell us about Perry.

. . . . Saw the Commodore: He kindly told us what he thought we might know of his transactions. Sumode [Shimoda] and Hakodari [Hakodate] were the two ports opened, the latter, I heard afterwards, to be opened a year after the ratification of the treaty. What I am more surprized at is that the whole squadron has had to subsist on salt provisions all the while they were in Japan. Capt. McCluney (of the Powhatan) told us they had symptoms of scorbute breaking out among his crew, though fortunately it did not actually break out. However we must not expect Japan would yield on mere provisions. *They'll take care to speak smoothly, but by her works she will be known as a malicious power for generations to come, unless she be subjected by power to obey the dictates of humanity.* We saw several drawings and landscapes striking the eye by novelty, not less than by execution of the accomplished artists who accompanied the Commodore. *Art and science may perhaps have gained more than commerce, diplomacy, and religion from this expedition* [italics mine—W.L.S.]. . . .

July 2. Lordsday. Read prayers and preached on board the Lexington. The Lord being with us enjoyed the service very much, and hope the hearers' marked attention showed their own profiting. . . . Capt. McCluney was kind enough to



invite me to take my passage to Hongkong in his cabin and the wardroom of-
ficers offered me likewise room with them. . . .

Was signaled for under the "all chaplains" flag phrase to repair to the Missis-
sippi, where we all had been invited to dinner with the Commodore, where I met
also Mr. and Mrs. Moreton with little Philip. We were regaled in addition with
excellent musick, the Piccolonist, Lucian Conterno, who plays besides two other
instruments, being—and deservedly—a great favorite with the Commodore. I saw
the boy after dinner. He is of Italian extraction and was brought up at Paris. Was
glad to hear he has and reads a French Old Testament and an Italian Gospel. The
Commodore approved of my taking passage in the Powhatan. . . .

July 4. Saw this morning some festival appearance of the ships, but seeing the
Regent steering thither in his miserable bark, I thought the two stood in con-
nexion. Long after, it struck me this was the day of the declaration of the United
States' Independence. I had just been rowing in a native boat toward the Lexington
to have there a [missionary] talk with my Chinamen, when it struck me that a
festival day would not be the most suited for such purposes. Indeed at noon a
salute was fired and I thought it becoming to go on the Commodore's ship and
congratulate him, the same as I did on board the Powhatan and Lexington, where
I had promised to dine.

July 9. Lord'sday. . . . I had to take upon me unexpectedly also the service of
the Lexington where it was Moreton's turn to preach. This was my very first ser-
mon quite extemporaneous from: "Let us labor to enter into that rest." (*Hebr.*
IV-11.) I had scarcely done than a boat for me arrived from the Mississippi, (flag-
ship) where I read prayers and preached from: "Blessed is he that cometh in the
name of the Lord," but felt so exhausted that after service I had to lay down before
returning home.

July 11. . . . I could manage this morning in five hours with many interrup-
tions to copy in Chinese the farewell epistle I intend for the mandarins. [*The
editor's father, the late Henry B. Schwartz, purchased the original from a native
antiquary in Shari. It is a mute witness to Dr. Bettelheim's mastery of the Chinese-
Japanese style of composition. After ninety years, the English original and the
Chinese autograph were brought together under a California roof.*] I did not
intend to send it off today and in fact did not before the Commodore has entirely
settled his business, or else a handle might be found to blame the missionary for
disturbing diplomatic negotiations by bringing forward religion. I have there-
fore antedated it for Friday next, the 14th, when I hope to enter the document.

Mr. Brown the Daguerrtypist lives in our house and has taken today a sketch
of the house [see F. L. Hawkes, *Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to Japan*, I,
161], and Mr. and Mrs. Moreton's and their boy's likeness with good results.

Somewhat before two o'clock P.M. we heard the bands striking up lively tunes,
having disembarked in the junks' harbor and thus made the circuit from thence
to the Kungkwang, or office, with the marines. Before resorting thither they bent
their way out a lane opening toward the sea not far from our house, where, from
our hill, we saw the Commodore disembark, received by his troops and thus ac-
companied to the office, where he had a meeting with both our first mandarins,
lasting till after four. About five, Mr. Gay, the chief engineer [*sic*] of the Missis-
sippi arrived with a message from the Commodore that the Regent having made
him a present of one of the bells in my residence Mr. Gay was now despatched to
take it off. I was greatly rejoiced at this news, and loudly expressed the comfort I
felt at seeing a heathen temple breaking up now in real earnest. The Regent must

feel persuaded Buddhism, having lost its voice now 8-9 years in the "Country-protecting-temple" [Japanese: Gokokuji], he might yield its organs of speech to befriend a Christian power. The only grief I had was that the four English men-of-war we had here, had never hit on such an idea, but the best English rope I had, obtained from one of the ships, I made contribute to the safe lowering of our big bell, which is a very fine piece indeed and will figure high in Washington. [Perry hoped it could be hung in the Washington Monument but bequeathed it to the Naval Academy.] Mr. Gay also told me he has good hopes to get a nice god, which the Regent promised he would let him know today decidedly. "So let thy enemies perish, O Lord. Let their house be made desolate, and their Bishoprick let another take."

July 12. Saw the Commodore. He was kind enough to show me an English copy of the treaty made with Loochoo. He had wished it should be a treaty between this and all western nations, but the Loochooans objected and it was drawn only between them and the Americans. I firmly believe under God the case of Board^r being slain contributed to increase the Commodore's power over the native authorities. He insisted, I was told, to have either the markslayer or to take off the Regent himself on board his ship. Of course the man was delivered up, and restored again to the native authorities to judge him according to their own laws. This also had good effect. But most of all that the Commodore leaves no man behind, and that he would have left, in case the mandarins did not accept his terms. Here was the chief lever to bend with the Loochooans. England, I greatly fear, will not get out any concession without the missionary being withdrawn.

The articles are: good treatment to all Americans arriving, no spies, no government interference in their purchases of the people, a pilot to be sent out to any American ship desirous of coming in. Five Dollars pilotage for guiding it in and again Five Dollars for guiding it out. For so many gallons of water, a certain price, and likewise a price fixed for a certain quantity of wood; these are the chief points I remember.

Commodore told me to be on board the Powhatan on the Friday, and to be the evening of that day on board his flagship with the Moretons, when an entertainment will be given to the Regent and all the Puchingkwans [treasurers]. . . .

. . . While at dinner Ichirazichi and a crowd of Samure's [Japanese: samurai] arrived with presents for me from the Regent; Puching-tafu; Mayor of Naha; and what Ichirazichi presented me from himself, all consisting of fans, pipes, paper, and some lackerware, valued at 10 Dollars. This certainly looks nice.

July 14. Am on board as much busy with provision ticket translating as on shore. In fact the purveyors cannot help themselves nor can I. . . . About 6 P.M. joined, according to invitation the party at the Mississippi where I found already assembled the mandarins and others. Served the whole evening as interpreter on the one side of the Commodore while Dr. Williams occupied the other. It was a delicate task for me to steer clear of Dr. W.'s envious scruples. Once it happened the Commodore had already given me a message for the Regent, that Mr. W. loudly complained, saying I should interpret it to the Pu-ching-Kwan while he, through Ichirazichi, would interpret it to the Regent. Thus while endeavoring to do my best, and for no reward, I have even to put up with insults, situations the repetition of which appear to indicate it is the will of Providence I should lead a

A seaman from the coal depot mobbed under great provocation in Naha, on June 19, when the authorities tried to conceal the cause of his death. It may be added that Admiral N. F. Owen negotiated a treaty for France in 1855, which, like Perry's, was never ratified by the same government.



laborious life and reap sparing fruit—upon the whole however I enjoyed the party [Ethiopian minstrels], very well, and some of the officers even expressed towards me feelings of kindness and respect.

The Commodore told me we are to go Monday morning.

July 16. Lord'sday. Preached on board the Powhatan, and felt greatly refreshed. Several of the officers thanked me for the sermon, and there was indeed deathlike silence during the whole of the discourse.

We are under orders to sail tomorrow. No intercourse with shore any more permitted. Went on board the Mississippi to take leave of Commodore. Saw there the Moretons. . . . I dismissed him with good wishes and prayers. His wife squeezed my hand twice so warmly, and looked into my face so uprightly that I will believe . . . she was sincere and felt grateful for what I had done for them. I also dismissed their little Philip with kisses and caresses. [This is the final entry in the journal.]

The Reverend Earl R. Bull, Professor Payson J. Treat, and my father were successful in finding clues which discovered descendants of the missionary in the United States.* Mr. Arthur E. Bettelheim stated in the twenties:

After remaining in Loochoo nine years, he [the missionary] decided to return to England, intending to leave his children to complete their education. However, the ship encountered many storms, was driven out of its course, and finally was so badly damaged that it put in at Bermuda for necessary repairs. As this would take several months, Dr. Bettelheim decided to visit the United States while waiting.

He was pleased with this country and decided to educate his children here rather than in England. After a few years in New York, he located his family on a farm near Pontiac, Illinois. He, himself, spent most of his time on lecture tours for the double purpose of supporting his family and assisting in getting his translations published, the Naval Mission having decided to discontinue its mission at Loochoo [in 1835].

Professor Treat discovered that, as a resident of Cayuga, Illinois, Bettelheim enlisted at Helena, Arkansas, as surgeon of the 106th Regiment, Illinois Volunteers Infantry, and served from August 16 to December 28, 1863.

After the war, he moved to Brookfield, Missouri, to establish his eldest son, Bernard James Gutzlaff Bettelheim, in business. Here he died on February 9, 1870, aged fifty-nine years. The missionary's wife died on April 24, 1872.

*Edward M. Barrows' book, *The Great Commodore: The Exploits of Matthew Calbraith Perry* (Indianapolis, 1935), contains a good many mistakes in its account of happenings in Kyukyu. Thus, on page 340, Barrows says: "At the request of the Liu Chiu [sic] authorities, he [Perry], arranged for Bettelheim's replacement by the Reverend Doctor Moreton, who was already acquainted with the Liu Chius." He dismissed Dr. Bettelheim with the phrase: "Nothing more was heard of him."

End