

## I.

## FIRST GLIMPSES OF JAPAN.

THE longest unbroken stretch of water steadily traversed by the keel of steamer or sailing vessel lies between California and Japan. The floating city, which leaves its dock in San Francisco at noon on the first day of each month, pulses across four thousand miles of ocean, from which rises no island, harbor, or reef. Nothing amidst all the crowding triumphs of the genius and power of man so impresses the reflecting mind as the thought of that mighty ark, which, by the magnet and the stars, is guided in safety to the desired haven. Without a Noah, without dove or olive leaf, freighted with bird, beast, and fish, and often with thirteen hundred human souls, over a flood of waters that cover a world beneath, alone for weeks, that ark floats on, at the bidding of the master.

Twenty-seven days in the solitudes of the sea seem long to the man of this decade, who crosses the Atlantic's thousand leagues in nine days, and the New World in a week. Even the old traveler—whose digestion is sea-worthy; whose appetite is like a whetted saw; who meets a host of genial fellow-birds of passage, and finds officers who will answer questions; who discovers new and readable books in the ship's library; and who delights in the study of steerage ethnology—yearns in his secret soul for the sight of land again. Even the ocean scenery, though, like God's mercies, new every morning and fresh every evening, palls on the eye, and loses its glory before the thoughts of the crowded city in which comforts cluster and pleasures bloom. The waves that daily cradle the infant sun and pillow his dying splendor, the effulgence of the cavernous sunsets, the wonders of spouting whales, flying-fish, phosphorescence at night, "multitudinous smiles" of waves by day, the circling gulls evermore, or even the fun of burying a day (Saturday, December 16th) under the 180th meridian, would be gladly exchanged for a patch of farm or the sober glory of a wide-spreading oak. Often, indeed, the monotony of the voyage is relieved by meeting one of the company's steamers. If the weather be fair,

the pillar of cloud, or the long thin scarf of black smoke, descried afar off, is the harbinger of the coming ship. The exchange of newspapers and the sending homeward of letters are accomplished, to the intense delight of passengers jaded with *ennui*.

Thus met in placid mid-ocean, on Sunday, December 11th, 1870, the P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamers *Great Republic*, Captain J. H. Freeman, from San Francisco, and the *Japan*, bound to San Francisco, from the land whither we were bound. All day long we had watched the smoke. At 5.30 P.M. a rocket was sent up from the *Japan*. In a few moments our dinner-table was deserted. Within a stone's throw, the passengers on either ship shouted to each other. The stately ships, with scores of lighted windows gleaming on the waters, parted at seven o'clock, one moving to the home-land, one to the Mikado's Empire.

The meeting of steamers in mid-ocean is, strange to say, a matter of dislike to a certain class of persons, who, in spite of all preventive precautions, keep up their existence. One or two "stowaways" are found on nearly every steamer that leaves the shores of either continent. They sneak on board the big ship while in port, and are driven from their lair, when at sea, by hunger. When first discovered, the inquisitor of the ship—the purser—uses all his skill to extort the full passage money. If not forthcoming, the "stowaway" is consigned to purgatory—*i. e.*, the fire-room, and compelled to pass coal and feed the fires. This process refines his feelings so far that the "dross" is produced, if on the victim's person. If he refuses to do duty, his fare being still unpaid, he is put in irons, but, by passing through purgatory of the furnace-room, he is "saved" from further punishment, and reaches the paradise of firm land, "yet so as by fire."

All these incidents and accidents of sea-life cease to have any importance after the oracle at the head of the table, Captain J. H. Freeman, has announced that "we shall sight Cape King at day-break tomorrow." We try to sleep well during our last night on the water; but sleep, so often won and long embraced thus far, becomes fickle and flies our eyelids. With joyful wakefulness, our thoughts are busy with the morrow, until at last, in the wee morning hours, our eyelids are sealed.

I wake early on the 29th of December, 1870, and from out my state-room window behold the eye-gladdening land within rifle-shot. Hills, crested with timber, line the bay, and the beaches are dotted with thatched huts and white store-houses. Fishermen's boats, manned and moving over the bay, are near enough for us to distinguish their occu-

pants. Tall, muscular men, with skin of a dirty copper color, in long, loose dress, their mid-scalps shaven, and the projecting cue or top-knot, of the percussion gun-hammer style, are the first natives of Japan whom we see at home. Though different in dress, condition, and as the barber left them, from their gay fellow-countrymen who spend plenty of money and study hard in the United States, they, nevertheless, exactly resemble their brethren in physiognomy and general appearance.

The dayspring in the east sifts enough of suggestive light over the land to entice us into the belief that the Land of the Rising Sun is one of the fairest on earth—a belief which a residence of years has ripened into an article of faith. To the right lie the two mountainous provinces of Awa and Kadzusa, with their numerous serrated peaks and valleys, which may be beautiful, though now they sleep. To the left is the village of Uraga, opposite which Commodore Perry anchored, with his whole squadron of steamers, on the 7th of July, 1853. Remaining eight days at this place, he was accorded what he first demanded—an interview with, and the reception of President Fillmore's letter by, an officer of high rank. After the ceremony, he gave the place the name of Reception Bay, which it still retains. Now we pass Perry Island, Webster Isle, and, on the opposite side, Cape Saratoga. We must not forget, mournful though the thought be, that hereabouts beneath us, perhaps under our keel, lies the United States war steamer *Oneida*, which was run into and sunk by the British mail steamer *Bombay*, January 23d, 1870. This is sad; but the sequel is disgraceful. Down under the fathoms the *Oneida* has lain, thus far undisturbed, a rich and grateful Government having failed to trouble itself to raise the ship or do honor to the dead. The hulk was put up at auction and sold (in 1874), with certain conditions, to a Japanese, for fifteen hundred dollars. This is the one sad thought that casts its shadow over the otherwise profound memories of which the Gulf of Yedo is so suggestive to Americans. The prominent geographical points in the bay echo familiar American names, which later geographers and a cosmopolitan community have ratified, and which commemorate American genius, skill, and bloodless victory.

The ship moves on, and the panoramic landscape unfolds before us. In the background of undulating plains, under high and close cultivation, and spotted with villages, rise the crumpled backs of many ranges of mountains; while afar off, yet brought delusively near by the clear air, sits the queenly mountain in her robes of snow, already wearing the morning's crown of light, and her forehead gilded by the first ray

of the yet unrisen sun. Beyond her, in the purple air, still glitter the jewel stars, while her own bosom trembles through many changes of color. Far out at sea, long before land is descried, and from a land area of thirteen provinces, the peerless cone is seen and loved. Perhaps no view is so perfect, so impressive for a life-time, so well fitted to inspire that intense appreciation of nature's masterpieces, whose glory and freshness we can feel intensely but once, as is the view of Fuji from an incoming steamer. From vast outspread base, through mighty curves, sweeping past snow, and up to her summit, the mountain is visible in queenly solitude and fullness of beauty. Gradually the vast form is bathed in light, and the Land of the Rising Sun stands revealed in golden glory. It is a joy to have seen it thus at first vision.

From serene and ancient Fuji, we turn to behold the bustling upstart metropolis of the foreigners in Japan, as it appears in full daylight. Passing Mississippi Bay and Treaty Point, we arrive in front of what was once a little fishing village, but which is now the stately city of Yokohama. We count the craft that lie anchored in the harbor. From thirty to fifty are usually in port. Steamers from Hakodaté, Shanghai, and Hong-Kong, and the regular mail steamers from Marseilles and Southampton, lie at their buoys. Here are wooden warships and iron-clads, from which fly the British, French, Japanese, German, or American flags. A tremendous amount of useless and costly saluting is done by these men-of-war, whom the country folks call "*boom-boom funé.*" Coal-hulks, store-ships, and all the usual evidences of an old harbor, are discovered all around us. The town itself seems compactly built of low houses, with tiled roofs. They are usually two-storied, though many are, in the language of the East, "bungalows," or one-storied dwellings. The foreign settlement seems to be arranged on a plain about a mile square. The Japanese town spreads out another mile or more to the right. Beyond the plains is a sort of semicircle of hills, called "The Bluff." It is covered with scores of handsome villas and dwelling-houses, of all sizes and varieties of architecture. To the left the Bluff runs abruptly into the sea. To the right it sweeps away to the south-west. In local parlance, the various parts of Yokohama are distinguished as "The Bluff," "The Settlement," and the "Native" or "Japanese" town. Along the waterfront of the settlement runs a fine, wide, well-paved street, called "The Bund," with a stout wall of stone masonry on the water-side. Private dwellings, gardens, and hotels adorn it, facing the water. There are as yet no docks for the shipping, but there is the English and the French

"hatoba." The former consists of a stone breakwater, or piers, rising twelve feet or so out of the water, inclosing a large irregular quadrangle, with a narrow entrance at one corner. The land-side of the English hatoba is furnished with steps, and a score or more of boats can discharge their passengers at once. The French hatoba consists of two parallel piers of stone projecting out into the bay. The building of most imposing ugliness from the sea-view is the British Consulate, and near by it is the American. The Japanese Sai Ban Shō, or Court-house, is larger than either of the consulate buildings, and much handsomer. At the other extremity of the settlement, toward the Bluff, was the French camp, and near by it the English. Three hundred French soldiers guarded as many French civilians resident in Japan, and three hundred English marines, who relieved the Tenth British foot—the same that served their king on Bunker Hill—were in camp in Yokohama in 1870, and remained until 1875.

The engines stop, and the great ship lies motionless at her buoy. Instantly the crowd of boats which have waited, like hounds in the leash, shoot toward the stern ports and gangway, and the steamer becomes walled in. First of all, the United States mail-boat, propelled by six native scullers, is flying swiftly shoreward, to satisfy the eager souls of the elect with its precious freight. Friends throng on board to meet friends. Englishmen ask the news—whether there is to be war with Russia? French and Germans eagerly inquire for the latest news from the seat of war. From one, I learn that the Japanese Government has already issued a proclamation of neutrality, for French marines and German sailors have already come to blows in Yokohama. Fancy creatures in velvet and diamonds, with gold on their fingers and brass in their faces, hasten to see whether any of their guild have arrived from San Francisco.

Leaving deck and cabin, we visit the steerage. The coal-lighters are crowded with dirty coolies. They impress us as being the lowest of their class. Their clothing is exceedingly scanty. An American lady with good eyesight supposed them to be clad in very tight leather-colored garments. On second sight, wondering at the perfect fit of the dress, she found it to be the only clothing which mother Nature provides for her children. The proprietors of the native boats have entered the ports, and are driving a brisk trade in oranges and various articles of diet, precious only to Asiatics. Huge dried persimmons, which, though shrunken, are four or five inches long, and saké, are very salable. A squad of the Chinese, so numerous in Yokohama, are

busy in furnishing small change to those who wish to go ashore. Japanese tempōs, and iron and copper cash, are exchanged for American dimes, greenbacks, and Mexicans.

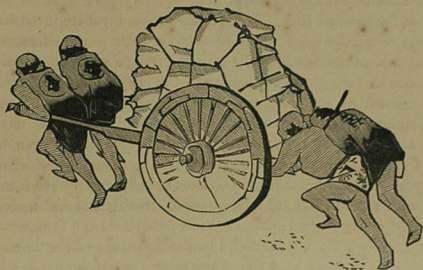
With the kindly aid of a friend, we prepare to go ashore. Safely seated in one of the clean unpainted boats, in which we detect no iron, but only here and there a cleft of copper, we enjoy the glorious beauty of the situation. In the stern stand the two sendōs, who make their keel glide over the waves as swiftly as a Venetian gondola shoots under and out from the Rialto. Already the Japanese boatmen have beaten in a race with the American tars. Yonder whizzes a butcher's boat, freshly laden from the abattoir below the city. Six naked athletes of magnificent physique, chanting in wild chorus, urge on their craft.

Sculling is the method invariably in use among the Japanese. The long scull consists of two pieces tied together. On the handle is a pin, on which a rope is slipped, so that the scull is held down to a uniform height while being worked. The blade rests near where it joins the stock, on an outrigger pivot. The sweep of the stock, at the hand end, is nearly two feet. The sendō, planting his left foot on an inclined board, sways his arms and body at right angles to the boat, singing meanwhile one of his own songs, in his own way. We soon skim over a half-mile of the blue water, pass the United States steamer *Idaho* and the Prussian war-ship *Hermann*, and, darting within the stone piers, land on the hatoba, and are in the mikado's empire.

The custom-house and the native officials detain us but a few moments. Passing out the gate, we receive our first invitation to part with some small change from three fat little urchins in curious dress, with lion's head and feathers for a cap, and with red streamers hanging down their backs. They run before us and perform all kinds of astonishing tricks, such as carrying their heads beneath their feet, making a ball of themselves, and trundling along, etc. By our financial dealings with these little street-tumblers, we learn that "shinjō" means "gift," and "arigatō" means "thank you," which is the beginning of our vocabulary in Japanese.

The fine wide streets of Yokohama are well paved and curbed. The hard white-stone and concrete pavements are able to resist for years the rutting action of the sharp-edged wheels of the native carts. These wheels are ingeniously constructed, and their felloes are mortised in segments. They need no tires, and have none. They are propelled by four powerful fellows, who work in pairs, and have

scarcely more clothing than there is harness on a horse. The foremost pair push with hands and thighs the front cross-bar, behind which they stand. The other pair supply the *vis à tergo*, applying their shoulders to a beam which juts out obliquely from beneath and behind the cart. The street cries in every country attract first the



Push-cart in Yokohama. Hokusal.

new-comer's ears; and the cry of these cart coolies in Yokohama is one of the most peculiar sounds in or out of Japan. I never afterward heard these cries, except in Yokohama and Tōkiō. While the two men in the rear save their wind and vocal force, the two foremost coolies utter alternately and incessantly a coarse, deep, guttural cry, which, if spelling were possible, would be written, "Hai! huida! ho! ho! hai! huida! wa! ho! ho! huidah!" etc. I was, at first hearing, under the impression that the poor wretches were suffering a grievous colic, and a benevolent inclination seized me to buy a few bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and distribute them on the spot. On being told, however, that nothing was the matter with the men, it being their custom to yell in this manner, I abandoned my intention.

Rows of iron lamp-posts, with lanterns and burners trimmed and in cleanly readiness, tell of streets well lighted with gas at night. Along the avenue, on which stand the British and American consulates on one side, and the Japanese court-house, bonded warehouses, and police station on the other, are sidewalks, which, along several blocks, are thickly planted, in a breadth of ten feet or more, with evergreens and flowers. Among these we see the camellias in full bloom. The main street crosses this avenue at right angles, extending from the Japanese

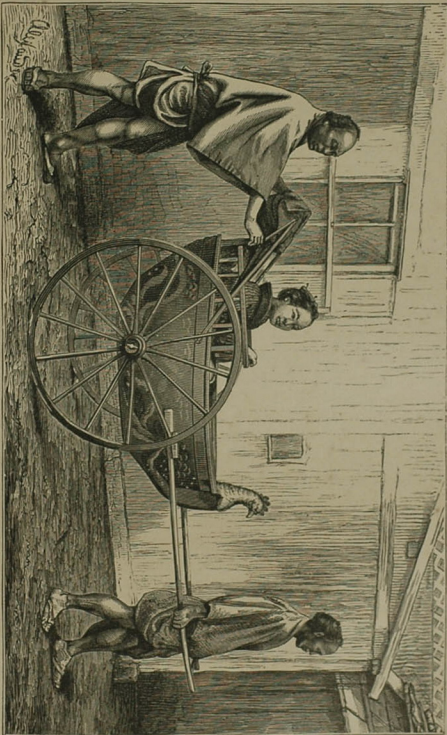
town to the canal at the foot of The Bluff. The sidewalks on it are narrow; but the street pavements are so hard, and are kept so clean, that it is not unpleasant to walk in the street, even in wet weather. The streets in the foreign settlement are paved, curbed, and drained. Since 1874 they have been lighted with gas, from the gas-works of the rich merchant, Takashimaya.

Here, for the first time, I behold that native Japanese invention, the product of a Tōkiō genius, the *jin-riki-sha* (man-power carriage). It has often been described. It is a baby carriage on adult wheels. It holds one or two persons. A man in the shafts pulls it; sometimes he is assisted by another from behind. When you wish to go fast, you employ two men, or you may drive tandem with three. Many of these *sha* are highly ornamented; for art is appreciated even by the lowest classes in Japan, as a residence of five minutes, and afterward four years, concur in assuring me. Some are made into the form of a boat, with a chanticleer for a figure-head. Foreigners and natives use them, and a wag from Yankee-land has dubbed them "Pull-man cars."

Main Street is the showiest of all—the Broadway of the "New York of Japan." Here we pass fine stone-fronted stores, banks, hotels, and restaurants. The magnificent show-windows and abundance of plate-glass suggest handsome variety and solid wealth within. These outside displays are, in most cases, but true indices of the varied articles of merchandise within, which are obtainable at very fair prices. Nothing eatable, drinkable, or wearable seems to be lacking to suit the tastes or wishes of an ordinary man, beast, or angel; though we have heard that the entire bevy of Miss Flora M'Flimsey's cousins in Yokohama assert most strenuously that there is "nothing to wear" at any time. Nevertheless, to man or beast, the abundance and variety of feminine paraphernalia visible in one of the shops in which angelic robes are sold is simply wonderful; and one notices that the visits of the angels to this place are neither few nor far between. Craftsmen in the finer arts also get their wealth in Yokohama. Several jewelers display tempting wares, and ply a brisk trade. Young Japan wears a watch nowadays, and thousands are sold yearly in Yokohama. Barber's poles salute us on several streets, and one may be shaved in French, English, or Japanese fashion.

Photographic establishments tempt our eyes and purse with tasteful albums of Japanese costume and scenery. First-class eating-saloons await their crowds at the hungry hour. The several auction-rooms seem to be well filled with native and foreign purchasers. Confection-





The jin-rikishi, or "Pull-man Car" of Japan. (From a photograph.)



ers display their bait for the palate. Newspaper offices greet us; lawyers' and doctors' and dentists' signs seem to be sufficiently plentiful. Carriages and "traps" add to the bustle, and several knots of Japanese farmers, pilgrims, and new-comers from the provinces, staring surprisingly at the sights they have long heard of, but which they now for the first time behold, are met as we pass up the street. French Catholic or Russian Greek priests in their cassocks, nuns in their black robes, well-dressed Chinese, Jews from every nation under heaven, French soldiers in blue, British soldiers in red coats, and the talkers in a score of different languages, are met with, and help to give the town its cosmopolitan character. Main Street, however, is only the street of shops, shop-keepers, and the usual vulgar herd.

Let us turn into the street of "hongs" and "merchants." Be it known that in Yokohama, and the Eastern ports generally, the distinction between a merchant and a shop-keeper is dire and radical. With us lay folk outside of the trading world the difference is small, and not always perceptible—a mole-hill, at the least; but in these Eastern ports a great gulf is fixed, socially and commercially, between the two castes, and the difference is mountainous. With us, a shop-keeper is a man and a brother; in Yokohama, in the eye of the clubs, and with the elect of wealth, fashion, and the professions, he is but a heathen and a publican. Advertising, the use of a sign-board, and such-like improprieties, are evidences of low caste, and consign the offender to the outer darkness, far away from happy club men and select visitors. This relic of English caste traditions, rank, and class worship is not so strong now as formerly, but is sufficiently potent to cause many a bitter pang and many heart-burnings to those who first experience it in their new residence in the East.

The street in which the "hongs," or large business establishments, are situated is rather gloomy, when compared with the lively Main Street. Most of the buildings are of stone, and many of them are fire-proof "godowns," or store-houses. From the windows of the "tea-firing godowns" issues the fragrant aroma of the new crop of tea, which is being "fired" or dried in deep tin basins, over charcoal fires, by native girls and women, preparatory to packing and export. Most of the largest and wealthiest business houses are owned and managed by those who were among the first-comers to Japan. Many of the "hongs" are branches of houses in China, or they themselves have agencies at Nagasaki, Hiogo, and ports in China. From five to twenty young men form their clerical staff, backed by a small army of native

porters, coolies, packers, boatmen, etc. These large firms control nearly all the export trade of Yokohama, and, indeed, of Japan. The tea, silk, copper, rice, etc., is brought from all parts of the country, though chiefly from the West and North, and is disposed of by the native merchants through brokers and "compradores." In most cases the native producer, or even the broker, never sees the foreigner with whom he deals. The most important man in many foreign firms, the power behind and before the throne, is the "compradore." This superior being is a Chinaman, who understands enough Japanese, especially with the help of the written Chinese character, to deal with the Japanese merchant, producer, or broker. He is the provider and paymaster of the firm in its dealings with the natives. He arranges, by and with the advice of the merchant, the purchase, sale, and delivery of merchandise. He hires and pays the Japanese *employés*, and, being the trusted man, is a creature of imposing pretensions, and a quasi-partner of the firm. His facilities, opportunities, and never-cloyed desire for "squeezes" from his Japanese clients are equally abundant, and he lives up to his privileges. Various shifts have been made use of by the Japanese merchants to depose this obnoxious middle-man from his position, and even to eliminate him entirely from mercantile transactions. A bold attempt of this kind was lately made by the plucky Governor of Yokohama, Ōyé Takū; but, as the manner of the attempt was technically illegal, it failed, and matters still remain as they were before.

This aristocratic and highly antiquated form of doing business, in which the merchant practically holds himself aloof from his customers, is an inheritance from the foreign merchants in the ports of China. Ignorant of the language of that country, trusting their affairs to a "compradore" who spoke pigeon-English, they lived and grew rich, without troubling themselves to learn the language of the pig-tails around them. Few of the merchants in Japan, to their discredit let it be said, have seriously endeavored to master the speech of their producers, and, being ignorant of it, the "compradore" is, in such a state of things, a necessary evil. This old-fogy method of doing business must in time give way before the enterprise and energy of the younger firms, who refuse to employ "compradores," and the members of which are beginning to acquire the language of the people with whom they deal. There might have been excuses to the first-comers for not learning a language for the acquisition of which no teachers or apparatus at that time existed; but at the present, thanks

to American missionaries and the gentlemen of the English civil service, an excellent apparatus of grammars, dictionaries, and phrase-books exists.

The four great steamship agencies at present in Yokohama are the American Pacific Mail; the Oriental and Occidental; the English Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company; and the French Messageries Maritimees Paquet Postes Français. The Ocean Steamship Company has also an agency here. The native lines of mail steamers *Mitsui Bishi* (Three Diamonds) also make Yokohama their terminus. The coming orthodox bridal tour and round-the-world trip will soon be made *viâ* Japan first, then Asia, Europe, and America. Already the circum-mundane tourists have become so frequent and temporarily numerous in Yokohama as to be recognized as a distinct class. In the easy language of the port, they are called "globe-trotters."

The most interesting portion of Yokohama, alike to the new-comer and the old resident, is the Bluff. Coming to a port opened primarily for trading purposes only, one expects to find shops and store-houses, but few anticipate seeing such dwellings and homes as are to be found on the Bluff. In the afternoon, when the business of the day is over, and the high, grand, and mighty event of the day, the dinner, has not yet been consummated, the visitor on the Bluff sees very fine specimens of horseflesh, good turn-outs, and plenty of pedestrian and equestrian humanity out for fresh air. The trim door-yards, lawns, gardens, fences, and hedges help to make a picture of unexpected beauty. The villas and dwellings are not high, being bungalows of one story, or houses of two stories. Though not remarkable as architectural triumphs, they are picturesque without, and full of comfort within. Added to home attractions, is the ever-present lovely scenery of the bay, the distant mountains, the peerless Fuji, and the smiling valleys. Nearly all the professional and many of the business men live on the Bluff, and, whether from the natural altitude, the inspiring freshness of the scenery, or otherwise, the Bluff dwellers are apt to consider themselves of a slightly higher social order than the inhabitants of the plain. The Bluff spreads over an irregular triangle, and its surface is rather undulating. Many of the dwellings are snugly embosomed amidst groves, or on the slopes and in the hollows, but most of them crown its spurs and ridges in commanding positions. The legations of the treaty powers were, until 1874, situated in especially choice spots. Strange to say, the foreign diplomatic representatives, instead of residing in Tōkiō, lived at Yokohama, preferring society to the doubtful charms of the Japanese capital.

My opportune arrival so near New Year's, and the custom of visiting being enthusiastically observed, enabled me to see into the homes of many old residents, and to meet most of the social magnates and men prominent in the diplomatic, literary, commercial, and missionary world. Among others, I saw our hospitable American minister, Hon. Charles E. De Long, the Dutch, French, and Danish ministers, and several consuls and attachés. Mr. Portman, formerly secretary and interpreter to the American Legation, one of the valuable and unrewarded servants of our Government, was then hale and gray, living alone, not knowing that his grave was to be in the *Ville du Havre*.

Beside the legations are the fine American hospital, the General and British hospitals, and the public gardens. On summer evenings one of the bands from the flag-ships stationed in the harbor plays in these gardens; while flower, beast, and bird shows, and various sports and amusements, fire-works, etc., are furnished by the most indefatigable proprietor that ever catered to public taste. Beyond the "foreign concession" of land—that is, outside the limits of foreign dwellings—is the race-course, an ample space of ground, leveled, fenced, and furnished with buildings and spectators' stands. The races are held during three days in spring and autumn, followed invariably by a "Black Monday," when bets are paid. An incredible amount of excitement, truly British, is got up over Oriental horseflesh. The term for a Eurasian horse is "griffin."

A fine new road has been built by the Japanese Government, which passes by the race-course, and winds over the hills and down along the shores of Mississippi Bay, which is described as "the most beautiful for varied scenery in the world." Of course, I am quoting from those who speak in the same sense in which a mother speaks when she asserts, and really believes, that her babe is the last crowning wonder of the universe. Nevertheless, Yokohama numbers among its residents many tourists and sometime residents in the Old and New Worlds in many habitable latitudes. Their almost unanimous verdict is, that Mississippi Bay, especially at the sunset and twilight hours, is matchlessly lovely. The New Road, after passing along the beach and through several Japanese villages, past rice and wheat fields, and through a beautiful valley, rejoins Yokohama at "Legation Bluff."

Returning from walk or drive, the event of the day, the grand culminating act of diurnal existence, to which every thing else is but a prelude, the *dinner*, claims the solemn thought and most vigorous faculties of mind and body. Whatever else fails, the dinner *must* be a

success. "Life without letters is death," was said by the Romans; but that life without dinners is no life at all, is the solemn conviction of most residents in the East. It is further said that a Frenchman can cook a dinner as a dinner deserves to be cooked, but only an Englishman can eat it as it ought to be eaten. In Yokohama, dinner is the test of success in life. If that momentous feed is successfully achieved, sorrow and care are forgotten, the future is hopeful, eternity radiant, and the chief end of man is attained. No bolting, no haste, no slovenliness in dress, no wishing it over. A dinner to be given must be studied and exquisitely planned, as a general plans a battle, or a diplomat a treaty. A dinner to be attended must be dressed for, anticipated, and rehearsed as a joyful hour on a higher plane of existence, or—as an ordeal for which one must be steeled and clad in resignation. To appreciate the esoteric æsthetics of dinner, and to comprehend the higher law that governs these august events, apart from the mere vulgar idea of satisfying hunger, one must be educated by a long course of observation and experience. Real enjoyment is doubtless to be obtained at these dinner parties; but such an idea is not necessarily included within the objects sought by an orthodox giver of a dinner. There are a great many "brilliant flashes of silence" at these dinners, and meditations on crockery are common. Nevertheless, it is really believed that a good dinner is the correct method of securing the highest earthly happiness, and is the most common means of social enjoyment in Yokohama.

Being such a cosmopolitan place, the dweller in Yokohama must be always vigilant to offend none, and in all the windings of conversation must pick his steps, lest he tread on the national, religious, or æsthetic corns of his neighbors. What is complimentary to one man may be insult to some one else present, and so one becomes schooled to make only the correct remark. Though this state of armed neutrality may sometimes tend to make conversation excessively stupid, and a mere round of desiccated commonplaces, it trains one to be, outwardly at least, charitable to all, malicious to none. It keeps one circumspect and cosmopolitan, whether in opinions or moral practice; and to be cosmopolitan is to be, in Anglo-Oriental eyes, virtuous beyond vulgar conception.

The predominating culture, thought, manners, dress, and household economy in Yokohama, as in all the Eastern ports, is English. Outnumbering all the other nationalities, with the Press, the Church, the Bar, and the Banks in their own hands; with their ever-present sol-

diers and navy; with their unrivaled civil service, which furnishes so many gentlemanly officials; and with most of the business under their control, the prevalence of English thought and methods is very easily accounted for. Because of the very merits and excellences of the genuine Englishman, the American in the East can easily forgive the intense narrowness, the arrogant conceit, and, as relates to American affairs, the ludicrous ignorance and fondly believed perfection of knowledge of so many who arrogate to themselves all the insular perfections. Perhaps most of the Englishmen at the East are fair representatives of England's best fruits; but a grievously large number, removed from the higher social pressure which was above them, and which kept them at their true level in England, find themselves without that social pressure in the East; and obeying the "law of pressures," they are apt to become offensively vaporous in their pretensions. These persons are surprised to find even American enterprise in the East. They are the most radical and finical concerning every idea, custom, ceremony, or social despotism of any kind supposed to be English. These men help to form the army of hard-heads and civilized boors in Japan, to which our own country furnishes recruits, who do so much toward helping the Japanese to carry out in Japan their favorite amusement in American hotels, *i. e.*, to descend on an elevator; that is, to lay aside their own dignified politeness, and to adopt the rough manners of those who fondly imagine themselves the embodiment of the elevating influences of civilization. They are the foreigners who believe it their solemn duty, and who make it their regular practice, to train up their native servant "boys" in the way they should go by systematic whippings, beatings, and applications of the boot. Fearful of spoiling cook, boy, or "bettō" (hostler), they spare neither fist, boot, nor cane. In this species of brutality we believe the vulgar John Bulls to be sinners above all the foreigners in the East. I saw enough in one day to explain why so many of their nationality have felt the vengeful swords of Japanese samurai. Although Americans sometimes are swift-footed to follow the example of Englishmen, yet it is usually acknowledged by the Japanese themselves that the Americans, as a class of that heterogeneous collection of men, who are all alike to them in being foreigners, are more inclined to give them their rights, and to treat them as equals.

Be it remembered that in these remarks we do not refer to that large body of educated, refined, and true-hearted Englishmen who have been such a potent influence in the civilization of Japan. It



must be confessed, and we cheerfully bear witness to what is a fact, that the predominating good influence in Japan is English. Some of the most prominent and most highly trusted foreign officials of the Japanese Government are English. The navy, the railways, the telegraphs, public works, and light-houses are managed by them almost exclusively, and a large part, if not most, of the business of the country is in their hands. Some of the very best, and perhaps the majority, of lay students of, and scholars in, the Japanese language are Englishmen. For all that goes to refine, elevate, and purify society among foreigners we are largely indebted to the English. In my strictures, I refer to that numerous class in Japan who, with pecuniary power and social influence far above that they could gain at home, ape the manners and succeed in copying the worst faults of the better class of their countrymen. Living among a people capable of teaching them good manners, and yet ignorant alike of their history, language, institutions, and codes of honor and morals, they regard them as so many chattering silk-worms, tea-plants, and tokens of copper. They are densely ignorant of every thing outside of England, and with unruffled stupidity they fail to conceive how *any* good thing can come out of a place not included within the little island from which they came. I should feel very glad if none of my countrymen answered to this description.

It is to be regretted that the British and American should be so often pitted together; but so long as fair play, chivalric honor, cosmopolitan breadth of mind, and Christian courtesy are left us, we think the rivalry must be productive of immense good. Like flint and steel, before the dead cold mass of Asiatic despotism, superstition, and narrowness, it must result in kindling many a good spark into flames of progress and knowledge. Whatever be their petty differences, the English and American ever strike hands for good purposes more quickly than any other two nationalities in Japan; and before the men of every other nation the American finds more to love, to honor, and to admire in the Englishman. It is the two nations cemented inseparably together by the blood, religion, language, history, inheritance, and the love of liberty and law, that are to impress their character and civilization on the millions of Asia, and to do most toward its regeneration. Let every pen and tongue forbear to needlessly irritate, or do aught to sunder the ties that bind together the two great civilizing powers of the world; but as for the social bigot, the Philistine, the bully, let not his disgraced nationality shield him from the social exile and public contempt which he deserves.

Yokohama is fervently believed by many new-comers, especially those who are soon discovered to be either verdant or genuine fools, to be the very worst place in the world for iniquity, gossip, and all manner of rascality. In this they most clearly mistake. Since the same reputation attaches to at least a thousand places, I think the error lies in a defect in the mental vision of the new-comer. Some temporary attack of moral color-blindness, strabismus, or disarrangement of the moral lenses, must be the cause of such an erroneous opinion. Long residents and traveled men agree in the belief that the moral status of Yokohama is fully equal to most other ports in the East, if not in the world. Some optimists even hold the opinion that it is better than many other places that boast loudly of their morals. Certain it is that gambling hells have been purged away. Rum "mills" and lewd houses, though numerous enough, are not more common than in other ports. The white woman in scarlet drives her carriage on the Bluff and in the town, but her sisters are not abnormally numerous. Where heathen women are cheap, and wives from home are costly, chastity is not a characteristic trait of the single men; but the same evil and the same resultant curse rests on all such places where "Christians" live side by side with "pagans." Given a superior race with superior resources, and poor natives who love money more than virtue, and the same state of things results.

Missionaries abound in Yokohama, engaged in the work of teaching, and converting the natives to the various forms of the Christian religion. It is a little curious to note the difference in the sentiment concerning missionaries on different sides of the ocean. Coming from the atmosphere and influences of the Sunday-school, the church, and the various religious activities, the missionary seems to most of us an exalted being, who deserves all honor, respect, and sympathy. Arrived among the people in Asiatic ports, one learns, to his surprise, that the missionaries, as a class, are "wife-beaters," "swearers," "liars," "cheats," "hypocrites," "defrauders," "speculators," etc., etc. He is told that they occupy an abnormally low social plane, that they are held in contempt and open scorn by the "merchants," and by society generally. Certain newspapers even yet love nothing better than to catch any stray slander or gossip concerning a man from whom there is no danger of gunpowder or cowhide. Old files of some of the newspapers remind one of an entomological collection, in which the specimens are impaled on pins, or the store-house of that celebrated New Zealand merchant who sold "canned missionaries." Some

of the most lovely and lofty curves ever achieved by the nasal ornaments of pretty women are seen when the threadbare topic of missionary scandal is introduced. The only act approaching to cannibalism is when the missionary is served up whole at the dinner-table, and his reputation devoured. The new-comer, thus suddenly brought in contact with such new and startling opinions, usually either falls in with the fashion, and adopts the opinions, the foundation for which he has never examined, or else sets to work to find out how much truth there is in the scandals. A fair and impartial investigation of facts usually results in the conviction that some people are very credulous and excessively gullible in believing falsehoods.

Scarcely one person in a hundred of those who so freely indulge in, and so keenly enjoy, the gossip and scandal about missionaries, realizes their need of human sympathy, or shows that fair play which teaches us that they are but human beings like ourselves. The men of business and leisure for every thing except their tongues are utterly unable to understand the missionary's life, work, or purpose. Apart from the fact that a man who strives to obey the final and perhaps most positive command of the Great Founder of Christianity, to preach the Gospel to every creature, should win respect so far as he obeys that command, it is also most happily true that some of the very best, most conscientious, though quiet, work in the civilization of Japan has been done by missionaries. They were the first teachers; and the first counselors whose advice was sought and acted upon by the Japanese were missionaries, and the first and ripest fruits of scholarship—the aids to the mastery of the Japanese language—were and are the work of missionaries. The lustre shed upon American scholarship by missionaries in China and Japan casts no shadow, even in the light of the splendid literary achievements of the English civil service. Besides this, a community in which the lives of the majority are secretly or openly at variance with the plainest precepts of the Great Master can not, even on general principles, be expected to sympathize very deeply with, or even comprehend, the efforts of men who are social heretics. It is hard to find an average "man of the world" in Japan who has any clear idea of what the missionaries are doing or have done. Their dense ignorance borders on the ridiculous.

On the other hand, a few, very few, who call themselves missionaries are incompetent, indiscreet, fanatical, and the terror even of their good and earnest brethren.

At present, in Yokohama, there are the edifices of the Established

English Episcopal, the French Catholic, the Union Protestant, and native Christian churches. There is also a Jewish congregation. Besides the Governmental, the private Japanese, and the General Hospital of the foreigners, there is a Ladies' Benevolent Society. A well-kept and neatly laid out and ornamented cemetery, beautifully situated on the slope of the Bluff, in which sleep the men of many creeds and nations, tells many a sad tale of assassination, of murder, and of battle, which took place before the present peaceful residence of the Western strangers in Japan was won. The Russians, the Dutch, the English, and the French compelled the Japanese Government to build the tombs of the slain. Many a mother's darling, many a gallant soldier and sailor, who met his death from disease, accident, drowning, or excess, and many a broken-hearted exile lies here; and more than one visit to this sad city of the dead has impressed me with the truth that most of the epitaphs are plain historical facts, free from sham and fulsome falsehood; as though being free from the meretricious ornament that so often miserably accords with the blunt fact of death, the tombs had won the rare adornment of simple truth.

From the Yokohama of to-day, with its bustling energies, and old enough in its new life to have its cemetery, we shall glance at Yokohama as it was from its forgotten beginning, centuries ago, until A.D. 1854, when a fleet of American steamers began the first epoch in the new life of Japan.

On a small arm of the Gulf of Yedo, midway between its mouth and the capital of the empire, stood an insignificant little fishing village. Evidently it never possessed sufficient importance to be mentioned, except casually, by Japanese historians or travelers. In its best days prior to 1854, it might have numbered a thousand inhabitants. Nearly all the men were fishers, or worked with the women in the rice swamps surrounding the village on all sides, and stretching toward the base of the Bluff. The great highway to Yedo passed through the town of Kanagawa, which lies on the opposite shore of the bay. Most probably from this fact, the village which supplied the travelers on the great road with fish was called Yokohama (*Yoko*, across; *hama*, strand). For centuries the simple inhabitants swept the sea with their nets, dug their mud swamps, planted their rice, eat their rude fare, lived their monotonous life, and died in the faith of Buddha and the hope of Nirvana. No seer ever prophesied greatness of Yokohama, but some places, like men, have greatness thrust upon them. When, on the evening of the 7th of July, 1853, the fleet of huge American

steamers lay at anchor abreast of Uruga, a few miles distant, and the people of Yokohama saw the blazing beacon-fires and heard the breathless messengers tell the tale of the wondrous apparition of mighty ships moving swiftly without wind, tide, or oars, the first pulses of a new life stirred within them as they talked that night before their huts in the sultry evening. Their idea of a steamer, as I have heard it from their own lips, was, that these Western foreigners, who were not men, but half beasts, half sorcerers, had power to tame a volcano, condense its power in their ships, and control it at will. That night, as the spark-spangled clouds of smoke pulsed out of the fire-breathing smoke-stacks of the steamers, which were kept under steam in readiness for attack, many an eager prayer, prompted by terror at the awful apparition, went up from the hearts of the simple people, who anxiously awaited the issue of the strange visit.

During all the eight days during which Commodore Perry's fleet lay at anchor, or steamed at will over their sacred waters, the surveying boats were busy extorting the secrets of the water, its danger and its depth. No drunken sailor roamed on the land, none of the quiet natives were beaten, robbed, or molested. The mighty mind of the gentle commodore extended to the humblest minutiae of discipline, and his all-comprehending genius won victory without blood. The natives had opportunity of gaining clearer ideas as to what sort of beings the strange visitors were. In those eight days even the proudest samurai were convinced of the power of the Western nations. Familiarity bred no contempt of American prowess, while for the first time they saw their own utterly defenseless condition. After delivering the letter with the proper pomp and ceremony to the high Japanese commissioner at Uruga, and having for the first time in history gained several important points of etiquette in a country where etiquette is more than law or morals, the consummate diplomat and warrior, Perry, sailed away with his fleet July 17th, 1853.

Commodore M. C. Perry inaugurated a policy in his dealings with the Japanese which all thoroughly successful foreigners in Japan have found the safest, quickest, and most certain means of success, in dealing with them, in order to win new concessions, or to lead them to higher reforms. Instead of demanding an immediate answer, he allowed them seven months to consider the matter, promising them at the end of that time to come again. During that period the authorities had time to consult, reflect, and to smoke an unlimited number of pipes, and all of these they did.

When Perry, with an augmented fleet of nine steamers, returned again in February, the Japanese found him as punctilious, polite, persevering, considerate, and as inflexibly firm as ever. Instead of making the treaty at Uraga, he must make it nearer Yedo. Yokohama was the chosen spot, and there, on the 8th of March, 1854, were exchanged the formal articles of convention between the United States and Japan. Then followed the interchange of presents. The miniature telegraph was set up on shore over a space of one mile, and was worked for several days to the delight and wonder of admiring Japanese officials. The Lilliputian locomotive and train of cars caused unbounded interest. American implements and mechanism of all descriptions were presented as evidences of American peace and goodwill. Matthew Calbraith Perry achieved a triumph grander in results than his brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, on Lake Erie. He had met the enemy, and they were his friends. The Japanese returned the gifts with their best native productions, and amused their guests with wrestling matches.

By the treaty of Yokohama, Hakodaté in Yezo, and Shimoda in Idzu, were opened as ports of supply to the Americans. Shimoda, before it fairly began to be of much service, was visited by a terrific earthquake and tidal wave, that hurled a Russian frigate to destruction, overwhelmed the town, sweeping back by its recession into the boiling ocean scores of houses, and about one hundred human beings. The effluent wave plowed the harbor with such force that all the mud was scoured from the rocky bed. The anchors of ships could obtain no grip on the bare, slippery rock bottom, and Shimoda, being useless as a harbor, was abandoned. The ruin of Shimoda was the rise of Yokohama. By a new treaty, and concessions gained from the Japanese by Hon. Townsend Harris, Kanagawa (three miles across the bay from Yokohama) and Nagasaki were made open ports, not only of entry, but of trade and commerce. By the terms of the treaty, Kanagawa was opened July 1st, 1859.

Kanagawa is situated on the western side of the Bay of Yedo, about sixteen miles from the capital. Through it passes the great highway of the empire, along which the proud daimiôs and their trains of retainers were continually passing on their way to and from the capital. These belligerent young bloods were spoiling for war, and a trial of their blades on the hated hairy foreigners! Had Kanagawa been made a foreign settlement, its history would doubtless have had many more bloody pages of incendiaries and assassination than did Yoko-

hama. Foreseeing this, even though considered by the foreign ministers a violation of treaty agreements, the Japanese Government chose Yokohama as the future port, and immediately set to work to render it as convenient as possible for trade, residence, and espionage. They built a causeway, nearly two miles long, across the lagoon and marshes from Kanagawa, so as to make it of easy access. They built the solid granite piers or "hatobas," which we have described, erected a custom-house and officers' quarters, and prepared small dwellings and store-houses for the foreign merchants.

Before the opening of the harbor, several ships, with the pioneers of trade on board, lay in the harbor from Nagasaki and China, "eager to try the new port, and, of course, clamorous for instant accommodation and facilities." The merchants insisted on Yokohama, the ministers and consuls were determined on Kanagawa. The strife between the two parties lasted long, and left many roots of bitterness that are not yet entirely grubbed up; but the merchants carried their point—as is believed by all to-day—to the advantage of foreign influence in Japan. The red tape which helps to weave a net of misleading and inaccurate statements in regard to Japan is not yet cut, as regards Kanagawa. We frequently read of the United States Consul and Consulate at Kanagawa. There has been neither there since 1861. Both are in Yokohama. Baron Hübner's statement that Sir R. Alcock was "the official founder of Yokohama" is a ramble round the truth. Yokohama was settled in a squatter-like and irregular manner, and the ill effects of it are seen to this day. When compared with Shanghai, the foreign metropolis of China, it is vastly inferior to that "model settlement." To abridge a tedious story, the straggling colony of diplomats, missionaries, and merchants at Kanagawa finally pulled up their stakes and joined the settlement at Yokohama. The town grew slowly at first. Murders and assassinations of foreigners by the ruffian patriots who bravely attacked unarmed foreigners, usually from behind, were frequent during the first few years. The intermeddling of Japanese officials threatened to paralyze trade. The lion of civilization was threatened with death in a gigantic net-work of red-tape, in the length, redness, strength, and quantity of which the bakufu excelled the world. The first foreigners were not specially noted for good morals, sensitive consciences, sweetness of temper, nor for a hatred of filthy lucre, and the underhand cunning and disregard for truth which seems a part of official human nature in Japan (only?) were matched by the cold-blooded villainy and trickery of the unprincipled foreign-

ers of all creeds and nationalities. A favorite threat of atrabilious Frenchmen, blustering Russians, and petty epaulet-wearers of all sorts, when their demands were refused, was to strike their flag, go on board a man-of-war, and blow up the native town. Yokohama still stands, having survived bombardments in five languages. The Japanese officials became so accustomed to this polyglot snobbery, that they ceased to regard its monotonous recurrence with feelings different from those evoked on beholding snuff-boxes drawn, or on hearing the terrific crash that followed.

A less congenial and more expensive employment, at which native officials were kept busy, was the payment of outrageously unjust "indemnities"—a euphemism for civilized theft. A conflagration caused by a kitchen fire, a drunken squabble, an insult resulting in the death of a white-faced villain, terminated in the inevitable and exorbitant mulct. A sailor found dead drunk in the streets was the signal for sending up the price of revolvers one hundred per cent. Every foreign suicide was heralded as an "assassination."

A fire (November 22d, 1866), which laid nearly the whole foreign town in ashes, seemed to purify the place municipally, commercially, and morally. The settlement was rebuilt in a more substantial and regular manner. Banks, newspaper offices, hospitals, post-offices, and consulate buildings re-appeared as with new life. The streets were graded, paved, and curbed. The swamp was filled up. The Japanese village of Homura was removed across the creek. Fire companies were organized. A native police force was formed. The European steamships began to come to Yokohama, and the establishment of the Pacific Mail line of steamers, running monthly between San Francisco and Yokohama, was the final master-stroke that removed the future prosperity of Yokohama from the region of surmise to that of certainty. Other steamers plied to Japanese and Chinese ports. Trade became firmly established. Missionaries unlocked the language, and made it acquirable. The settlement was purged of roughs and gamblers. The amenities of social life began to appear, as ladies and children came in scores. Houses became homes. The solitary were set in families. Churches appeared with their beneficent influence. Theatres, concerts, and operettas gave recreation to the mind; while rowing, racing, athletic, cricket, and racket clubs, and clubs gastronomic and sociable, made the life of the bachelors less monotonous. Rifle companies kept the eye and hand in practice for the occasional hunts when game was plenty. The telegraph to Tōkiō and thence around



the globe was opened and used. The railway to the capital, with its ten trains daily, became a familiar fact. Schools for children were established. The Eurasian children were gathered up by American ladies and French nuns, to be reared in purity. Christian hymns were translated into Japanese, and sung to the tunes of Lowell and Bradbury by native children. Teachers of music and languages sent out their circulars. The Sunday-school opened its doors. The family physician took the place of the navy surgeon. Yokohama now boasts of the season, like London. The last slow growth of such a colony—the Asiatic Society, established for the encouragement of original research, and for the collection of information concerning the history, language, geography, and antiquity of Japan and parts adjacent—has been established. It has already done much excellent work, and, though in a trading community, hopes to live.

I have neither time nor space to speak of the wonders wrought in the Japanese town; nor can I tell the story of how a fishing village of a thousand souls has become a city of fifty thousand people, with its streets lighted with gas; rich stores, piled with silk, tea, bronzes, and curios of all kinds—whither tourists flock, and naval officers mortgage their pay for months to come: Japanese curios are as powerful as mercury to attract gold. The railway and station, the many promising industries of all kinds, the native hospital, printing-offices, etc., etc., deserve description, but I must close this already tedious chapter by a summary of a few items of interest not referred to before.

At present (1876) the foreign population of Yokohama is reckoned to be about twelve hundred residents, of both sexes and all ages. The men of the merchant marine, sailors, officers, on shore and ship duty, and temporary dwellers, make up a fluctuating population, which is seldom less than three and sometimes as many as six thousand. The Chinese population may number one thousand in Yokohama, and twenty-five hundred in Japan. In their hands are the deep things of finance. All the money-changers and brokers are Chinese, and any unexpected fluctuations in the money market are laid to their charge. Those who are not brokers are "compradores," clerks, or useful artisans. As a class, they form the most industrious nationality in Japan. They have their temple, cemetery, guilds, and benevolent association, but no consul or mandarin to protect or to grind them. The sight of the fat, well-dressed, cleanly Chinese, so well-oiled in his disposition and *physique*, so defiantly comfortable in his dress, forces a contrast between him and the Japanese. Some people con-

sider the Chinaman as the man of superior race. In Yokohama's heterogeneous collection of humanity are several score of children in whose veins flows the blood of two continents. The Eurasian children, when illegitimate, are still citizens of Japan, in the eye of Japanese law; but when born in wedlock, are citizens of the same country with their father. By the laws of Japan, marriage between Japanese and foreigners is perfectly legal, and several such marriages have been regularly contracted and solemnized.

The Fourth Estate in Yokohama is a vast one. The English papers are, *The Japan Herald*; *The Japan Mail*, daily and weekly; *The Japan Gazette*, daily. All these papers issue also a fortnightly or monthly mail summary. The French paper, *L'Echo du Japon*, is a daily. *The Far East* is a semi-monthly large pamphlet, of twelve pages, photographically illustrated, with letter-press descriptive of scenes and incidents in Japan. *The Japan Punch*, which hits the folly and furnishes the fun for the Yokohama public, is printed by lithography, and is a clever monthly production.

Toward the future Yokohama may look cheerfully and with hope. So near the great capital, practically on the high-road of the empire, with a magnificent harbor, capable of unlimited improvements, with railroad and telegraphic facilities already in use, Yokohama's future must be one of steady prosperity. When Kobé was opened, bold prophets predicted the waning of Yokohama; but their prophecies have long since been forgotten. New land is being reclaimed from the lagoons toward Kanagawa, and in time Kanagawa and Yokohama will be one city. The foreign population may not increase according to the New World ratio, but from all parts of the Sea Empire shall come the wealth and the sinew, the brain and the heart of New Japan, to learn the sources of the power and superiority of the Westerns; and, returning, the fathers shall teach their children to be wiser than they. Whatever be the changes of the future, Yokohama must continue to be the master-teacher and exemplar for good and evil of the civilization of Christendom in New Japan.