An English Girl in Japan

by

Ellen Hurt Bennett.

Rev. Bixby

50

Yours Ever –

Ella M. Hart Bennett.

March 23rd

Nassau –

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN JAPAN

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A LITTLE NASAN APPEARED.

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AN ENGLISH GIRL IN JAPAN

BY

ELLA M. HART BENNETT

SECOND EDITION

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TO

MY FRIEND MARY

A SOUVENIR

OF MANY PLEASANT DAYS

'Though wide the ocean now dividing us,
Ne'er let its waters separate our souls.'

(*Japanese quotation.*)

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

THE following sketches of life in Japan and the voyage there and back are taken from a diary which I kept during my travels.

Since writing my little book of personal reminiscences, which, thanks to indulgent readers and kind friends, is now republished in a second edition, many and great changes have taken place in the Far East.

Japan has now become a great Power—not only in the East, but also in the West. It is *little* Japan no longer; or, rather, its greatness is now understood and acknowledged by all the world. Western civilization has taken a firm hold on the Japanese people. They have been rapidly adopting, and, in fact, improving on, Western methods, customs, and manners. The fear of the globe-trotter of to-day is whether he will be in time to see the Japan of his dreams and of romance, before this great Western wave of progress and reform has divested the Land of the Rising Sun of its quaint originality and fascinating charm.

E. H. B.

1906.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

THE following sketches of life in Japan and the voyage there and back are taken from a diary which I kept during my travels.

As Japan and its wonderful little people have come so much before the world during the last few years, and especially at this time are one of the chief factors in the crisis in the Far East, I thought that these reminiscences and anecdotes taken from real life might be of interest.

I am indebted to the editors of the *Cornhill*, *Sketch*, *Sunday*, and the *Buenos Aires Standard* for the reproduction of some of the following sketches.

1904. ELLA HART BENNETT.

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An English Girl in Japan

CHAPTER I

ON THE WAY

I start on my travels—A fair Theosophist—Life on an American liner—Arrival at New York—Delmonico's—The Hotel Waldorf—Niagara Falls—Across the Lakes—The prairies—A quiet Sunday.

THE visit to the Far East, where my father had business in Japan, was taken when I was only eighteen. Being an only child, I had been his constant companion since the death of my mother nine years previously. I was never sent to school, and, after a succession of governesses, my education was put into the hands of the old bachelor Rector of our parish, whose ideas as to what a girl ought to know were somewhat peculiar. However, in other ways

I had more practical knowledge of life than was usual for one of my age, as my father discussed subjects of all kinds with me freely; and I grew up to take interest in topics of the day, in animal life of all kinds, and in my garden, of which I was very proud.

Until the last moment I feared something might occur to prevent our going; and it seemed almost too good to be true to think I was actually to see the country from where my father had brought so many beautiful curios on his former visit, and which I had always heard spoken of as an earthly paradise.

However, the day of departure came at last, and after many preparations and tearful farewells from the two old servants, who were to keep house for us during our absence, we started—two planet pilgrims bound for the Land of the Rising Sun.

I have always disliked books of travel with dates describing the day and hour when the writer did this or that, and giving minute descriptions of food, climate, feelings, etc. I don't think it is in the least amusing to read that on Monday, the 26th, the heroine was seasick, and on the 30th, at 6 p.m., was able to enjoy roast mutton and pudding. Or that she landed on such a day at such a place, and exactly how she spent each hour. I have decided only to write about the events and experiences which have most impressed me during my travels, and to describe as well as I can the characteristics of the people that I came across.

We sailed from Southampton in the *Paris*, a huge American liner of 12,000 tons, more like a floating hotel than a ship. My first impressions of life on board were not altogether enjoyable, as we started in a gale, and I own to more than once wishing myself back again in Old England. However, in a couple of days the weather calmed down, and I soon recovered my sea-legs, and was able once again to enjoy life.

There were a good number of passengers of every description and nationality on board—a theatrical company, Mr. Carnegie (the millionaire), the late Dr. Barnardo, Mrs. Annie Besant, a foreign Ambassador and a Colonial Governor, besides many other well-known people. Mrs. Besant was accompanied by two Indian Mahatmas, who were the objects of much interest. They spent the greater part of their time together, reclining in long deck-chairs, with pillows behind their heads, and covered up to their chins with thick rugs. Sometimes they lay for hours, hand in hand, with closed eyes; at other times they talked earnestly in low tones. One Indian was very short and fat, the other long and thin, with snake-like movements and curious piercing eyes. They had thick black hair down to their shoulders, little red caps with tassels on their heads, and long, rusty black frock-coats and white trousers—a truly remarkable pair. I overheard the fat one remark to Mrs. Besant that before they could disintegrate and assume their astral shapes it was

necessary to abstain from food for twelve hours, when their bodies would be in a fit state to soar. The fat little man must evidently have made up for his abstinence at other times, judging from his portly appearance. We were told that the trio were going to lecture on Theosophy in Chicago, and, after some little persuasion, Mrs. Besant consented to give a lecture on board. Over three hundred of the passengers assembled in the saloon, and the fair Theosophist held us fascinated for more than an hour. She spoke very quietly, but with intense earnestness, in a rich, deep voice, with hardly a moment's pause. The subject was evolution, and the manner in which the soul passes from one body to another, either getting higher and more spiritual, or deteriorating and becoming more animal.

One of the audience got up and asked for the proofs of Buddhism being superior to other religions, others followed suit, and the discussion became somewhat heated, until the chairman, Mr. Carnegie, restored order by saying that we were not at a debating society, but that Mrs. Besant having been persuaded to speak for our pleasure and entertainment, he thought the least we could do was to listen with respectful attention, if not agreeing with the subject in question. (Loud applause.)

The remainder of the voyage passed in the usual way—sports, tournaments, concerts, the daily lottery on the run—the prize number being sometimes worth between thirty and forty pounds.

Various other amusements were arranged by enterprising passengers and officers of the ship.

We were fortunate in arriving at New York up to time—in five days and a half—as the week before the mails had been delayed by a severe cyclone, from the effects of which New York was still suffering. On landing at the Custom House the scene of confusion baffled description. We luckily possessed a pass, so had not to open our trunks, but it seemed hours before our thirty-five boxes and packages were collected together. Meanwhile, I sat waiting on one of my boxes until my patience was quite exhausted.

My father had engaged rooms at the Hotel Waldorf, where we found a most charming suite had been reserved for us. Each set of rooms in the hotel is furnished in a different style—one Indian, one Japanese, another Egyptian, and a special honeymoon suite, all pink, blue, and Cupids. This hotel —probably the most luxurious in the world—was built by Mr. Astor, the millionaire, costing £400,000, and £200,000 to furnish. The State-rooms, fitted up for the Prince of Wales, who never went there after all, are magnificent. The walls are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and all the dinner-service is of solid silver. I was particularly fascinated with the winter garden, which resembles a huge conservatory, with fountains, palms, and little tables dotted about. A string band played there every evening, and I saw a number of smartly-dressed American women and girls, as well as men, enjoying their favourite American

drinks. I was not content until I had sampled a 'corpse reviver,' drinking it through a long straw, but I cannot say the result was altogether satisfactory.

Everything about New York interested me immensely after the quiet country life I had led at home. The crowds in the streets, the bustle, the electric-cars and overhead railways, were at first bewildering. We were given a box at the Opera Comique to see 'Panjandrum,' and there I saw several American society beauties. The girls reminded me much of Dana Gibson's charming drawings. The men seemed insignificant in comparison; but it is said they make ideal husbands, which is an important consideration.

After the theatre we went to a 'roof garden,' going up by lift to the top of a large building, and through a door on to the roof. This had been converted into a Café Chantant—plants, chairs, a small stage, and a restaurant, all lit up with little coloured lamps. It was very amusing, and a delightful way of spending a hot evening, as, although the end of September, the weather in New York was still sultry.

Before returning to the hotel, my father took me to Delmonico's, the famous New York restaurant, where we had an excellent supper, beginning with hot, soft-shell crabs—a very favourite dish in America. They are just like our crabs, but the shells are quite soft and crisp, and one eats shell, legs, and all. Mrs. Besant and her two Mahatmas were sitting at a table near us. They had evidently no immediate

intention of assuming their astral shapes, to judge by the number of dishes which were placed before them and were carried away empty. A precocious little American girl of about ten was having supper with her 'poppa' and 'momma' at the table next to us. Between the intervals of eating she placed her elbows on the table, brandishing aloft her knife and fork, and made comments on the people round in a loud, nasal voice. After some especially indiscreet remark about the long, thin Indian, who turned and looked at her with a melancholy gleam in his snake-like eye, 'momma' exclaimed in equally strident tones: 'I guess, Jemima, you had better keep your remarks to your own *in*side, and not make them public, or you'll get yourself *dis*liked—say?' For a few moments Jemima remained silent, but soon began again.

The next morning I was awakened to find a negro standing by my bedside with a tray in his hands. He stood motionless in an attitude of attention, his feet well turned out, a broad grin showing his white teeth, apparently awaiting my commands. After receiving my orders, he departed with another low bow, still smiling. Most of the house-work is done in America by negroes, who are very quick and willing.

After three delightful but most fatiguing days in New York, spent in sight-seeing, we left by the night train for Niagara. I shall never forget my first impressions of those wonderful Falls, which even

exceeded my expectations, they are so indescribably beautiful and impressive.

After lunch at the hotel where we were to stay the night, we walked to various points on the American side, and at each the view seemed more beautiful than the last. The Niagara River divides and forms three islands. On one side are the American Falls; on the other, over a large suspension-bridge, are the Canadian Horseshoe Falls. I persuaded my father to take me down under the latter. We were first both arrayed in a complete set of oilskins—coat, long boots, and pointed hood—and presented most comical figures. A guide led the way, as the path in places was very steep and slippery. At one spot the water poured down on us like a shower-bath, and it required some strength of mind not to turn back; but when we had once started we were determined to see all. We came to a tunnel, lighted by lanterns, where the water dripped from the roof and walls, forming deep puddles, through which we plunged; and I was glad to find myself in the daylight again, safe and sound. The sunshine on the water produced a rainbow at both Falls—a most beautiful sight on the white foam.

Almost more impressive, if possible, than the Falls are the whirlpool rapids, which we visited next morning — the place where Captain Webb was drowned, and where only lately a foolhardy woman lost her life attempting to cross in a cask. The cask reached its destination safely, after some hours'

buffeting with the current, but when opened, the woman was found dead.

I can only liken the scene to a tremendous storm on a rocky coast, as the waves dashed over the rocks, throwing up foam and spray high into the air, whilst the thunder of the water was deafening. The cliffs on either side of the river were covered with grass and trees growing to the water's edge, calm and peaceful—a striking contrast to the Rapids and their ceaseless tumult.

From Niagara we went by train and boat to Toronto. On our arrival at the hotel we found five reporters sitting in the hall awaiting us, ready to pounce on my father, who, being well known in the literary world, was doomed to be victimized. In vain did my unfortunate parent remind them it was past nine o'clock, that we had had no dinner, and having only that evening made our first acquaintance with the delights of Canada, it was impossible fully to do justice either to himself or the country. All was of no avail; a long string of questions had to be answered before we were permitted to depart in peace, and the next morning in all the leading papers appeared wonderful and totally untrue accounts of our family history, appearance, and sentiments.

From Owen Sound we went by steamboat across Lake Huron and Lake Superior to Port William, which is in connection with the Canadian-Pacific Railway. The lake scenery is very beautiful, and was a pleasant change after the dusty train. We

were three hours passing through the lock which divides the two lakes. As the steamboats are run on strictly temperance principles, and no wine or spirit of any description allowed on board—although we were fed with such dainties as frogs' legs and soft-shell crab—the excitement was great on seeing a little shanty by the lock where home-brewed beer could be obtained. There was a frantic rush on shore, and the little inn must have reaped a harvest that day. Whilst waiting at the lock I was much interested in seeing large quantities of timber floating over the rapids, having come downstream hundreds of miles from the Canadian forests. The wood is caught by huge nets made of chains, and just by the side of the lock is a storage depot, where the timber is collected and cut into planks. We had some excellent lake trout for dinner, and in the evening watched the northern lights, which illuminated the sky far into the night.

The next morning we left Port William, a quaint little town which had only been in existence three years, but already boasted of a church and good shops and houses, and started westward on our four days' train journey to Vancouver. During the first twenty-four hours we passed through the prairies, a vast stretch of yellow plain, with its deep purple shadows, looking terribly desolate, but yet fascinating in its loneliness. Here and there were prairie fires—some still smouldering, others which had left only their charred and blackened marks behind them.

We passed many little settlements and farms—one farm was a hundred miles in size—and an immense quantity of wheat is grown in this district. At each station are huge elevators, and the grain is sucked up into them through tubes by means of compressed air at marvellous rapidity. It was harvest-time when we passed, but, being Sunday, none of the men were at work. It seemed quite pathetic to see lines of buggies and cars waiting outside some of the little settlement churches, and as we passed we saw many of the settlers riding and driving to and from service. Some must have come very long distances. At one place, far away from any dwelling, there was a little cemetery—just a dozen white stones and one little cross standing out against the sky—only divided by a rough wooden rail from the rest of the prairie. In winter the country is covered with snow to a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and the occupants of the farms have to dig their way out, leaving only the front-door exposed. We saw large herds of cattle and horses, but the buffalo is almost extinct. He, as well as the Indian, seems to disappear as civilization advances.

There are still some Indians left, however, and we passed several encampments. Their wigwams looked more picturesque than comfortable, composed of mud and sticks. The few specimens we saw were miserable-looking creatures. The women's cheeks were painted a bright brick-red, long matted hair hung over their shoulders, and their costumes

consisted of the most extraordinary collection of old rags and finery imaginable. They seemed quite harmless, but were much alarmed when I attempted to snap-shot them, and slunk away, evidently warning the others against us. The papooses, fastened like little mummies to their mothers' backs, had some of them quaint, almost pretty, faces, but looked horribly dirty and uncomfortable, swathed tightly in their filthy rags.

The violent rocking of the train, the dust, the heat of the cars, all combined to give me a bad attack of car-sickness, added to which I knocked my head violently against the door of our car, and was almost stunned. At each station the one thought of every-one on board was to get out for some fresh air and to stretch one's limbs, and I was almost left behind at a little wayside station, where I had quite forgotten my troubles looking at the glorious sunset lighting up the prairie. Suddenly, to my horror, I saw the train slowly gliding off; had not the guard cleverly caught me up in his arms as the end carriage was leaving the platform, I should have been left to the tender mercies of the station-master and signalman in the middle of the prairie until the next train passed, twenty-four hours later.

After this adventure and fright I became so thoroughly upset that my father decided to break our journey at Banff for a couple of days.

CHAPTER II

IN THE ROCKIES

First sight of the Rockies—Stay at Banff—Indians and salmon—Arrival at Vancouver—The *Empress of India*—Chinese passengers—The missing day—A court-martial—First sight of Japan.

AFTER leaving the prairies the scenery became more hilly and the country wooded and fertile. The maples had just turned, and their gorgeous colouring of crimson and gold made the landscape appear like a gigantic flower-garden. Ill as I felt, the beauty of the scene so fascinated me that hours passed like minutes. Gradually the distant blue mountains grew nearer and more distinct, and, almost without knowing it, we found ourselves in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, four thousand feet above the sea-level.

At sunset a mist rolled across the valley, and above towered the great Cathedral Rock, thirteen thousand feet high, tinged a lovely rose-colour which gradually

faded into soft pink and gray; then all was left in shadow, with the young moon shedding her pale light upon the dark, rugged outline of rock. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

We spent three pleasant days at Banff. Oh, the joy of a quiet night's rest, a hot bath, and being clean again! I soon felt much better, though still stiff and shaken. The hotel was very comfortable, built like a huge Swiss chalet of pine-wood, with a big veranda, and beautifully situated, overlooking lake, forest, and river, and surrounded by high peaks in the distance. The hot, iron, and sulphur springs are a great feature of the place, and I much enjoyed the warm, open-air bath, formed out of the rocks, where I had a delightful swim each morning. The air at Banff is most invigorating—so clear and pure. We spent a good deal of our time on the Vermilion Lake, paddling about in a Canadian canoe, and exploring the many little creeks, some only a few feet wide. Trout are very abundant in the lake, and my father was fortunate in catching one weighing nearly thirty-five pounds, much to the envy and admiration of the other people at the hotel.

After leaving Banff we travelled in the observation-car of the train as far as Field, a little village five thousand feet up in the mountains, where we stopped to dine. It was intensely cold, and snow was already on the ground. The train after Field makes the most extraordinary turns and twists, and is called the loop-line. In some places both ends of the

train were visible from the car. The skeleton iron bridges, hung from rock to rock, shook as we passed over them, and I felt dizzy as I looked down at the yawning chasms far below.

After leaving the Rockies we passed into the Selkirk Range, and crossed and recrossed the great Frazer River, with its high rocks and great boulders.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.

The river is full of salmon, and in a clear pool we saw at least forty or fifty big fish basking. The Indians catch them in great quantities, and we passed several little encampments where queer-looking strings of red stuff were hanging from long sticks, which we were told was the salmon.

Here and there were little wigwams by the river-bank, with Indians and their papooses, forming

picturesque groups, some wading in the creeks, or busy at work hanging up the salmon to dry in the sun.

The scenery as we neared Vancouver became less wild. Mount Baker, over fifteen thousand feet high, rose up solitary and grand, its snow-capped summit standing out like a white pyramid against the deep blue of the sky. We were fortunate in seeing it in all its beauty, as it is generally hidden in clouds.

Vancouver is a clean, well-built town at the mouth of the Frazer River. The harbour there is large enough for men-of-war to anchor in, and there we found our steamer, the *Empress of India*, awaiting us —a fine boat of 6,000 tons, painted white and built on the lines of a large yacht. We spent Sunday, the day after our arrival, in visiting the park near Vancouver, where the famous big trees are to be seen —cedars, firs, and spruce; one, perhaps the largest in the world, measures sixty feet round, and a carriage and pair of horses can go inside the trunk, which is hollow. The forest is almost tropical with its luxuriant vegetation and beautiful ferns. Wild animals are to be found there, such as deer, panthers, and a kind of lion, but the latter are rarely seen now near the town.

The voyage between Vancouver and Yokohama takes fourteen days. I was glad to find on board a very nice-looking set of passengers, mostly English. The first day or two we took each other's measure cautiously, and limited the conversation to a few

polite nothings, but before the end of the voyage many of us were firm friends.

There were about a hundred first-class passengers, and three hundred miserable-looking Chinese in the steerage. Many of them looked wretchedly ill, and we saw a number of long black boxes in the hold, which we heard afterwards were coffins. It seems that the one desire of a Chinaman is to be buried in his native land, otherwise he believes that his soul will go into some low animal instead of to Paradise. Just before sailing at midnight, I noticed a long line of Chinese passing up the gangway to the steamer. Before being admitted, they were carefully examined by the ship's doctor. Many poor wretches were turned back, discovered to be suffering from some fatal chest disease very prevalent amongst the Chinese. As it was, I believe, there were several deaths on board, in which case the steamship company was bound under contract to convey the Chinese passenger, alive or dead, to his destination.

Our stewards on board were all Chinamen, and most quick and willing. They had all very long pigtails tied with black silk at the ends, and little black caps with red tassels on their heads. When waiting at table they wore butcher-blue garments down to their heels, white cuffs; and their funny little feet were encased in white shoes with black rosettes. They had sad, old-looking faces, but were really quite cheerful, and talked incessantly in their queer pigeon-English. I longed to send one home

as a present to our old Rector, who always described our Norfolk servants as 'the curse of the age.'

An amusement committee was soon organized on board, and by the end of the first week we were all busily engaged in Bridge, Chess, Halma, and other tournaments—cricket matches, athletic sports, and one or two dances when the weather was sufficiently calm. The Pacific Ocean rather belies its name, as typhoons and severe storms prevail at times, and we met one battered-looking sailing-ship, which reported very rough weather off the Japanese coast. However, we were most fortunate during the whole voyage in having nothing worse than a stiff breeze on one or two occasions, although that was quite sufficient to send many of the passengers, including myself, to their berths; but my fears of being 'battened down' were never realized.

In consequence of continually travelling westward, when we reached the meridian of 180° from Greenwich, we were told that a day would be dropped to equalize matters. Consequently, after going to bed one Sunday night, we woke up to find it was Tuesday morning, and our missing day was never recovered until, on our voyage home to England, we sailed eastward. As there was much variety of opinion as to the reason of the missing day, one of the passengers offered a prize for the best poem describing *why* we must lose a day, *where* it goes to, and *what* is done with it. About twenty of the passengers sent in verses, which were read aloud by the

Captain in the saloon and voted for. The prize was won by an American missionary. Not that his was by any means the best poem, but the entire missionary party—there was a large gathering of them on board—all arranged beforehand to vote for their dear brother, a rather unfair proceeding.

During the voyage a stupid practical joke was played, of which I was one of the chief victims. An Australian lady and her daughter sent out invitations to a tea-party in honour of the daughter's birthday. About a dozen of us were invited, including the Captain and my father and me. A sumptuous spread was prepared—cakes, sweets of all kinds, and a delicious-looking soufflé, which our hostess particularly begged us to try. I innocently put a spoonful into my mouth, when I discovered to my disgust it was made of nothing but beaten-up soap—the most horrible concoction imaginable. Two or three other people at the table followed suit, and our feelings can be better imagined than described. It took, indeed, some time before I recovered from the effects.

Nemesis, however, awaited the originators of this unpleasant trick. A trial by jury was decided upon. Judge, counsel, and jury were got together, and large notices were placed about the ship saying that a most cold-blooded attempt at wholesale murder by poison had been attempted, but fortunately, with no fatal results; that the police had every reason to believe that jealousy was at the bottom of it, and so on.

After this, the Australian lady and her daughter found life on board ship not altogether so delightful as they had expected, but began to realize that it is sometimes unwise to play practical jokes. The trial took place two evenings later in the saloon, which was arranged as much as possible like a court-room. The judge, an English Colonel, arrayed in a long scarlet cloak and a wig, sat at a table. The prisoners were placed in chairs on another table, guarded by a policeman. The counsel for the plaintiffs and the defendants had wigs made by the ship's barber, a man of resource, who painted us up to represent our various characters, making the three victims who had swallowed the soap appear ghastly with white chalk. The jury was composed of seven ladies. There were also six witnesses, an usher, and a clerk of the courts.

The counsel on both sides spoke well. The defence was that soap was harmless and good to eat, and a witness was called who was really a soap manufacturer at Shanghai. After the jury had retired for some minutes, they returned with the verdict 'Guilty,' at which the two prisoners turned pale and dissolved into tears. The judge, looking very stern, after a short speech on the iniquity of practical jokes, sentenced the prisoners to be taken on their arrival at Yokohama to be tattooed on their wrists with the words 'Pears' Soap.' Needless to say, this threat was not carried into effect; but I think the offenders were already sufficiently punished.

Early the following morning my father called me to see the first glimpse of Japan—a faint outline of blue hills against the horizon, which gradually became more and more distinct until by mid-day we anchored in Japan waters, and our long, pleasant voyage was at an end.

On landing at Yokohama, we took rickshaws to the Grand Hotel, a large English building on the Bund facing the harbour. Never shall I forget my first ride in the quaint little carriage resembling a small buggy, only instead of having a horse in the shafts, there was a funny little brown grinning man, dressed in a blue cotton garment, barefooted, with a large white hat like a mushroom on his head, on which was printed his name and number. He started off at a steady trot and, after the first feeling of insecurity had passed, I thoroughly enjoyed the motion and was quite sorry when we, with our luggage, which had followed us in a long line of rickshaws, were deposited at the steps of the hotel.

I was much amused the morning after my arrival before I was dressed to receive visits from three Chinese tailors. They marched calmly into my room at various times, without waiting for me to answer their knock, bringing patterns and begging me to patronize them. The last had hardly departed when another visitor appeared, in the shape of a dealer in curios. He proceeded to strew my room with brocades, embroideries and every conceivable knick-

knack. I was unable to resist a quaint little Japanese clock, a small bronze Buddha, and an embroidered silk kimono, for which treasures I afterwards found I had paid about three times their value, though I fondly imagined I had made excellent bargains.

There was a charming view from the veranda of my room. The harbour was gay with Japanese sanpans,* little sailing-boats,—here and there a man-of-war and a couple of mail-steamers. Late that afternoon I saw the *Empress of India* steaming slowly out of the harbour, bound for Hongkong. It seemed rather like saying good-bye to an old friend, and I felt a little homesick as I watched my last link with the old world disappear into the dim distance.

* Japanese boats.

CHAPTER III

EARLY DAYS IN JAPAN

A new friend—A Japanese dinner—Japanese temples—An earthquake—A fire in Yokohama.

THE first few weeks after our arrival in Japan would have been rather dull, as my father had to leave at once for Tokio on business, had I not made the acquaintance of a girl staying in the hotel who was also travelling with her father in Japan. Pauline, as she was called, was a few years older than myself, a clever girl with very decided opinions on most subjects. She was also an only child, and her father, who was an invalid, gave way to her in everything. For some reason or other she took a great fancy to me at first sight. We soon became good friends and I was delighted to

have someone to go about with as I had always longed for a girl companion. We explored the streets of Yokohama together, picking up a few words of Japanese which enabled us to make purchases and direct our rickshaw coolies. What delightful drives we had, going out sometimes far into the country with green rice-fields on either side and here and there a little tea-house where we would stop to rest and have a cup of the honourable tea!

One evening my father took us both to dine at a Japanese restaurant to have a real Japanese dinner. On arriving, we had to take off our shoes before entering the house and were then taken to a room with absolutely no furniture, but divided by screens. The floor was covered with spotless matting and some little cushions on which we sat in various attitudes. The Japanese way of sitting on one's heels is far too fatiguing to try for long.

First a little nasan (servant) appeared bowing to the floor, bringing tea in tiny cups and some cakes made of sweet beans; then three charming little geishas (dancing girls) entered, dressed in scarlet-embroidered kimonos and bright sashes. Their faces were carefully painted, and their black hair decorated with many-coloured pins. They were the dearest little people imaginable, not more than thirteen or fourteen years old, with pretty little hands and feet and charming, graceful manners. A lacquer tray was placed before each of us on the floor with a cup of saké, the national drink—some-

thing like sherry and water, but with a burning taste, and most intoxicating. As water-drinking is dangerous in Japan we had to content ourselves with tea. Bowls of soup were first brought us with large pieces of fish and some strange-looking morsels floating in it. These we chased about with our chopsticks with little success, much to the amusement of the geishas, who sat in a row watching us, laughing merrily and evidently discussing our clothes and appearance.

The next dish was raw fish cut in slices, with some green and very nasty sauce made from seaweed; then came a course of fried fish, after which there was a dance by the two geishas—wonderfully graceful and pretty. It consisted chiefly in the waving of fans and the revolving on one leg to the melodious strains of a samisen, which resembles anything rather than what we call music. Still, it seemed to suit the dance and the strange surroundings.

Shrimps in batter was the nicest dish that we tasted, followed by a concoction of fermented turnip in slices and cabbage-stalks soaked in vinegar; and finally a bowl of rice was served, always the last course at a Japanese dinner.

Spoons and forks were given us, but we stuck manfully to our chopsticks. It was a polite way of not eating more than absolutely necessary. Two more dances finished our entertainment.

On leaving we were each presented with a fried fish in a little wooden box for good luck, and the

little geishas and nasans followed us to our rickshaws, calling out as we left: 'Tum adain soone! Sayonara!'

The Shinto and Buddhist temples round Yokohama are curious and interesting with their stone lanterns and little lacquer shrines. Most of them are built of wood painted red. Those in the town

'TUM ADAIN SOONE! SAYONARA!'

are generally crowded with people constantly coming and going, some buying prayers on rice-paper for their own particular want, price one sen (quarter of a farthing), others only gossiping and strolling about.

Outside some of the temples is to be seen the bronze or wooden figure of a god enclosed in a kind of cage covered with wire-netting. These figures are literally plastered over with little pellets of paper

prayers which the people chew in their mouths and throw or spit at the image. If the paper sticks on the figure their petition is answered; if, on the other

ONE OF THE SHINTO TEMPLES.

hand, it remains in the netting their prayer is not heard—a true relic of old Japanese superstitions. The great bronze Buddha at Kamakura is very

wonderful, and contains a small temple. The eyes of the figure are of solid gold.

At one of the temples which Pauline and I visited a sacred horse is kept in a stall, and close by small trays of corn are sold and given to the horse to do duty as prayers. Needless to say, the poor beast is almost as broad as it is long.

We had our first experience of an earthquake soon

THE GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA.

after our arrival in Yokohama. It was not a severe shock, but quite enough to alarm the visitors at the Grand Hotel, who came rushing out on the landings and corridors in the strangest and most sketchy attires. I hardly like to describe the appearance of one or two visions I met as I ran out of my room to see what had happened. One lady was tearing down-stairs followed by her maid holding out a dressing-

gown, which she vainly endeavoured to persuade her mistress to put on. Two old maiden ladies, who had arrived only the day before, insisted on the manager of the hotel hiring them two rickshaws, although it was nearly midnight, and in them the two agitated spinsters spent the rest of the night driving slowly up and down the Bund (parade), to be prepared in case of further alarms. I saw them the next morning looking very pale and weary, but still holding on their laps bundles of underclothing, several bags and a miserable little pet dog.

One or two cracks in the ceilings and walls of the hotel was all the damage done by the shock that night.

A fire is almost as much dreaded as an earthquake in Japan, and, unfortunately, is of common occurrence owing to the houses in the native quarters of the towns being built entirely of wood and paper.

A few nights after the earthquake scare I was awakened at about 2 a.m. by a brilliant glare in my room and the noise of many hurrying footsteps passing the hotel. Looking out of my window, I saw what was apparently the entire native quarter of Yokohama in a blaze. Flames and sparks were leaping high into the air and great clouds of smoke were pouring down the street. Quickly flinging on a few clothes, I hurried to Pauline's room, which was next mine, and found her already half dressed. It needed but little persuasion on her part to convince me that the one and only thing to be done was

to go and see what we could of the fire from a safe distance. We crept downstairs and out of a side-door into the street, which was by this time full of little figures running rapidly in the same direction, all carrying lanterns in their hands. I then remembered that our passports, which had been given us by the British Consul only a few days previously, notified that no one was to attend a fire on horseback, or without carrying a lantern. I could well understand the danger there would have been riding amongst this excited crowd of little Japs, but what were we to do without a lantern? Suddenly I remembered I had my purse in my pocket, and seeing two shabby-looking boys carrying a light just in front of me, I stopped them, and holding out a yen (dollar), pointed to their precious lantern. They understood my signals and, grinning broadly, snatched at the money, handed me the lantern and scampered off.

Pauline and I, clinging closely to each other, were swept on in the crowd, which every moment grew denser, until we found ourselves on the edge of the moat separating the native quarter from the settlement.

As it seemed hopeless to attempt to put out the fire, which every moment attacked fresh houses, figures of men could be seen jumping from roof to roof and tearing down houses still untouched to stop the flames going further. The fierce glare lit up the pale, excited faces of the thousands of little spectators

swaying in one moving mass backwards and forwards, whilst the clashing of bells from every quarter of the town—one of the regulations in case of a fire—the shouts of the crowd, and the crackling of the burning wood, all added to the strangely horrible, yet fascinating sight. The heat and smoke became almost unbearable, sparks began to fall on us and one had even scorched my hair. It seemed probable, unless the wind changed, that the fire might cross the moat, in which case our lives would be in danger. I turned and asked Pauline whether we had not better try to get out of the crowd and return home. To my horror I found she was looking ghastly and ready to faint. The heat and excitement had been too much for her. I was in despair, knowing it would be impossible to help her out in such a crush. At that moment, to my intense relief, I saw my father's head and shoulders towering above the crowd not far behind. I managed to call loud enough to attract his attention, and he soon pushed his way through to where we were standing. After some difficulty we managed to get poor Pauline safely to a cooler and less crowded spot. When she had revived a little, we returned to the hotel half dead with fatigue, our clothes ruined, and both of us thoroughly ashamed of ourselves. I think my long-suffering parent thought we had been punished sufficiently, as he did not refer to our escapade, and Pauline's father never knew in what danger his idolized daughter had been that night.

The next day we heard that over four hundred houses had been destroyed in the fire and three lives lost. The loss of property was not great, as the Japanese keep all their valuables in 'go-downs'—small fireproof buildings, which alone remained standing and unhurt when we visited the spot a few days later. Even before the ashes were cold the plucky little people were hard at work marking out fresh sites for new buildings, and three or four months later it was difficult to believe that a fire could ever have taken place in that neighbourhood.

Shortly after this Pauline confided to me her great desire to see something of Japanese life in the interior, far away from Treaty-port towns and European hotels. Naturally, I also became seized with a similar desire, so, after much persuasion and many entreaties, our parents gave their consent to our making a ten days' tour, accompanied by a highly-recommended and most respectable guide and interpreter, by name Idaka. He was a most superior person, with a fair knowledge of the English language, and quite deliciously ugly. I liked that guide; he told me I was a most intelligent walker, and had a noble foot. Pauline insisted on calling him a fool—of course not to his face, as 'bacha,' Japanese for fool, is a terrible term to apply to anyone in Japan—but even she admitted he certainly was useful.

During our absence Pauline's father decided to remain quietly at Yokohama, whilst mine had still much important business to do in Tokio.

CHAPTER IV

A JAPANESE HARROGATE

A trip to the Japanese Harrogate—A curious travelling companion — A Japanese inn — A mountain ride — At the sulphur springs—A sulphur bath—A night in a tea-house —Sad news.

AS our passports seemed to permit us to go anywhere we liked, except to a fire on horseback, we decided, after much consultation with Idaka, to go by train to Karuizawa, and from there to visit the hot sulphur baths at Kusatzu, a place not generally known to globe-trotters, where we were told we should see much to interest us.

Accordingly the next morning we bade an affectionate farewell to our parents and also to the kind little manager of the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, and started for Kodzu in the quaint little train, which goes at the rate of, at least, ten miles an hour. Oh what a hot, steamy, journey it was! and we anything but looked forward to

the five hours' journey which lay before us. However, we rejoiced in having the carriage to ourselves, which was something to be thankful for. Idaka, very busy and important, travelled third class in charge of the luggage, clad in a marvellous costume, consisting of a scarlet and white blazer, thick homespun shooting stockings, patent-leather shoes rather the worse for wear, and a deer-stalking cap, all evidently 'cast-offs' of former employers. We quite regretted that we had nothing to give him to add to the collection.

Just, however, as the train was starting, much to our annoyance a stout little Japanese jumped into the carriage and took his seat at the opposite end of the compartment to where we were sitting. He was a pale-faced little man, dressed in a black frock-coat, dark trousers and a top-hat. He appeared very much oppressed with the heat, but that was not unnatural with a temperature of about 90° in the shade.

Finding our companion very quiet and inoffensive, we paid no further attention to him. An hour passed, Pauline was fast asleep, and I suppose I also must have closed my eyes, for presently, looking across the carriage, I saw to my astonishment, instead of the little black-coated man, a somewhat slighter figure, in a set of gray dittos and cap to match, quietly reading his Japanese papers as if nothing had happened, a neatly-folded suit of clothes on the seat beside him. I was somewhat startled at

WE START FOR KODZU (*p.* 33.)

this curious transformation, and stories of disguised criminals rushed into my mind, when up jumped the little man and proceeded calmly to divest himself of his gray suit, folding up the garments he took off and placing them beside the black pile. Feeling extremely embarrassed, I gazed severely out of the window for several minutes. Pauline still slept. On hearing the rustle of a paper, I ventured to look round, and there sat our strange fellow-traveller, deep in his 'nichi-nichi shimbun' (Japanese newspaper), clad from head to foot in white duck and cricketing-cap to match. 'Now,' thought I, 'I should hope his toilette is completed.' No such thing. After about half an hour the little man again seemed restless and overcome with heat, and after casting a despairing and perspiring glance around him, he got up and reaching down from the rack a small black bag, he pulled out a 'ukata' and 'obi' (the national dress of a Japanese). Seeing the same performance about to begin with regard to the white suit, I coughed violently; but that having no effect and escape being impossible I feigned sleep, and, when I again ventured to open my eyes, a little thin figure sat in the corner in correct Japanese attire. Three neatly-folded bundles lay at his side,—hat, boots, and all.

Fortunately, this was the last metamorphosis that our strange companion indulged in, and soon afterwards we changed trains, leaving him in full possession of the carriage; so I shall never know whether

he redressed himself before the end of his journey, or how he disposed of the remainder of his wardrobe. It was certainly a novel way of carrying luggage.

Pauline was very indignant when I told her of the occurrence. She said had she been awake it would never have happened.

At last, after crawling along for five hours across the burning plain, we reached Kodzu; and after a short rest and a few little cups of yellow tea and some peppermint sticks at the tea-house in the village, we started off again in the little mountain train for Karuizawa. Thankful enough we were, after passing through twenty-six pitch-black tunnels reeking with sulphur and smoke, to arrive at last, exhausted and half-choked, but safe and sound at our journey's end.

Karuizawa is situated on a large plain, formed by the lava from the great volcano Asama, and is about four thousand feet above the sea-level.

It is the strangest and weirdest spot imaginable. For miles and miles in every direction as far as the eye can reach stretches a vast plain covered with pampas-grass and wild-flowers of every description, and hemmed in by long ranges of blue mountains in the far distance. In the centre of the plain rises Asamayama like a great black pyramid, absolutely bare; and from the summit a thin column of smoke can be seen and an occasional flame, as if to give warning of the fires down below.

The village of Karuizawa, some little distance from the base, is composed of a collection of hideous

little wooden houses, principally the summer residences of missionaries from all parts of Japan, a small English church, only lately built, and a long,

IDAKA, THE GUIDE.

straggling village street, with a few small native shops of a primitive nature.

Idaka had taken a room for us at the chief tea-house in the village, and, although the smell of the

'daikon' (fermented turnip) which permeated every corner was not conducive to appetite, we managed to make a fair supper of the tinned food we had brought with us, supplemented by some native rice and hot 'saké' (native drink).

We were escorted to our bedroom by the landlord. Either from mistaken politeness or curiosity, he declined to leave us, repeatedly bowing and apologizing for the want of comfort in his miserable establishment, and assuring us how highly he appreciated the honour of entertaining such distinguished guests. All this in the most excruciating English. Hints that we wished to retire to bed were of no avail; and at last Pauline, unable to restrain her impatience any longer, drew back the 'shoji' (sliding panel) and, with an imperious wave of her hand, pointed from our little tormentor to the door, and said: 'Go, wretch!' This had the desired effect. He departed, bowing even lower than before, still murmuring to himself 'honourable distinction.'

'Well,' I said to Pauline as, closing the panel carefully, she turned towards me, 'what about Japanese politeness? I thought it was the only thing that really was important out here. You have put your foot in it.' Pauline's face was a study. Notwithstanding her manner, which was most impressive, she was at heart extremely nervous and highly strung. It was some time before I could assure her that doubtless the little man was quite as glad to go as we were to get rid of him, and that there was no fear

of his detaining us by force or showing any resentment.

At last, however, we settled ourselves as comfortably as we could on our 'futons' (Japanese mattresses) on the floor, and slept the sleep of the just. I have the impression that I saw a figure glide past the foot of my bed during the night, but I was too sleepy to rouse myself, and it may have been a dream.

The next morning we were off at sunrise. Pauline was meekness itself; and the little landlord had evidently made a very good thing out of us, as he presented us with some poisonous-looking cakes of a bright green colour to eat on the journey; the last we saw of him as we rode down the village street was a quaint little form bowing backwards and forwards repeatedly until we were well out of sight.

Our cavalcade consisted of Pauline in a rickshaw drawn by three men, two in the shafts and one pushing behind. I was on a solid-looking white pony which we had hired from the village carpenter. Idaka and the cook rode mules, and three other mules carried our provisions and baggage.

What a glorious morning it was! The sun had just risen, and the woods through which we passed for the first couple of hours of our journey seemed alive with the songs of birds and the hum of myriads of insects. The climb was a steep one, and we were glad to arrive on the open moorland, which stretched for miles around, covered with wild-flowers

—poppies, marguerites, campanulas; red, yellow, and white lilies, and waving pampas-grass, all in wild profusion—a perfect blaze of colour. Certainly there is no place like Japan for wild-flowers.

We halted at a little rest-house far away from any other habitation. The air was very keen, and we sat round the open fire, built in the ground, whilst we ate our breakfasts. Our coolies kept up an incessant chatter the whole time as they gobbled up their little bowls of rice with their chopsticks. I think Pauline rather regretted having chosen a rickshaw instead of a pony, as the path was rough, and the springs of the 'kurama' had seen their best days; but after all, as I told her, a rickshaw was far more Japanese, so she could not complain.

After a few hours' ride through a park-like country—quite different from anything else we had as yet seen in Japan—we arrived at a curious little village, and halted for tiffin in what is called the Town Hall of the place—a wooden hut built on long posts over a deep ravine. Three sides were open, except for a little balcony; the posts and the one wall were covered with Japanese advertisements—such strange-looking hieroglyphics. Here we rested an hour. Another steep climb, through scenery which gradually became wilder and more and more desolate, brought us about sunset to the village of Kusatzu (pronounced 'Koosats')—a place which has been noted for centuries for its mineral springs and baths, and where thousands of sick little Japanese

come every year to try to get cured of various complaints. Foreigners rarely come to Kusatzu, and, as we passed down the village street, half the population turned out to look at us, staring with open eyes and mouths at the mad Englishwomen.

The village is built in a hollow and surrounded by bare and desolate hills, on which no vegetation of any kind or description grows. In the centre of the village a large enclosure is railed in, inside which is a seething, steaming mass of sulphur rocks and water at boiling heat. Round this enclosure are large open bath-houses, with water at different temperatures and with different mineral properties, as all sorts of diseases are treated here. The patients spend their entire day either in the water or standing just outside awaiting their turn. From time to time the most unearthly groans are to be heard proceeding from the baths—a chorus of long-drawn 'Ohs!' as the master of the ceremonies, the doctor of the bath-house, gives the word of command for the patients to enter the water. Then a tremendous splashing ensues, which is caused by the bathers beating the water to cool it. We were told that each bather has to beat the water over a hundred times before entering or leaving the bath. The temperature of the water in some of the baths is almost incredible, and the poor creatures must suffer torments. In the bath-house we passed, we saw rows of heads, each tied round with a blue handkerchief, rising out of the steaming, yellow water, and weird-looking

figures were scrambling in and out, each holding a 'beating board.' It was a most depressing sight, and we were both glad to pass to the outskirts of the village, where Idaka had taken rooms for us.

I understand there are about two thousand patients generally under treatment in Kusatzu, chiefly for rheumatism and beri-beri. The lepers are separately treated at some baths two miles away.

Pauline was rather anxious to pay a visit to the lepers, as she remarked, 'When one is in for a thing it is best to miss nothing.' But I stoutly refused to go. The memory of the poor crippled, deformed and suffering creatures I had seen in the streets of Kusatzu was quite enough. In fact, I found sleep almost impossible that night. The groans of the unfortunate bathers rang in my ears, and my dreams were peopled with visions of horrors of every description.

We were lodged in a quaint little cardboard house, innocent of furniture, but, fortunately, comparatively clean, and we made ourselves fairly comfortable on a couple of 'futons' which Idaka secured for us; and we were too tired after our long day to find fault with our quarters.

The next morning I thought I would try the effects of a warm sulphur swimming-bath attached to the house. Milky-looking water bubbled up out of the white rocks, and the sensation as I plunged in was rather pleasant. After swimming and floating about for a few minutes, I heard a splash, and look-

ing round, I saw, to my horror, a dark head rising out of the water at the other end of the bath. What on earth to do I knew not. As long as I was in the water at my end of the bath it was all very well, but, unfortunately, I had left my clothes hanging on a nail on the door at the other end! I waited, hoping the intruder might recognise my predicament and have the grace to depart. On the contrary, he seemed prepared to spend hours at his morning ablutions. Apparently he paid not the smallest attention to poor me, but went through strange contortions in the water, accompanying his movements with a weird incantation I suppose he considered music. Feeling desperate, as the strong sulphur water was rapidly making me faint, I waved my arms frantically in his direction and pointed to my garments on the door. Then my companion evidently grasped the situation, and a wide grin spread over his countenance as he dived down into the water. I waited a moment, but, as he did not reappear, I scrambled as fast as I could on to the rocks, rushed to the door, tore on my clothes, and vanished. Whether the grinning little face ever appeared again on the surface I know not, but when I reached my room, breathless and exhausted, I vowed that nothing on earth would again tempt me to take a sulphur bath.

After breakfast, although still feeling very sleepy and tired from the effects of my prolonged swim, Pauline and I started for a walk, escorted by Idaka, to the 'Valley of the Iced Winds.' What a desolate

spot it was! The rocks were of every conceivable shade and colour—some orange, some green, others bright yellow and red, encrusted with the mineral deposit from the little streams with which they were intersected. Some of the streams were boiling hot, others icy cold, but all had a strong sulphurous smell; and we were surprised to see vegetation growing almost to the edge of the water. In one place, however, the fumes of sulphur were so strong that no bird could pass above without being killed, and we were glad enough to get away, feeling half suffocated.

During the rest of the day we explored the village and made friends with some of the patient sufferers, who live most of their time when not at the baths sitting on the rocks in the sun. Some come every year to Kusatzu, spending all their hard-earned savings in the hope of deriving benefit by the treatment; but many looked far too weak and feeble for such drastic remedies.

The following morning we left at 7 a.m. for the Shibu Pass, a stiff bit of riding; and the cold at the summit was very piercing—a height of over seven thousand feet. We were very glad of our tiffin in a little rest-house, seated close to a peat fire. Pauline and I had at last accomplished the trick of eating rice with chopsticks—not an easy matter to the uninitiated. With that and some hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches we managed to fortify ourselves for our downward journey.

After a brisk tramp of about three hours, we

PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT (*p.* 49).

reached Shibu, a pretty little town situated in a valley, surrounded by mountains. We found the tea-house so full, on account of the arrival of a party of pilgrims on their way to Asamayama, the great sacred volcano, that we had to do with very small accommodation—in fact, a large blue mosquito-like cage only separated us from the rest of the lady visitors at the tea-house. There being only two spare rooms, one was reserved for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen of the party.

How we laughed as we lay in our blue cage and watched the little ladies preparing for the night! Sleep was practically impossible, owing to the mosquitos and other lively inhabitants of the room and the incessant tap-tap of the little Japanese pipes which, even in her slumbers, a Japanese lady seems to require.

However, as Pauline said, such an experience of the inner life of the Japanese was worth a little discomfort, and in the abstract I fully agreed with her.

We were glad to be up betimes the next morning, and started off again—all in rickshaws—for a pretty, though hot, ride down to Nagano, where we took the train. The heat in the plains was intense, but fortunately, ice was obtainable at all the stations, and by putting pieces on our heads and in our mouths we managed to keep alive.

It was evening again before we reached Yokohama, travel-stained, brown and weary, but very well

pleased with ourselves and our trip to the Japanese Harrogate.

Soon after our return Pauline and her father left Yokohama for Shanghai. I missed my friend terribly, and at first felt quite lost without her. We parted with many promises to write every week to each other and made numerous plans as to our future meetings in England. But, alas, how little we can foresee or direct the future! After three or four long and cheery letters from my friend, she suddenly ceased writing, and my letters to her remained unanswered. Some time afterwards we learnt that she had caught typhoid fever in Shanghai, and died after a week's illness. I suppose her poor old father had not the heart to write and tell us the sad news, but we heard that he had left for England almost immediately after his daughter's death.

CHAPTER V

AN IMPERIAL GARDEN-PARTY

Silk dresses and frock-coats—A disappointed Colonel—The Royal procession—The chrysanthemums—I am presented—A Japanese play—Japanese royal sport—The Mikado and his subjects.

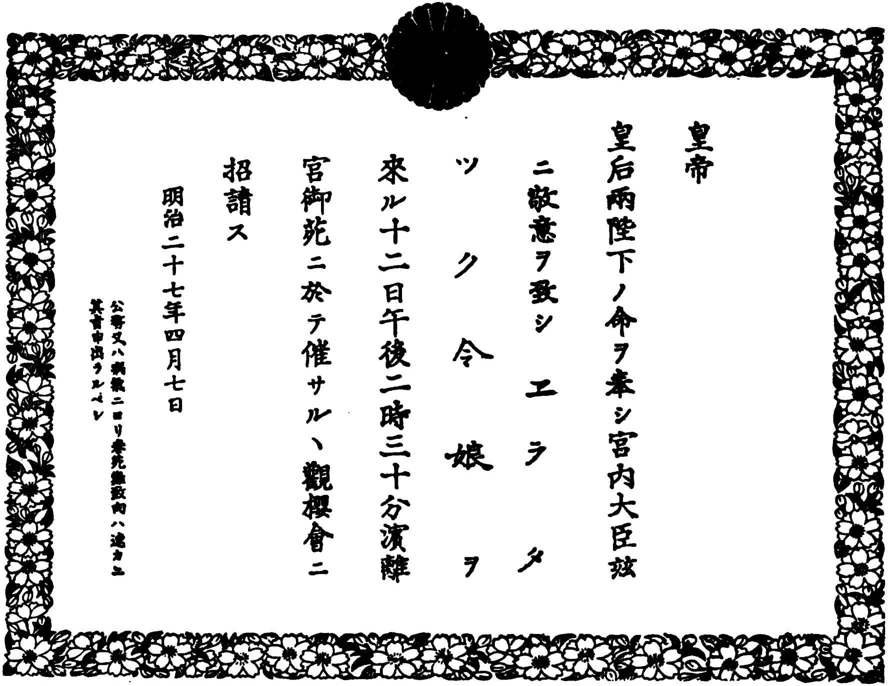
WE had been in Japan nearly three months when we were invited to attend the chrysanthemum garden-party given by the Emperor and Empress each November in honour of His Majesty's birthday. Invitations are sent but a few days beforehand, as the date of the party depends on the state of the chrysanthemums. Only the Corps Diplomatique, Government officials, and a few globe-trotters are invited; the latter obtain their invitations through their own Legations. As it is almost the only occasion when Their Imperial Majesties are seen in public, I was delighted at the idea of going.

Our invitation-cards were very large and thick, with the Imperial crest at the top and a gold border of chrysanthemums. The writing was in Japanese characters, but enclosed in the same envelope was a slip of paper in French, saying that ladies were to appear in silk dresses and gentlemen in frock-coats and top-hats. Not possessing a suitable garment, I was puzzled at first to know what to wear, but I eventually succeeded, with the assistance of one of the little Chinese tailors, in converting a blue silk evening frock into one suitable for the garden-party.

The day was fortunately fine and exceptionally warm for November. We started from the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, where we were staying, at about half-past one, Colonel S. and his wife from Hong-kong sharing a carriage with us.

Japanese horses are willing little beasts, not much larger than ponies. Our coachman drove full gallop through the streets, and the 'betto,' or footman, ran along in front shouting at the crowds to get out of the way. How an accident was avoided I do not know, as the streets seem to be the playground of all the children in Tokio; and I thought several of the little doll-like figures must have been run over. Our driver and betto wore dark blue linen with a crest embroidered on their backs, and large white pith hats fastened under the chin with a strap.

Colonel S., who was only passing through Japan on his way to England, had no frock-coat with him, but in his well-cut dark suit and top-hat we all



皇帝
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ニ敬意ヲ致シ　エ　ラ　タ
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宮御苑ニ於テ催サルヘ觀櫻會ニ
招請ス

明治二十七年四月七日

公務又ハ病氣ニヨリ參苑難致向ハ速カニ
其旨申出ラルヘシ

OUR INVITATION-CARDS WERE VERY LARGE AND THICK (*p.* 52).

thought he could not fail to pass muster. We were mistaken, however. On our arrival at the palace, we were ushered into a large hall where a row of officials in blue-and-gold uniforms were waiting to inspect us. As the gallant Colonel passed up the room, two of the officials stepped up to him, pointed to his frock-less coat, began gesticulating wildly and talking rapidly in Japanese, of which the Colonel did not understand a word. My father, who speaks Japanese, attempted to explain matters, but without success. The discomfited and disappointed officer had to retire, leaving his wife, who fortunately had on the required silk dress, to go on with us alone.

After walking about half a mile through the grounds, which are very beautiful, over little bridges and up little winding paths, we arrived at some large tents, where the chrysanthemums were on show. Numerous groups of people were dotted about—Japanese officers and officials in uniform; others in grotesquely-cut frock-coats and opera-hats; their wives and daughters in European dress; also members of the different legations and consulates. I could not help thinking how far better the little Japanese ladies would have looked in their own national costume, but European dress is the strict order at Court. The scene was a very picturesque and animated one, and great excitement prevailed when, about half-past two, the Emperor and Empress were announced to be coming. The Corps Diplomatique arranged themselves in line—first the French Minister

as *doyen*, with his wife, daughters, secretaries, and Belgian staff; then followed the English, German, American, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Russian, Chinese and Korean diplomats, the two latter looking very picturesque in their quaint head-dresses and long robes. The remainder of the guests stood in a group a little apart.

As the Royal procession appeared in sight, walking slowly up the winding paths, the band played the Japanese National Anthem and there was dead silence amongst the crowd.

The Emperor walked first in full General's uniform, quite alone. He is a tall man for a Japanese, stout and extremely plain. He had a stern, somewhat forbidding expression, which he always wore in public; and as Sir Edwin Arnold says, 'The slightest bend of his brow in salutation appears to be the result of superhuman effort of reluctant will.' Yet he is idolized by his people; it is said that his power is enormous, while no one knows how he controls and rules the Empire from the privacy of his walled-in palace.

Behind him walked the Empress, quite alone also, dressed in crimson brocaded satin with a little Paris bonnet to match, followed by her ladies-in-waiting and the Court officials and Ministers of State—amongst them the Marquess Ito, Count Oyama, and General Yamagata, all well-known names in Europe at the present time.

They bowed low as they passed us, and we kept

THE GARDENS ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL (*p.* 55).

up a succession of bobs and curtsies until we joined into line and followed the procession into the flower-tents.

Apparently the great feature at a chrysanthemum show, from a Japanese point of view, is not the size and shape of each flower, but the number of blossoms on a plant flowering at the same time. Three of the tents contained but one enormous plant in each; with from one to two thousand blooms all the same size and colour. We were told that one of these plants alone requires a gardener's entire time to look after it, as the difficulty is to get all the flowers to perfection at once. In other tents, chrysanthemums with small, different-coloured flowers had been trained over wires to represent figures of people and animals, more curious than beautiful.

After the flowers had been inspected, the Emperor and Empress entered a large tent, where the presentations were made. Each Legation went in turn to felicitate the Emperor on his birthday and to bow to the Empress. All had to walk backwards out of the tent past the Court ladies and officials—not an easy task. With some the Emperor said a few words. His face when smiling lighted up, changing his morose expression to one of almost benevolence. I own to feeling horribly nervous when my turn came to be presented by our Minister's wife, and breathed a sigh of relief when I returned safe and sound from the Royal tent without having utterly disgraced myself by tumbling over my train, or knocking down

one of the little officials who were stationed at every available corner.

Small tables were placed about on the grass, and we were offered sandwiches of foie-gras, caviare and chicken, creams, ices, and champagne.

It was amusing to watch some of the Japanese guests, not only partaking of a hearty meal, but quietly secreting sweetmeats and cakes in their pockets, probably for some little child at home.

The royal party, after having some light refreshment at a table a little apart from the rest, then rose to leave. The National Anthem was again played, and we all followed as we liked.

At one end of the gardens a play was going on. No stage, only a ring of chairs and a big sheet. The actors were being made up and dressed in sight of everyone. Men clothed in black, with masks, arranged the scenes, and were supposed to be invisible. The play was 'The Forty-seven Ronins.' All the Japanese in the audience held handkerchiefs to their eyes and wept copiously, although I failed to see anything at all pathetic in the wild gesticulations of the actors. The famous Danjiro was there—the Irving of Japan. Amongst the audience the poetess of the Empress was pointed out to us, a curiously shrivelled-up little lady in a stiff green-and-white brocade, with a large bustle, green shoes and stockings, and a wonderful erection of flowers and feathers on her head. This costume must have done duty on these occasions for many years, to judge by

its antique style; but the little lady was evidently very proud of her toilette. Three of the young Princesses, pretty little girls, with round, merry faces and bright dark eyes, were also spectators. We did not see the Crown Prince, a delicate, consumptive youth, already married and a father. The Empress is not his mother. She is childless, but the Japanese law has sanctioned the adoption of this boy, the son of one of the Emperor's unofficial wives, as heir to the throne. I am told, however, that the Crown Prince looks upon the Empress as his mother.

The Emperor has five unofficial wives, all ladies of good family, who have separate establishments in the palace grounds, but are never seen in public; in fact, of the private life of the palace the outside world knows nothing. Japan is one of the oldest dynasties in the world, and the Japanese were living very much as they do now, except for electric light and European dress, when we Westerners were savages in blue paint and feathers.

In another part of the palace grounds are the duck-ponds and decoys. The killing of these wild duck, which come in great quantities every winter to the moat and decoys, is held to be a royal sport in Japan, and they are considered more or less sacred. The official who showed us the decoy begged us to keep quite silent, and we walked on tiptoe, in single file, up a narrow path to a small wooden hut, where we were allowed to peep at the sacred birds through

little slits in the wood. There were already great numbers of them collected together, all apparently quite tame. The 'sport' is this: There are long dykes, with a high net at the end. The 'sportsmen' stand on either side with large hand-nets, and the duck are driven into the dykes from the pond, and, not being able to get out, rise, when they are caught in the nets and their necks wrung. It is supposed to be a great disgrace to miss a bird.

We were afterwards taken to the aviaries, where we saw a collection of birds of every description, from a Cochin-China hen to an eagle. There was a parrot there which is known to be a hundred and twenty years old, possibly more. They were all beautifully kept and cared for. One of the attendants amused us by saying: 'Is it not a sign of the Emperor's good heart to have so many birds?' But when we asked him how often His Majesty came to see them, he said: 'Oh, he never *comes* here.'

The Imperial Palace is an enormous building of wood surrounded by a moat. The rooms are decorated with valuable paintings, the walls hung with 'kakimomos' by celebrated Japanese artists, and old embroideries; the Emperor also possesses a priceless collection of gold lacquer and ivories. The palace is fitted up with electric light, but the Emperor considers it dangerous, so the rooms are lighted by thousands of candles.

The palace grounds cover many acres in the centre of Tokio—the highest position in the city. Imperial

etiquette forbids that the ruler of the Land of the Rising Sun should be looked down upon from any point of view; therefore from his palace windows *he* can look down upon every part of the city. For the same reason, on the rare occasions when His Majesty

BUTCHER'S.

UMBRELLA SHOP.

QUAINT SIGNBOARDS IN SOME OF THE STREETS, TOKIO.

passes through the streets of the city, orders are given for all the upstair window-blinds to be lowered.

Formerly men, women, and children fell on their faces as the royal carriage passed by; now they only bow low, in token of their awe and respect.

Soon after our arrival in Tokio I had a rather startling experience. I was standing in one of the streets to watch the Emperor drive past in his carriage, when suddenly my hat was wrenched off my head, and I was pushed forward violently by some heavy hand. On looking round, I saw an

POULTRY AND EGG SHOP.

JAPANESE TAILOR.

QUAINT SIGNBOARDS IN SOME OF THE STREETS, TOKIO.

officious little policeman glaring at me, my poor hat in his clutches. Not until the procession had disappeared from view could I understand what had happened, but remained meek and hatless. It seems the little man considered my attitude towards his Sovereign was not sufficiently humble, and took

this somewhat drastic way of correcting me. I must say this was the only occasion when I have experienced the slightest rudeness or incivility in the streets of a Japanese town, although I do not consider that foreigners are altogether beloved in Japan.

An artist who painted the portraits of the Emperor and Empress told me that he had been obliged to do them almost entirely from photographs, as their Imperial Majesties are far too sacred to pose as models. On one occasion he persuaded one of the Court officials to allow him to stand behind a curtain at a Royal banquet. Through the curtain he made a little hole, and was thus enabled to get a glimpse at the Emperor. Another time he waited patiently for hours at some place where the Empress was to pass; but on her arrival all present were obliged to bow their heads in obeisance, and the poor man could see nothing. However, the likenesses were considered good, and the artist received three thousand dollars for each picture, as well as a large medal, of which he is very proud.

CHAPTER VI

JAPANESE LADIES

Their habits and ways—Home life—The Honourable Bath—Count Ito and his wife—Old Japan—Loyalty to husbands—A mixed marriage—Curious customs—Japanese sayings.

THE fair sex in Japan are the most simple and, at the same time, the most complicated creatures imaginable. In their general ideas and knowledge of the world they are like children—delightful children, too—and in their love of enjoyment and simple pleasures they retain their youthful simplicity all their lives.

But, on the other hand, it is almost impossible for a foreigner really to understand their natures. Up to a certain point a Japanese lady is apparently friendly, as she greets one on meeting with that easy grace and courtesy which is one of her peculiar charms. But one seldom becomes more intimate. There seems to be a wall of reserve, beyond which it is impossible to penetrate. I have often attempted

to fathom the cause of this barrier, but without success; and I find it is the general experience of those who, like myself, have lived amongst the Japanese and known them well.

Perhaps the natural antipathy which has so long existed between the Eastern and Western races may somewhat account for this want of intimacy; and also, I fear, we Europeans have often wounded the delicate susceptibilities of our Eastern cousins by our want of tact, and our tendency to treat their manners and customs with ridicule, if not contempt.

I am speaking more particularly of the ladies of the upper classes. The little 'musmee,' generally considered by the ordinary globe-trotter to be the recognised type of a Japanese woman, is no more so than is the grisette the typical Frenchwoman, or the English ballet-girl the typical Englishwoman.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the world does one find a more ideal 'lady' than amongst the wives and daughters in fair Japonica.

A Japanese lady reminds me of a delicate sea-anemone, which at the first approach of a rough hand shrinks into itself, avoiding contact with the practical hardness of everyday life.

She is almost morbidly sensitive, but her natural pride and politeness forbid her in any way to retaliate. How little we understand her feelings! A Japanese *never* forgets. Sometimes revenge is impossible, but I have heard of more than one case when a foreigner's official position has been lost owing to his wife's

indiscretion, though he and his wife also may be entirely ignorant of the cause of his dismissal.

In appearance, a Japanese woman is smaller and of slighter build than a European. Many are distinctly pretty when young, but they age very quickly, and with their youth every vestige of good looks departs. Their complexions are very sallow, but their faces are generally thickly painted and pow-

'MANY ARE DISTINCTLY PRETTY WHEN YOUNG.

dered, a hard line round the neck showing the point where art stops and Nature begins.

Beauty, from a Japanese standpoint, consists in a long, oval face, regular features, almond-shaped eyes sloping slightly upwards, a high, narrow forehead, and abundance of smooth, black hair.

Their movements are graceful, although the style of their dress prevents them walking with ease;

A JAPANESE LADY OF THE UPPER CLASS (*p.* 68).

their feet and hands are delicately formed, and their manners unquestionably charming.

They take hardly any exercise, and one wonders sometimes how the little ladies employ their time. There seems so little to be done in a Japanese house. To begin with, there are no regular meals. The shops near at hand supply daily numberless minute dishes, which seem to be eaten at all hours of the day and night, a few pecks with those impossible chopsticks at a time. Nothing is kept in the larder except some slices of 'daikon' (fermented turnip), some rice, and sweet biscuits.

'The honourable live fish' is sold by men who carry round large water-tubs from house to house, and cut off as much as is required from the unfortunate fish, replacing the sadly mutilated but still struggling remains in the tub.

Eggs are cheap and plentiful. Bread is never used, so there is no necessity for an oven.

The great stand-by is tea. A Japanese lady is seldom seen in her home without the quaint little tea-tray by her side and the inevitable pipe, containing one whiff of tobacco, which is in constant requisition.

There is practically no furniture in a Japanese house. The beds consist of large quilted rugs called 'futons,' which are rolled up every morning and put in the cupboards concealed behind the 'shoji,' or panels, in the walls. There are no carpets, curtains, tables, or chairs, only the straw 'tatami,' and a few small, flat cushions on the floor.

Instead of our European fireplace, a brass or wooden 'hibatchi' (fire-box) is substituted, containing charcoal. The boxes can be moved about a room as desired.

Everything is spotlessly clean. No muddy shoes are allowed inside a house, and one can generally

A TEA-HOUSE VERANDA.

judge of the number of inmates by the row of wooden clogs placed in a row outside the front-door.

It is all very quaint and strange in Japan, and the longer one lives in the country, the more fascinated one becomes with the little people, whose manners and customs differ so greatly from our own.

Before the Chino-Japanese War broke out there was quite a revival of cordiality between the Japanese

and foreigners in the capital. Dinners and garden fêtes were given and returned, and the wives of the Japanese Ministers and officials had their 'At Home' days during the winter, when nothing could have exceeded their dainty politeness and the apparent interest they took in our European houses and dress —especially dress, I remember. Sometimes, when conversation became rather strained, the introduction of a *Lady's Pictorial* or *Queen* would quite revive flagging interest, and many a time have I been consulted in the choice of some important item in their 'toilette.' I am glad to say there has been a reaction the last year or two in favour of the national dress, the long flowing kimonos and quaint obis being infinitely more becoming to their slender little figures than the madly complicated and ever-changing fashions of the West.

But everyone must appear at Court in European dress, and many have been the dilemmas of the little ladies when called upon to appear at some function at the palace.

It has been said that foreign clothes make a difference in a man's behaviour to his wife: 'European dress, European manners.' How far this is correct I cannot say, but there may be some truth in it. As I mentioned before, we were congratulating ourselves on the progress we were making in our friendly relations with the little ladies. But when the war broke out, the Japanese Ministers left in the Emperor's train for the headquarters

of the army at Shimonoseki, the officers joined their regiments and ships, leaving their wives behind, and for the next eighteen months no Japanese lady crossed our thresholds, nor was to be seen at home or abroad.

Now, this was most disappointing. In vain we called at their houses. '"Arimazen" ('Not at home'), said a smiling, and I fear untruthful, nasan.

The nearest approach we had to success was one afternoon, calling on the wife of one of the Ministers of State. In answer to our inquiries if the Countess was at home, the doors were drawn back—they don't open in Japan—and we were admitted, feeling very triumphant. We removed our shoes, and were ushered down long corridors to a room evidently kept to receive foreigners, having as its only furniture one small table and four chairs. After waiting about ten minutes we heard a shuffling of feet and much suppressed laughter; one of the panels of the room was drawn aside, and to our great surprise our own Japanese coachman appeared, followed by two nasans, who seemed immensely amused about something. After some difficulty—for our coachman's vocabulary in English was extremely limited—we were given to understand that the 'oksama' (honourable lady of the house) was engaged in having her bath, and unable to receive us. We beat a hasty and discomfited retreat, and after that resisted our desire to renew the acquaintance of the mysterious little people, who for some reason best known to

themselves had so completely given us the cold-shoulder.

Some months later, the war being ended and the husbands having returned, their wives reappeared in public as friendly and as smiling as before. We asked them the reason of their apparent desertion, but all we could gather was that their husbands had forbidden them to enter society during their absence; I fancy, however, their own inclination had a good deal to do with their retirement from European society.

A Japanese lady is noted for her courage, her strength of mind and self-possession. It is wonderful to think what physical trials and dangers these fragile, delicate little creatures will undergo in an emergency. The Prime Minister's life was once saved by the courage and presence of mind of his wife.

Many years ago, when quite a young man, during a rebellion, Count Ito was hiding from his enemies, who, having tracked him to his house, sent a band of 'soshis' to assassinate him. On hearing his enemies approaching, and trapped like a rat in its hole, the Count drew his sword and prepared to die; but the Countess whispered, 'Do not die; there is hope still'; and removing the hibatchi, or fire-box, and lifting up the mats and the planks beneath, she induced her husband to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese houses. The murderers broke into the room just as

the fire-box had been replaced, and demanded of the Countess their victim. In vain they threatened and cruelly ill-treated her, dragging her about the room by her long black hair. But it was of no avail; they could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to her courage Count Ito escaped, and has lived to give to his country a new Constitution, and become one of the greatest statesmen of modern Japan.* I often wondered when I saw the Countess, now a delicate, gray-haired little lady, at the courage and presence of mind that she displayed at that critical moment of her life.

Another instance of the high spirit of Japanese women and their pride is shown in the following anecdote, described by a German writer, entitled 'A Japanese Lucretia':

In 1646 a nobleman named Jacatai was ordered to present himself before the Mikado, and was obliged to leave his wife behind. During his absence a former rejected suitor of the lady's, taking advantage of his successful rival's absence, came, with his retinue, and by force carried off the unfortunate bride to his castle. She, however, eventually managed to escape, and instantly determined to be revenged. Holding out distant hopes of pardon to the offender, she induced him to remain in the neighbourhood of Saccai until her husband's return, when she gave an entertainment to all her relations and friends to welcome him back. In the middle of the banquet, which was held

* Sir Edwin Arnold.

on the housetop, Lucretia suddenly rose up and stated what had occurred, saying: 'I pray you to take my life now that I have been dishonoured, for I do not care to live.' All present protested against the idea of punishing her for another's crime, and her husband assured her he loved her none the less for what had happened. But her high sense of honour was not satisfied. 'Will no one punish me?' she said. 'Then must I do it myself; but I pray you to avenge me.' With these words she flung herself head foremost from the housetop and broke her neck. The culprit was instantly pursued, but escaped, only, however, to commit 'hara-kiri'—the honourable despatch—by the dead body of the unfortunate lady whom he had wronged, but did not desire to survive.

From her youth a Japanese lady is taught to control her feelings, and the strange immobility that is so noticeable in the Empress is considered, from a Japanese point of view, the very highest mark of good breeding. During the war, when one of the Japanese Princes was away fighting in China, and exposed to every possible peril in that deadly country, his wife was asked if she was not terribly anxious as to her husband's safety. 'Oh no,' she replied; 'I am proud that my husband should be fighting for his country. If he is killed in the service of His Majesty, I should feel he was honoured above others who have not had the opportunity of showing their loyalty.'

The Prince, however, returned in safety, and he and his wife are living happily together; and one trusts the brave officer may have other ways of showing his valour than by his death.

Much has been said about mixed marriages in Japan. On rare occasions they are a success, but this is not generally the case, especially if the wife be the foreigner.

I was much interested in a European lady I knew who had married a Japanese officer. They were a very united couple, and, had it not been for the husband's mother, all might have been well. But in Japan a wife is still entirely in subjection to her mother-in-law, who makes the most of this authority, in some cases reducing her son's wife into a sort of upper servant. In the present instance, as long as her husband remained at home his wife was able to do pretty much as she pleased. When, however, the war broke out and he joined his regiment in China, the mother-in-law entirely regained the upper hand. The unfortunate daughter had to abandon her European customs, adopt Japanese dress for herself and her child, sit on the floor, and live principally on Japanese food. Nor was this all. During her husband's absence the elder lady absolutely forbade her victim to accept any invitations or to receive any visitors except her Japanese relations and a few of their friends.

I managed, however, to gain admittance one day, and found my friend very miserable, shivering over a

wretched charcoal 'hibatchi,' and without a single book or paper to distract her thoughts from her anxiety as to her husband's safety. So great was the old lady's power and influence that the Western woman did not dare to disobey, but had to submit in silence until her husband's return home, when, I am glad to say, life once more became bearable to her.

The case is somewhat different when it is the wife who is Japanese. To begin with, no Japanese lady of gentle birth would ever think of marrying a foreigner. She would consider it a *mésalliance* of the very worst description. Therefore the Japanese wives whom one meets in society are of very humble origin, and generally know no language but their own. They are charming little creatures when young, pretty and gentle; but they have nothing in common with their husbands, and are looked upon more in the light of playthings than anything else. They have often, though, great influence with their husbands in their household, and succeed in bringing up their children as much like Japanese and as little like foreigners as possible. I fancy it is chiefly owing to the Japanese parent's jealousy and the negligence of the foreigner that this is the case.

The social position of Japanese women has very much changed for the better during the last few years, chiefly owing to foreign influence and the spread of Christianity in the country.

The Empress, too, has done much by promoting

charitable work of all kinds in the country, and through her influence the horrible custom of blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows of married women has been abolished. Her personal interest in the Red-Cross Society was especially noticeable during the last war, when she and the wives of many of the nobles visited, and some even nursed, the sick in hospital, and employed their days making lint and bandages for the use of the wounded.

A Japanese courtship and wedding are both very curious ceremonies, and still somewhat savour of barbarism.

'When a young man has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing, he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the suitor' (Siebold).

At the time of the marriage the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she immediately offers to her parents, in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and of the pains bestowed upon her education. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil, and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by. On the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of saké, and cups; on the other table a miniature fir-tree, signifying strength of the bridegroom; a plum-tree, signifying

the beauty of the bride; and lastly a stork, standing on a tortoise, representing long life and happiness, desired by them both.

At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the saké, and the two-spouted kettle, also containing saké, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life, and at her death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman is obedience —whilst unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son.

In the 'Greater Learning of Women' we read: 'A woman should look upon her husband as if he were heaven itself, and thus escape celestial punishment. . . . The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies afflict seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness.'

The above extract shows us very clearly the position which women have until quite recently taken in Japan. As a German writer says, 'Her condition is the intermediate link between the European and the Asiatic.' On the one hand, Japanese women are sub-

jected to no seclusion, and are as carefully educated as the men, and take their own place in society; but, on the other hand, they have absolutely no independence, and are in complete subjection to their husbands, sons, and other relations. They are without legal rights, and under no circumstances can a wife obtain a divorce or separation from her husband, however great his offence. Notwithstanding this, in no country does one find a higher standard of morality than amongst the married women of Japan. Faithlessness is practically unknown, although the poor little wives must often have much to put up with from their autocratic lords and masters. They bear all, however, silently and uncomplainingly, their characteristic pride and reserve forbidding them show to the outer world what they suffer. I read the other day that a Japanese poet has called a Japanese wife 'social glue,' meaning, I suppose, that she had to cement the happiness of everyone in the house together.

We Europeans might well in many respects imitate, and have still much to learn from, our little cousins in the Far East.

CHAPTER VII

JAPANESE CHILDREN

Boys and girls—Games—The Feast of Dolls—School life—The 'Hina Matsuri'—The Feast of the Carp—The 'Bon Matsuri,' the festival for dead children.

THERE is nothing more delightful in Japan than the children. Japan has been called 'the Paradise for Babies,' and the Japanese 'a nation at play.' Certainly these titles seemed to me appropriate as I took my first drive through the narrow Japanese streets, and saw at every turn the crowds of happy-faced little beings, either flying huge kites—whose long strings got sadly in the way of our rickshaws, though no one seemed to care—or spinning tops on the pavement, a fatal practice to short-sighted pedestrians.

How picturesque they looked toddling about in their bright-coloured kimonos and high wooden clogs, with a baby almost as big as themselves firmly secured on their backs, the rider and ridden

sometimes so near of an age that one almost fancied they must be taking turns and carrying one another!

The babies, too, appeared to enjoy the fun as

'HOW PICTURESQUE THEY LOOKED!'

much as anyone, which was fortunate, as, willing or unwilling, they had to join in all the games of their elder brothers and sisters, and one wondered

how on earth it was their little heads didn't roll off as they rocked backwards and forwards, and up and down, in time to the rapid movements of the game their elders were playing.

Little girls, too small to carry real babies, had big dolls strapped on their backs, and it was really difficult to distinguish the live article from the imitation. No wonder their backs become bent nearly double by the time they are old women—they age very quickly do the women in the Far East—but they are wonderfully fascinating when young, with their curious, old-fashioned manners, their marvellous self-possession, and the politeness and dignity with which they comport themselves on every occasion. They have but one drawback, and that I must confess is a very serious one—namely, the total absence of pocket-handkerchiefs; and somehow they always seem to have colds! I think I need say no more.

There are many strange and original customs relating to the management and bringing up of children in Japan. Boys are the most thought of, as is universally the case all over the East, but not to the same extent as in other Eastern countries.

'On the birth of a son there is great rejoicing in a family. Two fans are presented to the infant by his godparent, representing courage. When he is thirty days old he is taken to a temple to receive his name. Three names are written on separate bits of paper and given to a priest, who, asking

the gods to direct the choice, throws the slips into the air, and the first falling to earth is supposed to contain the name the gods approve of, and is consequently given to the child.

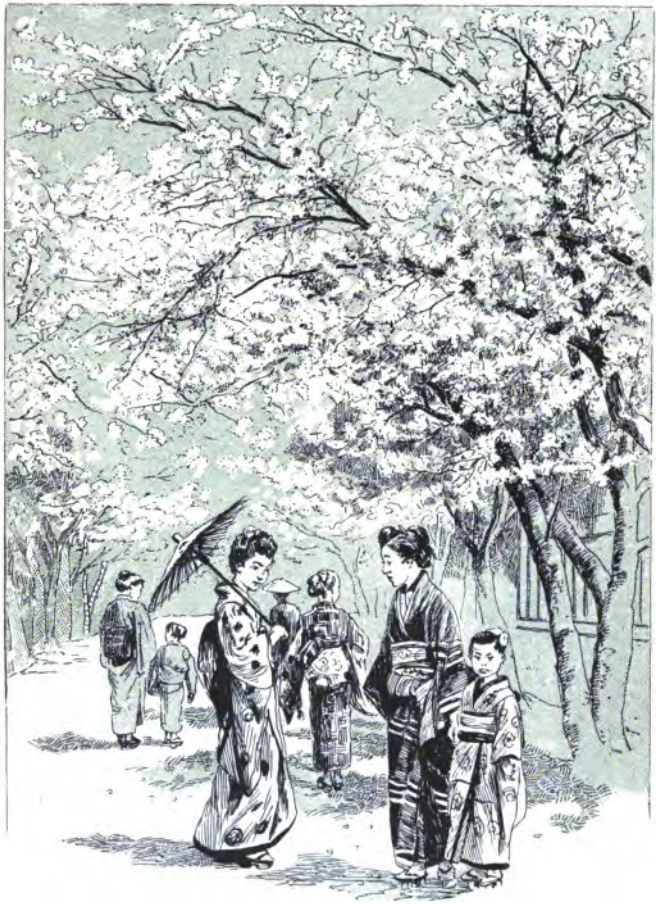
'Other names are added during the boy's life—on his fifteenth birthday, on his marriage, and one is given to him after death by his relations.

'A boy's head is clean-shaven until he is five years old, with the exception of four little tufts of hair—one in front, one behind, and one at each side of his head. On his fifth birthday the function of the "hakama" takes place—the child, in other words, goes into trousers. A godparent is appointed for this important event, who presents his godson with three gifts—a false sword, a wooden spear, and a ceremonial dress embroidered with storks, tortoises, branches of fir, bamboo-twigs, and cherry-blossom—all emblems of good luck and long life. From that date his hair is allowed to grow, though it is generally very closely cropped in French fashion.

'On his fifteenth birthday the last and most important function is celebrated—"the Ceremony of the Cap"—when a new godparent is chosen, the boy receives his second name, and he attains his majority.'*

We are also told by Siebold that it was the custom of the ancients, on the birth of a female child, to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days, and in this way to show the likening of the man to heaven

* Siebold.



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

and the woman to earth. This custom has fortunately been abolished, with many other cruel and barbarous practices, and female children are no longer neglected.

When a daughter is born in a house, a godparent is chosen, who presents the baby with a shell of paint, implying beauty. A pair of 'hina,' or images, are also purchased for the little girl, which she plays with until she is grown up. When she is married her hina are taken with her to her husband's house, and she gives them to her children, adding to the stock as her family increases.

Dolls occupy a very important part in the life of a little girl. They are not merely playthings to be thrown away and discarded at will; on the contrary, they are considered 'heirlooms' in a family, and carefully guarded and treasured for generations. I really think an 'ichi ban,' or best doll, receives much more care and attention than the real baby, who from its earliest infancy, as I have before remarked, is made to share in all the work and play of its elders, with no regard to its own feelings or wishes.

The 'Hina Matsuri,' or the Feast of Dolls, takes place annually on March 3, and lasts about a week. I remember paying a very interesting visit to the wife of the late Japanese Minister of Marines in Tokio, when I was invited to see her little girl's show of dolls.

O Haru San—the Honourable Miss Spring—who was an only child, and adored by her parents, greeted

me with charming politeness and dignity, placing her tiny white hands on her knees and bowing her head down to the ground. She was a delightful little creature of eight years of age, very small and slender, with manners quite equal to the Countess, her mother, who is one of the most charming women I have met in the East. O Haru San was dressed in a fascinating gray silk crape kimono, with a fold of scarlet crape round the neck and a gold brocaded obi. Her face and throat were much whitened, the paint terminating in three points at the back of the neck; her lips were reddened and slightly touched with gold. Her hair was drawn back, raised in front and gathered into a double loop, into which a band of scarlet crape was twisted. On her feet she wore 'tabi,' little white linen socks hooked up at the side, with a separate place for the great toe, and I noticed her little lacquered 'geta' (clogs) were placed neatly together just outside the door. The whole effect reminded me of an exquisite wax model, and it was impossible to imagine that tiny delicate being capable of any mental or physical exertion.

To my surprise, however, she tripped gaily in front of me up the wooden staircase and down a long corridor to a large room where the Hina Matsuri was being held. She appeared perfectly at her ease, and chatted away, asking me many intelligent questions, through the interpreter, about little English girls, their games, dolls, etc.

On the landing a dolls' garden was arranged, with small houses, bridges, miniature fir-trees—the latter a great speciality in Japan—a river with real water, even a minute pond with three gold-fish—the whole arrangement very artistically planned and set out. As O Haru San drew back the lacquered panels of her room, she looked at me anxiously to see how I should be impressed. I certainly had no cause to feign surprise. The sight was a most unusual one. The room was literally packed with dolls of every sort and description; almost every nationality was represented, some nearly life-size, others the length of one's little finger; all were arranged in groups, standing, sitting, propped up against cushions, in every conceivable attitude.

On a kind of daïs were two dolls on thrones, representing the Emperor and Empress of Japan. As far as I could see every doll was in perfect order, every detail of their costumes correct—no broken noses, arms, or legs—no pins! Even in the hospital, where several pale-faced dolls were lying in bed, I noticed the splints and bandages were not to hide, but to represent, injuries.

My small hostess darted hither and thither, pointing out special favourites, rearranging some of the groups with her delicate little white hands with great care and precision. I thought of my favourite rag-doll Sally, with no features and destitute of legs, that I used to hug in my arms as a child when I went to

sleep; and I wondered what O Haru San's feelings would have been if I had suggested adding that mutilated remnant to her collection. What havoc a few English children would have made in that room! But a Japanese child is perfectly content to look and admire; and I imagine such a thing as breaking a doll would be considered almost a crime. Many of these toys, I was told, were over two hundred years old; some represented warriors and 'samuri' of the seventeenth century — uniforms, weapons, complete. I must not forget the dinner-service which was spread on one of the tables, and from which every day during the Matsuri food was served to the more important of the dolls by their young mistress.

How comic it all seemed, and yet how real and serious it was to little Miss Spring! She told me that at the end of the week every doll was carefully wrapped in paper and locked away until the following year, although one or two special favourites were occasionally brought out for change of air.

Before leaving O Haru San presented me with about a thimbleful of tea in a tiny transparent cup of white and gold, saying in her pretty little way: 'This tea is worthless indeed, and green, but deign to moisten your honourable lips with it.' I did as she requested, assuring her that never before had I tasted its equal in delicious fragrance.

One *must* be polite to avoid hopelessly disgracing one's self in Japanese society.

I felt strongly inclined to kiss the tiny piquant

face, white paint and all, as we said good-bye; but that would have been far too great a breach of etiquette to be tolerated by the little lady, who, bowing low as I left the house, begged 'to be very kindly remembered to my most honourable father, of whom she had heard so much.'

The following extract, taken from a German book written in 1841, shows us how much importance has always been attached to the rules of politeness and etiquette in Japan. It says, speaking of education: 'Children of the higher orders are carefully instructed in morals and manners, including the whole science of good-breeding, the minutest laws of etiquette, and the forms of behaviour as graduated towards every individual of the whole human race, by relation, rank, and station.'

Compulsory education exists all over the country, even in remote country villages in the interior. A drum beats at seven o'clock in the morning to summon the children to school, and if one is energetic enough to be about at that early hour, one sees troops of quaint little figures wending their way to the school-house with satchels on their backs, very possibly flying kites or spinning tops, according to the time of year, as they go along.

On a wet morning, instead of the merry little faces, nothing is visible but a long procession of large yellow parchment umbrellas, and bare brown legs and feet. With one hand the kimono is carefully held up high out of harm's way, with no respect to

appearances; in the other hand the children carry their 'geta' (clogs), which are only used in fine weather.

As Miss Bird says, describing a Japanese school:

'The model behaviour of the children during school-hours is quite remarkable; they are so imbued with the spirit of obedience that their teachers have no difficulty in securing quiet and attention. In fact, they are almost too good; and their little old-fashioned faces look painfully serious sometimes as they pore over their books or repeat verses and lessons in their monotonous voices.'

One of their recitations, which I have since seen translated, ran as follows:

'Colour and perfume vanish away;
What can be lasting in this world?
To-day disappears in the abyss of nothingness.
It is but the passing image of a dream, and causes only a slight trouble.'

In other words, 'vanity of vanities'—a dismal ditty for young children, but very characteristic of the spirit of fatalism in the East.

'The penalties for bad conduct used to be a few blows with a switch on the leg, or a slight burn with the "moxa" on the forefinger, but now the usual punishment is detention after school-hours.

'The cost of education is not expensive—from a halfpenny to three halfpence a month, according to the means of the parent.'

Besides the national schools, there are many

excellent colleges and schools for the children of the nobles and upper classes in Japan. In Tokio alone there are military, naval, and engineering colleges, besides a large University. Japanese students, however, frequently finish their education at foreign Universities, where they often take high degrees.

A girl generally leaves school when she is fifteen, but she continues her studies until she marries. An important part in her education is the arrangement of flowers, an art cultivated into a veritable science in Japan. I was anxious to take a few lessons, but was told that no satisfactory result could be obtained under three years' constant study, so decided to leave that accomplishment to those who had more time and patience at their disposal.

I must not forget to mention some of the games and fêtes which take such an important place in the lives of Japanese children. I have described the Hina Matsuri, the festival for girls, which is celebrated on the 3rd of March. The feast for boys is held on the 5th of May at the festival of Hachman, the god of war. The towns and villages on that date present a most curious spectacle. Where there are any boys in the family, large, hollow, canvas kites in the form of a carp are hung at the end of long poles from every home; the number and size of the fish corresponding to the number and age of the boys in the family.

These fish used to be made large enough to carry a man up in the air, and have been known to be

employed in time of war to spy into the interior of an enemy's castle. On one occasion a robber was caught by means of their help, and killed, but they are no longer used for these practices.

The carp is chosen as an emblem at the feast of boys on account of its strength and power to swim up against stream. In like manner a boy is supposed to push his way along the stream of life and combat difficulties.

There is a very picturesque, and at the same time curiously pathetic, festival which takes place annually at the end of August at Nagasaki—the 'Bon Matsuri,' or festival to dead children. Every day during the week children in gorgeous costumes parade the streets of the town, carrying fans, banners and lanterns, collecting subscriptions. On the last day of the festival, at sunset, whole fleets of little straw sailing-boats, with food and a light on board each, are launched on the beach for the souls of the little children who have died.

How well I remember the scene! The sun was sinking like a ball of fire into the purple sea, tinging the mountains, the islands, and the yellow sand a delicate rose colour.

As far as the eye could reach numberless little figures were hurrying to and fro on the beach, fitting out their tiny crafts ready to launch into the water. As the sun sank behind the horizon the murmur of many voices broke the stillness, gradually resolving into a weird incantation, which echoed from hill to

hill. This was the signal for the lighting and launching of the boats; a few minutes later, when night had fallen, the sea seemed ablaze with countless flickering lights; and on the shore, thousands of little figures, fast disappearing into the darkness, could be seen kneeling on the sand offering up their prayers and petitions for the welfare of the little ones they had lost, in whose memory the festival had been celebrated.

Since the opening up of the country to foreigners and the introduction of Western civilization, many of the quaint manners and customs in Japan are fast disappearing, and the Japanese children, especially in the Treaty-port towns, cannot be said to have benefited by the change.

Nothing can be more delightful than a Japanese child with Japanese manners; nothing, I grieve to say, more objectionable than one with European manners. Why is it, I wonder, that bad habits are so much more easily learnt than good ones?

In spite of all this, however, one must admit that much still remains, especially amongst the girls, of that grace, that gentle politeness and courtesy, which has ever given such a charm and attracted one so much to the children of Japonica.

CHAPTER VIII

SERVANTS IN JAPAN

Their politeness—Frequency of their baths—Always ready for a nap—Mrs. Peter Potts.

THE Japanese make good servants—willing and obliging and quick to learn English ways. They cost very little to feed, living chiefly on rice and vegetables, although they are fond of European food when they can get it. Their honesty depends chiefly on their masters and mistresses. Where they attach themselves they are faithful and trustworthy. On the other hand, an unpopular English house is often servantless, and many are the stories I have been told, especially in the English settlements in Yokohama and Kobé, of the extravagance and theft of the Japanese 'boy'—a word always employed in the Far East for all male servants.

The head boy of our establishment in Tokio, where

we had a house for some time, was a Japanese who in more prosperous days had been a *samuri*, or two-sworded man. He had a fair knowledge of English, was responsible for the payment of the

JAPANESE SERVANTS.

weekly bills, looked after the other servants, and always accompanied us when travelling in the interior. Yami was a little shrivelled-up-looking man who might have been any age between thirty-five and sixty. He possessed a father and mother

as well as a wife and large family, all of whom lived together in two small rooms in the Japanese quarter of our house. Except on the occasion of a shock of earthquake, when the garden seemed full of small quaintly-robed figures running in every direction, I saw little or nothing of some of the members of our household; and on those unpleasant occasions I was much too agitated to think of anything but my own safety.

The only other time that our domestic staff appeared in force was on Christmas Day, when my father summoned everyone to his study, beginning with Yami and his family down to the rickshaw and water coolies, their wives and children. There seemed an endless number of little bowing figures as they appeared in a long line, all dressed in their best, and apparently much impressed with the importance of the occasion.

Politeness in Japan is proverbial, and extends to the lowest classes of the community. However much Japanese servants are scolded and abused, they will listen with apparent submission and repentance, seemingly never taking offence, although they really hide a good deal of feeling under their humble demeanour. I have known a servant, after being severely reprimanded by his master, attempt to commit suicide. On the other hand, however, when once roused to hatred, a Japanese is very vindictive and will stop short of nothing for revenge. They have, as a nation, wonderful control over their

feelings, and on no account would they like to appear anything but happy and contented in public.

I remember one day asking Yami about the health of his old father, who had not been well. With the broadest of grins and every sign of pleasure, Yami told me that only that morning his honourable parent had 'condescended to die' and was about to be buried that afternoon. He then apologized profusely for mentioning such a trivial matter. I believe, as a matter of fact, the death of the old man was a great grief to his son, as there is much filial affection existing between parents and children in Japan.

Yami was very devoted to me, and when travelling always considered his duties embraced those of maid. On arriving at our destination, his first thought was to unpack my clothes and put out on my bed whatever he considered suitable for me to wear—a somewhat strange selection occasionally. Wherever we were staying, he always brought me my morning cup of tea, saying as he entered the room: 'Good-morning, everybody.' Poor Yami died of pneumonia just before we left Japan. I went to see him a few hours before his death. On the floor by his side were two little wooden frames with photographs of my father and myself. He was too weak to speak, but pointed to the photos, and then put his hand to his heart to show us his affection, poor fellow!

Japanese servants, if left to themselves, are lazy little beings. Their chief joy in life seems to be

their bath. How often have I had to wait to go for my drive until the betto returned from the bath-house! Their horror of a drop of rain seems strange, considering this; but not for one minute will a coolie continue work in the garden if there is the slightest indication of wet weather.

THAT DELIGHTFUL HOTEL IN THE HILLS.

They are ready to sleep on all possible occasions. I remember we were staying in a little Japanese house near Lake Chiunsenji, and having started out for the day, we left orders that certain things were to be done in the way of cleaning, during our absence. We had not left a quarter of an hour,

when we discovered our lunch-basket had been forgotten, and my father hastened back to fetch it. On entering the little hall, he heard a noise proceeding from a large cupboard in which was a shelf kept for boots and fishing-tackle. Looking in, he discovered our four servants—cook, maid, house-boy and water-coolie—all stretched out on the shelf among the contents of the cupboard, evidently just preparing for a pleasant siesta. They scurried away like rabbits on seeing my father, and seemed overwhelmed with shame when we spoke to them seriously the next morning on the sin of laziness.

Some of the nasans at the up-country hotels are charming little creatures. How well I can still see the row of merry, laughing faces that always greeted us when we arrived at the delightful hotel up at Myanoshita, where we went sometimes for a change of air and rest after the gaieties of Tokio. Before we knew it, our muddy boots would be taken off, warm slippers given us, hot baths prepared; to say nothing of an excellent meal always ready at whatever hour we arrived—and all without any fuss or noise but the patter of small feet up and down the long corridors, as the little maidens hastened to do our bidding.

Once or twice at Christmas time, when games were the order of the evening, we would request the company of half a dozen of our little handmaidens to join in a game of 'hunt the slipper.' How they laughed and entered into the fun, and yet never

forgot their polite manners, nor failed to treat us with the greatest deference and respect!

Soon after our arrival in Tokio we had a difficulty in getting servants, and it was suggested that we should obtain the services of Mrs. Peter Potts, whose duties as 'charwoman' at the English Legation only occupied her one day a week. When I first made the old lady's acquaintance she was about sixty-five years old, still hale and hearty, in spite of a somewhat strong predilection, I grieve to say, for 'old Tom.' Her face always reminded me of a dried russet apple, furrowed and lined by years of toil and constant exposure. Her complexion was fresh and ruddy, and shone from a lavish application of soapsuds and much polishing. Her scanty gray locks were generally hidden in the house by a red cotton handkerchief, tied under the chin, out of doors by an appalling erection which was once a bonnet, but which the ravages of time and weather had reduced to a confused jumble of faded blue velvet, jellow flowers, and souvenirs from a deceased rooster's tail.

Her clothes, though shabby through much wear and faded from many introductions to the wash-tub, were always scrupulously clean and neat. A rusty black silk dress and mantle, relics of former mistresses, only appeared at weddings and funerals; and the wonderful violet silk garment kept expressly for Royal functions—for the old lady was nothing if not loyal—was the above-mentioned garment turned inside out!

From many years' employment at the Legation, Mrs. Peter Potts had come to consider herself one of the 'staff,' and expected to be treated as such. Her respect for the authorities, from the English Minister downwards, was immense, and she had a scale of reverence with which she greeted them—the Court curtsey to His Excellency was a sight to be remembered and wondered at. It could hardly be properly accomplished in an ordinary-sized room, although I have seen the old woman, interrupted in the midst of cleaning a grate, her face and hands black with soot, rise to her feet, catch a piece of rough holland apron in either hand, and sweep backwards across the room in a style a Duchess of the eighteenth century could not have surpassed.

History, however, relates that a former Minister many years previously had come under ban of Mrs. Peter Potts' displeasure, and, in a moment of indignation too strong to be suppressed, she grasped His 'Excurrency'—as she called His Excellency—by the beard and shook it violently, much to the great man's surprise and alarm. Since then, either the Corps Diplomatique became more cautious as to their dealings with their 'colleague,' or our friend learnt prudence with age. In any case, of late years the Legation has had no firmer ally than Mrs. Potts. 'I allus makes my h'inclinations to them of the Corps 'cause I knows my dooty, Miss,' she said to me one day.

The late lamented Mr. Peter Potts had departed

this life some years before our arrival in Japan. He was a pensioner, having been sent out as gate-keeper to the Legation, then in Yokohama, early in the sixties. Mrs. Potts surrounded the memory of her 'poor Peter' with such a halo of romance, and attributed his death to such a marvellous number of mortal diseases, that the ex-sergeant of Marines became a glorified figure in her imagination. As a matter of fact, I believe he was a weak sort of creature, very hen-pecked, who died from too great an affection to the gin bottle.

Mrs. Potts has no family living, and seems to rejoice in the fact.

'I did once 'ave a little bit of a thing not worth mentioning, but, thank the Lord, it was took arter three days. My mother, she 'ad eleven of us, pore soul! all told, and I was the only one as lived to grow up. I was a twin, too, and born with three teeth, and they do say as 'ow they allus are vixens—I know I was when a gal.'

She treated our little Japanese maid-servants with condescension and secret contempt. How could anyone under sixty know how to do things in the proper way?

'It's comfort, not style, as you wants, my good young lidy,' she would say as she bustled about. 'Them slips of Jap things can't know your ways as I does.'

Once a week she used to have her mid-day meal with us, and a glass of stout. Then how her tongue

would wag! I asked her one day how she had enjoyed her dinner.

'Why, miss, I fancied as 'ow I was at the Gilt 'All (Guild Hall). Them young gals was that pressing I thought as 'ow I should never 'ave done.'

The memories of her early courtship and marriage always brought a blush to her withered cheek, as she would tell us how she met her 'pore Peter,' for the first time, on the Thames Embankment—'Jist by one of them little trees in cages, you know, my good young lidy.' (This, you will remember, was forty years ago; the trees have grown since then.) 'He did look a proper dook, did Peter, in 'is red uniform—the dead split of the Colonel 'e were.'

They were married at the Tower, and soon afterwards came out to Japan, Mrs. Potts as temporary maid to the wife of the English Minister.

'Law, miss,' she said to me one day, 'His Excurrency used to get real Victoria Cross sometimes, and stamp, 'e did, fit to scare you into next week, but 'e was a kind master, 'e was. He'd say, "Come along, Mrs. Potts, and choose a drink for yourself," and when I said I kind o' fancied a glass o' beer, he'd go and draw it with 'is own 'ands, 'e would.'

The old lady had a great admiration for my father. I overheard her saying to Yami one day: 'I think as 'ow the master represents the one from above. He's no respecter of persons, 'e isn't, but treats us all alike—so perlite and consid'rate, 'e is. He

says, "Thank you, Mrs. Potts," as if I was a Duchess, he do.'

She was a perfect walking *Court Circular*. Every event connected with Royalties was of the greatest personal interest to her, and she invariably took a holiday to celebrate any Royal birthday, and hung a little Union Jack out of her cottage window. Just before the Coronation of the King we were all busy preparing for the festivities, but for some reason best known to herself Mrs. Potts refused to share in the general rejoicings, although as a rule she was the gayest of the gay on these occasions.

'I don't somehow feel like jubilating, my dears,' was all she would say.

When the news of the King's illness reached Tokio, she said to my father, 'You see, sir, I 'ad a "presentimum" that there was something wrong, and I thank the Lord that I wasn't thinking of merry-making with His Blessed Majesty ill-a-bed and like to die.'

Whether this was a strange coincidence, or second sight I know not, but it was a fact.

CHAPTER IX

SOME FESTIVALS AND A FUNERAL.

The Imperial Silver Wedding—Parade of the troops—The weddi ıg feast—The Chinese ball in Tokio—A gay assembly —A Royal funeral—Strange customs.

IT seems curious at first to think of an Emperor with six wives having a silver wedding, but, as I have previously mentioned, His Majesty has but one wife who is recognised officially—the present Empress of Japan. My father and I were staying at Tokio at the time of this ceremony, and were fortunate in receiving invitations, as, out of the three thousand guests invited to the palace, only about a hundred were foreigners.

The event caused great excitement in the capital, for the Japanese are most loyal and devoted subjects. Every street was decorated with flags and garlands of flowers, whilst on the auspicious day, March the 9th, everyone donned their best attire and there was a public holiday all over Japan. Thousands of

peasants came from the country on the chance of getting a glimpse at the 'Ruler of the Rising Sun,' who was to review his troops on the parade-ground just outside the walls of the city. The cherry and peach trees were also *en fête* for the occasion, their pink and white blossoms adding much to the charm of the scene, whilst the wind scattered their petals on the passers-by, covering the ground like newly-fallen snow. By two o'clock over ten thousand troops had assembled, as smart and well-turned-out a set of men as one could wish to see. The cavalry left something to be desired, as the horses were small and mostly in poor condition, but they are strong, willing little beasts, and very serviceable for rough-riding.

Three large tents had been erected on the parade-ground, one for the Royal party, another for the staff and Ministers of State, and the third for the Corps Diplomatique and a few favoured foreigners.

At mid-day a loud fanfare of trumpets was heard, the massed bands struck up the Japanese National Anthem and the Royal procession arrived in sight. The Emperor and Empress were in a golden coach drawn by six horses, followed by eight other carriages containing Royalties and officials. As usual, on their arrival there was dead silence, and their Majesties' expressions were perfectly impassive, as if carved in stone; in fact, during the whole afternoon and the march-past of the troops, I never saw a smile or the slightest sign of interest on either of those statuesque

faces When the review was over, we had barely time to rush back to the hotel to dress for the banquet and reception at the Palace. On this important occasion I wore my first Court train, and very proud I felt as I drove off with my father in the carriage.

The Palace grounds were brilliantly lighted by thousands of coloured lanterns and little lamps. As I stepped out of the brougham into the large entrance-hall, where already many of the guests had assembled, and had my train arranged by two of the gold-laced attendants, I felt as if I were living in some other age, being no longer only an English country girl, but some Japanese Princess of old Japan.

After passing down endless corridors brilliantly lit with countless candles, along highly polished and very slippery floors, we arrived at the banqueting-hall. I presently found myself sitting with the Chinese Minister, Mr. Wong, on my right and a little Japanese Admiral on my left. My father was some way down on the other side.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Over five hundred guests were present, seated at long tables, which were exquisitely decorated with orchids, roses, ferns, and every kind of fruit in silver dishes. All the dinner-service was also of solid silver. At one end of the hall, a little raised and apart, sat the Emperor and Empress. The latter wore a European dress of rich white satin embroidered all over with silver; and masses of priceless diamonds were round

her neck and in her dress. On her head was a small crown studded with precious stones. On either side sat the Royal Princes and Princesses; they all wore the Grand Cross Order of Japan—a broad orange and white ribbon. Every conceivable uniform seemed to be represented — Diplomats, Generals, Admirals, and a few foreigners in Court dress.

The dinner lasted nearly three hours, and, to judge by the manner His Excellency Mr. Wong appreciated every dish, it must have been a very good one. Mr. Wong was a tall, oldish man with a shrewd, parchment-like face. He spoke English well and said he was a natural philosopher. He had gorgeous brocades and thick furs lining his long robes. I asked him why he did not wear these brocades outside at night for variety, which idea seemed much to amuse him. He told me his jade ring was worth five thousand dollars. It certainly was a lovely green stone.

The little Japanese Admiral, who spoke no English, tried to entertain me by making all sorts of figures out of his bread. At each course he asked for a fresh roll, and, by the end of dinner, we had an array of minute bread soldiers, ladies and animals on the table before us, really most cleverly contrived.

Before the banquet was half finished I felt I could eat no more, but my two neighbours seemed so distressed when I passed a dish, that I felt obliged to taste everything.

Each guest had before his plate a stork made of solid silver, beautifully chased, standing on a little silver box, with two tortoises at the foot, also in silver. These were presented by their Majesties as souvenirs of their silver wedding. The stork is the emblem of happiness in Japan and the tortoise of long life. Before leaving, we were also presented with silver medals, coined especially for the occasion with an inscription, and enclosed in a black and silver lacquer box.

After the banquet we went to the throne-room, where seats were arranged for two thousand guests, many being present who had not attended the dinner. There was a stage, and some very curious acting was performed — old Japanese plays, with weird Japanese music, which resembled cats on a roof more than anything I have ever heard.

The solemnity of the large audience, the weird acting and the appalling music suddenly inspired me with a wild desire to laugh, and I only saved myself from disgrace by bending my head low and trying to think of everything sad I could recollect. It was no use; I was rapidly becoming hysterical, when a kind little Japanese lady, thinking I was feeling faint, offered me her scent-bottle. This restored me to my senses, and I repressed my feelings until the end of the entertainment.

The Emperor and Empress were present, sitting in state together on their thrones. During the whole performance they hardly moved a muscle of their

faces, the sign of high breeding in Japan, but the poor Empress looked very pale and exhausted before the end, and neither she nor the Emperor attended the supper to which we were all bidden before leaving the palace.

Truly it was a strange and unique ceremony.

Another entertainment of interest to which we went some time later was a ball given at the Chinese Legation by their Excellencies the Minister and Lady Yü, who had succeeded my old friend and philosopher, Mr. Wong, in Tokio. Looking at the large cosmopolitan company gathered together, all apparently on the most friendly and cordial terms, it was hard to believe that there had ever been war between China and Japan, or that even then there were strained relations between several of the countries whose representatives were there on apparently the most friendly and cordial terms. However, I suppose even the most zealous statesman must at times put aside his official capacity and yield to the enjoyment of the moment, and this they certainly seemed to be doing on the present occasion.

The Chinese Legation is a large European building of red brick, commanding one of the best situations in Tokio. But for its yellow flag flying aloft on fête-days and a few Chinese 'monban,' or guards, at the gates, there is nothing to distinguish it from any of the other official residences in the capital. The Legation is furnished in European

style, with curtains and coverings of bright-coloured brocades, and has a large ball-room, with a parquet floor and electric light. On this important evening the walls were decorated with Chinese weapons and flags, arranged very effectively. The guests, who numbered between two and three hundred, arrived shortly after nine o'clock; they included nearly all the Japanese Ministers of State and high officials, the various Corps Diplomatiques and their staffs, the Russian Admiral and a number of Russian officers, and also the greater part of the foreign community of Tokio.

On arrival, we were met at the entrance by an imposing group of Chinese officials, who escorted us two by two across the hall and up a long flight of stairs to the dressing-room. After delivering over our cloaks and wraps to the quaintest and most picturesque-looking little maid-servants, we were marched arm in arm solemnly in procession down-stairs to the drawing-room, where the Minister and Lady Yü were waiting to receive us. Lady Yü wore a European dress of violet satin and lace, and had a Court train trimmed with ostrich-feathers; although she is usually seen in her national costume. She is a nice-looking woman, with a kind, pleasant face. By birth she is American-Japanese, her father having married and settled in Shanghai. Her two daughters, Miss Lizzie and Miss Nelly Yü, were also in European dresses of white silk. They are bright-looking girls, very popular in Tokio society. All

three speak English fluently. The Minister, however, speaks only Chinese, but, I believe, understands a good deal of the conversation going on around him. He is a native of the province of Manchu, in the North of China, and, like most of the inhabitants of that part of the country, is above the average height and a powerfully-made man. He adheres entirely to his Chinese dress, and was attired in a long coat of yellow brocade, lined with white Mongolian fur.

There are two sons, the eldest about twenty-one years of age, who is already married, and is a proud father—the other a boy of about seventeen. They both seemed thoroughly to enjoy the dancing, although their long satin petticoats and curious high shoes must have been somewhat inconvenient. They are being educated by French and English governesses, and one of them confided to me that his mother fines him 10 sen (= 2½d.) whenever he speaks Chinese!

A number of Chinese guests were present, their gorgeous, embroidered garments adding much to the general effect of the ballroom, as did also the gay uniforms of the various naval and military officers. There was a curious mixture of costumes. Chinese in Chinese dress, Chinese in European dress, Japanese *à l'Anglaise*, Japanese *à la Japonaise*, and Europeans in every imaginable combination of colour and style; some toilettes as much 'up-to-date' as the distance from the land of fashions permitted, others evidently desirous of striking out a line of their own. One

American lady had actually draped herself in a Japanese kimono, but in a way that no Japanese lady would dream of appearing. I also noticed a German lady in a dress of pure white.

Perhaps, however, they imagined it was a fancy-dress ball! Contrary to the Chinese dress, which is a combination of the most vivid colouring, the Japanese ladies over twenty—in fact, even younger—wear nothing but the most sober colours—grays, drabs, fawns; and the elderly ladies are generally seen in black, the only adornment being their crest embroidered on the back of their kimonos. The men and boys wear gray, dark blue, and black ukatas.

The cotillon was led by Miss Yü and a secretary of the Russian Legation, and included some pretty and original figures. The Russian *contredanses* seemed to be especially appreciated, and the fun had waxed fast and furious towards the small hours of the morning when we took our departure. In fact, the ball was a great success in every way, and the general originality of the entertainment added much to its charm.

Some of the guests were a little disappointed in not having a real Chinese supper; but when I mention a few of the palatable dishes that were served to us at a Chinese dinner at which we were once present, I think you will agree with me that we had a lucky escape.

The chief dainties at that delectable feast—which,

by-the-by, lasted three hours and a half — were swallows'-nest soup, a very expensive dish, I believe; sharks' fins, more or less eatable; eggs, which had been buried for several months and had become the consistency and colour of old Stilton cheese; and many other similar dainties which I fail to remember, but all swimming in the inevitable and savoury Chinese sauce made of pig and goose fat. Of course, tastes differ, but I own to preferring the more commonplace chicken-and-ham supper menu to the above delicacies.

Another ceremony of a very different character at which I was soon afterwards present, was the Shinto funeral of His Imperial Highness Prince Arizugawa, uncle to the present Emperor. There is a most remarkable custom in Japan—that any person of Royal blood who dies away from home must have his death concealed until his body can be removed to his own palace. On this occasion, for several days after the Prince's death was an open secret, official bulletins were issued describing his condition as very critical. On the arrival of the coffin at the Imperial Palace in Tokio, however, his death was publicly announced to have taken place—quite a week later than was really the case.

By an early hour the streets of Tokio were thronged with an expectant crowd, all in their best attire—a picturesque gathering, very different from our sober-coloured crowd in England. Death to a Japanese

does not inspire the same dread and awe with which we are accustomed to associate it.

The day was all one could desire—one of those brilliant frosty days which make the winter of Japan so delightful. The funeral procession left the palace about 9 a.m., preceded by a large number of mounted troops; and the roads were lined by the infantry to keep back the crowd. Not wishing to follow the procession at a foot-pace for over two hours—the Imperial burial-ground being nearly five miles from the Prince's palace—my father and I started an hour later and, driving by a short-cut, reached our destination in good time. Only those having tickets were admitted into the Temple grounds, but there was a very large gathering—almost every nation being represented. The gay uniforms of the Japanese Officials, Admirals, and Generals; the entire Corps Diplomatique, Consuls from Yokohama, the officers from the Russian and German men-of-war, and the Chinese and Koreans in their quaint dress, all formed a brilliant gathering, standing out against the dark background of the great cryptomeria trees.

Several ladies were present, all in deep mourning; among them we noticed two of the Royal Princesses. Refreshments were provided in a small Japanese house in the grounds; and the hot coffee and sandwiches seemed much appreciated by many who had come up by an early train from Yokohama that morning. As the faint notes of the bugle announced

the approach of the procession, we all formed into a long line near the entrance-gate.

The priests walked first, arrayed in white silk kimonos, with curious erections of stiff black silk on their heads, somewhat resembling the helmet of Britannia. Then followed the choir, playing a weird incantation on their curious instruments. As I have said before, those who have not heard Japanese music can hardly realize how utterly unlike it is to the music of the West. Harmony it has none, and the wailing, dirge-like sounds are somewhat trying to the uninitiated. Notwithstanding, I noticed a solemn dignity in the mournful strains which had never struck me before.

Great numbers of wreaths, also enormous erections of artificial and natural flowers in bamboo stands, were carried by men in white cloaks. Some of these offerings were over twelve feet in height and required two men to carry them. These were followed by the late Prince's servants, his horses, then more priests—one carrying on a wooden stand a pair of shoes for the use of the departed spirit on its journey to Paradise or Hades, as the case might be. Then came the coffin, enclosed in a plain white wood sarcophagus, from which appeared a piece of the sleeve of the dead Prince's kimono, which, I must own, produced a most uncanny effect.

A Shinto corpse is always buried in a sitting position, fully dressed, with head bent to the knees in attitude of prayer. The coffin was carried by a

dozen men, all in white and bare-headed. Young Prince Arizugawa followed immediately after his father's coffin. He was in old Court dress—a petticoat of black silk, very full, giving the appearance of a divided skirt and a white silk kimono. He carried a long, narrow piece of wood, which he held in front of him, on which, doubtless, were inscribed prayers. His head-dress was somewhat similar to that worn by the priests, but at the back of the head was fastened a large black wire hoop covered with silk. In appearance the Prince is a small man, even for a Japanese, but very dignified in manner, with a clever, rather sad face. The ceremony must have been a trying one for him, as he marched on foot in the centre of the procession from one end of Tokio to the other, and the Shinto funeral rites, as far as the immediate relatives of the dead are concerned, compelled them to remain by the coffin until after sunset.

Princess Arizugawa, the Empress's messenger and the late Prince's mother were also in old Japanese Court dress—enormous trousers of bright-red material and white silk kimonos. Their hair was dressed in the most fantastic style, part of it standing out on either side of the head in stiff wings, the back view of the head resembling a heart in shape, the rest of the hair falling loosely down the back. The poor little ladies seemed to experience some difficulty in walking in their high clogs and stiff trousers. I imagine they must prefer even

European dress to this quaint, but unpractical style.

After waiting about an hour, while the coffin and floral offerings were being arranged, we were conducted to the other end of the Temple grounds, where a temporary altar had been erected. The priests, who were eight in number, after clapping their hands before the altar to call the attention of the gods and bowing to the ground repeatedly, chanted several long prayers, and the choir again began its dirge-like wailing. Then the priests in turn placed a small white wooden stand in front of the altar-steps, on each of which was a dish containing different sorts of food. First, two fish were presented, then a pair of wild duck, game, meat, rice, bread, fruits, and lastly, a bottle of saké. Food is always offered at a Shinto funeral for use of the spirit of the departed, who is supposed to travel for fifty days before his fate is finally decided by the gods; and during that period prayers are incessantly offered up by the priests and the family of the deceased until the fiftieth day, when judgment is supposed to be pronounced as to his future state.

Before leaving, each guest in turn, beginning with the messengers of the Emperor and Empress, placed before the coffin a small branch of a tree, from which hung strips of white paper cut into little angular bunches, intended to represent the offerings of cloth which in ancient days were tied to the branches of the 'cleyera' tree in festival time. When our turn

came, over a hundred branches had been presented, and, on leaving, we passed a large crowd with their offerings in their hands. The whole ceremony was exceedingly simple. Indeed, the chief characteristic of the Shinto religion is its simplicity; and 'to follow the dictates of your own conscience and to obey the Mikado' embraces the whole of its religious teaching. The present religion of the country is Shinto, but many of the Buddhist ceremonies have become mingled with it, although each religion has its distinctive marks.

CHAPTER X

CHANG, MY CHOW

His first appearance—Adventures and mishaps—Companions in Hospital—Chang goes to Church—Facing the enemy.

AMONG all the reminiscences of my life in Japan I think those in which my Chinese chow dog played a part are perhaps the most vivid in my memory.

We had some good times together, Chang and I, and I fear the chief blame lies at his mistress's door for not training him up in the way he should go. But who can teach a chow what he doesn't want to learn? A cleverer person than I.

How well I remember Chang's first appearance on the scene—a Sunday afternoon in Tokio. Enter Yami, very hot and agitated, holding a struggling yellow ball in his arms. Here was the much-longed-for chow puppy, sent me by a friend

THREE FRIENDS (*p.* 127).

from Hong Kong. What a queer little chap he was, with his bright brown eyes and black tongue. Exceedingly dirty, too, I am sorry to have to confess, in spite of several baths on his arrival at Yokohama, to which I was told he much objected.

As Chang grew up he became the very finest chow dog seen out of China. What high-class specimens may be reserved for the special consumption of the yellow-jacketed and peacock-befeathered Chinese mandarin I know not, but in the 'Land of the Rising Sun' he decidedly held his own.

Which reminds me—and I have it on the best authority, that of His Excellency Mr. Wong, late Chinese Minister in Tokio, since beheaded—that chow dogs are *not* eaten in China.

I had two little Japanese chins at that time—Yum-Yum and Dodo—which ran Chang very close in my affections. What pretty little things they were! Yum-Yum, no bigger than a fair-sized kitten, but almost human in intelligence and powers of affection, with her pretty little bird-like ways. I fancy even Chang's stony heart now and then felt a pang of jealousy when he saw her sitting on my shoulder, nibbling a bit of lettuce, or chin-chinning to an admiring audience on the dining-room table for a grape or wee bit of apple.

Then the fat, sturdy Dodo too, with his long, black-and-white, silky coat and inquiring mind. I can see him now, gazing, with head on one side, like a pert cock-robin, at that funny, immovable little

policeman outside the gates. I sometimes almost wondered myself if that small wooden figure were really alive, or only a dummy in uniform and sword, for surely it would have made a cat laugh to see Dodo's never-ending astonishment and curiosity.

One constant source of excitement in Chang's life at Tokio were the black crows. What games he used to play with them, feigning sleep, until those wary thieves would venture to make a raid on a half-finished bone; then up he would jump, and a mad chase would follow. But those wily old birds somehow always got the best of it, and would sit, cawing away triumphantly, in the twisted pine-tree just out of his reach.

But Chang was a great source of anxiety to me sometimes in those days, to say nothing of expense. Only the other evening, looking over some old papers, I came across the following bill, for which he is responsible:

BILL FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT OF THE CHOW DOG.

Consultation - - -	1 yen.
Examination - - -	75 sen.
Operation - - - -	2 yen 25 sen.
Lodging, milk-and-egg diet for above-named animal during one month - - - -	4 yen 50 sen.
Total - - -	8 yen 50 sen.*

First-class Veterinary Institution, Komobar, Tokio.

* Equals about 17s. 6d.

THE GARDEN OF THE LITTLE TEA-HOUSE (*p.* 131).

Ah! had it not been for the kind care and skill of those clever little Japs, he would not now be basking in luxury by the fire.

One day I found him lying, to all appearance, dead under the pink camellia-bush in the garden of that little tea-house far away from Tokio in the interior where we were staying. What could be the matter?

'Poison, evidently,' suggested one would-be comforter. Had he not barked at that melancholy-looking individual, who had apparently come to this far-off, secluded spot, in search of quiet and repose? No wonder, then, a foreigner's dog—and such a dog—should be quietly, but surely, condemned!

I was in despair. What was to be done?

'Consult a city magistrate?' There was no city, and certainly no magistrate.

'The village doctor'—brilliant suggestion from our faithful interpreter, Idaka. A rickshaw was summoned, and with many injunctions and—let me confess—a few tears, the poor, unconscious treasure was sent off in Yami's watchful charge.

Three hours' waiting, whilst a long line of patient and sick little Japanese went up for consultation to the kind old 'isha-san' (doctor), who lived in the little wooden house at the end of the narrow street, with the big tiger-lily before the door. There he sat upon his mat on the floor, clad in his blue kimono, with spectacles and pipe, waiting to receive his patients, with a little brass hibatchi burning away beside him.

Chang's pulse and tongue having been both examined, Yami was given a small cardboard box containing six minute pills.

'One every two hours until the patient is better.' By mistake the pills all falling into his bread-and-milk, were swallowed in one dose, but fortunately no fatal result ensued.

The next day we returned to Tokio. How were we to dispose of the poor suffering one during the four hours' rickshaw drive? Finally Chang was rolled up in a rug at my feet and all went well for the first twelve miles or so, when our rickshaw coolie in the shafts took it into his head to bolt down a steep hill. Result, a smash—a confused heap of mistress and dog on the ground, a broken-kneed coolie, to say nothing of the telescoping of the other rickshaws in the rear, which, not being able to stop in their downward course, were literally jammed together, the shafts of one going straight through the back of the one in front. Stiff and shaken as I was, I have seldom laughed more than at the sight the unfortunate occupants presented in their original prison. However, after some difficulty, at last we arrived home, and the next day Chang was sent off to that most excellent Japanese institution, the Komobar, where, after a month's residence and the previously mentioned bill, he returned home convalescent, not, however, in his former unblemished condition. Having had inflammation of both lungs, it was thought necessary to blister his sides, and the

THE KIND OLD 'ISHA-SAN' (*p.* 131).

absence of hair was replaced by a blue linen wadded coat, tied on with tape, and with two holes for the front-legs.

Poor Chang, how he hated being the laughing-stock of those odious curs in the neighbourhood. But we tried our best to console him by making him a coat of yellow iron-cloth, which we likened to the late Li Hung Chang's renowned yellow jacket.

Chang's little friends, the Japanese spaniels, were also his companions in hospital. Strange to say, about this time Dodo caught small-pox, or what Dr. Hitchikito pronounced to be such, and was promptly bundled off to the hospital for a three-weeks' residence in a large wicker cage, with strict quarantine, whence he returned somewhat thinner, but just as pompous as ever.

Little Yum-Yum's illness was of a different nature. During our absence from Tokio she pined to such an extent that her little brain could no longer stand the strain, and she developed brain-fever. We received one morning a frantic telegram from the cook to say 'Yum-Yum seriously ill; under treatment.' On our return, we found the patient better, looking very interesting, lying in a small brown basket before the kitchen fire. She had sufficient strength to give a weak little bark of joy, and feebly lick our hands with her tiny red tongue. We were told she had literally been packed in ice to reduce the fever, until her silken coat stood out stiff and straight like frozen snow.

They are clever men those Japanese veterinaries. Where else in the world would an animal have been treated in that scientific and up-to-date fashion?

I think there were moments when Chang must have been possessed of an evil spirit, otherwise what can have put it into his disobedient head to follow me to church one Sunday morning, in spite of strict orders to remain at home?

After he had been three times removed from the aisle by the irate churchwarden, I was at last obliged to escort him myself to what I thought was a safe distance, and, leaving him trotting sadly away up the little path towards the house, I returned to church and my devotions quite happy in my mind.

All went well until the sermon. The curate was just going up into the pulpit when I saw him suddenly start back, very nearly falling over as he did so, and then beckon to one of the choir-boys. An animated discussion followed, then the boy, looking somewhat pale, mounted the steps, dived down into the pulpit, and, to my horror, I saw Chang being dragged out, much against his will, looking extremely cross, but otherwise perfectly regardless of the commotion he was causing.

When he had been safely marched out through the vestry, and the door firmly closed, the service was resumed, but I noticed that the sermon was somewhat dogmatic that morning. A thousand pardons!

On investigation, I discovered that Chang, as

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE FOREST (*p.* 139).

soon as my back was turned, had followed me quietly at some little distance, and, entering the church unperceived by the vestry door, decided to take his morning nap on the pulpit mat until it should be time to escort me home.

The next morning I received a polite note from the curate asking me kindly to abstain in future from bringing my dog to church, as, although he admired him immensely, he thought a dog a somewhat disturbing element on such occasions. In future, on Sunday mornings, before our departure to church, the offender was firmly secured to the leg of the kitchen table, and we had no more startling apparitions to distract us.

I think life would have been quite ideal in our summer quarters at Karuizawa had it not been for that odious black chow that lived in the other little house in the forest, just across the stream down below.

He was not to be compared to Chang in beauty, and, I must confess, in a tooth-to-tooth fight, Chang invariably got the worst of it. After a daily encounter on neutral grounds, affairs reached a crisis when, one day, in a fit of bravado, my hero ventured into the enemy's camp, and a terrific and sanguinary battle followed. In one last, desperate struggle, they fell together into the gold-fish pond, and were only rescued from a watery grave by the gallant exertions of the black chow's master, who dragged them out dripping, half dead, but still locked in a deadly

embrace, only to be loosened by the repeated application of buckets of water and finally pepper on their respective noses.

The appearance of my friend for the next few days resembled that of a victim to mumps, combined with a black and swollen eye and a somewhat mangy condition of his naturally glossy coat.

Even that, alas! did not cure Chang's pugilistic tendencies. How often has he returned home a sadder, though I fear not a wiser, dog! On one occasion with but three sound legs; on another, with a hole the size of a bullet-wound in his throat from a mastiff's fang. But enough of these painful reflections.

CHANG'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

CHAPTER XI

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CHANG

The tale of a tub—Sayonara—Board-ship acquaintance—Queer company.

YUM-YUM AND DODO.

THERE is one more reminiscence of that happy summer I must recall; I recollect it very nearly ended disastrously for my hero.

We started one morning at sunrise, a party of four foreigners, twelve coolies, a guide, and one wildly-excited yellow dog, to the little island of M——, where there is a curious old monastery inhabited by Buddhist monks. After a steep descent of nearly two hours, we reached the valley, and drove off gaily, three coolies to each rickshaw, two pulling tandem in front and one pushing behind.

Our road lay close along the coast: on one side the blue waters of the Inland Sea, with the waves

rippling upon the yellow sand; on the other, the green rice-fields, with the women hard at work at their monotonous labour, looking, nevertheless, very picturesque in their short blue linen kimonos and white handkerchiefs tied over their black hair. A peculiarity we noticed in this locality was that the female portion of the population seemed to do all the work. Women, mares, and cows are be seen everywhere as beasts of burden, whereas the masculine element appears to enjoy comparative leisure.

This is by the way, however.

After a three hours' ride, at the rate of about five and a half to six miles an hour, during which time the sun had risen and become very powerful, whilst we felt the change from the invigorating mountain air we had come from, we at last arrived at a small and exceedingly dirty tea-house. The first stuff they brought us we could not drink. It was only daikon, our guide assured us; wholesome possibly, but very nasty.

After partaking of some honourable tea and being supplied with 'waragi' (straw sandals) and long sticks, as the road was bad, we left our jinrickshaws and coolies to wait our return, and started off on foot.

The island is only accessible at low tide, so we waited patiently on the beach for an hour, and watched the innumerable little 'sampans,' with their curious square sails, plying their way through the surf.

As soon as the tide was sufficiently low, we were carried across to the island on the backs of some

funny brown-skinned fishermen—an experience more exciting than comfortable.

Then up the narrow street, with quaint little shops on either side, where we spent all our 'sens'

THE MONASTERY IN THE ROCK.

buying curious shell ornaments, dried sea-horses and endless rubbish; and where I distinguished myself by purchasing what I fondly imagined to be the red, painted shell of a small crab. On putting it, for safety, in the crown of my hat, I discovered, to my

horror, the brute was still alive and capable of using its claws!

Then a steep climb up the rocks, at every turn getting the most glorious peeps of the sea down below, until we arrived, hot and breathless, at the monastery. There we found two smiling monks, 'all shaven and shorn,' standing at the door waiting to receive us, who begged us 'to be kind enough to favour their wretched dwelling by reposing our honourable forms on a mat.' In a weak moment, I suggested a bath, always a great institution in Japan on every possible occasion, and our guide, translating my request to the monks, was informed that one should be prepared immediately for the 'ojo-sama' (honourable young lady) at whatever temperature she required.

In the meantime, we decided to climb to the top-most rock and inspect the view. On our return, I was told that my bath was ready, and, with many smiles and the lowest of bows, I was conducted by two of the monks to a large open quadrangle, in the centre of which was a big wooden tub, about four feet high, out of which clouds of steam were issuing. Groups of monks stood about the quadrangle. The advent of visitors was a great event in their monotonous lives and the idea that I might not appreciate their presence had not occurred to them for a moment.

What on earth was I to do?

I explained as well as I could, to our guide, that

foreign ladies were not accustomed to take their baths in public, and at length, after an animated conversation, of which I did not understand a word, to my great relief, I saw that terrible and still steaming tub being slowly but surely removed from its place of honour.

What a strange 'tiffin' those kind monks gave us, and what a merry party we were sitting on the floor, round a little table one foot high and trying to eat with chopsticks! How our hosts laughed at our awkwardness. I think Chang got most of those queer-looking little dishes. I can remember the menu now.

First we had raw fish, with soy and pickled turnip; then seaweed soup and young rushes; prawns, bamboo-shoots, and lotus-root; rice, in bowls, which we found absolutely maddening to eat with chopsticks; hot saké, tea, and pipes. I believe there were also some unwholesome-looking little biscuits and arsenic-coloured bean-cakes. Without these delicacies no Japanese banquet is complete.

Then, after an hour's rest, off we started again to the caves down by the sea. How clear the water was! We could distinctly see the beds of coral far, far down below. A shoal of sardines flitted hither and thither like a long line of silver. A school of porpoises were splashing about at a little distance; and we fancied we saw the black fin of a shark rising out of the water not very far off.

As we sat there watching the waves dashing up

over the rocks, two strange, brown, naked beings suddenly appeared from one of the caves and offered to dive for some live lobsters, if we would give them a few sen. Down they plunged, and so long were they gone that we began to think they really must be demons from the sea, and not men at all. Suddenly, a dripping creature stood before us, with surely a lobster in its mouth, which it put down on the rocks with a grin of triumph. Then, what must Chang do but examine this strange-looking sea-trophy, with the result that we heard a yell of pain and saw him dancing madly about with a black lobster firmly fastened to his nose! Before we could come to his help over he fell, backwards, into the sea below, and was borne rapidly away by the swift current. The two brown demons plunged in after him, and with some difficulty he was restored to land, gasping and stunned, but safe.

Full of gratitude, I presented the rescuers with a yen (Japanese dollar), which they received with many bows, rubbing their knees with their claw-like fingers and hissing through their teeth in the most polite Japanese manner. We noticed, however, they seemed much entertained about something as they scrambled off to their caves, chattering and laughing.

What could have so amused them?

After some hesitation, our guide confessed that they were saying that the 'ojo-san' must be a silly fool to have given so much for saving a dog, when, on a previous occasion, having rescued a child at the same

spot, the grateful parents had presented them with only ten sen (2½d.)!

I have not forgotten how Chang was once the means of saving my life. How well I remember that night in January! The snow lay thick on the ground and there was every appearance of a continued hard frost as I looked out of my bedroom window on the moonlit scene below.

Chang had been very restless all the evening, jumping up and giving an impatient bark from time to time, as if something were disturbing him. I had induced him, however, to lie down on the mat in my room, where he always slept, and jumping into bed myself, I was soon fast asleep.

It was about midnight, when I was suddenly awakened by something pulling at my bed-clothes and heard a low whine at my side. Wondering what could be the matter, I sprang out of bed, and had just hastily slipped on my dressing-gown and slippers, when there was a loud roar like thunder, followed immediately by a terrific crash, and the whole house seemed to be falling. In less time than it takes me to tell you, I was out of my room, flying as fast as my feet would carry me down the stairs, which were rocking so violently I could hardly stand. On I rushed, out through the veranda into the garden, until I found myself—how I know not—clinging desperately to the branches of the twisted pine-tree.

The earth was still trembling, though much less violently, but I expected at any moment another, and possibly a stronger, shock to follow and the ground to open and swallow me up. However, all gradually became still, and I was able to look around me and realize what had happened.

What a strange scene it was!

The black crows, which had been much disturbed by my sudden intrusion to their roosting-place, cawed harshly as they flapped down from the branches above me, brushing heavily against me with their great black wings in their flight. The ground all around was covered with its pure mantle of snow, white and peaceful, as if no terrific force of nature lay below, ready at any moment to blot it out for ever.

The moon, shining through the fleecy clouds, looked down calm and cold. The cries of children, the barking of many dogs, the twittering of birds awakened from their slumbers, were heard on all sides, whilst, as I climbed down from my perch, I discovered it was decidedly cold, and that a tree is not the most agreeable place in which to spend a winter's night.

On approaching the house, which I found, almost to my surprise, to be still standing, I was greeted with many anxious inquiries as to my disappearance, and by loud barks of joy from my faithful Chang. Later on I realized how much I owed to him, as, on going up to my room, I discovered that a large

piece of plaster from the ceiling had fallen on my bed and, had I not been warned in time, I should most certainly have been severely injured, if not killed.

Slight shocks continued at intervals, and I spent the remainder of the night on the drawing-room sofa. The earthquake had evidently unhinged Dodo's inquiring mind, as at each recurring tremor he rushed frantically round and round in a circle, howling dismally, and would not be pacified.

Chang, being more philosophic—like all Celestials —considered that his duty lay in defending his mistress from that 'terrible subterranean fish, whose tail was the cause of so much disturbance'—Japanese superstition—and lay down calmly at my feet; with one ear, however, well on the alert, to be prepared for all emergencies.

The next morning we found the town was a scene of desolation, and had the appearance of a bombarded city. There were cracks in the ground in some places five feet wide, walls down, roofs off, chimneys shattered, our dear little church destroyed, and, worse than all, the reported loss of many lives, though, happily, of no Europeans.

An earthquake evidently takes people differently. Several persons I heard of afterwards, mad with fear, had jumped from the upper windows of their houses, and were more or less seriously injured. One lady I knew, had retired under her bed, whilst her husband, in the act of running from the house,

suddenly remembered he had left behind him, not his wife, but his favourite cigar-case, which he promptly returned for and rescued! One of the servants took refuge on the roof, another in the arms of her more-valiant half in violent hysterics. Others flew wildly hither and thither, whilst a few had sufficient presence of mind to station themselves in the doorways.

Buildings and furniture have also the strangest vagaries on these occasions. A solidly-built house close by us was literally in ruins, whereas ours sustained little or no injury. I remember finding a heavy clock on the ground, which had fallen off the mantelpiece, and was still ticking away merrily, while, in some cases, every possible ornament that could get smashed did so with a thoroughness that defied mending.

'But,' as the French say, 'one must suffer to be beautiful,' and had it not been for those terrible volcanic eruptions, and those awful earthquake convulsions, where would be that wonderful, that mystical 'Fuji-yama' the Sacred Mountain—those picturesque valleys and hills—those fantastically-shaped rocks and mountain ranges, which add such a charm and beauty to the islands of Japan?

Oh, what good times we had that summer in the little wooden house in the midst of the forest of fir-trees far away in the mountains of Japan!

What gallops over the hills in the early morn-

ings, with the dew still on the grass and the larks singing overhead!

Sometimes Chang would escort us—though without permission, I grieve to say—on our riding ex-

MYSTICAL 'FUJI-YAMA.'

peditions. When we had gone two or three miles along the plain, after leaving strict injunctions that he was to be shut up until our return, a little speck would be seen in the distance, rapidly developing

into a panting, disobedient, yellow dog. Even then, I fear, he did not get the punishment he deserved. Who could be severe for long, with the delicious mountain air fanning our cheeks, the blue sky above, and, on either side of the narrow path, a dazzling confusion of the most lovely wild-flowers—from the tall white and orange lilies, waving their stately heads in the summer breeze, down to the little Japanese mountain edelweiss, which seemed to flourish equally well under the hot Eastern sun as does its sister in the West amongst the Alpine snows?

But I really believe the chief reason of the wily one's appearance was due to the thoughts of that delectable and oily sardine-box, of which he was so fond, and the tit-bits and scraps, which tasted so much better out in the open than at home.

Sometimes, too, after dinner, we would start off to pay an evening call on one of our friends staying in the village, each carrying a little paper lantern to light the way. Here and there, in the opening between the dark fir-trees, we could distinctly see the outline of 'Asamayama,' the great volcano, rising up like a black pyramid against the star-lit sky, a crimson cloud concealing the summit, and an occasional flame shooting up, as if to remind one of the fires down below. The path through the forest was so narrow we were obliged to go in single file, our 'four-runner,' as we called Chang, trotting along in front to guide us.

One evening, as we were warily picking our way over the stepping-stones across the stream at the edge of the forest—a somewhat difficult matter in the darkness—Chang suddenly stopped short, uttered a low growl, and we distinctly heard the rustle of something in the long grass close by. Peering down with our lanterns, we saw the outline of a large snake, and heard the reptile hiss viciously as it disappeared into the brushwood. In spite of many assurances that these large snakes in Japan were perfectly harmless, and only the little flat-headed 'mamushi' deadly, I always chose to consider that, but for Chang's timely warning, one of us would certainly have been poisoned.

Alas! those happy days in Japan are over now. All things must come to an end, and we, too, at last, had to say good-bye to fair Japonica, with its flowers, its sunshine, its dear, kindly, merry little people, and sail away westward. I look back and see it all again: the quaint little streets; the children flying their kites, with their small brothers and sisters firmly secured on their backs; the never-ceasing murmur of 'Houdah-huydah,' as the patient coolies slowly drag their heavy burdens up the hills; and all the countless sights and sounds only to be seen in that delightful land.

Even the earthquakes, the typhoons, and the terrible floods seem to lose half their terrors viewed across that mighty expanse of ever-rolling ocean that separates us now from all things Japanese.

Sometimes, at night, as I lie awake in my Norfolk home and listen to the murmur of the surf breaking

THE LOTUS FLOWER OF JAPAN.

against the cliffs far below, I fancy I can hear the whispered Sayonaras, borne on the waves from my

friends far away; and as the wind sighs round the house like a soul in trouble, I am reminded of those charming lines from 'The Light of Asia':

> 'Ye are the voices of the wandering wind,
> Who seek for rest, and rest can never find,'

and I wonder if perchance in their restless journeyings they will bear back my answering message: 'Sayonara! Farewell, farewell!'

But I am moralizing. This will never do. I must not forget our journey to Assam, nor the disaster that befell us at Hong Kong. Up to there all went well. At Kobé we were fêted and made much of by the kind friend who rescued Chang from drowning in the gold-fish pond. No dog could have behaved better. His meekness and propriety were such that I inwardly marvelled at the change, and our hospitable host and hostess were almost in tears at his departure. 'Such a sweet, gentle creature, and so good!' I knew better; but 'sufficient for the day.'

At Nagasaki we had only a few hours on shore, but, wishing to give Chang exercise, I took him for a walk along the Bund, and we wandered about the quaint streets of that most picturesque town immortalized by Pierre Loti.

There, in spite of many temptations—such as tail-
les[illegible] mangy curs, that looked only made to
b[illegible]y hero returned to the steamship
[illegible] resisted all except a villainous-

looking coolie's legs and a half-blind mongrel puppy —they hardly count.

Our next port was Hong Kong, where we changed steamers and spent a couple of days in that charming Blue Bungalow away up on the hill. What a lovely spot it was, with its trailing creepers and tropical vegetation, though terribly hot in summer, I believe. There, too, Chang was admired and made much of by all, except the five Siamese cats, who were banished to the kitchen regions, much to their disgust. It was a necessary removal, though, and the one and only meeting between him and those strange-looking, mouse-coloured, blue-eyed quadrupeds was rather disastrous to the drawing-room furniture; but one must draw the line somewhere, and he evidently considered—at a Siamese cat.

The morning of our departure on board the North German Lloyd's steamship *Kaiser* was one of those days in a Hong Kong spring when the air seems full of the scent of delicious flowers. The twining bougainvillea was a blaze of brilliant crimson in the morning sunlight; the waxen flowers of the stephanotis and gardenia glistened like snow against their dark-green foliage; masses of delicate tropical ferns grew all around in rich profusion; gorgeous butterflies flittered hither and thither across our path.

A delicate gossamer mist hung over the harbour, converting those great iron monsters of civilization

into phantom ships, as we were rowed across the water to our steamer, bound for Colombo.

Oh, what was it induced Chang, the now virtuous and reformed dog, to bolt down the gangway and on to the quay just as we were about to sail from Hong Kong? Heedless of all else but that my well-beloved was leaving me, I tore after him, on and on along the quay, into the hot and steaming town. What cared I for the frantic shouts from my father on board, or the wild excitement of John Chinaman, who, seeing the mad chase, added yet to the general confusion by his hideous yells?

At last I captured the runaway, and, breathless and spent, we sank together in a heap on the muddy road. A few minutes later, an exhausted and disreputable pair were to be seen wending their way back to the quay, the deserter firmly secured by a chain.

I wonder if that wicked dog had any self-reproach for my feelings when, on arriving at the docks, I saw to my horror the *Kaiser* had departed with all my worldly possessions on board, including money; and was slowly, but surely, steaming out of the harbour.

What was to be done?

In the distance I saw my friends rushing up and down the deck, gesticulating wildly. I could even hear a faint shout from the captain, but what good was that?

I was just considering whether to jump in and swim—such was my state of mind at the moment—or to accept the inevitable, and throw myself on the

mercy of some kind friend in Hong Kong until the next steamer, a fortnight later, when, suddenly, I heard a shout from one of the steamers close by, and to my joy, perceived the kind, jolly face of the captain of the *Hohenzollern*. He shouted to me to wait until he could fetch me in his steam-launch, luckily near at hand, and a few minutes later the captain and I, with Chang securely fastened up in the bows, were steaming along merrily towards the great mail steamer; I fear, laughing heartily over the adventure.

When, however, the *Kaiser* stopped, and let down a ladder to take the two runaways on board, I own to a certain feeling of dread as to what punishment might be in store for us.

Luckily the captain was merciful and, in fact, treated the affair as a good joke, which was far more than we deserved, as it is considered rather a serious matter to stop a steamer carrying mails, if even for only a short time. We had to stand a good deal of chaff during the voyage home, but somehow I don't think either of us minded much.

The funniest part of it all was that Florence, my friend from the Blue Bungalow, who had come on board to see us off, in the excitement of the moment was nearly carried off in my place, and had to be lifted over the side of the ship, and into a boat below, as the steam-launch, with all the other people on board returning to Hong Kong, had already left some minutes.

The time that elapsed between our sensational 'send off' and our arrival at Colombo was a little over three weeks.

At first Chang was regarded rather as a pet lamb among the children and babies—there were seventy-five little olive-branches on board. Then an officious and quarrelsome German made a request to the captain—who, poor man, always tried to please everybody—that dogs on the promenade deck were dangerous to the community at large; so my poor, harmless chow, and also a minute canine specimen—a Chinese sleeve-dog I believe it was called—were banished to the charge of the butcher and steerage passengers, in spite of many tears on the part of the sleeve-dog's owner and remonstrances from myself.

Sometimes, however, before the 'disagreeable man,' as he was called, appeared in the morning, we would bribe the jolly old quarter-master to bring Chang up on deck.

'*Zo*,' he would say, 'vat dee kinders dee hund vant for to play vith? Ferry vell, I vill him up bringen for a leetle.' And then what romps he used to have with his little playmates, chasing each other round the deck, when the sailors would stop in their never-ending work of polishing to watch the fun.

How well I remember that strange little being, half child, half demon, who used to fondle and caress Chang so much! What a pretty pair they made, sitting side by side, their heads close together, her red-brown curls mingling with his thick yellow

coat, and her little brown arms thrown round his neck.

What was it, I wonder, made him start away with a yelp of pain, and look reproachfully at her from under the refuge of my chair, safe from her wicked little fingers?

I think the 'fiend,' as we called her, was quite the most beautiful child I had ever seen; she was about eight years old, and was being sent to England, under the charge of the captain, to be educated.

Her father was an Englishman and her mother a Cingalese, which accounted for the curious combination of olive skin, red-brown hair and deep blue eyes with their long lashes. She was marvellously graceful, too. Her movements often reminded me of a young tiger. Her moods were various. Sometimes, if the spirit moved her, she would organize strange games of her own invention, in which the children—who were all completely under her influence—would be commanded to join. Woe betide any child who dared to disobey her instructions. 'Fiend' would stamp her foot, her eyes would flash, and the unfortunate little offender would retire howling to its indignant ayah. In vain were the complaints of fond parents to the captain. Such a spell did the strange, beautiful child cast over the other children, that neither threats nor entreaties could keep them away when the next wild game was organized. Even I fell under her strange fascination, although, I regret to say, I, too, had to pay the penalty.

I think, in her half-savage way, she was fond of me; and I had for that reason more influence with her than had most people on board.

But one morning, as I was sitting in my deck-chair with Chang at my side enjoying the sweet, sleepy existence of a morning in the tropics, I suddenly felt a little hand stroking my hair and a soft cheek rubbing against my arm. Knowing well what those cat-like caresses meant, and that I was probably about to be asked some favour, I continued reading until a sharp pain in my shoulder caused me to jump to my feet, and there I saw my tormentor, a truly wicked expression on her lovely face, poised on the glass roof of the saloon well out of my reach, and indignant Chang, evidently knowing from experience what had happened, vainly trying to reach the bare legs of the culprit. She had calmly bitten my shoulder through my thin cotton blouse, and it was some time before the marks of her sharp little teeth disappeared.

For the rest of the day I completely ignored her existence. I think my plan was effective.

That evening I came upon a solitary little figure in the stern of the ship leaning against the rails, her hands clasped, her eyes gazing far away at the still crimson sunset.

'Oh God,' I heard her say, 'I know I am very wicked, but somehow I can't help it! *Please* wash me with that stuff you always use to make bad people good, for I am sorry, *really!*'

Poor child! There was much that was good in her nature, but she needed a strong, yet loving and patient, hand to guide her. I fear her life may be a hard one. What a change from the wild, unfettered existence in the East, where she ruled the natives on her father's estate with a rod of iron, and rode bare-backed where her fancy chose over the hills, to the stiff, conventional life, however advanced and modified, of an English boarding-school!

Soon after the incident just mentioned poor Chang was seen on deck by the 'disagreeable man,' who for some reason best known to himself had risen earlier than usual that morning. Furious at having his commands disregarded, he strode up to the captain's cabin, and, after abusing everyone on board, from the skipper downwards, informed him that he should lodge a complaint against the North German Lloyd Steamship Company if that abominable Chinese cur was seen again on deck.

So from that day poor Chang was banished from civilized society; not but what I consider—I speak reservedly—that his steerage companions were infinitely the more entertaining.

What a strange collection they were! First, the Burmese—quiet, gentle, brown-eyed creatures. They were on their way to the Indian Exhibition, where I afterwards saw them selling cigars and going through their various performances. At first they did not know me; but when I mentioned a certain yellow dog named Chang they remembered at once,

and were much delighted at hearing of their old board-ship companion.

Then there was the Buddhist priest in his quaint garb, likewise on his way to the Exhibition; some Cingalese rickshaw coolies—merry, indolent-looking fellows, who seemed to take life very easily; also several Chinamen, who sat all day long smoking their long pipes or playing cards. I must not forget those most uncanny-looking ourang-outangs, too, which, as the weather became colder, were dressed up in some cast-off sailors' clothes, and looked more horribly human than ever; nor that dear little white bear, which was always curled up fast asleep—and such heaps of small, chattering monkeys; fowls, birds of all descriptions—a true 'happy family.'

I would often go down to pay Chang a visit and find him the centre of an admiring group, looking rather melancholy, but patiently submitting to the unconscious teasing of those pretty little Burmese children who so adored him.

Sometimes he would be 'down below' in the butcher's quarters in company with a Siamese cat. 'Friends in affliction' they certainly had become, sitting close together, puss purring away contentedly, and rubbing her brown head against her companion's yellow coat as if they had been chums all their lives, and the Siamese cat's mistress and I would watch them both unperceived, and wonder at the sight.

CHAPTER XII

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

Life on a tea-estate—My animal friends—Two brown bears—Brutus, the monkey—Always in mischief—The Brazilian Macaw.

AT Colombo I basely deserted Chang, leaving him to the charge of his kind friend the butcher, who dispatched him, on the steamship *Kaiser's* arrival at Southampton, to my cousin at Aldershot; and for some weeks I heard no more of my old favourite.

We stayed a few days at Colombo, and from there took a small steamer up to Assam, where my father had a tea-estate, which needed his personal supervision for a time. The change after my gay and busy life in Japan was very great. My father was away riding all day, and I was left alone at the bungalow

except for the natives belonging to the estate, who could hardly be considered companions.

At first I felt rather forlorn and desolate, and longed more than ever for some girl friend to keep me company, but gradually I became very dependent upon the society of a large and strange variety of animals, to which I grew very much attached. Endless are the tales I could relate about the faithfulness and sagacity of various of my horses and dogs—to say nothing of birds of all descriptions, from the macaw—which saved my life from a desperate thief one night by his keen sense of hearing when I was alone in the bungalow—to the little bantam hen that laid an egg for my breakfast every morning on my bed.

My strangest companions, I think, however, were two brown bears who went by the names of Paul and Virginia. Why they were thus called I forget. My father found them as little cubs about three weeks old in the jungle, their mother having been killed a day or so previously by one of the men on the estate. The poor little beasts were nearly starved when I first saw them, but they rapidly recovered after having a few pints of warm milk poured down their throats. We fed them out of an old soda-water bottle wrapped in flannel, and it answered the purpose admirably.

As the cubs grew older they became the most delightful little creatures, and as playful as two kittens. Paul was always the larger and stronger of

the two, but little Virginia was like a ball of brown fur, and had the gentlest and most winning ways imaginable. Like all bears, they dearly liked water, aud we had a zinc bath made for them in the compound, in which they would sit for hours during the heat of the day—one at one end of the tub, and one at the other; swaying their bodies backwards and forwards as if they loved to hear the splash of the water against the sides.

As Paul grew bigger, however, he found that there was not sufficient room for him and Virginia to bathe together; so, hurrying to the bath a little before the appointed bathing hour, he would jump in, lie down flat at the bottom of the tub, and effectually prevent his sister from taking her morning ablutions until he had finished, and the water had become most distinctly muddy. Poor Virginia's face was a study. Round and round the bath she used to pace, uttering from time to time a plaintive whine, but all of no avail; Paul ignored her existence completely until his morning bath was finished, although at other times they were excellent friends—in fact, a most devoted couple.

They had a constant companion in the shape of a small gray monkey named Brutus. Now, Brutus may have been 'an honourable man,' but my Brutus was a most dishonest monkey. Had it not been for his strange friendship with the bears, I think I could not have stood his vagaries. Nothing was sacred to him. Once my brush and comb

disappeared, and when all efforts to find them had been unavailing, I heard a mocking chuckle, and discovered Brutus on the roof calmly brushing and combing himself with my lost property, just as he had, doubtless, observed me doing. Needless to say, when my brush and comb came into my possession, they were not of much further use to me.

I cannot mention a quarter of Brutus's many offences and mischievous ways. If only he had exercised his talents in some useful capacity, he would have been, indeed, a valuable addition to the family. He nearly put an end to himself one day by trying to shave his little gray chin with my father's razors; and had I not been near at the time and heard his piteous and truly human yells, he would certainly have bled to death, as he had given himself a frightful gash behind the neck, completely severing one ear. His appearance for several weeks afterwards resembled an old woman with the toothache, and it was a long time before he ventured into my father's room again, although he made up for it by persecuting the cook almost to distraction. He was an intensely jealous little beast, and took a most violent dislike to a black kitten belonging to the kitchen regions. One day the kitten disappeared, and the poor little thing's body was found in a saucepan of boiling soup. Brutus, in a fit of jealous rage, had thrust his victim into the saucepan on the fire, carefully replacing the lid so that no escape was possible.

The monkey's friendship with the bears was purely mercenary. He was a lazy little beast, and found that riding was the pleasantest way of getting about the country. He therefore used to accompany Paul and Virginia in all their expeditions, springing lightly on the back of one or the other, holding on by their thick brown fur, and sticking to his seat like any jockey.

It was the funniest thing in the world to see the trio starting off for a long excursion into the jungle; and I think in time that Bruin and his sister got quite fond of their little master.

The bears' favourite sleeping-place was at the top of a short, stunted tree just outside my room. This had its disadvantages, as their presence attracted other bears from the neighbourhood, which had not the friendly and harmless dispositions of Paul and Virginia. From time to time numerous ducks and chickens began to disappear in a mysterious way. A small and favourite dog also vanished, and, during the night, we frequently heard sounds of stealthy footsteps on the veranda, and, although my father rushed out with his gun to investigate, nothing was visible. In the morning, however, the invaders were tracked right into the jungle, as, wherever they had come, they had left devastation behind, tearing up roots, breaking down hedges, and doing terrible damage in our vegetable garden. In vain were traps laid, and coolies set to watch round the house. All was of no avail. Our live-stock grew gradually less

and less, one by one the fowls disappeared, and we were in despair. Affairs reached a climax, however, one morning, when one of our coolies was missing, and, after a long search, his mangled remains were discovered some distance from the house, evidently the victim of the midnight invaders.

This settled the question. Paul and Virginia must go—but where? Although they would have been accepted at the Zoological Gardens in Calcutta, we did not like the idea of subjecting them to confinement in a cage. At last my father reluctantly decided to shoot them; and one morning a court-martial was held in the compound, attended by all the coolies on the estate; a grave was dug, the condemned were led out, two reports resounded through the still morning air—one following quickly after another — two brown heaps lay on the ground motionless, and now nothing is left of poor Paul and his sister but a grassy mound, with a little wooden inscription bearing their names and the date.

Poor Brutus felt the loss of his companions keenly, and for several days refused to take food. In fact, I quite thought he would have died. But one morning, on looking for him in his box where he always slept, I found he had disappeared. I hunted for him in vain, and had just come to the conclusion that he must have committed suicide from grief, when one of the coolies came to me in great excitement to say Brutus had been seen riding one of the goats. True

enough, riding in state on one of the largest goats in the herd was seen the truant, looking very proud of himself, and seemingly perfectly content with his new companions. How the goats approved of their rider I cannot say; anyhow, willing or unwilling, they had to put up with his company. Every morning, as soon as the herd were released from the enclosure where they passed the night and turned out on the hills, Brutus would spring on to the back of the foremost goat and disappear with them for the day, only returning at evening for his supper.

About this time my supply of goat's milk, which I always took for my breakfast and supper, began to diminish. I inquired the reason of the cook, but could get no satisfactory solution. The quantity became less and less, and one day I was informed with many apologies that there was none, as Brutus had taken it all!

Thinking that probably the coolies were cheating me and selling the milk, I abused every member of the household roundly, and threatened, if no milk were forthcoming for my supper that evening, they would one and all be dismissed.

At sunset that evening, however, my cook came and begged me to come with him to the enclosure where the goats were being milked. On my arrival there, what was my amazement to see Brutus calmly milking one of the goats, drinking a little from time to time with much relish, whilst the remainder trickled along the ground in a long white stream.

The goat seemed perfectly unconcerned, and stood quietly nibbling some grass as if nothing unusual was occurring. We then discovered that all the other goats had already been milked, probably at intervals during the day, whenever it suited the pleasure and wishes of Master Brutus, who evidently seemed to consider that he was performing a very meritorious action. I thought differently, however. I was particularly fond of goat's milk, and I was in a country where good things were not to be had for the asking, nor for money either, for that matter.

So after this I decided to shut Brutus up in a large cage, anyhow for a time, until I could find some other plan to keep him out of mischief. For the next few days I was away from home a good deal riding in the district with my father, and did not notice Brutus particularly. Naturally he would be feeling somewhat bored, but a little punishment would do him good.

One evening about a week later, on returning home from a long ride, I went as usual to take the little prisoner his supper. I thought the cage seemed unusually quiet, but supposed he was asleep. On looking in, however, I saw a tragic sight. How it had happened, to this day I know not, but suspended by a long string from the top of his cage hung Brutus quite dead, evidently strangled. One end of the string still fastened together a portion of the roof of his wooden prison; the other end was

tightly wound round and round his little gray throat.

I have never kept another monkey. They are too human.

The only other member of my happy family that I brought home to England was the Brazilian macaw, which I have already mentioned. Arara is, without exception, the most beautiful and by far the most intelligent bird I have ever seen. I have him still, and long may he live, for he will never have an equal. I believe he is about a hundred and fifteen years old; but as the macaw belonging to the Emperor of Japan is on the best authority a hundred and thirty years old, there is every hope my old favourite may still have many years before him. Arara formerly belonged to a naval officer, who brought him from Rio de Janeiro, where his ship was stationed. On leaving there Captain R—— brought the macaw with him to Colombo, but the long confinement in a cage much too small, and indifferent food and treatment, affected his health and temper so much that my friend decided to part with him, and I became the happy possessor of Arara. It is difficult to describe his plumage and its wonderful combination of different colouring. His back and breast are bright crimson, his tail feathers a vivid electric blue, and his wings emerald green. His eye is a bright yellow—I say eye advisedly, as he possesses but one, owing to a fight

on board ship with a young eagle. This loss, however, rather adds to his personal appearance, giving him a most cunning expression as he gazes down from his perch, always on the alert as to what is going on.

Although Arara's vocabulary is not large—these macaws are rarely taught to speak—he says a few

ARARA

words very distinctly, and his imitation of other animals is quite extraordinary.

Often I have hunted vainly for a cat in my room, hearing a piteous mewing, and thinking one must be imprisoned in some cupboard, and all the time it was Arara sitting on a branch of a tree below my window. His imitation of the bleating of sheep, the

cackling of hens, and the crowing of cocks would puzzle the most observant.

I must not forget to mention what happened to that Chinese rascal Chang after we left him at Colombo. Hearing nothing of him for over two months, I fondly imagined he had settled down in England a respectable and civilized dog. Alas, this was anything but the case.

One morning a letter arrived from my cousin at Aldershot, saying that, after fighting with every dog in the regiment and mortally wounding two pedigree poodles, that terrible chow-dog had finally and hopelessly disgraced himself by appearing one morning on parade, completely disorganizing the men, who were drawn up at attention, by wildly careering up and down between the lines, and jumping up at any he chanced to recognise—a performance which did not improve the appearance of their spotless pipe-clayed belts and clean tunics, the morning happening to be rather muddy.

Finding that his affectionate greetings were not appreciated, Chang next turned his attention to the legs of the Colonel's horse, thereby much disturbing that noble steed and his rider.

'Whose dog is that?' roared the Colonel, casting an infuriated glance upon him.

'Captain X——'s, sir,' replied the orderly.

'Confound it! what does he mean by keeping such a brute? Tell Captain X—— to have the dog removed from the barracks immediately.'

Oh, I blush now to think of Chang's disgrace. He was promptly billeted at a neighbouring inn; but an evil spirit seems again to have possessed his Celestial brain, and he was returned a few days later 'with thanks,' and an alarming bill for the slaughter of numerous chickens and ducks.

His subsequent career, I grieve to say, was a long succession of iniquities. On our arrival in England we took him down with us to Norfolk, thinking there he must be out of harm's way. At first all went well. He spent his time meekly lying under the dining-room table, looking as pious as a China pug. But, alas! he chanced one day to observe one of those irresistible pheasants he used to chase in the mountains of Japan. From that moment he was lost. Furious keepers brought tales of a 'great yallow, savage baste havin' scared them thur burds, 'til there's no doin' northin' with 'em'; of nests destroyed, coops overturned, and countless other offences too numerous to recount. Chang narrowly escaped being shot on more than one occasion; and from that time until his departure from the land of game he was securely imprisoned in the stable, there to repent his sins in solitude.

What was I to do with such a dog? My friends urged me to sell him, and I had several excellent opportunities of doing so, but I could not in that mercenary fashion part with my old companion.

Looking back on those days now, I marvel that

we were not banished from civilized society; but it is a long lane that has no turning, and at last Chang began to reform. Whether it was the wire-muzzle I made him wear, or the recollection of the well-deserved and severe thrashing he received on the terrible occasion when he worried a flock of sheep, I know not; but slowly and surely he gave up his many evil ways, until at length he became the steady, sober watch-dog and ever constant and faithful companion he is now.

As I look at my old favourite stretched out on the hearthrug at my feet in a way peculiar to chows, I realize that we ran a great risk of getting ourselves disliked in those days. It is of no use for him to pretend he does not understand me, as I know by the placid smile on his wicked old face and the sly wink in his sleepy eye that he does so perfectly.

But I often wonder if dogs have any memories of the past, and if Chang sometimes thinks, as I so often do, of those happy, far-off days in fair Japonica.

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