

An Accidental Embassy

How Two Minor Dutch Administrators Inaugurated an Alliance with the Qing Dynasty of China, 1661-1662

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On a cold October day a leaky yacht sailed into an unknown bay. It was 1661, and the two low-level Dutch bureaucrats who rowed ashore thought they'd return to their ship the same night. Instead they were swept up on a weeks-long journey into China, until finally they found themselves bowing before one of the most powerful men in the imperium: the Jingnan Prince Geng Jimao. Their clothes were tattered, they had no gifts to give, their translator was incompetent, and they were hopelessly out of their league, yet their audience with Geng led to one of the most unlikely alliances in world history, between the Calvinist merchants of the Dutch East India Company and the Buddhist Qing Dynasty, which was struggling to extend its rule over all of China.

This odd alliance has been examined before. Jack Wills has explored in his magisterial work the relations between the Dutch and the Qing from 1662 to the end of the seventeenth century, focusing on later Dutch embassies, such as the embassy of 1666-8.¹ He suggests that earlier missions were less important, something that has raised the hackles of historian Henriette Rahusen-de Bruyn Kops, who argues back that Wills unduly neglects the first Dutch embassy to the Qing, which occurred in 1655-7. That embassy, she says, was the most important step in establishing a Sino-Qing relationship, and she complains that Wills "does not shed any light on the question why he chose to focus on the second embassy (1666-8) rather than on the path-breaking first one, which he dismisses as a 'rather unpromising beginning'".² She argues that the embassy of 1655-7 "has been undervalued by modern historians" and had "the highest degree of success of any VOC embassy".³

I would propose, however, that the most important legation in the Dutch-Manchu relationship was neither the one that Rahusen-de Bruyn Kops examines nor the ones that Wills examines. It was the impromptu visit by the two minor Dutch functionaries who rowed ashore in 1661. It wasn't planned. It wasn't even official, from the perspective either of Beijing or of Batavia, and the envoys went not to Beijing but to the provincial capital of Fuzhou. But it set in motion all the subsequent interactions between the Dutch and the Qing, including a military alliance that saw Dutch warships allied with Qing armies. The embassies before and after it didn't achieve what was desired, which was primarily open trade, but the one of 1661 was

an unexpected triumph. The envoys returned with effusive letters from Prince Geng and another major Qing official, letters that were far different from the admonitions and empty phrases of traditional tribute diplomacy. They promised trade and proposed military cooperation.

Why was this impromptu embassy so successful whereas the embassies on either side of it were less so? After all, while the Dutch spent huge sums on their other legations, this one, being unplanned, was cheap—there were no luxurious gifts or exotic animals or exorbitant bribes to local officials, no entourages or honour guards, just two ordinary men caught up in extraordinary roles. How did these two low-level administrators achieve such uncommon results?

This article seeks to answer this question by examining the 1661 embassy in detail, following the two hapless men as they were carried through Manchu territory. They themselves wrote a wonderful account, which, although damaged, provides a day-to-day record of their harrowing journey: their increasing anxiety as a visit that was supposed to last a day stretched into weeks, their confusing meetings with Manchu officials, their encounters with aggressive mobs of “clothes pluckers”, cold nights in barren forts, drunken banquets, corrupt servants, and kind monks.⁴

Clear throughout the voyage is the extraordinary good will that Qing officials showed toward the two men, an alacrity to greet and treat them that contrasts with the usual caution and suspicion encountered by foreign missions to China. We can't attribute that enthusiasm to the characters or actions of the Dutchmen themselves. Although they were earnest and tried hard to do the right thing, they were shaken and confused by their whirlwind tour, afraid that their comrades would raise anchor and sail away.

Ultimately, the reason for their success had to do with their timing. The ravaged coasts of southern China were hotly contested, and the Qing and the Dutch had a common enemy: the Chinese warlord Koxinga, whose powerful navy had defeated nearly every Qing fleet that had been sent against it. The Qing showed themselves well informed about the Dutch and their lethal ships, and from the beginning they expressed an interest in their naval help. The Qing were preparing for a major assault on Koxinga, and the two Dutchmen arrived at just the right time.

A Common Enemy

The Dutch and Qing both referred to Koxinga as a pirate, but he was much more than that. He ruled a government whose goal was to overthrow the Manchu invaders who had established the Qing and to thus reclaim China for the Ming Dynasty that had fallen in 1644. Although he'd started small—just a hundred or so adherents and a couple small ships—he proved to be an able leader. His army grew and grew, until by the 1650s he had well more than a hundred thousand soldiers, including the dread Iron Men, heavily armoured troops who wore frightening masks and were extremely well disciplined in battle, much like the Spartans, who wore similar full facial armour.

But the core of Koxinga's power was his huge navy, which controlled the seas along the Chinese coast. In 1659 he had used it to ferry his troops from his coastal bases into the heart of China. Sailing and rowing their way up the Yangtze River, they

disgorged his men—a hundred and fifty thousand strong—near Nanjing, China's secondary imperial capital. As he besieged the city, other cities and counties and prefectures in the region declared their allegiance to him, and it seemed possible that Qing control in the area would topple. Koxinga failed, however, to follow the advice of his subordinates and move quickly in attacking the city, which gave the Qing time to bring in reinforcements. The enemy attacked him through their own walls and he retreated back to his capital on the coast.⁵ Over the next couple years the Qing tried but failed to dislodge him from the Chinese coast. Once they were defeated so badly that the general in charge committed suicide in disgrace.

In 1661, Koxinga made enemies of the Dutch. In the spring of that year, six months before the impromptu embassy, he attacked the Dutch colony of Taiwan. It was an important settlement—the largest Asian colony of the Dutch empire, and one of the richest holdings of the Dutch East India Company.⁶ His soldiers swept the land, winning each pitched battle, taking towns and villages and forts, capturing hundreds of Dutch subjects.

But the Dutch didn't surrender. They holed up in a powerful fort that stood on a long, duney island just off Taiwan's southwestern shore. Koxinga tried storming it, thinking that since it was so small relative to the large walled cities he'd conquered in China, he'd have little trouble. But he was driven off by Dutch cannons. Then he surrounded it to try to starve the Dutch out, declared Taiwan to be the new Eastern Capital of the Ming, and tried to find ways of preventing his huge invasion force from starving.

For the next five months the Dutch held him off, and Koxinga couldn't keep them from sending ships in and out of their fort.⁷ They received supplies and fresh troops from their headquarters in Java, and then, in the Fall, they decided to send out an expedition to sail northwards to try to rescue some Dutch garrisons perched on the far north of Taiwan. It was this expedition that ultimately ended up in the Chinese bay and started the accidental embassy.

The expedition commander was named David Harthouwer, and he wasn't happy to lead it. He wanted nothing more than to resign his post and take his wife and kids back to Batavia because, as he told Taiwan's governor, they were “in a situation of complete desolation”.⁸

That was doubtless true. By autumn of 1661, when Harthouwer tried to quit, the situation inside the Dutch fort was terrible. Twenty-five hundred people were trapped inside walls designed to hold a thousand, and four hundred of these were lying sick on the floors of the church and a warehouse converted into a hospital. Diseases like scurvy and beriberi raged, swelling legs and bloodying gums. It smelled terrible, there was little fresh food, alcohol was rare and expensive, and Koxinga's troops—including a musketry company comprised of freed African slaves—shot at anyone who ventured outside.

But Harthouwer was told he must leave his family in the fort and embark at once. Everyone knew it would be a dangerous voyage. The usual route to northern Taiwan followed the treacherous western coast of Taiwan, where shoals and sandbars stretched invisibly under the sea, shifting with each storm. If you ran aground, the natives might cut off your head and use it to decorate their meeting houses, and Koxinga's junks would certainly be hiding in coves and inlets. But most worrisome of all was the weather. The southerly winds were dying away. Once the northern

winds started it would be hard to make headway. Worst of all, it was typhoon season. The deadliest storms spin in September and October, just when Harthouwer was embarking.

Harthouwer's three-ship flotilla laboured up the Taiwan coast, and, sure enough, the winds began howling from the north. He'd been allowed to choose his flagship and had made a bad choice, picking a large warship called the *Hasselt* that had a tendency to tip to the side.⁹ The other two ships weren't much better, having been damaged in a deadly battle against Koxinga. All three were short of rigging, ropes, and anchors.

Waves swamped the deck. Sailors pumped and bailed, but water got in. He decided he couldn't advance by this route, so he reluctantly chose another: to sail northwards along the Chinese coast, using "land winds" to make headway against the northerlies.¹⁰ His ships crossed the Taiwan Strait, approached the Chinese coast, and then pointed their prows northward.

But the weather got worse, with bursts of rain and heavy headwinds. Swells smashed against the sides of the ships, rolling them up and down. Clouds hid the stars and sun, making it impossible to determine latitude. Harthouwer didn't know where he was or who might control the nearby coast, but when the wind worked itself up into a rainy gale, he gave the order to seek shelter.

The Bay

The three ships sailed into a small semicircle of a bay, three or four kilometres across and ringed with a long sandy beach. Some fishing boats bobbed in the water.¹¹ On the northern side, near the wide mouth, stood a town with a castle. As his crew cast anchor, crowds of people gathered on the castle ramparts and began waving and calling out. They didn't seem hostile, but it was impossible to talk to them because the water was too wild to send out a ship's launch.

In the age of sail, when any plan could be dashed by a squall, a good planner thought thoroughly and pessimistically. The detailed orders that Harthouwer carried read like a flow chart, plotting responses to every imaginable contingency.¹² The instructions said if he were forced to call in Manchu territory he should try to make contact and buy provisions for his beleaguered countrymen. And he'd been provided with a secret weapon: four Qing refugees.

The foursome had been rescued months before from a derelict junk found drifting in the open sea. Although most of the passengers on the wreck had had long hair, identifying them as subjects of Koxinga, these four men had had shaven heads with long Qing-style braids.¹³ They said they'd been captured by Koxinga and imprisoned on this junk, which had then been attacked by pirates, lit on fire, and set adrift. So the Dutch took special care of the men. The other Chinese on the wreck were used as slaves and thrown overboard when they got "filthy sick",¹⁴ but these four Qing men were fed and clothed and taken back to Taiwan. Just before Harthouwer had left, the men had been transferred to his flagship, so that he could use them to open communication with the Manchu Qing, if the occasion arose, sending them ashore as "happy evidence of our good intentions".¹⁵

The refugees told Harthouwer that they recognised this bay. In fact, their homes were near here. The town with the castle, they said, was called Yongning.¹⁶ It was

under Qing control. They said they even knew the names of the castle's commanders. Harthouwer decided that there was no way to send them ashore now, because the wind was too high and the sea too rough, and, in any case, his first duty was to complete his mission and rescue the Netherlanders in northern Taiwan, who might be starving to death. So he noted the events in his log and then gave the order to sail out of the bay.

But it seemed like the elements wanted him to stay. The wind blew harder and forced him back into the bay. This time he found thirty war junks there, and as he sailed in, one of them pulled up alongside his flagship. Its crew made threatening gestures, yelling that they must leave at once. He complied.

Once again the wind drove him into the bay. This time, as though he'd accepted that fate wanted him to stay, he sailed resolutely in, anchored where the waters were calmer, and dispatched the ship's launch toward the town with two of the shaven-headed refugees. As the little boat approached the beach, a crowd gathered. They seemed to be welcoming the men joyously.

Not everyone was so happy. A group of junks sailed out from a cove and advanced toward Harthouwer's ships. Two small vessels rowed right up close, filled with men, who began grabbing ropes as though they were going to climb aboard. They claimed they wanted to trade, but Harthouwer found their eagerness unnerving. When he realised they had long hair, he warned them to back off. They let go and rowed back, saying they'd come back to trade later. They didn't.

Shortly afterward, a wobbly boat see-sawed through the waves. The two refugees were back and had brought Manchu envoys, who said that the commander of Yongning was delighted and would love to meet with the Dutch. The envoys warned Harthouwer that the junks in the bay belonged to Koxinga and had been raiding and robbing. It seemed the Qing couldn't even control the waters right outside their own stronghold.

Harthouwer sent two Dutchmen to meet the local commander. Their names were Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewerck. Hurt was an assistant-merchant, the lowest rank of management in the Dutch East India Company. Clewerck was just an accountant. They thought this assignment would be quick, that they'd be back at their normal jobs by nightfall.

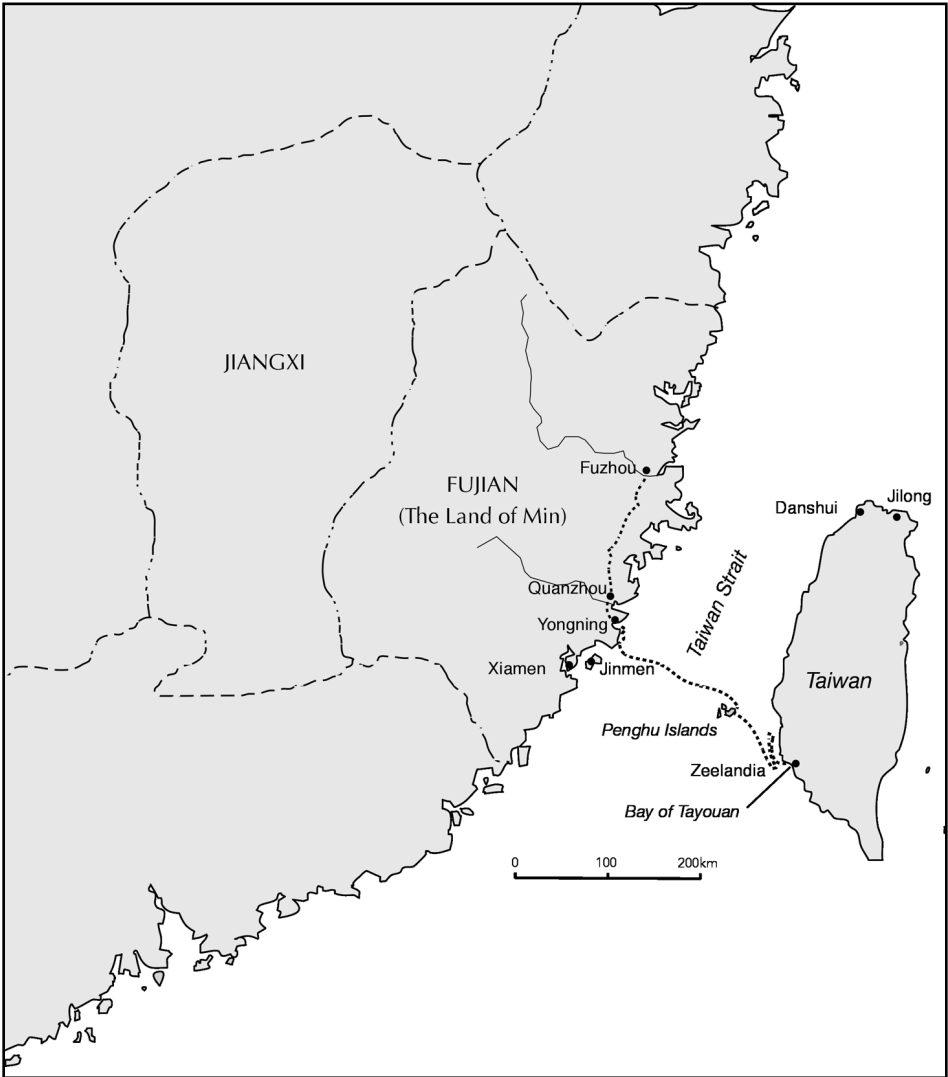
Yongning

As Hurt and Clewerck stepped onto the sand with their translator and white flag, they were greeted right away with the interest and alacrity that would characterise their visit as a whole. A detachment of horsemen had been sent out to meet them. They dismounted and welcomed them, offering their horses for the ride to town. Hurt and Clewerck demurred. The riders insisted, so the Dutchmen climbed into the strange saddles and were led along the beach toward the town walls.¹⁷

By Chinese standards this was a minor town, but to the Dutch it was imposing.¹⁸ The fortifications were extensive, with impressive battlements and shooting holes big enough for a man to stand up in. Outside the walls fishermen's huts and farmers' shacks rose in clusters, and beyond the town potato fields stretched for miles inland.

They rode through a dilapidated gate and into run-down streets. Women stared

Hurt and Clewerck's Voyage, map by the author



from doorways, children in their arms, and the townsmen seemed poor—dirty and foul-smelling, their hair worn Manchu-style, shaved in the front. The houses were strange, made from a mixture of stone and clay with odd elements mortared in, like shards of floor tiles and large rough rocks. In some streets half the buildings were in shambles, walls collapsing, red-tiled roofs caved in. The town had clearly been fought over, and the fighting must have gone street-to-street. Hurt and Clewerck didn't realise it but this town had been the site of a notorious massacre in 1647, when Manchus had stormed through and slaughtered thousands of people.¹⁹ There wasn't much sign of commerce—a few vegetable stands and fish stalls—which was disappointing, because Hurt and Clewerck would have liked to use this opportunity to lay the groundwork for regular trade in staples and, eventually, Chinese silk and porcelain.

The commander's residence stood deep within the walls and was much grander than the rest of the town. Its main receiving hall had tables arrayed for guests and there were tall stone statues with weapons arrayed in front, an exotic but pleasing exhibit.²⁰ The commander invited them to sit in chairs to his right, which they were told was an honour extended only to grandees and friends from afar. Tea was served and drunk, and Hurt and Clewerck presented modest gifts: some linens from Guinea, cloth from India, and an ivory chest that held a sundial, a compass, and a bottle of fine Spanish wine.²¹

Their translator wasn't very good, but they managed to thank the commander for letting them shelter in his bay and say that it would be helpful if they could call regularly in Manchu ports to buy supplies. This would help them fight Koxinga, their common enemy. Already, Hurt said, Koxinga had been weakened by Dutch victories in Taiwan and his force was half of what it had been. They suggested, as Harthouwer had instructed them to do, that perhaps the Dutch and Qing could work together. With one strong strike on the Chinese coast, Koxinga could be defeated for good.²²

The effect of this suggestion was immediate. The commander got out paper and a brush and began writing a letter to his superior, who was based in the prefectural capital of Quanzhou, several hours away. Once he finished, he asked Hurt and Clewerck to sign their names. They did. Then he had the idea of asking them to write a letter of their own. They did.²³

Afterwards, he served a meal, thirty or so servants bringing food and drink. It was probably the best food Hurt and Clewerck had had in months, but it ended in worry, because when they asked to go back to their ship, their host shook his head. This had been a mere snack, he said. His servants were even now working to prepare a suitable dinner, with wine and entertainment so they could "be happy together". They must stay the night, he said. He insisted on it. They could go back to their ship tomorrow morning, once he'd received a reply from his superiors in Quanzhou. Hurt and Clewerck explained that Harthouwer had been very clear in his instructions: they were supposed to return to their ship that afternoon so the expedition could get underway again immediately, before the northern winds got any stronger. But no, their host said, the feast has already been paid for. He'd done it just for them. It would be impolite to leave. And, he said, if they left they might not come back, and he'd get in trouble with his superiors, who would think the Dutch had only come to spy.

He laid it on pretty thick. The Dutchmen assented, writing a nervous little letter to Harthouwer: “We tried demurring time after time, politely, but ultimately, for the good of the Honourable Company, we felt we couldn’t turn him down, and so we expect we’ll see you tomorrow.”²⁴

Their enjoyment of the evening—when alcohol and food flowed freer than they’d had it for five months—was marred by the letter Harthouwer sent back: “We weren’t at all pleased to hear that you’ve stayed on land, because we don’t know what might happen to us in this bay, there being lots of junks that might attack.”²⁵

They awoke at dawn the next day to unsettling news: the “Great Mandarin of Quanzhou” insisted on their coming to see him at once. There were fast conferrals with Harthouwer, who reluctantly agreed that they must go. But, he said, you must make sure you’re back on board tomorrow evening.²⁶ The commander of Yongning said that wouldn’t be a problem, and so the two clerks found themselves part of a procession, trotting out of the town gates accompanied by twenty Qing horsemen in fine dress, with a richly-garbed official to guide them.²⁷

Quanzhou

The party made its way through fields of sweet potato farms and miles of rice paddies interspersed with numerous villages. At dusk they came to the Jin River, wide and shallow, which they crossed via a long, ancient bridge made of huge slabs of stone, each piece twenty or thirty feet long.²⁸ But when they reached the city the gates were already closed. They had to spend the night in a guesthouse so exposed to the north wind that they couldn’t sleep.

Early the next morning, their arrival in Quanzhou became a parade. Throngs of people followed along vying for a glimpse. Finally, deep within the city, they came to a grand building. They were led through various rooms into a hall where a man sat cross-legged on a velvet cushion, a line of advisors sitting in like fashion on his left. They bowed before him European-style and stood for a moment. A mat was spread on the ground and they were told to sit. They sat. People seemed to be waiting for something. Music played, announcing the arrival of a man they were told was the second-in-command. He made a grand entrance, with a large coterie and much pomp and circumstance.

The interview started. Hurt and Clewerck said they’d sailed into the Yongning Bay to bring home four Manchu subjects, whom the Dutch had rescued from Koxinga’s claws, and they decided that since they were here they might as well try to enter into friendship with the Qing, to see whether it might be possible to buy provisions in Qing ports and perhaps coordinate in the war against Koxinga, attacking him from two sides at once. Really, they said, this was just an initial query. They had to get back to their ship, so they could go rescue their compatriots.

To their consternation, the man said they couldn’t go back. Instead they would have to proceed immediately to the City of Fuzhou to see his superior, the Viceroy of Fujian Province. They protested, saying they had no authorisation to go any farther, that they were expected back that very evening. They weren’t prepared for a visit to such an august personage as the viceroy. We don’t, they said, even have enough clothes to “beautify our naked bodies”.²⁹ The man tried to calm them,

saying that it was just three day's journey. They kept protesting, but he stopped listening.

They were led away to a large house where, they were told, *grandeos* took their pleasure, and where they'd be spending the night. But there was no repose. Word had spread about the exotic visitors and everyone wanted to see them, to talk to them, to touch and poke and prod them. "There was such a ridiculous amount of pulling and grabbing at our clothes that we thought we'd have nothing intact left to wear."³⁰

The poking was interrupted by military officials who grilled them about Koxinga's forces: the size of his navy, the condition of his troops. How many ships did the Dutch have in Taiwan, and how many would be sent from Japan, from Batavia, and when would those ships arrive, and how many Dutch soldiers were on Taiwan, and how many cannons were in Zeelandia Castle? Hurt and Clewerck exaggerated Dutch troop strengths and inflated Dutch victories. When the officials got out a piece of paper and asked them to sketch a picture of Zeelandia Castle, they took a brush and drew it as best they could.

After the military men went away, the grabbers returned, pressing so thick and so close that, Hurt wrote, "we had trouble even breathing".³¹ The Dutchmen closed the door. The crowds broke through. They retreated into another room. The crowds burst in, clutching and tearing at their clothes. "This unpleasant visiting continued well into the night, and even then we weren't left alone by our bodyguards and translator and caretakers, and for dinner we were given very little to eat, which we blame only on the servants, because Their Excellencies had commanded otherwise."³²

The next morning they were told to get ready for the long trip to Fuzhou. Special conveyances had been prepared for them: covered palanquins, so they could sit in comfort and be carried by four men. Of course, their guides said, if they'd prefer to go by horseback they were welcome to. Horses would have been faster, but Hurt and Clewerck said they didn't want to create any difficulties and it was all the same to them so whatever their hosts would like would be fine. After a series of delays, their palanquins went bobbing slowly through the streets of Quanzhou.

Hurt and Clewerck were impressed by the roads, which were smooth and well-maintained, but they still made slow progress. They received invitations to dine and drink tea, and they felt they couldn't refuse. "They treated us with such extraordinarily great friendship, and we couldn't repay them except with our thanks."³³ Sometimes they were forced to undergo long, grand receptions. In one town (they called it Hingoughoe, which may correspond to Xinghua Fu, near Putian), they were welcomed by a company of soldiers standing at attention with pennants and weapons.³⁴ The top official invited them into his residence. They demurred. He insisted. He seated them up on his dais next to him and gave them tea and food. After two hours with him the tired Dutchmen were invited to the home of the second-in-command, and the invitation was proffered with such enthusiasm that they couldn't refuse.

He was keen to drink, "a business that these people are extraordinarily fond of",³⁵ and filled their cups again and again. "It all went to our head, and we could barely see out of our eyes."³⁶ The party lasted until at least midnight, but finally their host showed them to their cots, giving them "nice blankets and covers", so that finally,

heads reeling, they lay down to sleep, “which, honestly, we’d much rather have done than drink cup after cup of their bad drink”.³⁷

But they liked the Qing. “They’re a kind and sociable people, moderate in drink except when playing host.”³⁸ And they recorded their impressions: “They wear thick robes buttoned under the arms and on the right breast. For a hat they wear a coloured silk cap with a silk or fur decoration on top. Their heads are shaven bare except for the back, where they have a braid, which they roll up and fasten with a little pin. They wear their swords backwards, with the hilt behind, whereas we wear ours with the hilt in front.”³⁹

Hurt and Clewerck tried to hurry things along, relieved when there was no socialising to do, as when a local official was too sick in bed to greet them. They crossed over beautiful creeks and streams and cut through a land filled with rice paddies. They were impressed by the diligence of the farmers, who left no corner of land untended, although they were puzzled that a land this rich had so little livestock. The Dutch countryside was full of pigs and sheep and cows. Here they saw just oxen to pull ploughs and lots and lots of geese and chickens.

On the sixth day of this journey they’d been told would last three days they arrived at the Min River. On the other side they could see the huge city of Fuzhou, nestled against green mountains and surrounded by massive walls.

Fuzhou

Crossing the river by ferry, they passed through a stone gate with forts on either side, and they thought they’d entered Fuzhou, but they were told, to their wonderment and consternation, that they weren’t even in the main city yet.⁴⁰ On and on they were carried, along a straight and busy road that was so long that Hurt wrote, “we felt we’d never get to the end”.⁴¹ This was the commercial district called Nantai, which stretched out below Fuzhou proper.

Eventually they arrived at another river, which they called the lower river,⁴² on the other side of which rose the walls of Fuzhou proper. A huge fleet of war junks was moored below, sixty or so of them, some very large. They were told that this fleet was being prepared to attack Koxinga in conjunction with a large land force. Perhaps the Dutch would join in this attack with their powerful ocean ships.

As they were borne across a stone bridge, Hurt and Clewerck mused hopefully about Fuzhou’s potential for commerce. “The river is very deep where we crossed it, and it runs out to sea, about 11 Dutch miles or so. We believe that our ships would be able to enter it, because the junks we saw there are also quite large and are able to sail all the way out to sea.”⁴³

They were carried through one gate and then across a plaza and through another gate, through which they caught their first glimpse of Fuzhou proper. “It is”, wrote Hurt, “a beautiful, huge, pleasant city, with elegant buildings and extraordinary shops selling all kinds of goods and wares.”⁴⁴ It was also thickly populated. Crowds of “onlookers and clothes-pluckers” formed around them.

It was evening when they were finally led into a large, dark hall in a huge complex. A man sat cross-legged in a raised chair against one wall. He was Li Shuaitai, the governor-general of Fujian Province. To his left a row of advisors sat on the

ground. The Dutchmen doffed their hats and kowtowed three times.⁴⁵ Li told them to put their hats back on and approach him.

He looked at them carefully. Then he gave an order. His advisors stood, gathered their robes about them, and moved to his other side. Servants spread a rug where they'd been sitting and the Dutchmen were told to sit. A table was brought and set in front of Li, who began eating alone. When he finished they brought more tables and invited the guests to eat. Hurt and Clewerck must have seemed self-conscious eating with chopsticks, because Li told them not to be embarrassed, to eat according to their own fashion.⁴⁶

After dinner he brought out a model of a European ship and asked if that was the type of ship the Dutch had. Yes, they said. And then, "for fun or because he wanted to see if we spoke out of one mouth, as it were", he called for an African jester who spoke good Portuguese.⁴⁷ He was likely a former slave who'd escaped from the Portuguese enclave of Macau, in Southern China, near where Li Shuaitai had once been based. African servants were exotic status symbols in southern China. The man asked Hurt and Clewerck what nation they were and why they'd come, to which Hurt and Clewerck replied that they'd already told His Excellency and didn't see any need to repeat themselves.

Then Governor-General Li signalled that the interview was over. Tomorrow, he said, they'd meet the Viceroy of Fujian. That's when they'd be able to discuss trade.⁴⁸ Hurt and Clewerck were led to a horse stable, which they were told was to serve as their quarters for the night, and then, when they protested, to a room with no walls and then, after more protests, to a room "which was tiny, but had the advantage of freeing us from the press of curious crowds".⁴⁹

The next morning they were awakened early and told they must hurry and dress for their audience with His Highness the Viceroy of Fujian.⁵⁰ They hurried to get ready, and then went outside for their escorts, who would soon convey them to His Highness's palace. They were kept waiting. Soon they were surrounded by an assertive crowd that began undoing their preparations. "Our hats were taken off our heads. They grabbed at our daggers, shirts, stockings, shoes—everything that was attached to us, no matter how small. They would have taken everything we had if we hadn't prevented it with force. They kept at it, pulling and tearing, and our clothes became so threadbare that you could barely recognize the fabric".⁵¹

They were left "in this wolf-mouth" for an hour, and when they finally got underway again they were soon waylaid by mounted warriors in splendid costume who shrieked in terrifying voices that everyone must clear the streets.⁵² Hurt and Clewerck's escorts rushed them into a nearby house, from which they watched a scene of incredible ostentation: silk flags, golden staves dragging and beating against the ground, umbrellas held high aloft, calligraphic signs with incomprehensible admonitions, loud instruments wailing and crying. At the centre of the procession moved a beautiful covered palanquin bearing a mysterious personage. No one dared say anything until the whole procession was gone, but then they were told that it was the third most powerful person in the empire.⁵³ Hurt and Clewerck provide no Chinese or Manchu names for most of the people they met, so it's not clear who the man in the palanquin was.

Finally they arrived at the viceroy's palace and were led through room after room to a beautiful hall where His Highness sat alone on a golden chair. Ten similar chairs

stood empty to his right. The man on the throne was one of the most august personages in the empire, the Jingnan Prince Geng Jimao, a man whose family was one of the first Chinese families to join the Manchus and which had fought implacably against the Ming for decades. Now he was stationed in Fujian, with orders to work together with Li Shuaitai to root out Koxinga.

Hurt and Clewerck were late. They had no gifts or letters. Their clothes were in tatters. They kowtowed three times and were told to approach and sit on the bare floor below the throne.

The prince spoke. The translator translated: *You are Dutch, are you not? Yes,* replied Hurt and Clewerck. *I know you're speaking the truth,* he said, *because I've met your nation before—when I was stationed in Tonkin. Have either of you been in Tonkin? Your nation was there five years, is that not so? And who were the Dutchmen in charge there at that time?*

This was a strange line of questioning. Tonkin, a region we now call northern Vietnam, wasn't Manchu territory, and the Dutch had only had a marginal trading presence there. No one, to their knowledge, had ever met any Manchus there. It was odd, but Qing officials had been asking about Tonkin repeatedly, and each time the Dutchmen's answers seemed to confuse their hosts. In Quanzhou they'd been told, through their translator, that once, years before, white men had come through that city on their way to Beijing and that those white men had come from Tonkin.⁵⁴ It had seemed strange that their hosts identified them with white men from Tonkin. Hurt and Clewerck did their best to answer. They said they'd never been to Tonkin themselves, but as far as they knew the Dutch had traded there for ten or twelve years. They tried to remember the names of some of the Dutchmen who ran the trading post there: Keijser, de Voogt, Baron. The prince didn't seem satisfied with their answers.

What they didn't know is that their interpreter was mistranslating the term Tonkin. The officials were really asking about Guangzhou, one of China's most important seaports. The Dutch had sent a diplomatic mission to the Qing government in Guangzhou six years before, when both Prince Geng and Li Shuaitai had been stationed there. Since foreigners were hard to tell apart and always engaging in tricky ruses, he and his comrades wanted assurances that Hurt and Clewerck were from the same nation that had traded in Guangzhou. Hurt and Clewerck only realised the mistake after they'd returned and written up their report of the mission. We find it noted in the margin of their account, added after it had already been composed and copied at least once.⁵⁵

Despite the fact that their translator consistently mistranslated Guangzhou as Tonkin, the embassy ended on a promising note: Prince Geng proposed a grand alliance between the Qing Dynasty and the Netherlands. He told them about the great assault he and his generals were planning against Koxinga and said he hoped the Dutch could coordinate joint-action by sea.

Hurt and Clewerck said they were sure the Governor of Taiwan would be delighted to because naturally he wanted to do everything possible to reduce that scoundrel Koxinga to dust. "Our ships", they said, "are already cruising along the coast to destroy everything of Koxinga's that they can find, and Their Excellencies in Batavia will also doubtless send a large new fleet this coming year."⁵⁶

Hurt and Clewerck asked His Highness to send a letter to Coyet. He said he

would do so and so would Governor General Li Shuaitai. Then tea was served from a golden dispenser. After it was drunk His Highness signalled that the audience was over.

They'd done it. Despite having no gifts, despite their frayed (and probably smelly) clothes, despite having a translator who couldn't tell the difference between Viet Nam and China, they'd laid the groundwork for a momentous agreement. But they still had to get back to their ship before Harthouwer left them behind.

Taking Leave

Harthouwer had ordered them to stay on land for only one day and said he might have to leave them behind if they were late. Since then a whole week had passed, and they didn't like the idea of being stuck in this land of clothes-pluckers.

They were shocked to hear, soon after taking leave of the viceroy, that he expected them to stay in Fuzhou until he himself was ready to go south to strike against Koxinga. This was distressing news. Their escorts tried to reassure them by saying that the viceroy would be leaving in several days, but, Hurt wrote, "we knew well how such a journey would go—it couldn't be completed easily even in a month".⁵⁷ They passed an anxious night.

The next morning they were relieved to find that the idea of their waiting longer in Fuzhou had just been a rumor. Li Shuaitai saw them off, serving them warm tea, and giving them each a Manchu robe, which he urged them to put on right away. They did, although they later complained that the robes were "of poor quality".⁵⁸ A little boy came out, Li Shuaitai's son. Hurt and Clewerck gave him some silver coins, saying they wished they had more. Li Shuaitai gave them letters—one from him and one from Prince Geng. Then they said thank you and goodbye.

The trip back was less festive than the trip there. Li Shuaitai had promised fancy new covered palanquins to bear them back, but they never arrived; "sold", Hurt mused, "by his servants for their own profit".⁵⁹ They climbed into their old ones and started their voyage. On the way up they hadn't had to pay for anything. Now nothing was free, "and our hosts weren't nearly as liberal with the drink and food".⁶⁰ Sometimes the men who were supposed to host them hid from them instead, "afraid", wrote Hurt, "that we'd want a gift from them, as is their custom, because they'd promised us big presents when we passed through the first time, even though we'd said that we didn't want any gifts because all we really wanted was to have a good audience with His Highness the Viceroy".⁶¹ Each time they stopped for the evening their embarrassed guides would take them from house to house, only to be told at each doorway that no one was home. "But this didn't make us too sad", wrote Hurt, "because then we could keep on traveling like we wanted."⁶²

As a result they made good time and by the fifth day of their journey they crossed the famous Luoyang Bridge back into Quanzhou, where they ran into the man who'd started the whole adventure, the commander of Yongning. "As soon as he saw us he raised his hat to us in the Dutch way, although from much farther away, and greeted us so warmly that it was like we were family."⁶³ He said he'd come to Quanzhou to find out what was wrong and why they'd been gone so long, worried that maybe they'd been attacked by Koxinga's pirates or by tigers. He said David Harthouwer had been asking about them every day and was getting increasingly

frustrated. Hurt and Clewerck were relieved to hear that Harthouwer hadn't left yet and that they'd be able to see him the following day.

The next morning they were fetched from their lodgings and taken on horseback to a building on the outer wall of Quanzhou, where the commander had some business to finish. They found him yelling at a group of advisors. After the yelling stopped, he turned to them and hung silver medals round their necks inscribed in Chinese. They later complained that the medals "were so thin that they bent in the wind",⁶⁴ but they were happy to know that they'd soon be back in Yongning, just a few hours away by horse.

Their joy vanished when a messenger came and said Harthouwer's ships had left the bay. Harthouwer had sent a letter ashore before he left. "Honourable Sirs", he wrote,

we've been waiting with great longing for your return, but we see no sign of you nor any indication of an end to our waiting...and so duty compels us to end our long sojourn here and take up our journey again...We may be back, if forced by hard winds, but if not, you must stay here in this place... until the situation allows you to be picked up. Behave yourselves well and honourably so that no shame or trouble comes to our country or to the company.⁶⁵

The letter was accompanied by a chest with some money, although not much, so Harthouwer's letter instructed them to rely on Manchu hospitality and keep track of the costs so the company could reimburse their hosts later, adding that they should "live in moderation so that the costs do not add up too high".⁶⁶ He signed off with "your devoted friend", writing from the yacht *Hasselt*, lying "sail-ready" in front of the City of Yongning".⁶⁷

Hurt and Clewerck were just hours away from Yongning when they heard the bad news.⁶⁸ But then another messenger arrived. A single Dutch ship had returned and anchored in the bay. There was still hope.

They rushed through the bitter cold, passing people with big packs on their backs. They people said they were fleeing Yongning because Prince Geng's army was said to be arriving soon, and they were afraid the troops would occupy their homes and steal their things and rape their wives. Hurt and Clewerck reached the bay at dusk and were relieved to see Harthouwer's flagship standing in the bay, its pennants blowing stiff in the wind. The sight, Hurt wrote, "brought us no little joy".⁶⁹ The waters were too rough to row out, so they passed an uneasy night, still worried that the *Hasselt* might leave.

But it was there in the morning, and as soon as they could they rowed out through the surf, along with an increasingly queasy Qing official who'd accompanied them from Fuzhou. Harthouwer welcomed them aboard and greeted the official with all the respect and honour he could muster, ordering the cannons fired three times in salute as the man, who was now quite green in the face, handed Harthouwer the letters from Prince Geng and Li Shuaitai.⁷⁰ After this the man expressed an earnest desire to leave. He was given a gift of a telescope and some fine cloth and rowed back to shore.⁷¹

Hurt and Clewerck showed their comrades their thin robes and tinny medals. They told their stories, excusing themselves for not providing more details about the

land and the people. They didn't have any pen or paper with them, they said, and had only been able to scrounge a few scraps of Chinese paper here and there for notes.⁷²

An Odd Alliance

The accidental embassy had ended well. "We thanked God", wrote Hurt, "that... despite the fact that we appeared there in such a humble state everything turned out in the end to such a wished-for result."⁷³ None of it would have happened if bad weather hadn't forced their ship ashore, and they wouldn't have been able to report on it if bad weather hadn't forced Harthouwer to return to the bay, because he didn't return on their account. He came back only because the wind was too stiff and the waves too strong to continue northwards.

Bad weather nearly overturned the ship as it sailed back toward Taiwan,⁷⁴ but they made it, and the inhabitants of Zeelandia Castle were overjoyed by the "delightful and unexpected news".⁷⁵

The governor of Taiwan read the letter from Prince Geng with excitement: *It is known throughout the world what magnificent deeds the Hollanders have achieved in warfare. In helping destroy and extirpate this villainous pirate, your achievement will be written of in the histories for all time and your people will be even more famous. In the near future my captain-general Li Shuwaitai and I will enter the pirate's land to attack and destroy him wherever possible, which I tell you now so that you can send your navy by sea to launch a coordinated attack. Thus with one blow we can end this war.*⁷⁶

This was heady stuff. If the Dutch could cooperate effectively with the Qing, they might be able to turn the war around and defeat Koxinga. And the rewards of successful cooperation might be immense: *Once we've won this battle together, Prince Geng wrote, we will tout [the Dutch] role above our own, and you will be celebrated by the emperor himself and richly rewarded.*

The governor of Taiwan sent a fleet to rendezvous with the Manchus in Yongning, but when it got halfway across, a storm struck it. Its admiral decided "it was no use to fight against heaven, weather, and wind any longer".⁷⁷ He gave the order to turn back, and his ship was driven far to the south, four feet of water sloshing in the hold.⁷⁸ "Thus", he wrote, "our great undertaking to go to the coast of China has come to nothing and had to be abandoned, to the great detriment of the company and the besieged in Taiwan."⁷⁹

The admiral blamed the weather, but others blamed him. The governor of Taiwan would later write that the admiral had "betrayed his mission", a judgment echoed by others in the company administration and accepted by many historians.⁸⁰ But it seems from the admiral's logbook that it really was a severe storm.⁸¹ Thus, bad weather both inaugurated the relationship, bringing Harthouwer's ship to Yongning, and endangered it, by keeping the Dutch admiral from making the rendezvous with the Manchus.

Yet the following year, in 1662, the Dutch were back to try again. Koxinga had captured Taiwan, but they were determined to seek revenge and, perhaps, regain the island for themselves.⁸² A Dutch fleet arrived on China's coast in the summer of 1662, eager to take up the alliance. It encountered diplomatic and bureaucratic

delays and ultimately returned to Batavia, but it was back the following year (1663), and this time the Dutch and the Qing made good on their alliance.

Together they attacked Koxinga's bases in mainland China, winning resounding victories. The Dutch ships with their powerful cannon proved devastating to the Chinese fleets they opposed, allowing Qing forces to land and capture the bases that had defied them for nearly twenty years. Li Shuaitai thanked the Dutch admiral for his help: "I watched your ships from a mountain top and rejoiced to see how, with their thundering cannon, they made the rebel ships flee...I shall not delay to inform the emperor quickly, by special post, of the services you have done for the Empire, saying that the Hollanders are brave and daring in their attacks on our mutual enemy."⁸³

Thus, the little impromptu embassy of 1661 had borne fruit. Dutch seamen were fighting alongside the Tartars, as they called them. It had been such an unpromising embassy, and Hurt and Clewerck had managed so much only because they were lucky. Indeed, there's evidence that some of the Qing officials they met—particularly, I would suggest, Li Shuaitai—were disappointed in Hurt and Clewerck. Certainly their good treatment ended after they met with him, for from that point forward they slept in poorer quarters, had to pay their way, and generally met with less enthusiastic receptions. Maybe he'd been led to expect a true diplomatic delegation rather than this threadbare, giftless pair with their bad translator.

On the other hand, it's possible that it was the very humility of the legation that helped it succeed. In contrast to official embassies, there was no wrangling about honour and precedence, no perceived slights to Dutch sovereignty or challenges to Sinocentric protocol. Hurt and Clewerck knew they were bit players and acted with corresponding meekness, sitting on the floor where they were told, drinking what was proffered, bowing as instructed. They behaved themselves—in Chinese terms—better than the more august personages who took part in official Dutch embassies, who, after all, had their country's honour to defend. It's possible that this modesty worked in Hurt and Clewerck's favour.

Of course, the most important factor was the timing. Geng Jimao was tasked with defeating Koxinga and was understandably worried about his enemy's naval power. He immediately recognised the opportunity offered by the Dutchmen's visit. Although he met reluctance from the central court in Beijing, he and Li Shuaitai pushed through the paperwork to allow the alliance to take shape.

Yet this atmosphere of geopolitical urgency subsided after Li Shuaitai and the Dutch defeated Koxinga's organisation and ousted it from its Chinese bases. The Qing, having achieved their goal, became less interested in the alliance and less interested in the Dutch.

In the mid-1660s, the alliance unravelled. The Dutch were indignant at what they called "Tartar Perfidy". Prince Geng and Li Shuaitai became angrier and angrier at the Dutch. There were disputes about trading and about debts. There were strong words. There was yelling. There was violence. Jack Wills explores it all in compelling detail.⁸⁴

Yet the dissolution of this unlikely alliance shouldn't lead us to dismiss the ragtag embassy that inaugurated it in 1661. The other embassies were larger and grander and longer, involving voyages all the way to Beijing, and they had a greater effect

on mutual understandings and misunderstandings, resulting in the publication of great tomes and accounts.⁸⁵ But the 1661 voyage by these two unlikely ambassadors who just happened to be in the right place at the right time was a key event in early Dutch-Qing relations, catalysing the alliance that, for a short time, linked two seemingly disparate peoples from opposite sides of the world.

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Notes

* Tonio Andrade (History, Ph.D., Yale University, 2001) specialises in the history of Taiwan and maritime Asia. His first book, *How Taiwan Became Chinese* (Columbia University Press, 2008; Chinese translation, The Yuanliu Press, 2007) focuses on the early history of Taiwan. His second book, *Lost Colony: The Untold Story of Europe's First War with China* (Princeton University Press, in press, 2011), explores the European military revolution with data from East Asia. He teaches Chinese and world history at Emory University.

1 Wills, *Pepper, Guns, and Parleys*; Idem, *Embassies and Illusions*.

2 Rahusen-de Bruyn Kops, "Not Such an 'Unpromising Beginning'", 536.

3 Ibid., 536. She argues that the embassy was successful because it laid the groundwork for the trade and military cooperation of the 1660s. This is true, but the alliance and its concomitant trade were catalysed by the accidental embassy of 1661.

4 Corte aantijking van t geene Melchior Hurdt en Jacob Cleweriq naar de vermaarde stadt Hoksieuw doort landt van China is voorgevallen, 16 October 1661 to 3 November 1661, NA VOC 1235: 959v-74. (Henceforth referred to as Hurt and Clewerk, Corte aantijking.) This is contained in Dagregister gehouden bij den coopman David Harthouwer, op zijn reijze als commissaris van Tayouan naar Quelang ende Tamsuij sedert den 28 September 1661 tot den 6 November daaraanvolgende, NA VOC 1235: 935-75. (Henceforth referred to as Harthouwer, Dagregister.) A much abridged and less detailed version of this account is contained in *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, E: 652-64.

5 For more on the siege of Nanjing, see the authoritative treatment of Struve, *The Southern Ming*, esp. 180-90. See also Liao, "Yan ping wang bei zheng". Cf. An, "Qing Zheng Nanjing zhan yi".

6 For more on the Dutch colony of Taiwan, see

Andrade, *How Taiwan Became Chinese*.

7 For more on Koxinga's conquest of Taiwan, see Andrade, "A Chinese Farmer", and Idem, "Did Zheng Chenggong".

8 Resolution of the Council of Formosa, 21 September 1661, NA VOC 1238: 543.

9 *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, V. 4 D: 793; Resolutions of the Council of Formosa, 26 November 1661, NA VOC 1238: 580.

10 Resolutions of the Council of Formosa, 5 October 1661, NA VOC 1238: 552; *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, V. 4, D: 801.

11 The presence of fishermen comes from Harthouwer, Dagregister, fo. 943.

12 Instructie voor den coopman David Harthouwer vertrekkende als commissaris naar Tamsiu en Quelang, 26 September 1661, NA VOC 1235: 838-841.

13 *Getartariseerde Chinesen*. Harthouwer, Dagregister, 50-51.

14 Dagregister gehouden bij den commandeur Cauw beginnende 5 Julij 1661 en eindigende 3 Februarij 1662, NA VOC 1240:1-213, 67.

15 Instructie voor den coopman David Harthouwer vertrekkende als commissaris naar Tamsiu en Quelang, 26 September 1661, NA VOC 1235: 838-41, fo. 840. The phrase I translate so clumsily is "welcke tot blijlich betuyging onser goede genegentheit".

16 I refer to the bay as Yongning Bay, but its Chinese name is Shenhu Bay.

17 *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, V. 4, E: 652.

18 The following description of this town is taken from two sources, from Harthouwer's own impressions, when he visited it a week later (Harthouwer, Dagregister, 954-5) and from Hurt and Clewerk's description, in Hurt and Clewerk, Corte aantijking, 959-60. There is also a passage in *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, V. 4, E: 649-51.

19 *Biecheng fen zhi qing xi Zhang shi jia pu xu*, cited in Li, p. 326, footnote.

20 *Zeelandia Dagregisters* 4, E: 650.

21 Cloth from India = *salempoeris*. The sundial (*sonwijser*) might actually have been a sextant.

22 Melchior Hurt's journal doesn't mention the

- precise contents of the conversation, but we can guess from the instructions that Harthouwer painstakingly wrote out for him and Clewerck: Bericht en memorie voor d Srs Melkior Hurt ende Jacob Clewerik gaande als expresse gecomitteerden aande Tartarischen Gouverneur der stadt Inglingh Thia genaemt, 16 October 1661, NA VOC 1235: 945-7.
- 23 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 960v.
- 24 Letter from Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewijk to David Harthouwer, Yongning, 16 October 1661, NA VOC 1235: 947.
- 25 Letter from David Harthouwer to Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewijk, the yacht *Hasselt*, Yongning Bay, 16 October 1661, NA VOC 1235: 947v.
- 26 The conferrals occurred on board Harthouwer's flagship. Hurt and Clewerck had rowed quickly back and then returned to land in haste. Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 961v.
- 27 The description of the departure comes from Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, but the number of horsemen (20) comes from Harthouwer's journal, told to Harthouwer by the ship's surgeon, who witnessed their departure from Yongning. Harthouwer, Dagregister, fo. 949.
- 28 This was probably the Shunji Bridge, which had been built at the beginning of the thirteenth century but was dismantled in 2006 after flooding caused a partial collapse. Hurt and Clewerck refer to the stone as "blauwe sarcksteen". *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, V. 4, E: 653-4.
- 29 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 963.
- 30 Ibid., fo. 963v.
- 31 Ibid., fo. 964v.
- 32 Ibid.
- 33 Ibid., fo. 965v.
- 34 Ibid., fo. 966v. Xinghua fu. Thanks to Jack Wills for helping decipher the Dutch translation.
- 35 Ibid., fo. 966v.
- 36 Ibid. fo. 966v. I changed this to the plural. In the original it's "so that I could scarcely see out of my eyes". I'm still not sure who authored the piece. I'm ninety per cent sure it's Melchior Hurt, but there's no way to be sure.
- 37 Ibid.
- 38 Ibid.
- 39 Ibid.
- 40 Ibid., fo. 967.
- 41 Ibid.
- 42 voor rivier.
- 43 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 967v.
- 44 Ibid., fo. 971.
- 45 I'm assuming that the "low bows" of the manuscript are actually kowtows, as this seems most likely.
- 46 The manuscript here is damaged, so I'm not totally sure what it precisely says. Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 968.
- 47 The man was described as a "caffer die soo't scheen voor geck diende". Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 968v.
- 48 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 968v.
- 49 Ibid.
- 50 Ibid.
- 51 Ibid., fo. 969.
- 52 Ibid.
- 53 Ibid., fo. 969-9v.
- 54 Letter from Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewijk to David Harthouwer, Quanzhou, China, 16 October 1661, NA VOC 1235: 947.
- 55 Harthouwer figured out that the governor-general of Fujian Province—the man Hurt and Clewerck were on their way to visit—had previously been stationed in Guangzhou while Hurt and Clewerck were still on their way, while he was at anchor waiting for them. Harthouwer, Dagregister, fo. 952v.
- 56 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 970.
- 57 Ibid., fo. 970v.
- 58 Ibid., fo. 971.
- 59 Ibid., fo. 971v.
- 60 Ibid., fo. 972.
- 61 Ibid., fo. 972v.
- 62 Ibid.
- 63 Ibid., fo. 973.
- 64 Ibid., fo. 973v.
- 65 Letter from David Harthouwer to Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewerck, Yongning (Inglingh) Bay, 30 October 1661, Harthouwer, Dagregister, fo. 956v-7v.
- 66 Letter from David Harthouwer to Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewerck, Yongning (Inglingh) Bay, 30 October 1661, Harthouwer, Dagregister, fo. 957.
- 67 Letter from David Harthouwer to Melchior Hurt and Jacob Clewerck, Yongning (Inglingh) Bay, 30 October 1661, Harthouwer, Dagregister, fo. 957v-

- 68 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 973.
- 69 Ibid., fo. 974.
- 70 Harthouwer, Daghregister, fo. 959.
- 71 Ibid.
- 72 Hurt and Clewerck, Corte aanteykening, fo. 974.
- 73 Ibid.
- 74 Harthouwer, Daghregister, fo. 975v.
- 75 The quote's from Daghregister gehouden bij den commandeur Cauw beginnende 5 Julij 1661 en eijndigende 3 Februarij 1662, NA VOC 1240:1-213, 167.
- 76 Translaet missive geschreven door den vice-roy in Hocsieuw genaemt Tsinglamongh aen den here gouverneur Fredrick Coyett ontfangen met den Edele David Harthouwer, in *Zeelandia Dagregisters*, 4, E: 663-4.
- 77 Daghregister gehouden bij den commandeur Cauw beginnende 5 Julij 1661 en eijndigende 3 Februarij 1662, NA VOC 1240:1-213, 203.
- 78 Ibid., NA VOC 1240:1-213, 205-6.
- 79 Ibid., NA VOC 1240:1-213, 206.
- 80 Molewijk, 't *Verwaerloosde Formosa*, 149. As for historians' opinions about Cauw, see for example Campbell, *Formosa under the Dutch*, 73; Manthorpe, *Forbidden Nation*, 78-9; Mostert, "Chain of Command"; Beerens, "Formosa verwaarloosd", 50.
- 81 Daghregister gehouden bij den commandeur Cauw beginnende 5 Julij 1661 en eijndigende 3 Februarij 1662, NA VOC 1240:1-213, 205-6.
- 82 For more on Koxinga's conquest of Taiwan, see my upcoming book, *Lost Colony: The Untold Story of Europe's First War with China* (Princeton University Press, in press, 2011).
- 83 Letter from Li Shuaitai to Balthasar Bort, 20 November 1663, cited in Wills, *Pepper Guns, and Parleys*, 73. (Original in NA VOC 1244: 2604v-2605v). (I've changed Wills's translation slightly.)
- 84 Wills, *Pepper, Guns, and Parleys*, chs. 2-4.
- 85 See, for example, Rahusen-de Bruyn Kops, 535-536.