

FROM WEST TO EAST

SIR HUBERT JERNINGHAM



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FROM WEST TO EAST



"L'éternel féminin"

FROM
WEST TO EAST
NOTES BY THE WAY

BY SIR HUBERT JERNINGHAM, K.C.M.G.

SOMETIME GOVERNOR OF MAURITIUS, OF TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
COLONEL SIR CLAUDE MAXWELL MACDONALD
G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY
AND PLENIPOTENTIARY
AT TOKYO

PREFACE

Quæ causa viæ? quove tenetis iter?—VIRGIL.

Ich leb und weiss nicht wie lang ;
Ich sterb und weiss nicht wann ;
Ich fahr und weiss nicht wohin :
Mich wundert dass ich frölich bin.

Attributed to MAXIMILIAN I.

A COUNTRY that, in less than half a century, has asserted its place among the great Powers of the world, and won it by the observance of the finest and manliest qualities, is so fascinating a study that to see it before it is wholly spoilt by success, as it might well be in the next generation, was the “*causa viæ*” of my journey to the East, viz. to Japan; when the final “*iter*” took the direction of the battlefields of Manchuria and especially Port Arthur, where the glory of Japan was so lately sealed in the reckless shedding of their blood by its children, in the great cause of national independence threatened by Russia.

Thanks to the kind efforts on our behalf of His Majesty’s Ambassador at Tokyo, Sir Claude Macdonald, the Japanese Government not only gave me and a nephew, Mr. Charles Edmondstone Cranstoun, of Corehouse, as well as the

Earl of Leitrim, who accompanied us, permission to visit these interesting places, but provided for our transport throughout, and enjoined on the naval and military authorities at all the places we visited (all of which are still within the sphere of military occupation) to exert themselves in showing us all the hospitality in their power, which they did. Thus if, in the words of Maximilian I, I had doubts at the start upon most things which he mentions, at least I no longer “wonder” at being rejoiced to have completed a journey which necessarily suggests so many thoughts and considerations of import on the spot as well as on the way; and I am induced to offer some of these to the public, in the hope that, while contributing ever so slightly to their interest in the sons and daughters of the land of the Rising Sun, I may also give myself the pleasure of renewing a delightful excursion in the, however inadequate, effort to describe it.

Du besoin du passé notre âme est poursuivie
Et sur les pas du temps elle aime à revenir
Il faut aux jours présents de la plus belle vie
L'espérance et le souvenir.—LAMARTINE.

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INTRODUCTORY

THE information which these pages contain is mostly derived from sources at the command of every person who reads and learns, though the manner of conveying it may not be according to stereotyped methods ; and I desire to express my acknowledgments to the gentlemen (especially to Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain) to whose works on the East I am so indebted, and which perhaps I have somewhat too often quoted in these notes of travel.

I have purposely taken them as guides, wishing to steer clear of too hasty appreciations such as might savour of faith-pinning in first impressions. I am convinced that no foreigner, except perhaps the late Lafcadio Hearn, a poet rather than a historian, as yet has truly understood the secretive nature of the Japanese, or been treated by them as one of themselves, and I feel it would be presumptuous to attempt more than an analysis of the sources from which their great merits spring ; while any study of the people in their own land must necessarily convey some notion of the changes likely to arise from their having broken with the teaching of the past and courted Western modes of thought.

FROM WEST TO EAST

CHAPTER I

PARIS	.	.	.	<i>Dearness of life.</i>
MARSEILLES	.	.	.	<i>"Pacte de Marseilles."</i>
PORT SAID	.	.	.	<i>Strikes.</i>
SUEZ	.	.	.	<i>Old and new canal.</i>
ADEN	.	.	.	<i>Sun worship.</i>

PARIS, 5 December, 1905.

AN old Palais Royal tune and its silly words invariably come back to me whenever I revisit Paris; and, though I am not a "Brazilian" and possess "no gold," I find myself humming lustily

Je suis Brésilien : j'ai de l'or
Paris ! je te revois "encor"

out of sheer contentment.

Of Paris, as of love, one can truly say it is ever old and ever new. It is full of reminiscences and crammed with possibilities. It has sad and bitter notes in a symphony of joy and sweetness. Memories of bygone friends ; old sensations and delights which have nestled for years in the heart's recesses seem to quicken into fresh life at the sight of old streets, familiar buildings, and

the not always pleasantly-scented "Odeurs de Paris."

But the quickening process is but momentary ; for new Paris soon scares these memories away to make room for novel feelings, for new sensations, for fresh experiences, which combine to proclaim only one single fact, that Paris is changed ; that we, old "Boulvardiers," are unsuited to the change ; and that, in a word, Paris is no longer the Paris of the French, but capital of foreigners.

The Boulevards look old, dirty, neglected, out of fashion, discontented, in a word, "démodés." The crowds that throng their length and breadth are no longer old Parisian crowds of "bons vauriens" and "insoucians flaneurs." They are crowds thirsting for gold, and—Brazilians ; a mongrel crowd, without a particle of wit or humour or joy, or even naturalness ; a crowd that knows nothing of Balzac or Eugène Sue, and has dismissed to "la Banlieue" the neat merry grisettes of Alphonse Karr, with their out-at-elbow unwashed swains ; the noisy clever "gamins de Paris" and all that "franche gaieté" which constituted the sunshine and attraction of former days.

"La banlieue !" It means that outer Paris of which the foreigners know so little, but where the working classes and the humble middle classes can still struggle for existence under vexatious taxation, while they preserve the illusion that they are not provincial.

The Paris of to-day is grouped round the Arc de Triomphe, which is as it should be, for it is the healthiest site in the great city ; and within its radius, which has absorbed many historic country villas, are magnificent buildings which rear their lofty stories with commendable pride, as they are the homes of those moneyed aristocrats of many climes, who, under French taste, replenish French pockets ; but this Paris is not the old Paris, nor are its people the old Parisians. The "petites bourses" have made room for "les grandes bourses," and out of gratitude to the foreigner Paris has relinquished its title of "ville Lumière" for that of "Centre Cosmopolite."

The very act of living is not becoming, but has become, a serious problem, not alone for the poor, but also for the comparatively well-to-do, and is an unspoken factor in the apparent want of interest taken by the bulk of the people in the doings of governments not to their liking.

The exactions of imposts are such that incomes which only a few years since were sufficient for all needs in a family of five members barely suffice for one or two now ; and the birth-rate is on the decrease.

I will mention an instance which will surprise club men at home. Wanting to pay my subscription of 400 francs to a club, I was told I must pay 550, because the State and the municipality each collect not only 8 per cent of the letting value of the club premises, but 20 per

cent of the amount of the yearly subscription of every member, and, added my informant, "si encore nous en restions là ! but, alas ! at the rate we are proceeding it is to be feared that we shall be taxed even more" ! It may be that, in time, thanks to governments and county councils, club life will become too expensive a luxury in England also.

Comment, however, is neither needed nor necessary ; but can it be surprising if, throughout every class in the social scale in France, discontent in every shape is rampant, whether with those who are well-to-do or among the people themselves ; and if it becomes patent to those who know France that, in a possibly nearer future than one thinks, that discontent may give rise, notwithstanding decided efforts to improve the new conditions of living by cheap railway fares and the easier acquisition of house property outside Paris, to repetitions of deplorable historical events ? I sincerely hope not. The common sense of France must conquer in the long run, as it has done so often before ; but it is not reassuring to the ordinary mind to be told by one leader of public opinion that "collectivist socialism" is the supreme remedy to all ills and by another that "individualist democracy" is the only salvation. These words, defining a policy, may, like the blessed word Mesopotamia, be supremely comforting to some ; but, unless collectivist socialism means plundering foreigners

only for the benefit of Parisians, I doubt whether Parisians will like it when they realize that it means nothing short of depriving the industrious among themselves of their savings in order to benefit the idle. Nor is it pleasant for honest Frenchmen, even if they have to laugh at the conceit, to know that M. Jaurès backs his system by the preliminary statement that "il n'y a pas de vérité sacrée," and that M. Clémenceau, without any sense of the ridiculous, stoops in his cleverness to inform the world that Satan is his noble father, "le grand déchu, mon noble père." ¹

Even Marat, who could properly be styled Hell's own, did involuntary homage to sacred truth and to Christ.

"L'Histoire des Girondins" recalls the peculiarity of this monster in always having the New Testament open on his writing-table, and reverently bowing his head at the name of Jesus.

"'La révolution,' disait il, 'à ceux qui s'en étonnaient, est toute entière dans l'Évangile. Nulle part la cause du peuple n'a été plus énergiquement plaidée; et Jésus Christ,' répétait il souvent, en s'inclinant avec respect à ce nom; 'Jésus Christ est notre maître à tous.'"

¹ Since writing the above a great oratorical duel has taken place between these two politicians, at the end of which the reassuring remark was made by M. Clémenceau, the individualist, to M. Jaurès: "Vous n'êtes pas le Bon Dieu," to which M. Jaurès, the collectivist, replied in equally reassuring tones, "Et vous, vous n'êtes même pas le diable."—See "Times," 20 June, 1906.

But as I said before, all is changed—"où sont les neiges d'antan?"

All is not darkness, however: there are signs even of a very wholesome revival of faith. If their fathers are listless and supine in combating irreligion, the young are not; and close on one hundred thousand young Frenchmen at this very time are vigorously engaged in the noble task of saving their country from the disintegrating effects of such irreligion.

"Le Sillon," which means a furrow, is tracing for the proletariat the line of conduct it should adopt, and its motto is, "Il faut aller au vrai de toute son âme." Their leader, "l'ami Marc," is almost an apostle of civilization through Christian teaching, and of salvation through honest religious belief. It is very wonderful to note what the associations of young men in every part of France are doing or have already achieved; and in their generous impulses lie the hopes of a nation that does not care for politics, but is very staunch, notwithstanding all contrary appearances, to its Catholic teaching.

MARSEILLES, 8 *December*, 1905.

The day is simply ideal. Marseilles is looking its best and Notre Dame de la Garde, from her high elevation, seems to smile graciously on her devotees crowding to her shrine in honour of the great festivity of the day. As is well known,

Notre Dame de la Garde is the tutelary divinity of Marseilles. Few sailors on their departure for foreign lands and distant seas omit to go and invoke her intercession; fewer still are there who, after the perils of the ocean are happily surmounted, do not make a pilgrimage to her statue and deposit some small grateful tribute for their preservation.

It is the one poetical spot in a very garlic-scented town; a very beautiful chapel situated on an eminence which commands a splendid prospect; and the secret repository of many heartaches and heart rejoicings.

All present life is but an interjection,
An "oh!" or "ah!" of joy or misery.

From its portal, the eye rests on the blue waters of the Mediterranean or that part of it which takes the name—nobody knows exactly why—of Golfe de Lion,¹ unless it be that the mistral which blows for fully 150 days out of 365 in the year is the lion which commands the gulf. But I cannot help thinking that the mistral is another of those kind dispensations of Providence obtained through Notre Dame, as it ensures sanitation to at least some degree, and Marseilles is so built that any help from the elements within the radius of the older portions of the town is not only a boon but a blessing.

¹ In Bouillet's "Dictionary of Geography" I find the following: "Il a été ainsi nommé dit on à cause de l'agitation de ses eaux dont on comparait la violence à celle du lion."

The somewhat exaggerated beauties of the banks of la Durance do not make up for its being a very sluggish stream and of no practical value from a hygienic point of view.

Except that Marseilles is probably the oldest town in France—for it was a Greek settlement on the ruins of an earlier Phœnician one—it has not in History that importance which one would imagine the Emporium of the East might have attained; nor can I recollect, apart from the “Marseillaise” (which was neither written by a Marseillais nor composed in the south of France, but at Strasbourg by Rouget de Lisle), anything historical bearing its name more stirring than the “Compact of Marseilles” in the sixteenth century, which resulted in a breach between Pope Clement VII and Henry VIII, and a union between that Pope and Francis I. The pledge given on this occasion was the hand of the Pope’s niece, Catherine de Medici, to Henry of Orleans, the second son of Francis I, afterwards Henry II of France. It was a disappointing diplomatic instrument from which, however, great events arose. From that moment Henry VIII began to repudiate his Catherine to the detriment of Catholicism in England; and the Medici Catherine eventually became the mother of two kings, under one of whom, and it is to be feared at her suggestion, was ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the prejudice of French Protestants.

The day was so fine that I would have liked to spend it altogether in this rowdy city, where the Southern accent lends charm to Gascon exaggerations, and where mirth is too often a preliminary to sanguinary explosions; but the P. and O. steamer "Persia" has arrived, and passengers must hurry on board.

At noon we depart, and I discover many friends, who have never travelled at all, ready to give me hints as to doing it comfortably, while others are anxious to impress on me how to journey profitably.

R. E., who is an authority on agriculture, tells me that nothing interests him on board so much as a row of ladies asleep. Is he thinking of grasses? In a minute he adds that sleep conceals so much! Has he turned philosopher?

"How much?" I ask anxiously. This much he replies with a twinkle in his eye: the beautiful ones silence temptation, and the ugly ones shut out criticism! There is no doubt he is a philosophizing agriculturist, but the vessel starts in brilliant weather, without hope of seeing its lady contingent asleep in rows, which is a pity and a loss.

PORT SAID, 12 *December.*

No use going on shore: the cabmen have struck. A strike of cabmen in this place is novel and interesting, as it is an indirect proof that Egypt is marching, under British protection,

into lines it was not cognizant of only a very few years since, or would ever have been allowed to know under Turkish rule. I wonder whether the Turks are suggesting this annoyance! Born of the Suez Canal, and grown out of that canal, Port Said repays its debt to the canal by engrossing all attention upon its banks to the exclusion of its own very evident progress in development as a port of importance between the decaying West and the awakening East; but at present the strike is the absorbing topic.

How one would wish the bewildered Czar of Russia to possess counsellors who could tell him what the real meaning of a strike is, and how futile is any endeavour to repress them by any measure which savours of despotism. Had I a copy by me, I would like to send an admirable work of the late Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, on trade unions in England, which he presented to me as far back as 1869, and which he wrote in consequence of the Sheffield riots of 1867. I would beg His Imperial Majesty's attention to the wisdom of that Prince's writings:—

“The social progress of the working classes and the pacific solution of the great questions which bear upon it are, in every country, indissolubly connected with political liberty. At all times governments that have hindered liberty have flattered themselves they could stifle those questions or turn to their own advantage the passions to which they give rise. By silence

they have claimed to protect the rich against popular mistakes; and by exercise of authority to serve the interests of the working classes better than they could do it themselves: fatal and double error! The restriction of publicity of free and open inquiry envenoms without solving those questions upon which it throws for a while a deceptive veil, and allows an abyss to be formed between the different classes of men who constitute one and the same nation."¹

As one recedes from the West to the East, and remembers that the "wise men came from the East," it is consoling to find that there have been exiled Western princes who have gauged the truth as to the relations of classes, and were able to give sound advice, and are doing so even from the grave, to their living brother potentates. I say from the grave because I believe the book to be still on sale: but possibly sovereigns may reply as Mary Stuart in Schiller's drama:—

Die Könige sind nur Sklaven ihres Standes
Dem eignen Herzen dürfen sie nicht folgen;

hence probably the pity they inspire.

¹ "Le progrès social des classes ouvrières et la solution pacifique des grandes questions qui s'y rattachent sont, dans tous les pays, indissolublement liés à la liberté politique. De tout temps les pouvoirs qui ont restreint la liberté se sont flattés d'étouffer ces questions, ou d'exploiter à leur profit les passions qu'elles font naître. Ils ont prétendu protéger par le silence les classes riches contre les égarements populaires, et, par l'initiative de leur autorité, servir les intérêts de la classe laborieuse mieux qu'elle ne saurait le faire elle même: double et fatale erreur qui prépare de cruelles surprises à ceux qui peuvent se laisser bercer par une pareille illusion! L'absence de publicité, de libre discussion envenime, sans les résoudre, les questions sur lesquelles elle jette, pour quelque temps, un voile trompeur et laisse se creuser un abîme entre les différentes classes d'hommes qui composent une seule et même nation."

"Les associations ouvrières en Angleterre. Paris, 1869."

A German royal lady, however, once told me, on my remarking that the Hoffähigkeit of German courts shut out all the most interesting men outside military rank: "Oh, but I see them in private audience! which is more to their liking and more to my satisfaction"—a proof that Schiller's Mary Stuart was not quite accurate.

SUEZ, 13 *December.*

We have been travelling at the rate of five miles an hour for fourteen hours between sandbanks and through some of the most interesting country in the world and the dreariest and ugliest.

Abraham crossed the line of this canal on his way to Memphis. Jacob coming from Syria crossed it on his way to Rameses in the land of Goshen two centuries before Moses was saved from the waters of the Nile. Pharaoh's legions were drowned in its waters by the incoming tide of the Red Sea, and more pathetic still the Holy Family, fleeing from Herod and his persecuting agents, passed near Lake Timsah on their way to Cairo.

After that time the waters of the Suez Canal have hailed names great in history: Herodotus, the Ptolemies, Alexander, Strabo, Anthony, Cleopatra, and last not least the great Napoleon.

To this latter, it is said, appertains the merit of giving practical shape to the idea of a waterway,

the possibilities and advantages of which had been apprehended three thousand years ago, and partially realized for a thousand years before the Christian era. To his mad descent on Egypt Napoleon owed the conception of giving to navigation in French hands the means of reaching India some thirty days before Nelson's ships could prevent it. To the engineer Lepère he confided his views and gave his instructions; and it was from reading the latter's report that de Lesseps, when quite a young man, fired with enthusiasm, derived his resolve to devote his life, if it should take as long, in the carrying out of so great a conception.

Undoubtedly the Suez Canal honours Egypt quite as much as the skill which wrought the Pyramids and the Sphinx; but it is, in the twentieth century, a recording monument, in the growth of ages, of that continuity of genius which belongs to man. It is even more: it is a work which, unlike the great achievements of antiquity, does credit to the individual enterprise of man as a free agent under free institutions, and to the marvellous resources of such a man as de Lesseps in bringing to a successful issue an enterprise against which were at once arrayed the political jealousies of governments, the scientific objections of recognized authorities, the timidity of capitalists, and the difficulties of labour.

The canal is built, it is recognized, it pays,

and it has passed into the economical lives of maritime nations ; but it is not a canal, for all that. It has no locks, no stopgates ; no offlets, and when one reads of ebbs and tides and uneven levels, however faint or slight, it produces an uncomfortable reminder that the least variation in existing conditions might be productive of dire results.

The Suez Canal is but an arm of the Red Sea trying to grasp another sea and meeting that sea half-way. But it is interesting to reflect in our enlightened days that the canal as such, with sluices and locks and offlets, was conceived and begun in the sixth century B.C.—was arrested in its progress by Darius in the fifth for fear of overflowing Egypt—and was actually completed by Ptolemy Philadelphus in the third century before Christ, as attested by Strabo, and by Pliny.

Very little consideration is necessary to dispel the idea that Napoleon originated that which had been the glory of bygone Alexanders. His decision to re-establish water communication between the two seas that divide Asia and Africa was influenced by reading the “Memoir” of Baron de Tott, which appeared in 1785. The Baron, who was Ambassador of France at Constantinople in the last years of the reign of Louis XVI, mentions among the works that have thrown lustre on ancient Egypt “the canal of communication between the Red Sea and the Medi-

terranean, which merits the first place if the efforts of genius in favour of public utility are seconded by the generations destined to reap the fruits of it": and Napoleon considered himself the genius of utility. "Décidément," as a passenger remarked, "il n'y a rien de nouveau sous la calotte du Ciel." It is odd, however, that even in this enterprise, carried out so many years after his death, Napoleon should have been thwarted by England. Suggested by him to Lepère—worked out by de Lesseps on Lepère's report—financed in nearly the half of the amount of its cost by Egypt, the canal was finally bought to the amount of that very half by a British statesman, who understood foreign affairs from the British point of view, and who thus secured the short route to India for British arms, besides the other advantages which Napoleon had coveted.

Tott must have been a painstaking diplomatist. His pages are full of information. He considers that "the natural riches of Egypt are in no respect injurious to the life of man," and depicts the Egyptians in colours which, it is hoped, have been toned down since his day.

"The people," he says, "are gentle and timid: likewise gay and debauched—they take no pleasure but in excess. The men and women swim like fishes; their dress consists only of a blue shirt, which scarcely descends low enough to hide nakedness: the children are always naked, and,"

he adds, "I have seen young girls still treated as children at eighteen years of age!"

From the decks of the "Persia" we could not confirm or disprove this careful investigation, but

Macte nova virtute puer sic itur ad astra.

ADEN, 17 December.

Fortunately, it is nowhere stated that Aden is the Promised Land, for, if it were, crossing the Red Sea to reach it would be a work of supererogation. It is impossible to conceive a more barren spot, and yet I remember a few years ago some French officers from Djiboutil looking upon it as an Eden, and always spending their short furloughs within its fortified precincts!

An inquisitive passenger has asked me the derivation of the name. Unless it comes from A——, I really neither know nor care, but etymologists are almost as fanatical as lady bridge players and more tiresome. Voltaire wrote a pleasant skit upon the tribe. He invented a word and then wrote:—

Alfana vient d'équus sans doute,
Mais il faut convenir aussi
qu'en venant de là jusqu'ici,
Il a bien changé en route.

What is more interesting is to note on a journey eastward how superior was the geographical knowledge of our ancestors to that of their continental contemporaries. Gibraltar, Malta,

Egypt, Perim, Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Hong-Kong, what tempting places for present restless ambition! and what admirable coaling centres! A captain of a Messageries steamer once attitudinized rather funnily before me at Obock. "Do you see that?" he said—we were in the roadstead—"ce sont des trous comme ça que vous nous avez laissés, and our governments do not even know where they lie. How can one establish a colonial empire by filling up holes of which you ignore the position?" I could not help thinking it was wise diplomacy to appear not to know where such places existed, as it enabled governments to look elsewhere!

But Aden has one advantage: it is the first place which breathes of the East and where that great orb which illumines the world seems to have established his golden throne. Here, for the first time, the traveller contemplates his magnificence with feelings other than the creature self suggests for comfort or the reverse. Whether at sunrise, in silver clothing, or grander still at sunset, in crimson and gold, man beholds the sun with awe quite as much as with loving admiration, and realizes how the first notions of a deity among men must have been derived from the contemplation of that sun.

"Soul of the Universe, glorious sun, are you alone the author of all the good things you bestow on us? or are you but the minister of a

primary essence, of an intelligence above yours? If you follow nought but your own will, accept our grateful homage ; but if you obey the law of a supreme and invisible Being, carry that homage to Him : He must be pleased if adored in His most resplendent image."

So speaks Marmontel's West Indian in an otherwise inferior book, "Les Incas," but the prayer is so natural, so true in its conception, so like what we conceive the original supposition of a deity to have been among the "unregenerated," whether of these days or bygone times, that it serves me well as an opening to the study of Oriental religions, which I am told is indispensable to a visit to the Far East. In Aden I therefore bid adieu to the

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, coeno, quiesco,

of this last fortnight in the West and make my respectful salaam to the East.

But it would be ungracious not to bear some testimony to those who, so far, have no doubt been prepared to share perils we have not encountered, but have enjoyed with me the splendid weather, calm seas, substantial repasts, and skilful navigation of the "Persia" under Captain Powell and his courteous officers. It has been a yachting trip in which all have vied to display their best characteristics, and some, their best dresses. Samuel Foote, the actor and wit, said that woman is to be counted like a game of

piquet : 27, 28, 29 . . . 60 ! but I do not believe it. Joseph Demoulin records that :—

Jadis une jeune meunière
 Au frais minois à l'œil malin
 Alla trouver le grand Merlin.
 Cet enchanteur pouvait tout sur la terre
 Mais de forcer une femme à se taire
 Le Diable y perdrait son latin.

This also I disbelieve.

Some charitable and very agreeable lady missionaries distributed tracts and influenza all round with praiseworthy impartiality. The tracts were harmless, but among the Indians who were to be converted it is doubtful whether influenza may not prove an antidote to conversion.

We build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.

CHAPTER II

BOMBAY . . .	<i>Customs—Parsees.</i>
DELHI . . .	<i>Heroism.</i>
AGRA . . .	<i>Moguls.</i>
BENARES . . .	<i>Hindoo degradation and superstition.</i>
CALCUTTA . . .	<i>Suggestions.</i>
CEYLON . . .	<i>Pride, pluck, and beauty.</i>

BOMBAY, 22 *December.*

WE all go ashore ; a long string of us, in Indian file, across a narrow gangway which deposits us among an expectant crowd, liable to mistakes. We have among us three would-be brides ; and, indeed, they are to be married within twenty-four hours to highly-educated gentlemen, who have only seen their photographs before this happy day. The exuberance of the welcome is accounted for ; but is that a blush of pleasure or of anger which we note on the countenance of one who has been embraced, possibly by mistake ? What does it matter ? Photographs are so deceptive, and people are so like one another in a photograph.

I remember once, in Oxford Street, meeting a dear old lady, accompanied by two daughters, who took into her head that I was her long-lost

nephew John. She folded me in her arms as I came alongside, and embraced me at the same time that she gently reproached me for not writing. I pleaded guilty to the latter omission, adding however, as an excuse, that my name was not Johnnie; whereupon her prudish daughters made matters horribly uncomfortable for the single-hearted old soul by calling out, "Mamma! you are always doing this sort of thing!" It was apparently a habit!

Well, for my part, I wish it were not the habit of every colony and dependency of the British Crown to submit travellers to the tiresome ordeal of custom search, or exaction, or waiting. Why should not an officer on board ship or in the train be empowered to examine luggage before landing, and thus allow the *bona fide* traveller to rush off in peace to his home or his pleasure on arrival, instead of waiting hours for permission to be free, or for his luggage? I have not made up my mind yet whether any axiom in ethics can defend the proposition that "meum" becomes "tuum" because it passes from one portion of Great Britain to another, but I suppose that necessity, being mother of invention, and colonial necessity having invented customs as a set-off to the avarice of the British Treasury, there is nothing left but to grin and bear it.

There is no doubt, however, that Bombay is not only a fine town, but a magnificent city of nearly 800,000 inhabitants; somewhat ambi-

tious perhaps, but exceedingly striking for all that.

The Victoria Station beats the Houses of Parliament at Westminster; and the Municipal Buildings with their dome vie with St. Paul's. The Royal Yacht Club at Cowes cannot compete with the Bombay resort of that name, and the post and telegraph offices combine all the styles of medieval art, there being nothing approaching them in the capitals of Europe. It is all very beautiful. But is it in keeping with the Orient? With those multicoloured crowds that make its streets so interesting; with those devotees of the elements of nature who constitute its moneyed aristocracy; and with a climate which, registering eighty-one in the shade in December this year, is said to average seventy-nine throughout the year? "De gustibus," etc., but a Gothic monument in an Eastern climate and amid an Eastern people is very much like a mosque in Cheapside or a pagoda in Bond Street.

Quite the most interesting feature of Bombay, though not its brightest, is the place where rise the five Towers of Silence, and where innumerable vultures await, with concern, the arrival of a Parsee funeral procession. In exactly two hours from the exposure of the naked dead on graduated circular slabs, all that was flesh has been devoured; while, in two days, even the bones have been collected, mixed with lime and acids, and reduced to a liquid fertilizer which is poured

down a centre well. It would be difficult to give a more practical turn to the sacred command, "Earth to earth."

What is surprising is that the Parsees or strict followers of Zarahtuschtra, alias Zoroaster, who firmly believe in a final resurrection of the body, should have conceived so perfect an annihilation of the same before the day of general judgment. They, at least, are not afraid that there will be any confusion of limbs on the occasion such as some objectors to cremation appear to dread, and it must be allowed that that faith is the strongest which knows no difficulty in the way of the Omnipotent.

These descendants of the original Magi, of whom Zoroaster was the reformer among the Perso-Iranians or Bactrians, now only number some eighty thousand throughout the East, more than two-thirds of whom have their homes in Bombay. They profess their old religion, which is upwards of three thousand years old, almost textually as it was taught by the self-asserted prophet who gave it life. Just as a Mohammedan calls on Allah and his prophet Mohammed, so do the Parsees call on Ahura Mazdao with his prophet (zaota) Zarahtuschtra, with this difference, that the god of Mohammed is one supreme being, and the god of the Parsees is composed of "Ormuzd," in all that is good, and "Ahriman" in all that is bad: hence a dualistic divinity. But where Mohammedanism despotically disposes of all

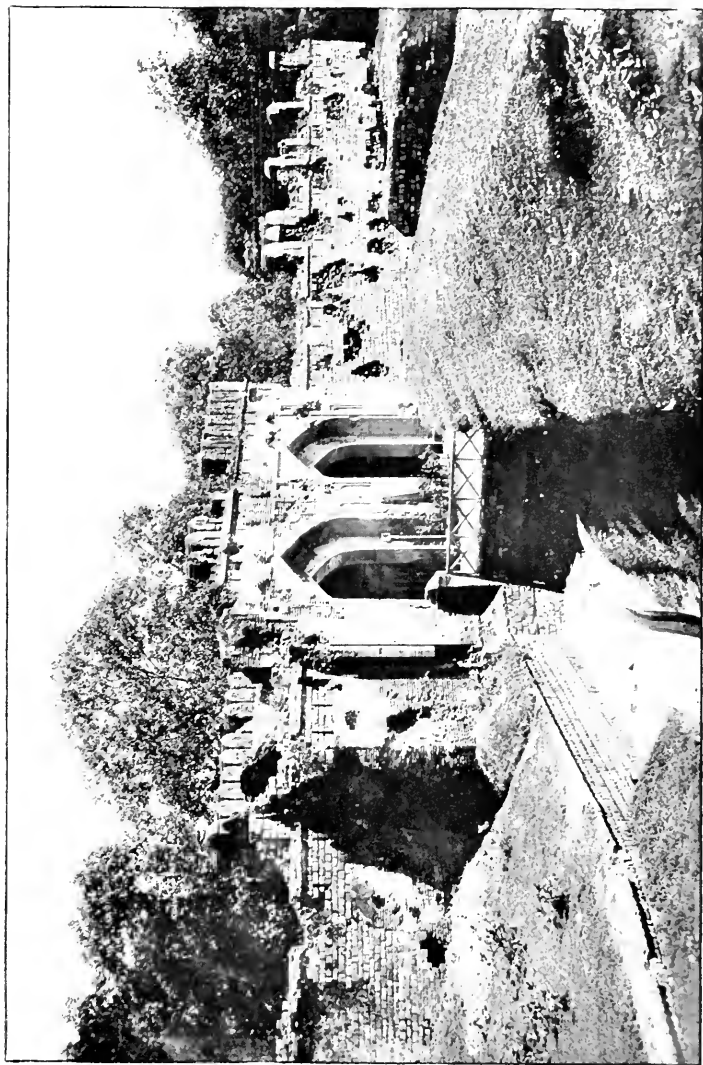
problems, Zoroasterism makes its two divinities fight for the possession of man, who is free to choose between them, and all eventually comes back to Lafontaine's rendering of Æsop's fable of "Phœbus and Boreas," in which the sun wins against the violence of the wind ; man considering that : "Mieux vaut douceur que violence."

But I do hope that the vultures will not continue to drop pieces of dead flesh in the neighbourhood of the Towers of Silence !

DELHI, 28 *December*.

We reached this historical city late last night and put up at a small but delightful new hotel called the "Cecil," which is not yet known to travellers, and hence is the more attractive for having no history attached to its precincts. An inn with a history is an uncomfortable abode. It generally gives to its reputation the first place, and to cleanliness the second, which would be right according to the proverb if reputation meant godliness, but is not so from any other standpoint.

We started early on our pilgrimage to places hallowed by the valorous deeds of our countrymen during the Mutiny, and by the innocent blood of women and children who were ruthlessly and treacherously murdered by the last supporters of the last Emperor of Delhi : a cowardly deed to crown the great traditions of



CASHMERE GATE, DE LHI

the monarchs of India. The Cashmere Gate! The water bastion! The magazine! So many records of British gallantry: so many recollections of brave men. Who more brave than Brigadier-General John Nicholson,

WHO LED THE ASSAULT OF DELHI, BUT FELL
IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY
MORTALLY WOUNDED,
AND DIED 23 SEPTEMBER, 1857,
AGED 35 YEARS,

as a tablet recalls?

Who more deserving of respectful admiration than "the mere lad," Lieutenant Willoughby, who, with only eight men, defended the powder magazine to the last, and exploded it only on finding all hope of succour was vain, so that he should not have to surrender it to the rebels? Field-Marshal Lord Roberts mentions a Lieutenant Willoughby, a "mere lad," killed at Ruhiya, who had been recommended for the V.C., and had brought his regiment, the 4th Punjab Infantry, out of action at the taking of Sikandarbagh, on the outskirts of Lucknow. It may be the same as the Delhi hero, as he was known to have escaped when the magazine blew up; but what interests me especially is the association of names and gallantry.

Willoughby is one of those names with which heroism is intimately connected, and I would like to know whether this courageous youth was a grandson or a grand-nephew of the heroic

Captain Willoughby of "Nereid" fame, who, in 1810, had an unsuccessful encounter with a stronger French squadron in the Bay of Grand-Port in Mauritius, but so won the admiration of the victor, Commandant Duperré, that, on their both being wounded, the latter insisted on their being both attended to in the same room in the house of M. de Rochecouste at Grand-Port. I had a tablet erected to record the incident in the very room where it occurred.

"Dès que nous fûmes montés à bord de la Néréide, pas un seul être debout ne se présenta à notre vue. Nous dûmes même prendre les plus minutieuses précautions pour ne pas fouler sous nos pieds les morts, les mourants, les blessés et les membres dispersés dont les gaillards (decks) étaient couverts. Parvenus sur l'arrière de ce tombeau flottant nous aperçûmes sur le banc ou coffre d'armes, un objet enveloppé dans le Union Jack Britannique. Monsieur Roussin l'entrouvrit avec soin : et, quels ne furent point notre étonnement et notre admiration, en y trouvant le Capitaine Willoughby grièvement blessé à la face, un œil emporté, et presque sans mouvement."

That is the account of the finding of the captain of the "Nereid," a 12-gun sloop, by the officer, Monsieur Wantzloeben, sent on board by the "Bellone," a 40-gun frigate, on the morrow of this memorable fight in Mauritius waters. Captain Willoughby's guns were silent because

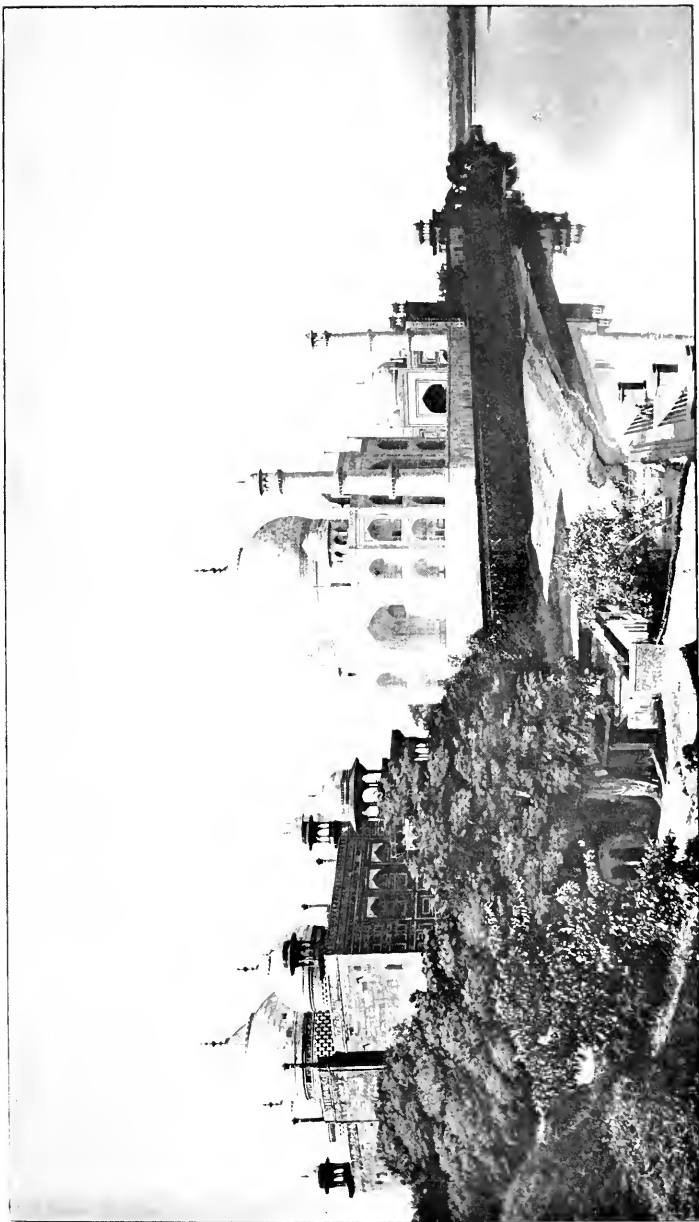
no man was left unwounded or able to fire them : but her captain had neither surrendered his colours nor his person. His enemy had to come on board his battered ship to seize both trophies.

Lord Roberts's book on India, that country where he and his father together "spent nearly ninety years" of their distinguished lives, is a sufficient excuse for me to abstain from any remarks in these notes, which a visit to such a place as Delhi calls forth ; but to those who now tread the Chandni Chauk in search of Indian works of art, whether in the way of silver or embroidery, I commend his account of what he saw, as, on the day of General Nicholson's funeral, he marched out of Delhi on the morning of 24 September (page 142), and to those who like myself dislike summary proceedings in the hour of victory, I would point to Lord Roberts's regrets (page 137) that, "so brilliant a soldier as Hodson should have shot with his own hand the two sons and grandson of the old King of Delhi." It is the one note that jars on the harmony of great British deeds before Delhi.

AGRA, 4 *January*, 1906.

"To see Naples and then die" was a favourite saying a few years back when it was difficult to get there and Vesuvius was possibly active. At all events, people saw it and did not die. I would say, with the great facilities of travelling offered

to the meanest purse in the present day, that not to see the Taj at Agra is not to prove worthy of existence. It is the most simple, beautiful, pathetic monument in the whole world, compared with which there is nothing west or east of Agra that can be spoken of with equal truth, admiration, and respect; it is worth the whole of India and the rest of the world besides; and it speaks to the soul as no work fashioned by the hands of man has ever spoken before. It is at once the pride and glory of a short-lived race of sovereigns who have come down to us in history as the great Moguls, and the touching recital of an emperor's love for a remarkable wife, that story which levels emperors to man's estate. Historically, it is the tomb erected by Shah Jehan to his beloved Arjumand Banu Begam, who was better known as Muntaz Mahal, "the Crown of the Palace," and was celebrated for her beauty, her charity, and her intelligence. Born in 1593, she died in childbirth in 1630, having borne fourteen children to her lord and master, and died at Burhanpur, to which place she had accompanied him on his campaign against Khan Lodi. Her remains were brought to Agra, and temporarily deposited in the garden of the Taj until the vault was built which was to receive them. It took twenty years to build, during five of which Shah Jehan, who had been deposed by Aurungzebe, his second son, watched day by day the building being raised from a small terrace in



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, AND RIVER JUMNA

the fort at Agra, and obtained, as a favour, the right to be buried next to his great love in the same vault, though not on that side of her which would have been his privilege had he still been the ruling emperor.

The romance of these royal lives, the poetry of their affection, their dramatic end, all fill the soul with pity, with love, and with sympathy as one enters the almost holy precinct which harbours their remains, while wonder, pleasure, admiration, like so many notes of music, strike the mind as it dwells on the care bestowed during five centuries upon a tomb which is nought but a glorious tribute to the sacredness of conjugal love.

Some clerical custodians offered me some flowers lying on the little jewelled tomb of Muntaz Mahal. They had probably been placed there that morning as a means to a sordid end, but I took them reverently as emblems of the beautiful flower of goodness which lay in that recess, and whose blameless Eastern life could still, across so many centuries, call forth the admiration and respect of the Christian West.

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief,
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the flowers.

Whether as a counterpoise, or a corrective, or a punishment, I cannot say which, I stumbled, an hour after my visit to the Taj, on a history written by an Indian gentleman in what he amiably believed to be the English language. It

was, he said, his “first venture in a language not his mother tongue”; “therefore he had dedicated it to a generous patron” and a distinguished general. He had also heard that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was about to visit Agra among Indian places, and considered it loyal to have his first humble effort in the British tongue ready for presentation to the heir apparent. All this is no doubt very proper, but this Indian author has vulgarized Muntaz Mahal, and in common with most men I dislike—this, no doubt, is an error, “errare humanum est”—to see my heroes and heroines brought down from the pedestal on which I have placed them by processes which, however innocent and primitive, are not in the interest of history, of fact, or of public utility.

In justice to “M. D. Moin-ud-Din,” an authority I believe in Urdu literature, I must at once allow that his details respecting the building and architectural features of the Taj are very interesting, but I am not concerned with these, but with the lady before whom even Mr. Moin-ud-Din, M.D., declares that an Oriental on beholding the Taj would exclaim in English verse:—

Of graces all doth none compare
With thee, thou fairest of the fair.

And yet proceeds in a maiden English effort to underrate her for the benefit of those he styles “English literate and officers and European gentlemen in general.”

Accordingly, he makes her out to have been a designing concubine, whose imperial lover “remained entangled in the meshes of her love till his death,” a rapacious mistress “who, being the medium of all royal gifts, took good care that the choicest were bestowed upon her father”; an ambitious lady who was especially “careful of the royal seal.” When, however, European historians charge Shah Jehan with bigotry, “traced to narrow-mindedness in Muntaz,” Moin-ud-Din, M.D., rebels and calls the statement a mere creation of their fancy, assuring us that “she was a pious woman, most careful of her daily prayers,” and that when she died, “owing to some internal disorder, Shah Jehan took the bereavement to heart.” Her loss, in fact, “unhinged his mind”—“grief corroded his heart”—“the purples and dainties were hated,” and “his whole head became silver grey.”

What a prosaic story! For my part, while wishing this author every success, I must confess that his book has not changed my opinion. I still think Muntaz Mahal the brightest, cleverest empress that ever lived; a loving captivating woman; an admirable wife, an angel of good counsel, and the shining jewel in the jewelled crown of the great Mogul, who sickened and died when she died.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

But the Taj remains a monument of grateful love.

The fort at Agra is more imposing than that at Delhi, but it is a question of individual fancy, which of the two Pearl Mosques or private oratories of the emperors within these forts deserves the palm of purity of conception and beauty of execution. Guide-books in their plethora of detail cannot convey a tithe of the impression these marvels of architectural finish produce on the beholder, and a library could be filled with books dealing only with marbles, precious stones, and skilled labour employed in producing these great monuments of Mogul power, wealth, and taste.

It is singular, though perhaps very human, that the authors of such cities as Agra and Delhi should have committed mistakes so serious as, for instance, at Fatehpur Sikri, a few miles from Agra, the home of the great Akhbar Khan and of his supposed Christian wife Miriam. This beautiful palace and city had to be given up because of scarcity of water. To a mighty sovereign, with legions at his command, water was as much a necessity as to the poorest of his subjects, and should have been thought of before building at all, but it was not, and hence Agra on the Jumna received his attention and Fatehpur was abandoned; but it is sufficiently well preserved in its deserted condition to enable one thoroughly to understand both the general plan of a royal city in Mogul times, and the mode of life which was led therein, and hence is very interesting.

It is clear women played a conspicuous part in the daily life of the palace. The sultanas Rakiyah, and Miriam formed part of Akhbar's councils and the counterpart of Queen Elizabeth, with the earls of Leicester and of Essex: all these historical personages being contemporaries (1556-1602).

Though Rakiyah was the favourite wife, Miriam became the mother of Jahangir, who succeeded Akhbar; and whether Miriam was a Christian Portuguese princess, or simply Mariam up Zamani, a royal lady from Jaipur, matters little, for she it was who inclined Akhbar to tolerance and to Christianity. On the walls of many rooms are signs of Christian worship, while in the archway of Buland Darwayan (the high gate) of Victory is inscribed a saying attributed to our Lord, "Isa (Jesus), on whom be peace, said: The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour; spend it in devotion," which one would like to know a little more about, as the quotation, if it be one, is not familiar or generally known.

BENARES, 9 *January*.

I wish I could write dispassionately of this place. It is called the sacred city of the Hindoos, and it is the one place where all that is holy in creation is desecrated, defiled, and debased.

We reached the town at an early hour; and I had not been in two of its temples and on the waters of the Ganges before I craved to be gone and to shake from off my shoes the dust of this disgusting place. I think it is Byron who, somewhere, exclaims :—

How beautiful is all this visible world,
How glorious in its action and in itself.

He had not been to Benares and beheld man, the finest work of the Almighty, reduced to beast's estate; and religion, that anchor of hope, fashioned by the innate trust of the soul in a Supreme Being which craves to worship Him in some manner on earth, levelled to the practice of the most disgusting and revolting rites.

But what fills one with anger is the knowledge that these Hindoo practices are not the teaching of the Vedas. They are not to be found in the Mahābhārata or Rāmāyana. Neither Vishnu nor Lakshmi; neither Siva nor Uma; neither Brahma nor Vach is responsible for these truly savage pagan rites. They are the result of the systematic resolve of the Brahmins or priests who constitute the first caste to keep down every other caste by instilling so much fear as to create cowardice. These caste men inspire so much terror that they foster the belief that nothing can be hoped for except temporary immunity from the displeasure of spirits of evil lurking in every bush and tree and herb and river and lake, sea, wind, or sky to the number of over three million,

by offerings to the Brahmins who alone can show them the way of conciliation.

It is recorded that at the Court of Louis XIV Bourdaloue addressed the King as Monseigneur and his Court as "et vous canailles de pécheurs." The Brahmins do not call their victims a miserable rabble but devout pilgrims, and reap the result of this flattery. No wonder there are so many Brahmins! And this degradation of man is permitted by us, the British who boast of liberty and tolerance and common sense and what not in the twentieth century of Christianity! And when Anglo-Indians are appealed to to stop the levelling of man to the hog's estate, all that is vouchsafed is a declaration that caste must not be interfered with, and the conversation promptly turns to the horrors perpetrated in the Belgian Congo or anywhere else.

I share the view of an American, Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, expressed in a carefully-written book entitled "Modern India."

"There is nothing in the Vedas to justify the cruelties of the Hindu gods and the practices of the priests. They do not authorize animal worship, caste, child marriage, burning of widows; but the Brahmins have built up a stupendous system of superstition of which they alone pretend to know the mystic meaning, and their supremacy is established. Thus the nature worship of the Vedas has disappeared and has given place to terrorism, demon worship, obscenity, and idolatry."

It is easily conceivable that the Government of India, who have courageously put a stop to Jaggernaut atrocities, the Thugs, and the burning of widows, cannot always, and at all times, act in a high-handed manner; but there is a duty incumbent on Christian Churches, and more especially on the Church of England as the English State Church, to strive their utmost to remove this blot on British rule.

They should look round and see whether they are going the right way to succeed. The Hindoo priests are the culprits. Let them be the goal. Their great number may appal, but other natives like Rajah Rai and Babu Shandra Sen will arise to help in the merciful mission of inspiring hope instead of instilling fear in a population like that of our greatest dependency, and of replacing dread of unknown spirits of evil by confidence in a God of mercy before whom princes and coolies are equal.

It is the justice and equity which characterize British administration that have chased away the spirits of evil sometimes believed to be lurking in the administrative bodies, and that have restored confidence to the working coolies. Let similar means be adopted in purifying the creed of those same coolies by converting their priests, and showing that not only are they not teaching that which the Vedas taught, but they are making a questionable living out of the superstitious fears they themselves have created. Then, and

not till then, shall we be able to say to the Indian neophyte:—

Incipe parve puer risu cognoscere matrem.

As Field-Marshal Lord Roberts says:—

“It is because the English Government is trusted that a mere handful of Englishmen are able to direct the administration of a country with nearly three hundred million inhabitants differing in race, religion, and manners of life”; but he significantly adds, “these feelings will be maintained so long as the Services are filled by honourable men who sympathize with the natives.”

Is not the suffering from caste under which they are held by the Brahmins not deserving of sympathy? and is it not worth while to make an effort to rid them of the clog of millions of evil spirits?

And the myriad of idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,

The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!

What have they wrung from the silence?

Hath even a whisper come

Of the secret, whence and whither? Alas!

For the gods are dumb.

SIR ALFRED LYALL.

But there is another reason of political character why this should be heeded.

It is now recognized as a fact that one of the more immediate causes of the mutiny in 1857 was belief, fostered by the Brahmins, that the Hindoo creeds (I cannot call them religion) were being undermined by military processes such as

a lubricating mixture for preparing cartridges made up of suet and of lard. What is to prevent these same Brahmins from attaching importance to other harmless mixtures or even articles of dress, and working to British detriment the new superstition they may invent?

It is only when they are educated to higher levels that all this paganism will begin to disappear.

Far from me any idea of want of regard for old traditions, even old religions primitively founded on nature, the elements, or on inward fears, but my ire is directed against a teaching by Brahmin priests, which they know to be contrary to their sacred books, the Vedas, and are continued solely in view of pecuniary advantage.

Pity and need

Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears
Which trickle salt with all ; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deed
Is twice born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.

“Light of Asia.”

CALCUTTA, 10 *January*.

It is pleasant to be in a place which savours of so much British wisdom, owns so fine a Maidan, and boasts such hospitable residents.

The vice-regal residence is a palatial building begun, I believe, by Lord Wellesley, and wears an imposing aspect. It bears also the impress of the

great administrators that have in the course of a century and a half climbed its very steep steps, and suggests with the changes they have wrought in the process of time, those other changes which will soon be demanded by the altered condition of the East. It is useless to shut one's eyes to the fact that although what some are pleased to call the Yellow Peril has no existence in reality, for the present at least, there yet are unmistakable signs of awakening in the East, and in this movement India, by its very geographical position, is bound to play a part. Asia, generally, is in a state of transformation, hence the difficulty of understanding many of the present ways of thought and action. But India, as part of Asia, gives the key-note to the rôle Great Britain will have to play in the possible drama of Eastern development, just as India has been the *raison d'être* of our being an empire at all.

The emancipation of women, to take a single instance, is a question which has silently taken root throughout the East wherein Japan leads the way. There are a thousand reasons why undoubtedly the movement will and must be slow. It will even be kept back a long time in such parts of the East as are under Mohammedan sway; but it has begun for all that, and will not be arrested easily, as it makes for a change in what we call society, and society is pre-eminently the realm of woman.

Were it possible, which unfortunately it is not,

the Governor-General of India should always be a Prince of the Royal Reigning House of England, and not an ordinary subject of the King delegated by him to exercise royal prerogatives in his name : for such a subject, however high in social hierarchy, cannot impress on the natives who attend his courts, that they are granted the standing which is properly theirs. But to talk of that which cannot be is idle talk. What is more to the purpose is to reflect on the one great desideratum, viz. the creation by degrees of an Indian society in which the better kind of native Indians would learn to appreciate the friend rather than the conqueror, and wherein the English element would find the means, which it does not at present possess, of knowing more of the Indian mind.

That the administration of Indian affairs is in good hands is faint praise indeed, for I believe it to be impossible for any one to travel throughout the length and breadth of India without being struck by the wisdom which has presided over the government of this enormous dependency. It is the one thing that excites admiration ; and so convinced am I of its excellence, that I firmly hold it impossible for any alien power ever to supplant the British rule, so imbued are the natives themselves with its equity, its fairness, and its firmness. Men are not satisfied with laws and regulations only where exclusivism shuts out the majority from a share in

the framing of these beneficial acts; but are the rulers satisfied with the continued secretiveness of the Indian proper? While we are teaching him the use of our latest guns and of our newest weapons, is he becoming more communicative than he was before the Mutiny? Are those native chiefs that we only meet (and decorate) on special occasions less mysterious than the rest of their Asiatic race? We trusted them before the Mutiny, have we better reason to believe in them now? Could any Anglo-Indian swear to their absolute loyalty to-day, and assure us that a confederacy of princes is not an eventual possibility should circumstances favour it?

It is not for me to answer such questions. They only occur to me, because as an Englishman I feel that we are still strangers on Indian soil; that old prejudices have not died out; that customs have not been assimilated; that friendships with natives have not been encouraged; and that "Kim" is rushing about as actively and as cunningly as ever Rudyard Kipling depicted him; while Indian chiefs still experience vain regrets at the sight of territory and lands once owned by their forefathers.

. . . from my country driven
With the last of my hunted band,
My home to another given,
On a foreign soil I stand.

We have been long enough in India for this feeling not to exist any longer.

The talk of the day is all upon an article entitled "Playing with Fire," by Sir John and Sir Richard Strachey, in the "National Review." According to their own statement, they justly "claim the possessing of old experience," having "through a long series of years taken part, often in close association with each other, in the administration of the Government," then proceed, on the strength of the great and responsible positions they have held, to argue against the King's Ministers and the danger of a military despotism which they must know not only never existed, but could not under British constitution ever be maintained, even though it were possible for a short time owing to exceptional circumstances.

It was painful reading, for it was generously meant, but would it have been possible with a royal prince as viceroy? The royal name cannot be bandied about like that of a subject, and native princes would not have seen the suzerain authority condemned by Anglo-Indian gentlemen of "old experience" pleading in public against the military changes considered advisable by military authorities of equally "old experience."

The remarkable display of enthusiastic loyalty from every class of native Indians which accompanied the triumphant progress through India of the Prince and Princess of Wales testifies, apart from their own personal merits, to the genuine popularity of our King in every corner of his Indian Empire, and vicariously to the principles

of administration the Sovereign has sanctioned from time to time on the advice of able councillors at home and in India. What additional strength would not such popularity derive from the yearly presence, since it cannot be permanent, of a prince of the blood empowered to hold courts as the Vice-Regent of the King-Emperor? It would relieve the Viceroy of the duty of holding a Court; it would give all who attend their proper rung on the social ladder, and it would form that society which is indispensable in the coming events of Asiatic transformation.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too much on this subject, but it is not possible to travel in India without experiencing a dual sensation which can be translated by a feeling, somewhat undefined I admit, but still very persistent, that the more educated masses consider the time arrived when, thankful for many administrative blessings, they would like to be better understood, in other words, to be shown more social sympathy, and that the classes, to use a word in Gladstonian juxtaposition, are not willing to give up old prejudices. Lord Ripon is not yet forgiven for his "Ilbert Bill," but I should not be surprised if in the passing of years his reign at the Viceregal Lodge will come to be considered the epoch from which dates the willingness of native Indians to forget the conqueror and only hail their friend.

CEYLON, 24 *January*.

We have come here from Madras by rail and steamer, travelling to Tuticorin through very cultivated and, in parts, very beautiful country. I never cease admiring the love of Indians for the soil. An Indian coolie nurses a patch of ground as a fond parent would nurse a child, and will not mind any fatigue in the process. I have watched Indian coolies in countries where the Indian Government have permitted their emigration till a bit of soil round their huts both late at night and in the early hours of the morning, as if there never had been a hot day spent in the cane-fields, or any prospect of recurrence of similar exhausting labour under a tropical sun ; and how thrifty they are ! An Indian sirdar told me that the coolie who earns one shilling a day always divides his earnings into three parts : fourpence is for the Savings Bank, to accumulate until he has enough to buy a piece of land ; fourpence to buy jewellery for his woman-folk ; and fourpence for the necessities of life. Whenever he finds it necessary to spend more on himself and family than fourpence a day, he never touches the Savings Bank account, but sells his wife's or his concubine's or his daughter's bangles.

Indian coolies have been the saviours of many an English Crown colony.

Ceylon is considered the one Crown colony

that has any life about it, and the most beautiful among the many beautiful islands that form part of the British Empire. It lays claim to be the Pearl of the Indian Ocean, as Mauritius calls itself the Star and the Key of that ocean, and it is in great odour of sanctity, for it possesses the tooth of Gautama, the Buddha, or its makeshift.

It boasts, in the Peradeniya Gardens at Kandy, of a botanical resort superior to that in Jamaica, and only second to Kew in usefulness. It vaunts its Adam Peak as the equal of any other lofty eminence in the world, while careful to add that other elevations in its vicinity rise even higher towards the skies ; and it is not insensible of the interest that attaches to the Bogambrawewa Tank, now happily filled in and built upon—I believe the Tennis Club of Kandy has its courts upon the spot—as the place where the most cruel butchery on a small scale was ever perpetrated by the ferocity of angered man.

As the story goes, or more probably as history records, a Kandyan chieftain having deserted his tyrant suzerain, and gone over to the English in 1805, that fiend, who was afterwards defeated and exiled, revenged himself on his vassal's wife and children by first incarcerating them, and next by putting them to death. His mode of proceeding was this. When the mother and children were dragged before him, he had the children's heads cut off before the mother's eyes and placed in a mortar; then forcing a pestle into the

mother's hands, obliged her to pound the heads of her own children ; after which diabolical act, she and two of her female relatives were thrown alive into the tank. This was the last act of the last king of a race that had reigned over Kandy more than two thousand years.

There is no gainsaying the fact that all the praise lavished upon Ceylon is short of what it deserves, for it is a veritable Garden of Eden, beautiful in its entirety and graced with a most bountiful soil. It is difficult to enumerate all its merits ; for, whether along its shores under a tropical heat which is tempered by delightful sea breezes, or in the centre of the island at Kandy, amidst the loveliest scenery imaginable and a lake which Como might envy ; or at Nuwara Elya, where those who like the warmth of an English fire-grate can indulge their fancy all day, there is nothing but an appreciation at every step of the charm of existence in so accommodating a climate. The winding railway which runs the length of 128 miles to reach a height of only 5291 feet, or one mile in a perpendicular line up to Nuwara-Elya, vies in beauty with that from La Guayra to Caracas or from San Francisco to Denver, commanding at every turn unsurpassable views of wondrous mountain elevations, deep valleys, precipitous ravines, and endless vistas of flourishing plantations, whether of rice or of tea.

But even superior to all this beauty and to the

wealth of Ceylon's botanical marvels rises the pluck of its planters.

The island has an area of about twenty-five thousand square miles and a population of over three and a half millions, of whom two and a half millions are Cingalese, the pure-bred Europeans numbering only six thousand—so says Murray's Guide-Book ; but the statement is more interesting when it is not so barely stated. It means that in this mountainous "utmost Indian isle" there are 135 inhabitants per square mile ; that the Cingalee or Cinhalese are a branch of the Aryan Pali of ancient India, whose language Gautama Buddha spoke, and in which he taught ; and that hence this original population of the island is one of the most interesting in the dominions of the Crown. When the island was conquered in 1815 it was declared that "the religion of Buddha was inviolable, and its rights, ministers, and places of worship were to be maintained and protected." The same words occurred in the treaty which ceded Mauritius to England in 1810, only for "Buddha religion" the words "Catholic religion" were substituted. Thus we find the Sovereign of England bound solemnly by treaty to uphold and protect Catholicism in one part of his domains and Buddhism in another, while obliged in his own country to go so far as to wound, in his coronation oath, the deepest feelings of some of his subjects whose creed he is bound to "maintain." As a French Canadian

expressed it to me, "Quelle anomalie ! et que je plains le pauvre souverain !"

But what about the six thousand Europeans? For the most part they are the employers of labour, and their history for the last fifty years is one which calls for the greatest admiration of the courage with which they faced calamity and the perseverance with which they conquered all difficulties. In 1877 Ceylon planters were a well-to-do set of gentlemen, who supplied the markets with the best coffee. In that year a disease of the plant made them reflect that it was not wise to have all their eggs in one basket, and they turned to tea as a substitute. In 1882 the less provident among them became bankrupt, and the island's prosperity was seriously threatened. But the tea plant was growing, though only 700,000 lb. could be exported. In 1889 the export had risen to 140,000,000 lb., and the crisis was over. Taught by experience, they have now taken rubber seriously in hand, knowing that it is perhaps the only article of commerce for which the demand is in excess of the production; and should a bad time come again, their foresight, their courage, and their perseverance will once more have provided the remedy. At all events, in Governor Sir Henry Blake they will find a mentor and friend whenever the interests of the planters require a wise and guiding hand.

On the last night of our stay at Colombo we had the honour of meeting at dinner at Govern-

ment House Prince Arthur of Connaught, who, with a distinguished following,¹ is going to Japan on a mission of particular import and historical interest. Our King, who is a born diplomatist, knows how to choose the right moment for bestowing marks of appreciation, and is the first to send an important mission of courtesy to a non-Christian ruler. If Edward III is watching from the grave the Order of the Garter on its way to Japan, he must feel that, if times are changed since his day, his descendant is only enhancing the Order he founded by bestowing it on so modest and glorious a sovereign as the Mikado.

¹ See Appendix III.

CHAPTER III

PENANG	. . .	<i>Value of British administration.</i>
SINGAPORE	. . .	<i>Chinese processions.</i>
HONG-KONG	. . .	<i>British Empire.</i>
CANTON	. . .	<i>Yellow Peril.</i>

PENANG, 1 *February.*

IT was late in the afternoon when we coasted this fifteen-mile-long island from its peak, nearly three thousand feet high, to George Town, at the entrance of the strait which separates it from the Malay Peninsula ; and we could see the inhabitants flocking in numbers to the quays in expectation of beholding the King's nephew and greeting him with lively feelings of genuine loyalty.

A very picturesque arch had been erected, and was of sufficient depth to screen the royal party and the welcomers from the effects of a tropical sun, had we arrived earlier in the day : all of which argued much sense on the part of the "areca-nut" people, for that, I understand, is the meaning of Pulo-Penang cut short into Penang. The reception was altogether a success. It was not too long, nor tiring, nor elaborate, nor pretentious, and lost nothing in merit for being genuine and simple.

The drive through George Town revealed to us for the first time the picturesque booths and dresses of Chinese tradespeople, and we felt ourselves in an atmosphere of bustle and activity that argued well for the prosperity of an island which forms, with Malacca and Singapore, the British colony known as the Straits Settlements.

It is an old colony, older than Singapore, and from it Sir Stamford Raffles set forth to advise the Governor-General of India to take Singapore, the key of the East, before the Dutch at Java could seize so important a strategic point. I understand that the census of 1901 revealed in this island, which is the size of the Isle of Man, a population of over 160,000 inhabitants, notwithstanding that the death rate exceeds the birth rate yearly. This speaks well for the island which induces an immigration so steady and so constant, but it is another proof of that confidence which British administration always inspires.

When Governor of Mauritius some years since, I once asked a member of Council, a Frenchman in all but his being a native of the island and hence a British subject by birth, to explain to me the hostility so evident in the local press, as the mouthpiece of the Créoles, to all that was British. He stopped me at the word "all," and said, "There you make a mistake. We are the descendants of old French settlers; we love our motherland, her language, her customs, and even

her faults : hence we sympathize with her in all that concerns her differences with other nations. That is in the blood, and blood is a strong fluid. You must not therefore expect us to throw sympathetic France over for unsympathetic England when there is a difference between them, but British administration is a different thing. When the two countries agree and patriotic calls are not made, there is no Mauritian who, had he the option, would give up the benefit of living under a British administration for the vexatious and interfering ways of French bureaucracy." These may not be the actual words used by my friend, but they contain accurately the gist of his remarks clothed, perhaps, in less forcible language than he used. I believe it is the same everywhere else, and the conclusion that British colonial administration is a very popular instrument derives strength from the fact that Britishers, as men, are by no means sympathetic to . . . well, let us say . . . non-Britishers.

SINGAPORE, 3 *February*.

This land-locked and magnificent harbour is prepared to give Prince Arthur a royally loyal welcome, and altogether ignores that, born in latitude 52°, the young Prince must find his uniform, or indeed any clothes, somewhat cumbersome in latitude 1° 20'. We have also arrived somewhat before we were expected, so the uni-

forms have to be worn a longer time than actually needed. General Kelly Kenny does not mind it, nor does Admiral Sir E. Seymour; even Lord Redesdale seems happy in his close-fitting diplomatic dress—a ridiculous hot remnant of barbaric England, which it is hoped will soon be modified and made more appropriate to the countries to which diplomats are sent; but the younger members of the Garter Mission do not seem at their ease. No wonder: the heat is ninety under the awning, and the usual north-east wind is silent!

Singapore owes its British existence to Sir Stamford Raffles and its commercial rise to that same remarkable Governor, who insisted on its being a free port so as to thwart the Dutch; but what urged him to its acquisition was its geographical position, as a sentinel between the Far East and the West, and its half-way-house character between Japan and India. He called it “his political child,” because he had advised the Marquess of Hastings, Governor-General of India, to annex it. So says History, but I find another account in a French book of travels.

Singapore, according to this account, was part of the kingdom of Johore and governed by a vassal of the Sultan of that place. Sir Stamford illegally bought Singapore of the vassal, who had no authority to sell, having previously made sure of his bargain by planting the Union Jack, much “to the vexation of the tigers the only witnesses.” In the meanwhile, however, Singapore had again

been sold ; this time to the Dutch by the Sultan himself ; but undisturbed by such an occurrence, Sir Stamford seized the person of the vassal, whose name was Hassan Shah, caused him to be proclaimed sultan instead of his Suzerain, made him again sign a deed of cession—and as the author writes : “Voilà pourquoi Singapour est anglais.” He is nearer the truth, however, when he exclaims : “Il nous faudrait un Singapour Français, car notre cœur se serre en trouvant partout des Gibraltar.”¹

Singapore is a Gibraltar. It is very powerfully armed and defended, and it has what most fortresses do not possess—a remarkably fine botanical garden. It has also a very mixed population and some very childish Chinese among them.

The Prince was favoured by an exhibition of childishness in the course of the evening which must have astounded him not a little. For two mortal hours a crowd, two miles long at least, paraded before His Royal Highness in the grounds of Government House, carrying paper lanterns or paper pictures or paper cars or paper dragons, fish, reptiles, Heaven knows what else, and considered their performance a most successful one because it had cost 20,000 rupees, and had lasted longer than any previous effort at similar balderdash.

What was really striking was the orderly

¹ De Beauvoir, Java Siam.

crowds and the immunity from fire which indirectly testified to the soberness of these orientals.

It may be urged that such processions are not more foolish than the Lord Mayor's procession in London or the Guild Exhibitions in the Low Countries. Maybe; but if it only comes to a question of degree, the main fact remains undisputed. It is infantine and silly.

Was it not Sir Arthur Helps who justly said that “the world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives”?

It would be interesting also to know what is the derivation of the word procession. Does it by any chance come from the Latin “processus”? If so, I would recommend the record, by consent, of parties for a stay of proceedings, “stet processus.”

HONG-KONG, 9 *February*.

The “sun that never sets on His Majesty's dominions” shone in all its glory as the “Don-gola” steamed into Hong-Kong harbour, which looked quite beautiful in its gala dress, so loyally put on in honour of the Royal Prince, whose gracious person our ship has carried hither in safety, and whose modest, kindly ways each one of us will miss, though every heart will inwardly accompany him with best wishes on his further outward journey.

I wonder why, in our desire to mark our affectionate attachment to the Royal Family, we con-

sider it necessary to try their physical strength to the utmost, and spare them no fatigue or give them any sort of rest or leisure or liberty.

What with official receptions of civil, naval, and military people on board before being permitted to leave the ship, civic attentions on landing—a garden party at Government House after lunch and the presentations thereat—and finally a very grand dinner of 115 colonial celebrities in the evening, I fear Prince Arthur must have sighed for the rest which comes after good work. Whether he got it at midnight is rather a hope than a conviction.

All that is interesting about Hong-Kong can be gathered from guides and volumes *ad hoc*. What most struck me were the aptitude of the British race to make the most of a treeless rock—the power of a Chinese coolie to supplant a horse—and may I add, without any sense of future favours, the luck of the island in possessing an able and amiable Pro-Consul? All three impressions can lead to essays on national characteristics, human possibilities, and individual influences, but I should only tire all parties without benefiting any, besides recapitulating what is well known. But it is a remarkable fact that the administrative ability of British-born subjects, and the colonizing power of the British race, are so readily admitted by ourselves that we do not stop to inquire into its meaning.

Perhaps that meaning will become evident

when we realize that the British Colonial Empire comprises no less than forty-five distinct and independent governments, besides a number of scattered dependencies under the dominion or protection of the Sovereign, and vast territories controlled by British companies; that, including India, the Empire extends over 11 millions of square miles, or ninety-one times the area of the Mother Country, or close on a quarter of the entire land surface of the earth, is peopled by some 400 million of inhabitants out of an estimated total of 1500 millions; that the proportion of natives to British-born or British-descended subjects, is ten to one, if not more, and that all these are governed by some fifty governors, or governors-general, representing the Sovereign under constitutions suited to the degree of political education in the dependencies of the Crown. Ancient Rome in its most glorious days has nothing so fine to offer for the admiration of posterity. It may be comparatively easy to acquire such vast territories; it is another matter to preserve them; and it speaks much for the ability of our pro-consuls and the wisdom of colonial secretaries at home that throughout this vast dominion there should be so little discontent, indeed, so much peace and quiet.

No wonder Mr. Chamberlain, than whom, without making any invidious distinction, it can be justly said that no one at the Colonial Office

ever grasped colonial questions with such a master-hand, was naturally struck with the capacities of such a scattered Empire for greater union with the Mother Country; and no wonder he sought to knit its component parts together by affording them advantages which they could enjoy in common, to the exclusion of the foreigner. It was nothing more than an endeavour to put into practice the well-known axiom of "charity begins at home."

Far be from me any desire to be controversial, but in common justice to a great statesman it must be allowed that it was a noble thought and a great conception. That it has not at once met with universal acceptance is only due to its being premature. Canada and South Africa have to treble their population before they can provide markets in lieu of those which a new tariff may lose for us abroad, and owing to the want of water Australia does not give hope of a large population. Hence practical England has understood that for the present what is is for the best in the best of worlds; but it is not difficult to foresee that in a few years, if Canada and South Africa remain British, Mr. Chamberlain's ideas will be accepted, and his statesmanly foresight recognized by all.

That day, I trust, will likewise see a change in the Cobden Club. The present Conservative spirit of that society is apparently such as actually to refuse to their dead Liberal founder a modicum

of common sense by prejudging his action under circumstances different from those of his day, and unkindly to make out that he was an obstinate and one-sided economist. I protest against this view, which is not English in the first place, and is inconsistent with Cobden's own conduct in the tariff treaty with France, which he personally negotiated, though contrary to his views as to tariffs in general; but I suppose:—

Jedes Thierchen
Hat sein Plaisirchen.

It would be ungracious to leave Hong-Kong without a word of thanks to its exceptionally hospitable society. From the Governor and the Chief Justice (Sir Matthew Nathan and Sir Francis Pigott) to the members of the club; from the high military and naval authorities to their subordinate officers; from the civilian magnates and grandes of commerce or shipping who are usually so stiff to the more humble and less fortunate among them, there pervades a courtesy as refreshing to record as it is pleasant to remember the excellence of their hospitality. If they do not go so far as the Japanese in inquiring whether the "honourable digestion" will not suffer, at least they take care that the "august palate" will not be displeased.

But the weather is not accommodating, and I cannot help thinking that the towering peak is answerable. It stands very high as a menace

to such rain-clouds or sea-mists as may wish to overwhelm it, and invites the well-to-do to build villas on its summit so as to enjoy the matchless view. But the peak's presumption is really too severely punished ; for, except in autumn, when I am told the weather is perfect and the view incomparable, I should say it is better to sit in an arm-chair on the Praya level in a rain-proof house and dream of possibilities than to crawl up a perpendicular wall like a fly and shiver in a dense and soaking fog upon the higher ground.

Excepting the day of his landing, it rained all the time the Prince was at Hong-Kong, and provokingly interfered with the success of the race-week in the Happy Valley, to which, however, His Royal Highness could not, on account of his mourning, lend his hoped-for patronage.

I have heard Hong-Kong compared to many places which it does not in the least resemble, but it brought Carlsbad more to my memory than any other place, and I think it is because the cluster of banks in the main thoroughfare of Victoria at the foot of the rock reminds me of Pupp's celebrated establishment in that Bohemian watering resort. Apropos of hydropathic resorts, why is it that the Germans have no other word than bath ? Everything is "Bad," and yet a bath is not their primary object, and besides it leads to awkward mistakes in translation.

A German lady, speaking in English, informed me seriously on one occasion that she knew

Offenbach very well. "I," she said, "a fortnight in same bath with Offenbach have been!" I modestly wished she had spoken German, when "vierzehn Tagen mit Offenbach im selben Bad gewesen" would not have sounded so unconventional.

CANTON, 15 *February*.

This is quite the dirtiest, most strong-scented, populous, narrow-pathed, and yet fascinating place imaginable. The journey hither up the Pearl River—the East can always clothe its squalor with poetical garments—is replete with historical incidents, recalling British valour sometimes in the service of very bad causes; and the fleets of Chinese junks, with their curious population, are a never-ending source of interest. Our captain, Mr. C. V. Lloyd, is the author of a pamphlet, entitled "A Book for the Globe Trotter," which deals "seriatim" with the banks of the Canton River, and the events they have witnessed whenever fogs have lifted in the course of a century.

He does not deal, however, with the question most interesting at the present time, viz. whether the so-called Yellow Peril is a reality or an illusion. So much difference of opinion exists among people who should, by their knowledge and experience, be able to guide and instruct the public, that one naturally hesitates to express any personal view; but if, as it is said, Canton is

an epitome of China, I think a sight of Canton is enough to dispel, for a while at least, any immediate fears on that score. We did observe one smart Chinese officer, and we had a ceremonious tea with a very civil Chinese colonel, who permitted us to watch a few painstaking Japanese cavalry officers teaching cadets how to ride; but the pleasing spectacle was not such as to warrant our belief in a martial spirit, born of ambition, while the busy, thriving population could not but impress one with the conviction that the more peaceful ways of commerce and industry are those that find most favour with the "sons of heaven."

It would be rash to suppose that this nation of merchants cannot rise to deeds of military prowess, for have we not ourselves, "a nation of shopkeepers," shown that we can turn our shops into arsenals and our shopmen into splendid fighting material? But a peril supposes much, and a Yellow Peril would seem to point to political forces which, as yet, do not stand revealed, and a spirit of militarism which, however much it may be rampant in the north of China, is certainly not discernible elsewhere in overpopulated China proper.

The Yellow Peril was not first started in Great Britain. Its mention savours of political manoeuvres abroad, about as creditable to its originators as the distortion for party purposes during the last General Election of the meaning of

Chinese immigration in South Africa, with this difference, that the cry of Yellow Peril was at least intended as a rallying-cry to the West against supposed coming dangers in the East, whereas that of the re-establishment of slavery makes for mischief and bloodshed.

Why were not Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone accused of wishing to re-establish slavery? They, at least, had a prior right over Mr. Balfour to be so accused. It was Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary in Lord Melbourne's Administration, who, in 1834, first sanctioned Indian coolie emigration to Mauritius; and it was Mr. Gladstone, in 1845, who first approved of the introduction of Chinese coolie labour into British Guiana. A Chinese, whose brother is on the Rand, has told me that "his brother is perfectly happy," and writes "that he never wishes to see China again." No wonder! The conditions of emigration from India, or from alien countries, to our colonies weigh so heavily on employers of labour in British dependencies, where the British workman is either physically unable, or in most cases unwilling to earn a wage, that the masters are more slaves than their coolies, being bound by very exacting laws to all the duties of protection both of life and of the well-being of every coolie under their charge.

How singular it is, and sometimes how painful, to realize that being a great nation gifted with so many sterling qualities and generous impulses,

we should so often spoil our best acts by precipitate action! The abolition of slavery is an instance. It was decreed in a day, and it was only on the morrow that we realized its immediate effect, viz. the refusal to work by the native classes born to the soil. Then as a matter of course came the cry for hands to till that soil, and the obligation to get help from over-populated countries so as to assist our crippled colonies in their struggle for existence. The precipitate action of the House of Commons in decreeing the abolition of slavery in 1833 without providing for the land being properly worked is the cause why immigration became necessary, and is the origin of coolie immigration. It was, in fact, a fatal result of the premature abolition of slavery, and it is nothing short of wilful ignorance to shut one's eyes to the consequences of Earl Grey's immature Act of 7 August, 1833.

It will not be an altogether pleasant day when countries like India and China, with their vast populations, turn their backs on our demands for hands to work in fields which the natives of our colonies refuse to till, or in mines which the British unemployed refuse to enter, and if Mr. Putman Weale is right it would seem that "China is beginning to be moved by strange and unaccustomed feelings," that "the whole population is affected by some signs of Westernism," and that "the Chinese Government is much disturbed thereat."

I do not pretend to fathom these mysterious warnings ; all I know is that our delightful host, Mr. Lay, Consul for the United States, was much perturbed, on the evening of our stay at his pretty and most hospitable house, by the sudden disappearance of every one of his servants ; and attributed the household defection to America's treatment of the Chinese on that Western Continent, until, next morning, they all reappeared to his relief and our comfort ; that our guide exhibited in the temples which we visited a scepticism in regard to the gods before whose shrines he ought to have prayed, and to whose effigies he pointed with a cane in a manner which was almost painfully Western ; and that when we entered a shop bent on some purchase or another, a degree of intelligent appreciation of our capacities as buyers was shown that infinitely surpassed the acuteness of European tradespeople.

If these are signs of progress such as denote the coming peril, I think there is good hope of its still being far distant.

The most striking feature of Canton is its river traffic and the skill displayed by its aquatic population in manœuvring the countless sampans that ply on these waters. These people, whom Sir Thomas Wade has felicitously called "the floating suburb of Canton," have been born and bred in their boats. A cruel law decreed generations ago that they could not possess land, so

they take possession of the water, and have a language of their own. Their most striking characteristic appears to be subserviency to luck and all that makes or is believed to make for it. One trait was told us that unfolds many tales: A father at the stern sees his son at the helm helping a drowning man; he rushes up to the boy and stops his charitable endeavour by the remark, "What! do you want by saving this unlucky man to bring his bad luck on your father's boat?" Evidently charity begins at home in the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER IV

SHINTOISM—BUDDHISM—MISSIONARY FIELDS

AT SEA, 25 *February*.

IF only our ship would not be so fond of dipping her nose in the sea, and would allow her stern to be more in the water, we should make more progress, and the screw would revolve less in the air, to the detriment of our speed. It is one of those disagreeable stormy days which influence mind and body, and make one long for quick arrival in port, even where there is no desire for hasty retreat to one's cabin.

I have been for the last six weeks devoting my attention to the question whether the interesting people I am about to visit have a religion at all, or whether, having too many, they elect to have none; as I wish to ascertain, for my own personal satisfaction, whether the wonderful success of Christian missionaries in the sixteenth century is likely to recur again, and, if so, whether the excellently intentioned missionaries of this age have learnt the value of tact in the course of four centuries. From the pages of such authorities as Lafcadio Hearn, W. G. Aston, and especially

Basil H. Chamberlain, whose volume entitled "Things Japanese" should be the travelling breviary of all who visit the wonderful East, I have gathered that, on the whole, missionaries would have a fair field in Japan, both to sow and reap, if they could only bring themselves to exercise in their dealings with the natives that spirit of charity which is the basis of Christianity.

It seems to me that the foundations of Shintoism and of Buddhism and of all sects whether Tendai, Shingon, and Zen (which are Chinese), or Monto and Nichiren (which are Japanese), rest so little on an intelligible conception of a Supreme Being, that intelligent Japanese must of necessity hail with pleasure a religion which, while preparing them for a nobler fate than annihilation, which is practically what Nirvana signifies, will not unsettle them in their so-styled worship of the dead for whose ultimate happiness they alone maintain a semblance of religion now.

Is not that so-called worship of the dead also the one solid ground upon which Christian missionaries can find a footing to raise the Japanese people from a superstitious belief which, though it cannot be called pagan, is perilously near it?

Instead of condemning a worship which, when analysed, is nothing more than a veneration of loved ones departed and quite as much in vogue in Europe as in the East, missionaries might with advantage before they are permitted to

set forth on a journey to the East be taught not to treat with contempt the traditional habits and prejudices of a people whose whole social existence is bound up in tradition ; and, in the case of Japanese, whose national life is based on the continuation of families throughout centuries, and in whose country the adoption of children has been actually legally recognized for the single purpose of safeguarding the rights of the dead, so that they may be respected and prayed for by their descendants. A little consideration would save many silly martyrdoms and much public injustice. Nor would it seemingly do them much harm to learn that the word worship does not at all imply a heathenish rite in the East, any more than putting flowers on a tomb, or a photograph in a silver frame, or a lock of hair in a medallion does in the West. The Japanese inculcate above all love and respect for authority. This authority does not die with those who are dead, but continues to be loved and respected in death. It is at least a beautiful continuity of love, and what Christian tenet is there which condemns parents mourning for their children or children for their parents? Why should what exists in the West in that respect be condemned in the East?

If the manner of honouring the dead offends, let time and reason and education point out the unreasonableness, for instance, of matter, in the shape of tea and rice, being offered to the immaterial spirit. Our own Christian theology has

some difficulty in reconciling a burning fire as a punishment with an immaterial soul which cannot burn, and hence is fireproof.

In dealing with the Japanese, who believe that death is not the end of all things, and that life in this world, which has begun in another, has experienced a series of transformations which they do not claim to understand, it is surely enough for a Christian missionary to find a gentle means of setting them right without bluntly declaring them to be wrong: for does not the same idea find favour in Europe? Has not Butler, in the "Analogy of Religion," said that "many things prove it palpably absurd to conclude that we shall cease to be at death, and particular analogies do most sensibly show us that there is nothing to be thought strange in our being to exist in another state of life. That we are now living beings affords a strong probability that we shall continue so unless there is some positive ground (and there is none from reason or analogy) to think death will destroy us."

Chateaubriand, in his "Génie du Christianisme," asks "whence comes the forcible notion we form of death? Could a few grains of sand decrease our homage? Certainly not. We respect the ashes of our ancestors because a secret voice tells us that all is not extinct within us, and it is that voice which consecrates funeral worship among all the people of the earth. All

are persuaded that sleep is not lasting even in the tomb, and that death is but a glorious transfiguration.”

The poet Montgomery sums up with :—

Were this frail world our final rest,
Then surely none were blest.

And Longfellow asserts that :—

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

As I am concerned at present with missionaries, it would be well also respectfully to recommend their being well acquainted with the beauties of any system they are anxious to combat and not to start with the ignorant prejudice that a myriad of deities necessarily indicates a low level of paganism. This may be, and is, the case at Benares, which is not a Buddhist centre, but it is not so in Japan ; for a pantheon of Buddhas really means an assembly of good men or saints celebrated for deeds or teaching, or both, which have been productive of good, and who themselves are respected and prayed to on the principle of the continuity of good deeds in death.

The grotesque figures of mythological gods are only representations of an age when we ourselves believed in equally ridiculous divinities, and are mainly the results of art combined with

imagination. Shinto, which existed before art in Japan, has no idols at all.

No one in Japan really believes in the elements as actual gods, though popular superstition, handed down by generations, does not give up readily benefits such as were supposed to accrue in former times to those who invoked the goddess of Ise for a good harvest, any more than did the Romans give up the worship of Ceres, long after Christianity had found its footing in the Eternal City. Prayer, when it takes the form of request for personal advantage, being natural, is not easily forgotten.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Basil Chamberlain points out that the Japanese, as a nation, are "grossly forgetful" of all they owe to Buddhism. "Ask an educated Japanese about it, and ten to one he will smile in your face and a hundred to one he knows nothing about the subject and glories in his nescience."

Is not that a promising soil for earnest religious endeavour? Superstition may have taken too deep a root, but it is compensated by the extraordinary intellectual development of a people who, in the process of evolution, cannot be and are not satisfied with the mythological pantheon of Buddhism grafted on Shintoism, or with the complicated philosophy of Gautama, which leads to the annihilation of those very dead whom they not only believe still to exist, but who are so dear to Japanese memory that their merits are con-

sidered so great at this very day as to sink all belief in the greater merits of the living.¹ Thus, if they have no religion, properly speaking, filial piety saves them from being irreligious or losing the sense of religion, and does not Christianity come in here to their assistance with this finest teaching in the world—God, our Father?

“For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father” (Romans VIII. 15). Other causes there may well be to retard or altogether to prevent the christianizing of Japan, but it cannot be said a priori that there is not a field of promise before the sincere and straightforward missionary, who has at heart no other object than to spread the doctrines of self-abnegation, humility, and charity taught by Christ our Redeemer.

Worldly considerations should not be his: political ones still less so; but that it has been too much so in the past is illustrated by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain in an amusing paper which he reproduces as an appreciation (written as an essay in English) by a Japanese boy who was given the task of writing his view of the character of an Englishman:—

¹ “If our combined squadrons won the victory and achieved the remarkable success recorded above, it was because of the virtues of His Majesty the Emperor, not owing to any human prowess. It cannot but be believed that the small number of our casualties was due to the protection of the spirits of the Imperial Ancestors.”—Admiral Togo’s Despatch on the victory of the Sea of Japan, published by the Imperial Naval Head-quarter Staff, 14 June, 1905.

“The Englishman works with a very powerful hands and the long legs and even the eminent mind. . . . Being spread, his dominion is dreadfully extensive so that his countryman boastfully says the sun are never set on our dominions.

“The Testamony (Testament) of English said that he that lost the common sense he never any benefit though he had gained the complete world. The English are cunning institutioned to establish a great empire of the Paradise. The Englishman always said to another nation ‘give me your land and I will give you my testamony’ so it is not a robbed but exchanged as the Englishman always confide the object to be pure and the order to be holy, they reproach him if any of them are killed to death with the contention of other man.”

“Se non è vero,” it is uncommonly near the truth, and the sarcasm hits the mark, for it was the fear of foreign ambition that destroyed the commerce of the Dutch and Portuguese, and caused the extinction of three hundred thousand Christians that had followed the advent of S. Francis Xavier and his disciples in the sixteenth century, as it was the same fear that beat back the tide of tolerance which was beginning to show before 1876. The tide has returned, and Japan is no longer led but leading. Let those learn whose business it is to teach.

AT SEA, 26 *February*.

What have they to learn? It is as well to go briefly into the subject, as the weather is not more propitious, and the addition of a fog seems to call for any light that may be forthcoming.

Before reaching Bombay I was told how necessary to a comprehension of the East, as well as to the enjoyment of a journey throughout its regions, was an accurate knowledge, not of detail, but of the general lines of the religions which, older than Christianity, and without its sublime teaching, had yet for so many centuries guided the thought and directed the conduct of the people.

It was not a useless recommendation, because almost at the very outset a student is struck with astonishment to find that virtues commended in the great Sermon on the Mount have been practised, and are being practised, to this day by Eastern people who would be justified in retorting that they do not want to learn what they have been practising for centuries, and would thus cut the ground from beneath the feet of the missionary instructor if he took Christian ethics for his theme.

If he went on the theological ground of a Redeemer, he might be met, as I was, by the remark that there is no difficulty in admitting Christ as a saintly personage, for in the Buddhist galaxy of great and good men, He is said to

have already a place, and it is through the spirits of the good that "Gokuraku" (Heaven) can be attained after this life.

With Buddhists, existence is itself an evil; hence, in their view, no God can have created mankind, because no supreme God would create evil, and, as a fact, creation of mankind is not accounted for; nor can He exist Himself, else He would be the essence of evil, and would have no power over good instincts. Man, therefore, who suffers the evil of existence must fight down his passions, which constitute the root of that evil, and can only do so in the process of time (if so minded) by a series of self-imposed penances.

If the maxim "Obey the law and follow your instinct" is not a great inducement to perfection, that end, however, can, it is said, be reached by the knowledge of self and the gradual subsidence of the passions through a number of cycles which defy calculation, it is true, but which explain why the aggregate amount of people, incapable of reaching a fraction of this perfection, are continuing to pray for, and to, ancestors, so as to help and speed them to reach the annihilation of all evil in Nirvana, where all is gained or lost in non-existence.

The late Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, whose books on Japan would be more valuable were they less poetically conceived, but who was perhaps, after Sir Ernest Satow, the best authority on Japanese thought, has devoted a whole chapter of his

gleanings in Buddha fields to the Nirvana, or happy annihilation, not only of the Ego as existence, but of all knowledge whatsoever. As he defines Nirvana, it means "the extinction of individual sensation, emotion, thought—the final disintegration of conscious personality—the annihilation of everything that can be included under the term I."

But this delectable state is difficult of attainment. Assuming with modern Buddhism that the pilgrimage through death and birth must continue, for the majority of mankind at least, even after the attainment of the highest conditions possible upon this globe, the way rises from terrestrial conditions to other and superior worlds, passing first through the six heavens of Desire "Yoku-ten"; thence through the seventeen heavens of Form Shiki-Kai; lastly, through the four heavens of Formlessness Mushiki-Kai, beyond which lies Nirvana.

"The need of food, rest, and sexual relations continues to be felt in the Heavens of Desire."

"In the first of these heavens called the Four Kings, life lasts five times longer than on earth, and each year is equal to fifty terrestrial years."

In the next the duration of life is double that of the first heaven.

In the third, life is double that of the second.

In the fourth still doubled.

In the fifth once more.

In the sixth again.

Taking therefore thirty-three years on earth as an average life, we arrive at this result :—

33 y. × 5 =	165 y. × 50 =	8250 years in the first heaven.			
	16,500	,,	,,	second	,,
	33,000	,,	,,	third	,,
	66,000	,,	,,	fourth	,,
	132,000	,,	,,	fifth	,,
	<u>264,000</u>	,,	,,	sixth	,,

In all 511,750 before beginning the ascent of the seventeen heavens of Form, which lead directly to Nirvana!

It is almost painfully surprising to find so much ingenuity employed in fixing arbitrary numbers to unknown quantities and to behold the capacity of man to gulp down any statement as to futurity: what is truly pathetic is the helplessness of mortality before its own consciousness of a creative and eternal Deity by reason of its finite character before the Infinite!

To be a Buddha, however, is to have reached the highest degree of sanctity, "having thrown off the bondage of sense, perception, and self, knowing the utter unreality of all phenomena," for Buddha is not a name but an attribute: it means awake, enlightened. This rather runs counter to total annihilation, but all is contradiction in Buddhism. Whether looked at from a religious or a philosophical point of view, its aims appear decidedly to be excellent, but its basis at fault. Indeed, but for Confucius and

his philosophy, it is difficult to understand its influence across so many years, unless its ritual, which, in many ways, is curiously like that of the Catholic Church, has proved as powerful an attraction as ritualism in England. It must have done so in the beginning, for it absorbed the earlier mythical gods of Japan, viz. that Shinto creed, which is so decayed and obsolete that all efforts at revival are proving useless and vain. One doctrine alone, the divine origin of the Mikado, subsists in theory, and cannot be supported by calm reasoning. Even His Imperial Majesty himself, though he be still a firm believer (which I am not aware of) in the doctrine now publicly rejected by every portion of the globe except China and Japan, official Russia and possibly Germany (it may even be secretly entertained by royal personages elsewhere)—of the divine rights of sovereigns, cannot in sober reason believe that he descends from the “washing of the left eye” of one Izanagi, who, having bathed in the sea to purify himself, generated by this process a number of deities: “the sun Goddess from washing the left eye; the moon God from washing the right eye; and the rain God from washing his nose.”

Japan is too advanced to admit of such nonsense, and for the English reader a perusal of Mr. W. G. Aston's remarkable book on Shinto will convince him that the Japanese can only accept all this extravaganza as myths made

sacred by the sacredness of time, and are bound to look elsewhere for religious ideals.

The decay of Shinto, which means "the ways of the Gods," has long been in process owing, no doubt, to its being realized that the "ways" of the primitive gods of Japan were, to say the least, shaped in a very extraordinary manner. It was, and is, a religion without dogmas or a moral code; with no promise of heaven or of hell; without belief in any supreme being, and without notion of the fitness of things; and it is certain that, but for Buddhism, which grafted itself upon it by accepting its nature deities, and pointing to an end desirable or the reverse, it would long since have vanished from the regions of both religious and philosophical inquiry. Nor would recent attempts have been made to prop up the tottering edifice, had it not been for the hereditary hero and ancestor "worship" so ingrained in the people, which permits, for political reasons, the belief being fostered that the beloved Sovereign at the head of the nation is truly of divine descent.

It strikes me equally forcibly that Buddhism itself has much to thank the West for in regard to its continuation as a creed, for have not Western philosophers discovered that Nirvana or annihilation is intended to mean absorption in the Immaterial Essence, viz. the passing into the domain of spiritualism and idealism? Has not Schopenhauer led to Nietzsche's sad end? At any

rate, the Buddhist moral code is exceptionally praiseworthy, and the assertion that all men can by good lives become Buddhas, is at least consoling to those who can distinguish right from wrong. That many have tried and succeeded is a fact to which thousands of statues attest; and that these statues have become idols is really no more the fault of Sakya Muni, the founder of Buddhism, than in Christian Europe it is the fault of Christian doctrine that the images of saints are in many places receiving more popular homage than the saints themselves.

Superstition is, alas! of this world, and education alone lifts us above its grosser forms; but I end where I began—if missionaries want to succeed, it is imperative that in the condemnation of the people who have deified what it was only intended to sanctify they should be careful not to make too light of great thoughts which have commanded respectful attention even on the part of great thinkers in the West. Had it not been for the jealous zeal and tactless conduct of the Dominicans in China five hundred years ago, that country might have been Christian now, thanks to the intelligent efforts of the Jesuit missionaries of those days.

Lord Redesdale (A. B. Mitford) has an admirable paper on that subject in his preface to the "Attaché in Peking," which was reprinted a short time since. At any rate missionaries should not forget that, in the judgment of the Almighty,

there is a wide difference between a pagan who has not known the Christian law and a Christian who, having known it, has renounced it; and that His justice will administer very different treatment to the one and to the other. “For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more” (St. Luke XII. 48).

I must, however, in justice to the zealous men to whom I have thus satisfactorily (as I like to think) given all this seemingly excellent counsel, own that in addressing it to them as a body I have been directing it to my personal thoughts and prejudices; and, if they please, they can retort upon me with Horace:—

Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur,

without my owing them any grudge whatsoever.

CHAPTER V

NAGASAKI . . .	<i>Arrival.</i>
KOBE	<i>Progress.</i>
OSAKA	<i>Wealth.</i>
KYOTO	<i>Old Japan.</i>
NARA	<i>Bronzes.</i>
NAGOYA	<i>Wrestling.</i>
YOKOHAMA	<i>Art.</i>

NAGASAKI, 26 *February*, 1906.

AFTER a lively night at sea and a livelier morning, we got into a fog as we neared the islands that keep guard on Nagasaki Bay, and for a time ran great risk of being wrecked on Iwoshima, whose lighthouse we spied on our port bow instead of on the starboard. A little judicious and timely backing brought things right without many passengers noticing the danger we had courted, and at 5 p.m. we cast anchor in this beautiful harbour almost alongside a Russian ship filled with returning Russian prisoners of war, and opposite the dock wherein the battle-ship "Pobieda," sunk by the Japanese at Port Arthur and subsequently raised by them, was undergoing repairs before joining, under the name of "Sawo," the squadrons of her new masters. Around us were two grim-looking men-of-war—

the "Kasagi," which during the battle of the Sea of Japan had been the flagship of Admiral Dewa, and was so badly hit on her port bunker, below the waterline, as to prevent her taking part in pursuit of the Russian ships, and the "Akagi," which, heading the destroyer and the torpedo-boat flotillas, effected on 3 May the third blocking operation of Port Arthur.

Nagasaki has a history, and no doubt on this account is not quite happy, for it has, at least for the present, very little besides. Its harbour, its fish market, its "kin-gyoku-to" jelly, made of seaweed, and its masculine coal girls, who can put twelve hundred tons of coal on board a steamer in three hours, are not reckoned enough to guarantee the prosperity which somehow is anticipated, and no doubt will come when the Manchurian free ports question is finally settled. When the Russians were at Port Arthur, it was their delight to have a trip to Nagasaki, and I am assured that many Japanese, notwithstanding their undoubted patriotism, regret the absence and the liberality of these spendthrift foes.

When, however, Nagasaki does become rich, I hope the mayor and corporation will erect statues to Marco Polo, to Mendës Pinto, to Engelbert Kämpfer, to Will Adams, and to Philipp Franz von Siebold, for it was through them that the rest of the world heard of Nagasaki and of the mysterious country which has now revealed its hidden potentialities.

Marco Polo spoke of Japan about the year 1320. Pinto three times set foot at Nagasaki in the sixteenth century, and on one occasion in 1548 brought Francis Xavier with him. Will Adams, an English pilot employed by the Dutch, was stranded not far from Nagasaki in 1600, and remained in Japan for twenty years, employed by Ieyasu as a ship builder. Kämpfer was the first to write a book on Japan, and von Siebold to publish authoritative accounts respecting the natural history of Nippon.

Excepting Marco Polo, of whose actual presence in Japan there is not, I think, any convincing evidence, all the other great travellers and writers resided mainly at Nagasaki or at Deshima, which is that portion of Nagasaki wherein the Dutch were permitted to reside ; hence my wish for their statues.

The rapid change that has come over Japan in half a century is brought home very vividly when we recollect that not later than 1830, owing to one Takahashi, an astronomer, who gave von Siebold a map of Japan, and died in a dungeon wherein he was cast for giving the same, Siebold's house was searched, his servants were arrested and tortured, and he himself had to appear on his knees before the Governor of Nagasaki to answer for his share in the crime before being banished from the country. Von Siebold died in 1866, but the map which Takahashi had given him is the authority on which

our geographical knowledge of Japan mainly rests even now.

It rained so much that we saw little of the town on this our first night in the land of Japan, but we boldly faced the dangers of burning charcoal in a small brazier under the awning of the boat that took us ashore—the fury of a Japanese boatman who lashed his craft to ours for the purpose, I believe, of boarding us and seizing our persons in his despair at missing a fare—and the cold, pelting, pitiless downpour. We dined fairly at the Nagasaki hotel, but did not feel as if we were in the East. To remedy this drawback we went to a Japanese theatre, which certainly gave us all the local colour we wanted and more. The place was crowded, but as to the acting, it was impossible to say whether it was good or bad, for words and action, noise and gestures, were all incomprehensible. The audience was made up seemingly of children and such serious youthful faces to boot that our decided first impression was that in this happy land all the women are seventeen years of age, and all the men, including babies, are twenty-five. When the din created by a man at the wings, who beat a drum at all times and apparently without reason except his own satisfaction, had convinced us that we could not stand much more noise, we returned to the ship, not at all unhappy at neither having made head nor tail of what we ignorantly considered a rather primitive

performance. One thing we did pride ourselves in—we did not laugh, possibly because there was nothing to laugh at, and probably because the serious looks of the juvenile-looking audience awed us ; hence our good breeding.

I understand on good authority that the Japanese would not have been proof against merriment under similar circumstances. Mr. B. H. Chamberlain instances the case of a small Italian opera troupe which came to Yokohama a few years back, and were given an opportunity of being heard by a genuine Japanese audience. "When once," he says, "the Japanese had recovered from the first shock of surprise, they were seized with a wild fit of hilarity at the high notes of the prima donna, who really was not at all bad. The people laughed at the absurdities of European singing till their sides shook and the tears rolled down their cheeks; and they stuffed their sleeves into their mouths, as we might our pocket-handkerchiefs, in the vain endeavour to contain themselves. Needless to say that the experiment was not repeated." All this is comforting to me ; for it does show that the effete West has at least one merit—that of fair appreciation of talent and of ability to make abstraction of nationality in the apportionment of praise. I cannot forget Parisian enthusiasm in 1900 over the histrionic efforts of Sada Yakko, who in Japan had only been known as a singing girl, and was revealed, through Paris, to Japan, as a dramatic actress of both grace and power.

KOBE, 1 *March.*

The s.s. "Coptic" deposited us here last night and we found ourselves in a European town. Lord Redesdale, who knew it in 1868, says that at that time "it was a mere tract of waste land outside Hiogo without so much as a single hut upon it," and that in those days "its chief fame consisted in the excellence of its beef." "Nous avons changé tout cela." It possesses quays, villas, mansions, one of the best hotels in Japan, a first-rate club, and a commercial and industrial class that bids fair not to permit Osaka to have it all her own way. The population numbers 274,000, and is increasing; but the beef has deteriorated, if judged by the hotel culinary interpretation of the word.

Kobe is 348 miles by sea from Yokohama to the east and 330 miles from Shimonoseki to the west. The distances by rail are about the same, so that Kobe is actually half-way between the Pacific and the Sea of Japan; and, being a splendid roadstead in a calm inland sea of nearly 700 miles length, constitutes a naturally delightful resting-place for mariners and for travellers.

The weather was cold and all the hills were covered with snow. This I would have minded less were it not that, anxious to suit my "habille-ment" to the climate, I found that the "Coptic" had sailed away with all my winter campaigning

kit. But what matters this in a land where Chinese tailors measure a man at nine o'clock in the morning for three suits of clothes, try them on at 2 p.m., and return them completed and a perfect fit at 7 p.m.? This is actually my experience which I record as a decided advantage possessed by the tailors of the East over their lazy compeers in the West. I also note that the Chinese residents in Japan have absorbed certain trades to themselves; not that there are no Japanese tailors and barbers—there are thousands of them—but I understand that their art is not as highly prized in the sartorial and tonsorial parlours of the East as that of the Chinese.

Mr. Gordon Smith, who lives in a delightful Japanese house at Sannoniya, a suburb of Kobe on the hills at the back of the town, gave us our first insight into the merits of Japanese matting, Japanese dishes, and Japanese curios. Engaged in an illustrated diary of his active life and natural history researches, many of which he has communicated to the British Museum, he has almost settled down in this country, and has not, like many, been disappointed in the little people with big souls among whom he has elected to make his home. A Shinto priest is his amanuensis, and these two together, when the time comes for publication, will have produced a regular folklore compendium of the greatest value and interest. With such Japanese scholars to help him when in doubt, as the British Consul, Mr. Bonar,

and the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Rentier, our friend appears to have wisely chosen his habitation in Kobe in preference to any other place in Japan. It is especially well chosen owing to the facility with which he can, when he pleases, travel to those spots of celebrity, of which he is collecting the legends, traditions, and memories, accompanied as they will be by an appreciation of the rural people he meets and of such characteristics as are likely to be permanent and not affected by the Europeanizing movement which is evidently going on in the towns.

The inland sea, more than any other region, harbours legends without number. In fact, on a journey hither from Nagasaki, one is bewildered by the amount of mythological and wonderful accounts of events sacred to the people who live in the places where such are said to have occurred, or to the nation by reason of the temples which it has been thought necessary to erect and even, in many instances, worthy to maintain at the charge of the State.

If, on the one hand, there are no remains of oldest Japan, such as those which still exist in Hokkaido (Yezo), viz. of those curious pit-dwellings which in early Japanese history appear to have been the ordinary habitations of the people, probably because Bizen is a warmer climate than Teshio or Kitami, there are plenty of legendary localities of an even earlier date. Thus it is not far from Kobe to Satsuma with its

sacred mount Kirishima, the Mount Ararat of Japan, on the eastern summit of which is kept the heavenly spear of Ninigi, grandson of Amaterasu, the sun goddess, who alighted upon it to help Jimmu Tenno in his conquest of Japan; and which mount is hence one of the cradles of the Mikado's dynasty. Nor is it far from "Ise," where, for centuries, a virgin daughter of the Mikado always dwelt in charge of the mirror, sword, and jewel, inherited from the goddess of the sun, his divine ancestress. It is only a few hours from "Kagoshima," whose powerful warriors first destroyed in 1868 the power of the Shoguns, and then nine years later rebelled against the Mikado whom they had helped to an undivided sovereignty. If Saigo, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mikado's forces, drew his sword against his sovereign on that occasion (no one exactly knows what for—probably some mistaken idea), he began the atonement himself by performing Seppuku, and left its complete fulfilment to the glorious deeds of loyal subjects, Oyama, Ito, Kuroki, Okuma, and especially Togo, all of whom hail from this land of brave men. Again, the island of Awaji is not very distant and is said to be the first-fruit of Isanagi and Isanami's creative powers in the land of Nippon. Equally near is Myajima, where in order not to disturb the sacred deer no one is either permitted to be born or to be buried on its hallowed space: a spot considered so

beautiful that the sun and the moon are nowhere seen to so great advantage. Appeased by the magnificence of the temple raised here in their honour, the glorious Ama-terasu and her rough brother Susa-no-o appear to have left off quarrelling in order that they might enjoy the scenery and the offerings of the pilgrims. Are there not, besides, on the shores of the inland sea countless fishermen who have seen wonders as great as, if not greater than the sea-serpents of our Western seas? The "Tennin," for instance, middle-aged spinsters clad like babies in swaddling clothes playing flutes in mid-air; "shojo"-red-haired sea-monsters given to drinking enormous quantities of liquor; the "Oni," whose necks are of such length that they require to be twisted and handled as a scarf; the "Nue," a very liberally treated bird, which, besides wings, has the head of a monkey, the body of a tiger, and the tail of a serpent? And more wonderful still than all these interesting legends, almost all of which bear a queer resemblance to Western mythology, is there not Dazaifu in Kyushu, between which and the hot springs of Musashi is a village made memorable by the rebirth of Katsugoro, attested by various documents seriously credited by the late Lafcadio Hearn and published in his delightful "Gleanings in Buddha Fields," and which occurred as recently as 1814? In the autumn of that year the nine-years-old child of farmer Genzo, one Katsugoro, confided to his sister that

he remembered having quite another father, a certain Kyubei, also a farmer, living in the same district of Musashi, but of higher standing than their present parent. He remembered having died of small-pox at the age of six years and having been reborn since in the family of Genzo. His name at his first birth had been Tozo, and he gave accounts as to the personal appearance, and facial characteristics of his former parents as well as the aspect of the house which had been his first home. All this soon came to the ears of Kyubei Hanshiro, who called on his former son and invited him to his late home. Here it was declared by those who saw him that he (Katsugoro) "looked very much like their Tozo, who had died a number of years before at the age of six," and it appears that since then "the two families have been visiting each other at intervals."

This esoteric event no doubt deserves every consideration; but in the vast field before my friend Mr. Gordon Smith, and the numberless temptations which surround him to believe what is so circumstantially narrated, I trust he will not write anything to strengthen belief in a rebirth in this world, at all events, for that would be adding one more terror to the terrors existing, which is neither wholesome nor necessary. I much prefer to hear about the quarrels of gods and goddesses than to listen to the squabbles of children in search of their real father. There is some

wisdom in the French law dictum, "la recherche de la paternité est défendue en France." It is dreadful to contemplate what mischief might be wrought by reborn children gifted with accurate memories like Katsugoro Genzo "né" previously Tozo Kyubei Hanshiro! The crowning surprise is that Lafcadio Hearn actually believed in the possibility of such rebirths!

Apart from all these splendid fields of research, Kobe has natural beauties to commend it and mineral waters to enrich it. Its pine-clad hills are noted in history and in classical romance. Both the Tansan and Hirans springs are in its immediate neighbourhood and defy European competition, while no less than seven steamer agencies cater for the advent of foreigners into this favoured land. What more can Kobe desire?

OSAKA, 5 *March*.

This is the second city of the Empire, and perhaps the wealthiest. It covers an area of close on eight square miles, and possesses an industrial population which at the last census numbered 821,000. It is not well known how far a Japanese census is trustworthy, as most of us are ignorant of the main principles on which it is based, but as everybody I saw gave this city a population of over a million, there must be an error of calculation somewhere.

This may not matter much, generally speaking,

but as Japan is counting on a big population for its industrial growth and on commercial development for replenishing its coffers, exact figures become important in the process of calculation. I saw it stated somewhere that while the total population of Japan was 33,000,000 in 1872, it had risen to 48,000,000 in 1905. This is certainly remarkable, as it represents an increase of 15,000,000 in one generation, viz. in thirty-three years, or at the rate of 500,000 a year. This almost tallies with the census. That official document shows that in 1892 the population was 41,000,000, and in 1902 45,500,000, the increase being 4,500,000 in ten years, or 450,000 a year. On the other hand, the census records the advance of Osaka in ten years from 506,000 to 821,000, which at the rate of 315,000 increase in ten years should make her population 1,039,500 now, and therein lies no doubt the popular illusion. How delightful are statistics that can clear these discrepancies so easily! They are almost as useful as Orders in Council. I remember an Order in Council being issued at the request of our Treasury when I was Colonial Secretary in British Honduras, raising the depreciated Guatemalan dollar to the value of the Mexican dollar. The result was that, within a month, every Mexican dollar in the country had found its way to America, where the Guatemalan dollar was only accepted at one-third of the value of the Mexican, and the Honduras

merchants, being nearly ruined by the would-be wisdom of the British Treasury, raised such a hue and cry that, presto! another Order in Council was issued re-establishing affairs as they were. But the mischief was done, and Honduras, I believe, has never quite recovered.

Besides being a great commercial centre, Osaka possesses several titles to greatness and to fame. It is the abode of the Imperial Mint, of which it would be pleasant to have the free run for an hour or so, as the coins, apart from their purchasing value, have considerable artistic merit. It is the head-quarter of one of the twelve military divisions in which Japan is partitioned. It is also one of the six treaty ports which have given rise to so much controversy, and have apparently caused British residents in Japan not altogether fairly to look down on our Foreign Office methods, maintaining that the Japanese, on the other hand, are quite content with British ways of negotiating treaties, since of late years these have been animated by "such a lofty and lavish disregard of British interests."

It also possesses one of the largest bronze bells in the world, intended to be rung whenever Shotoku Taishi conducts the dead into Paradise, and it was also the starting-point in Fukuzawa Yukichi—the sage of Mita's career. He was the one Japanese who can be styled a modern philosopher. His cast of mind was more utilitarian than speculative, and to this circumstance it is

no doubt due that the influence which he wielded over a generation that had deliberately broken with the past was so great, as it needed guidance in the paths of more modern ideas which it resolved to adopt.

The castle of Osaka, originally built by Hideyoshi in 1583, was at one time the grandest building in Japan, and is still a splendid specimen of a strong fortress, the huge stones employed being conspicuous curiosities of practical architecture ; but though Osaka possesses an old castle, interesting temples, a large Japanese population, and any amount of Japanese characteristics, it is very Western in appearance, and, I understand, very westernized in habits.

This is not quite the place to talk, or think, or write of Western influence upon Asiatic races, but there are many Eastern people who look upon the peril of Western influence as a very serious impending misfortune ; and there are even some who attribute to the disintegrating effects of Western ideas the only regrettable incident on the Japanese side in the late war, when an Osaka regiment refused to follow its leader, and had to expiate their insubordination by ambulance and camp duties in place of fighting.

But trade is our theme on a visit to Osaka, and, like its corresponding factor, population, derives its interest from available statistics. It being borne in mind that it is not more than forty years since the country was thrown open to trade

with the foreigner at all, and not more than fifteen or sixteen years since the Japanese Government have taken an active interest in the development of the national trade, the results are well calculated to arrest attention.

According to Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, the total of imports and exports in 1868 was valued at only £2,500,000, but in 1904 the total amounted to £60,500,000, an increase of £58,000,000 in thirty-six years, or at the rate of £1,500,000 a year.

This is sufficiently astonishing to create surprise, though, here again, there seems to be some uncertainty as to the exact figures. Another statement which I have seen gives the total in 1904 as £70,000,000, which would be equal to an increase of £2,000,000 a year. Be this as it may, what is particularly noticeable is the fact that in this total the exports almost equalled the imports: in other words, that the country sold produce to the extent of £32,000,000, so as to pay for imports worth £37,000,000, besides remunerating the middlemen, or, in other words, the foreigners acting as agents for the purchase and sale of goods in European or American markets, to whom, of course, commissions were due. No wonder the Japanese are trying to do without the middlemen, and that these resent this act of independence. The lists of these imports and exports are also worth analysing. From them we gather, for instance, that the material for clothing the people has to come from abroad, because there

are not sufficient pastures for sheep, and that necessaries of life, even rice, have to be imported, because there is no longer enough land to grow what is requisite for an ever-increasing population. Then we find that there will always be plenty of silk, and tea, and fish, and a considerable amount of mineral products to pay for necessary purchases; and that the prime necessities of life being assured, the nation can turn without anxiety to industrial enterprise and the accumulation of capital. Few countries are better placed, or people more suited, to ensure a great future in this line than are the Japanese manufacturers. Japanese successes in the late war with Russia have placed Japan in an enviable position in the competition for commercial supremacy on the Pacific and in Asia. Cheap labour is at her command, and her people are "exceptionally gifted with intelligence, docility, manual dexterity, and artistic taste." A history showing how that intelligence, that docility, that taste, and that dexterity are being utilized for the prosperity of the country, and for the creation of that capital, would fill volumes. Hence these notes can only indicate what every one expects, viz. the advent of great commercial prosperity in a near future.

We were hospitably entertained by a young Frenchman, M. Loonen, who has established a large brush manufactory just outside the town, over which he conducted us, and where he has

4000 Japanese in his employ, paying a shilling a day to the men and sixpence to the women as wage. He spoke of Japanese intelligence and aptitude with enthusiasm, but thinks them too fond of personal independence to be subject at any time to the discipline of great workshops. What that means is more a subject of inference than discussion, for it may be that native masters would have no difficulty in disciplining native toilers, as the subjoined extract¹ may show.

¹ From all parts of Japan lads are sent there to learn particular branches of industry or trade. There are hosts of applications for any vacancy; and the business men are said to be very cautious in choosing their "detchi," or apprentice-clerks. Careful inquiries are made as to the personal character and family history of applicants. No money is paid by the parents or relatives of the apprentices. The term of service varies according to the nature of the trade or industry; but it is generally quite as long as the term of apprenticeship in Europe; and in some branches of business it may be from twelve to fourteen years. Such, I am told, is the time of service usually exacted in the dry goods business; and the "detchi" in a dry goods house may have to work fifteen hours a day, with not more than one holiday a month. During the whole of his apprenticeship he receives no wages whatever—nothing but his board, lodging, and absolutely necessary clothing. His master is supposed to furnish him with two robes a year, and to keep him in sandals, or "geta." Perhaps on some great holiday he may be presented with a small gift of pocket-money; but this is not in the bond. When his term of service ends, however, his master either gives him capital enough to begin trade for himself on a small scale or finds some other way of assisting him substantially—by credit, for instance. Many "detchi" marry their employers' daughters, in which event the young couple are almost sure of getting a good start in life.

The discipline of these long apprenticeships may be considered a severe test of character. Though a "detchi" is never addressed harshly, he has to bear what no European clerk would bear. He has no leisure, no time of his own except the time necessary for sleep; he must work quietly, but steadily, from dawn till late in the evening; he must content himself with the simplest diet, must keep himself neat, and must never show ill-temper. Wild oats he is not supposed to have, and no chance is given him to sow them. Some "detchi" never even leave their shop, night or day, for months at a time—sleeping on the same mats where they sit in business hours.—LAFCADIO HEARN, "Gleanings in Buddha Fields."

In proof, however, of the high intelligence and energy possessed by M. Loonen, orders for his brushes pour on him from every quarter of the globe. His industry is very prosperous, and as he put it, "J'ai des commandes pour vingt mois à l'avance." The land he occupies is of course only leased, as foreigners are not permitted to own land in their individual capacity; but his lease is fully guaranteed to him for the whole time during which it has to run. After that time comes the "rub"—"Après moi le déluge"; and it is of course uncertain as yet whether the encouragement afforded to foreigners to settle in the country for the purposes of trade and industry—an encouragement fully described in the laws which affect their status—is likely to continue. Judging by what one reads or hears or sees, it looks as if the whole nation still felt the want of commercial as they did that of naval and military instructors, until such time when, having learned all that is to be learned, they can dispense with their services altogether. They have now demonstrated in a very practical and forcible manner that they need no further German or British military and naval guides in the art of war; they are beginning to realize that the middlemen are depriving them of part of their trade profits, and are trying to do all things for themselves. The laws relating to foreigners will not impede their progress in this direction. But are not the Japanese somewhat oblivious of man's falli-

bility? Have they realized the difference between skilled and unskilled labour, between standards of efficiency, between results and study? In fine, are they not marching too quickly? I fancy they are, and that it is a pity the "Sage of Mita" is no more.

KYOTO, 9 *March*.

At last we find ourselves in what we probably lightly consider a genuine Japanese town, and we can say that, wanting to see Japan, we have seen it; having travelled half the globe to behold it, we have not only beheld it, but are prepared to repeat the journey.

This is a fascinating spot, an enticing city, a delightful centre of artistic charm and natural beauty. It is Japan *in parvo*, but it is also Japan in her greatness. It is the discarded residence of the Mikados, but it remains the old capital of Japan, and will not cede its right to be styled the metropolis. Whatever the Mikado still possesses of the divine is divinely interpreted in the temples of Kyoto. Whatever future there is for Japanese trade is indicated in Kyoto shops. Whatever grace remains for Europeanized Japan comes from Kyoto institutions, and whatever makes the Japanese woman the most captivating bit of humanity in the world has its origin here.

Kyoto *alias* Myako *alias* Heian jo—the appellation matters little—is the embodiment of



BRIDGE AT KYOTO

real, quaint, old, and delightful Japan, and this means that it alone possesses the largest aggregate of those diamond virtues of humanity which are severally styled artlessness, simplicity, humility, and the desire to please.

No vulgar familiarity ruffles the temper; no ill-bred haughtiness tries our patience; no snobbish pride of purse or station raises our bile. Men are men and women are women, as the Almighty made them, and intended them to be, and it is truly refreshing to see these original products of His creation. If what is called European civilization is to spoil this happy people, I for one hope they will never be tainted by its influences. Lafcadio Hearn emphatically declares that "it is not true that old Japan is rapidly disappearing. It cannot disappear within at least another hundred years; perhaps it will never entirely disappear." I think that must be a true statement. It was made in 1896.

We have spent several days in this enchanting city, and have put up at the Myako Hotel, a rambling mass of wooden structures built on the brow of a hill like a Swiss chalet, commanding very fine views and horrible draughts, where the entertainment is decidedly European, though the manners remain Eastern, and the bowing and scraping of the domestics savour too much of remuneration "in posse" to be appreciated as politeness "in esse." In these days, however, when good breeding appears altogether to be

departing from the West, even interested salutations have their merit.

Though the weather has been fitfully disagreeable, we have wholly enjoyed our visit, and thoroughly thumb-marked our hand-books. We have "done all the sights," visited all the shops, worried Izuka, our excellent interpreter, and tired our jinrickisha men, and the result is a pleasant sensation of harmless, though selfish, satisfaction; for we have not lorded it over any one, envied anybody, or grumbled over the badly-constructed windows, the ill-balanced doors, and the chinks and rents and flaws and crannies of our partitioned chambers through which the wild north wind and snow found their way to our couches so as to interrupt sleep and threaten lung disease. We had too much to see and to think of to mind such wintry inconveniences.

Kyoto is so rich in temples, in art, and in palaces that I rather wonder the work of describing them in detail and in chronological order is not undertaken systematically. It would necessarily form a work of great bulk, but of enormous importance and interest.

What pages, for instance, could be devoted to the Gosho Sama or the Emperor's Palace! a building said to cover twenty-six acres, which for seven centuries was the golden prison rather than the free habitation of the Mikado, who was deemed so sacred that no one could lift his eyes to behold His Majesty, and so much of a



CHION-IN TEMPLE, KYOTO

deity that he was deemed to be incapable of administering either his kingdom or any mortal affairs. His life under such circumstances was, of course, one quite unprofaned by change, and might have been spent in communion with his ancestors in Elysium for aught the people knew. But the Mikado was no Mikado unless he was solemnly enthroned, and the Shi-shinden, which means a hall of mystery, is the hall in the palace wherein the ceremony of enthronement took place. What is curious is that this same hall witnessed the investiture of the Shoguns, who had to administer the temporalities of the Mikado; and yet in Japanese history, which at present is far from being satisfactory, the Shoguns have been considered usurpers. This they decidedly were not, for they derived their power of administration from the Mikado's investiture just as viceroys or governors derive their administrative authority from the sovereign, and are, while in office, his delegates and representatives.

It may be that the divine character of the Mikado has a good deal to answer for, especially when, as in the case of the present enlightened Sovereign of Japan, that divine character agreed with his conception of duty towards his people. It is certain that the Shogunate, which only derived power from the Mikado by an investiture, was tolerated by the people for so many centuries on the sole ground that the sacredness

of their ruler must not be profaned by the admixture of mundane matters, since contact with the world must necessarily desecrate the divinity in his person ; and that this view stood so long as it agreed with the Mikado's own perception of his duty. But when in 1868 the present Mikado conceived a loftier ideal of the duties of royalty, and realized that as head of the State his divine mission, if he had one, would be enhanced by his looking after his subjects himself, the necessity for a Viceroy or Shogun ceased, since the divine Emperor no longer considered that his sacred character would be injured by the business of the State. That this resolve should have given rise to protests is only natural ; that its fine meaning was not grasped all at once is matter of history, but the ease with which the Shoguns disappeared when once the truth was revealed, the disinterestedness which was displayed when it became certain that the Mikado was the ruler, and the kind treatment meted out to the last Shogun at court after his submission, show that protests, opposition, even insurrection had been inconsiderate rather than rebellious.

It is an interesting chapter in Japanese history which merits some attention.

The Shoguns themselves possess a fascination of their own, as they apparently monopolized the advantages of their position during centuries to the exclusion of all other classes of nobles, whether Kuge or Daimyos, and it is not a little

to their credit that from A.D. 1185, when Yoritomo defeated his rival of the great Taira family, until 1868, when Hitotsu Bashi, the last Shogun, surrendered to the present Emperor, only two families in succession administered the country for the Mikado, viz. the Ashikaga and the Tokugawa. Two families for 683 years! both illustrious and both patrons of art: the earlier one the more gentle of the two, the latter one with finer record of names great in history: Hideyashi—Ieyasu—Iemitsu.

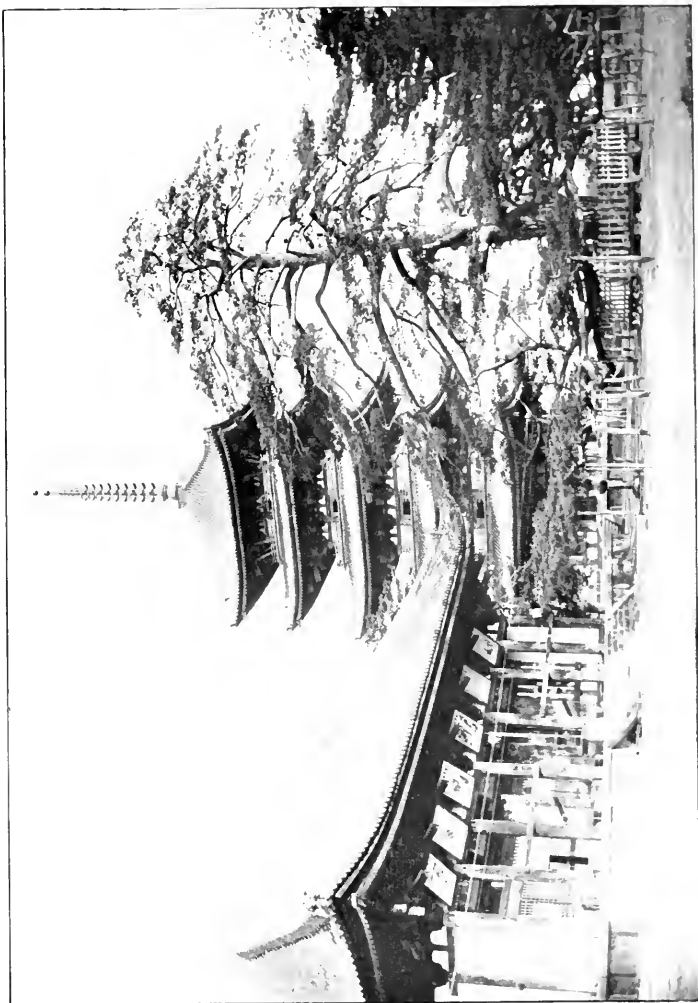
Their residence, Nijo Castle in Kyoto, is infinitely finer than the Imperial Palace, but more of a fortress. The two palaces display the peculiar temper of the Japanese. The Mikado's person being sacred did not want fortified walls around his mysterious domain. The Shoguns did. From the former the Mikado declared his intention to rule: from the last he proclaimed the new constitution. Both palaces have hence a past and a present interest.

Last night Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived half-frozen, accompanied by all the members of the Garter Mission and a regular host of distinguished Japanese attendants, appointed by the Emperor to do honour to our King's nephew.

The Prince's mission to Japan appears to have given great satisfaction, as indeed it was bound to do, and it has revealed popular feeling more than one had any right to expect. Any guest of the Emperor would, I think, receive great atten-

tion from the people in accordance with their Sovereign's wish, but such reception would not necessarily be spontaneous and heartfelt, whereas on this occasion every Japanese has been told the meaning of the distinction bestowed on their Emperor by the King of England; and every Japanese, taking to heart how England has been of use as an ally of Japan, has resolved to show his personal appreciation. The result is very curious and very gratifying. Thus on our way yesterday to the Tanjin Sama Temple we passed whole streets decorated with British and Japanese flags, in the poorest quarters of Kyoto, where there could be no expectation of seeing the Prince, and merely flown in honour of the occasion of his second visit. "Prince Konnot" must have been much gratified by his reception everywhere; he would have been touched could he have seen these miserable little streets striving their level best to be smart in his honour.

I had the great gratification of being introduced to admirals Togo and Uriu, to General Kuroki, and to Count Nagasaki, one of the principal officers at Court, who being a linguist has been directed by the Emperor to act as official interpreter to His Royal Highness. I hope I may not offend the modesty or pride of these illustrious men by stating how highly I appreciated the honour.



PAGODA, NARA

NARA, 6 *March*.

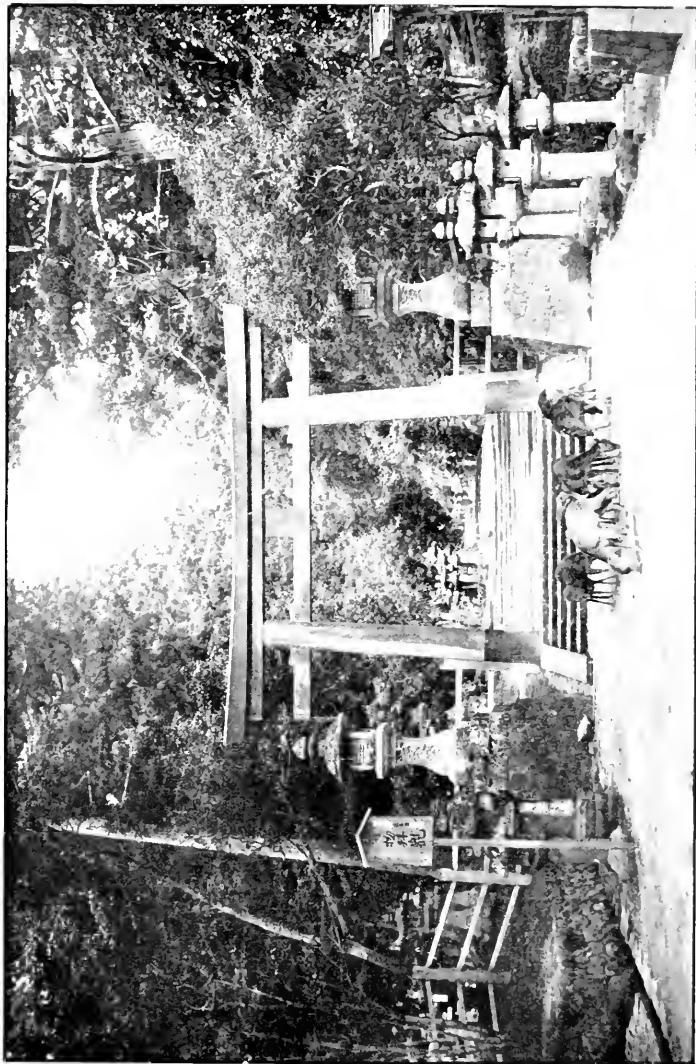
Japanese trains remind one of the old German "Bummelzüge," which stopped everywhere and nowhere simply for the pleasure of stopping. The result of this mania was that I spent five hours in the train to perform a journey of fifty miles to and from Kyoto, which should have taken only two, and that instead of being interested in the great Uji country, which produces the best tea in Japan, I had no other wishes as to that tea but to leave it severely alone.

Before leaving Kyoto this morning, however, I saw le Révérend Père Aurientis, who has been twenty-six years in Japan, and whose appreciation of the Japanese is worth recording. He simply loves his flock, and has, as he called it, "une véritable admiration pour ces payens." He thinks they are too superstitious ever to become real Christians, and too suspicious of the foreigner ever quite to fraternize with them: while, he added, "ils sont trop entichés de patriotisme national" ever to be completely westernized except perhaps in outward forms, as they are too imitative by nature not to copy us in all that may please or suit them. Speculative thought enabled me, therefore, thanks to "le bon père," partially to forget the annoyances of a slow journey to Nara.

The weather too was unpropitious, which was really a pity; for, in sunshine, I cannot well

imagine a more poetic or more beautiful situation than that of Nara in spring-time, when hundreds come to visit the exquisite temples which it owns, and fill the magnificent avenues of cryptomeria, interspersed by innumerable stone lanterns, with a motley crowd of pilgrims in variegated colours, all keen to feed the sacred deer in the park, or tie wisps of paper containing prayers for conjugal felicity on a whimsical single tree-trunk consisting of a camellia, a cherry, a wistaria, a maple, a thorn, and two other trees inextricably grown together, or roam on Mount Tamuke, or visit the huge Dai Butzu in the decaying temple of Todaiji, or get lost among the myriad brass lanterns of Kasuga no Miza.

I have not seen any very satisfactory reason given why the Japanese have erected such enormous Buddhas as those at Nara, Kamamura, and recently at Kobe. There is no doubt something grand in a vast conception of the Infinite, but the Buddha of Buddhism is not infinite. That he should be superior in merit to other good men is not enough to make him a giant in stature. This Nara Buddha, seated on a lotus throne, is 54 feet high. The hall which shelters him is 156 feet high and 290 feet long, and the whole is neither devotional nor impressive, but it is a remarkable work, as it dates of the year A.D. 749, and is of bronze. The great bells at Osaka, Kyoto, and Nara, which are, after one in Burmah and another at Moscow, the largest



THE LANTERN WALK, KASUGA NO MIYA, NARA

in the world, are superior as being older and showing what the Japanese could do in metal work upwards of a thousand years ago. They have not improved since then, for the Dai Butzu at Kobe cannot compare with the one at Nara, and this, in turn, fails completely in comparison with the beautiful one at Kamakura dating about the thirteenth century, which is really impressive notwithstanding its hugeness, by its majesty, its calm, and its peaceful repose. These are not features easily reproduced in metal, but a thousand years ago bronze was well understood by the Japanese metal worker. I often wondered what Cellini would have thought of the Kamakura Dai Butzu cast in 1222, or how the German bronze artists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries would have envied their Asiatic brothers of the craft, in those same centuries, when bronze work attained such high distinction in Europe.

I have noticed that whenever any object of art commands attention in Japan it is the fashion of guides and guide-books—the two units appear to make one—to attribute Japanese excellence to the teaching of Korean Buddhist priests, who have travelled in China or in India or both, thus refusing all originality to the Japanese artist. This cannot be exact and is decidedly unfair.

When Alexandre Dumas senior was reproached with plagiarism, he replied, that improvement on a bad conception was an original invention, and that clothing a naked fact was as

much a work of genius as discovering the fact. This may be exaggeration, but to take bronze art alone as an instance, the Dai Butzu of Kamakura stands alone in the highest regions of that art, and is a purely Japanese conception of the Buddha who proclaimed Nirvana as the supreme end of existence. No Greek or Roman, no German or Italian, cinque - cento metal worker has attempted a statue which at once is human and superhuman, divine and not divine, simple and yet sublime, restful and full of life. I should like to see Theodorus and Rhœcus, Lysippus, Myron, and Polycletus, together with the masters of Florence, Nüremberg, and Augsburg, in contemplation before this wonder of Japanese skill.

NAGOYA, 10 *March*.

We had intended visiting Otsu and, therefore, Lake Biwa, the Lugano of the East, but we did not. Murray's handbook and the weather are not always in agreement. Scenery has a knack of being delightful in some circumstances, hateful in others. Nature's moods again and bodily requirements are distinctly unaccommodating. Thus it came to pass that we overlooked this classic land and came on to Nagoya, where we found the sunshine and proper heat that would have suited Biwa, while it almost made Nagoya a land of regrets as, on our way, we coasted the southern shores of the great lake and were in



DAI BUTSU, NARA

ecstasy over the beautiful views and mountain glimpses afforded us.

Still, I am not of an inconsolable temperament when nature plays freaks with my leisure. The attractions of classical Biwa are not, strictly speaking, such as cannot be found elsewhere. It appears that they are eight in number in addition to a scientific legend of some antiquity. The legend dates two centuries before Christ, when an earthquake gave birth at the same time to this lake, which is 320 feet deep in parts, and to the volcano Fuji San, 12,390 feet high; and the eight attractions are: "the autumn moon as seen from Ishiyama, the evening snow on Hirayama, the sunset glow at Seta, the evening bells of Miidera, the boats at Yabase, the breeze at Awazu, the rain at night at Karasaki, and the wild geese at Katata." What's in a name? Any European mountain, even Snowdon or Ben Nevis, covered with snow at sunset, or the Cheviots washed with rain at night and swept by strong easterly breezes, can appeal to those who know not the inconveniences of neuralgia or rheumatism, but to any experienced mortal even the sight of a boat on Virginia Water is reminiscent of pleasures henceforth to be shunned. That is why my apologies are due to Lake Biwa. I am not sure that we do not equally owe apologies to Nagoya, for, although we came armed with the necessary permits and actually did visit in detail the famous

Castle, the seat of the Daimyōs of Owari, descendants of the great Ieyasu, to whose second son it was presented by his nobles, I fear we neglected other sights in order to profit by the good luck which made us arrive on a popular holiday, viz. to spend our time with the people, watch their behaviour, and share their amusements.

It was fortunate that one of the latter consisted in visiting the great Pagoda or five-storied donjon, on the top of which are some famous dolphins in gold, and in ascending the extremely steep steps that lead up to the highest story, else we might have possibly missed even this monument; we joined the crowd, helped the babes and infants up the steps, conversed with every one, astonished most of them, made all roar with laughter, apparently for no reason at all, and were supremely contented with our motley companions, of whom there cannot have been less than five hundred when we went up.

A very extensive view is obtained from the top of the donjon right down to the Pacific and across a most fertile plain, but what riveted our attention was a race-course, a fair, and what seemed to be a band-stand on which wrestling was going on. We promptly forgot Ieyasu and his acts of valour, as well as all the deeds of the Owari family, and hastened to the wrestling arena.

The whole of the vast plain at the foot of the castle was covered with human beings. Round



DAI BUTSU, KAMAKURA

the race-course were rows of boxes neatly matted and filled with the families of officers and the better classes, competing in the seemingly delectable occupation of eating sweets, peeling oranges, and smoking cigarettes. All the ladies appeared to have donned their holiday attire and to have dressed their offspring in the gayest colours. Kimonos and obis, and combs and hair-pins vied in richness and value. Indeed, there was no difference between ladies in boxes at the races in Europe and these ladies in boxes at the races at Nagoya, so far as female competition in dress is concerned, but it was infinitely more picturesque because it was infinitely less laboured. I understand that Japanese dress is on a sliding scale. It is most gorgeous in the earliest years of childhood, and gradually works down to severe simplicity as age obtains. This is satisfactory, as it does give a clue to the age of the Japanese, without which it would be almost impossible to guess it. In Austria you can tell approximately in what teens the lady revels by the length of the cigar she smokes. It is always comforting to have something accurate to start from in the calculation of female age.

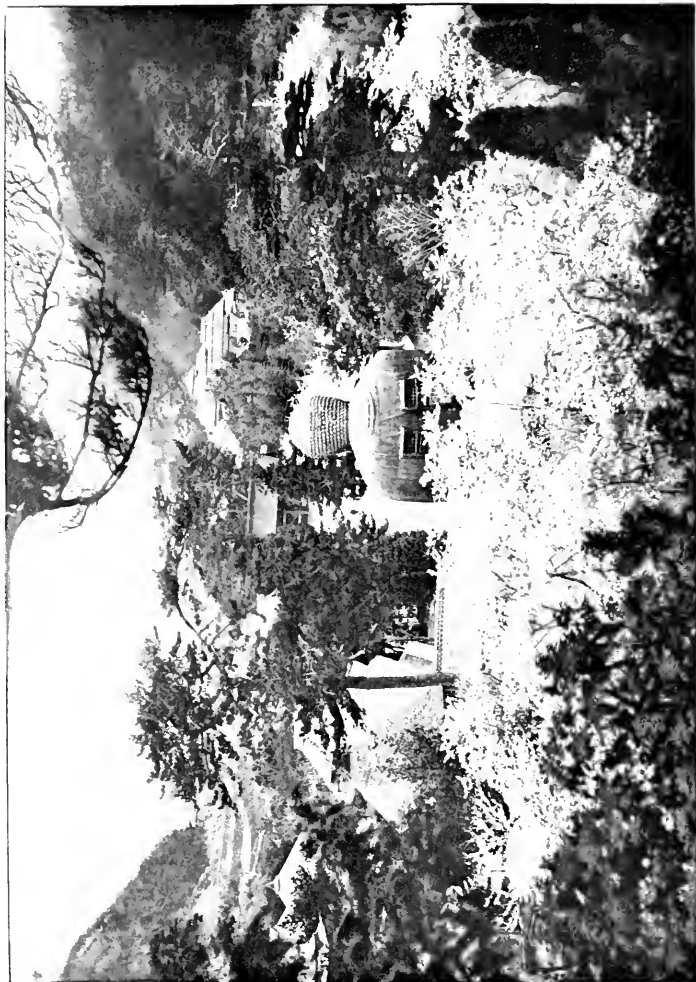
As to the racing itself it did not look as if anybody particularly cared whether anything was running or not. In the course of a good half-hour, I think I saw a horse and I know I saw a bicycle, but whether they raced or not I cannot tell, for the field being apparently very poor, we

made for the wrestling ground, which was packed full. Owing to our guide's influence we were allowed within the treasured precincts, but had no more than standing-room, and, during each contest, swayed to and fro with the approving or disapproving crowd, to the detriment of much of our person but greatly to our enjoyment of a unique scene.

On a raised platform a man with a fan, who acted as master of the ceremonies and also as umpire, called solemnly the names of the competitors, who were all seated in a row opposite to where we stood, enveloped in cloaks of which they divested themselves when their turn to wrestle arrived.

As they appeared naked, ready for the struggle, the crowd groaned or buzzed approbation according to the muscle shown, or maybe according to the reputation of the athlete, but it was quite clear that the contest was highly popular. I felt for a very long time after that indeed it was so. The frog-jumps which precede the wrestling must be peculiar to the East, and are not at all graceful, but they form evidently part of the game, as all indulged in the contortion.

Sand was freely used, and on no single occasion did we notice a kick or an unfair grip. Many a time we thought the combatants would fall off the platform, but something occurred on each occasion which corresponded to call for time, and the vigilant umpire in a dignified manner invari-



DAI BUTSU AND PLUM BLOSSOM, KAMAKURA

ably saved the situation and an accident by the breadth of a hair.

I do not know where these athletes come from, but they must be a breed apart, for they are almost giants, and very fat giants too, while they have nothing of Japanese charm about their voluptuous and coarse expressions. Yet they are like children in the hands of the umpire, and no doubt live for nothing else than to master "the forty-eight falls which alone are permitted by the laws of the sport." After a while we sauntered away into the crowd and were delighted with its resemblance to a good-natured British rabble on St. Lubbock's Day.

At dinner at the Hotel Nagoya the manager came to show us a bill of fare which he intended to send to the printer on the morrow, and request us kindly to correct or alter it as we might deem advisable; his object being "to lay before H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was in two days' time to honour his establishment, the most perfect specimen of the British language that could be produced in Nagoya!"

We added a word here, changed another there, and suppressed a third somewhere else. We then departed, our hearts full of hope that the printer next day would not play ducks and drakes with our loyal attempt to second the hotel manager in presenting an English prince with a menu which should not contain "extracts of fowl," or "St. Julian wine bottled by Bordeaux."

YOKOHAMA, 11 *March.*

We have had an experience of travelling which should not be repeated. Owing to some mistake or blunder or official intrusion we were unable to get seats in the sleeping-cars, and travelled all night in a compartment filled with Japanese warriors returning from Manchuria, and apparently so hungry as not to permit a single station to be passed without loud calls for "Bento." I have taken a positive dislike to this word, which means Japanese luncheon in Japanese boxes. It was annoying for us, who had dined, to find other people clamouring for luncheon, and it was distressing to find such a clamour lasting through the hours of sleep. It was still more disagreeable to endeavour to sleep through the noisy calls within and the noisier calls from without our crowded carriage. Only one lady, the wife of an officer, diversified the monotony of our male attires, and it was quite interesting to note how she scrambled on to her seat, arranged her rug and her kimono for a rest, then squatted in correct fashion, and composed herself to sleep with her hand to her face and without fear of any ruffle to her dress or her hair. It was the neatest feminine drill I had ever witnessed, and it spoke eloquently for national neatness and skill.

There are three or four things outside Murray's guide-book which deserve notice in Yokohama; one is the tempting shop of Samurai Chokai, the



JINRICKISHA, YOKOHAMA

second the library of Kelly and Walsh, the third the elevated portion of the town, called the Bluff, and the fourth the art treasures which the well-to-do merchants possess and only show to each other and very seldom to foreigners.

I heard of this on the Bluff, found an art journal called the "Kokka" at Kelly and Walsh's, discovered the possessor of a genuine Sesshu at Samurai Chokai's, and was driven to see it at eight o'clock one morning by the head of Chokai's establishment, Mr. Nemura. This expedition proved one of the most interesting of the many I undertook in this truly captivating land.

In the first place I was to see for myself how beautifully kept are the gardens and houses of the Japanese however humble their condition, and how gorgeous are the riches which hardly ever see the light.

Mr. Tomitaro Hara, a rich silk merchant devoted to art and a friend of Mr. Nemura, the dealer, had fixed an early appointment for me to see his treasures so as not to interfere with his business hours. He has pitched his tent, if a very fine house can be so called, on a charming eminence overlooking the placid and blue waters of the Mississipi Bay. Yokohama geography is very much filled up by names of American origin, owing to the enterprise of Commodore Perry, of the United States, who anchored here in 1854, and who, in truth, was the first who opened Japan to the world. I have mentioned at Nagasaki the

names of those whose statue Japan, which is a grateful country, should erect, and I would add in Yokohama that of the American Commodore, inasmuch as but for him the Japanese would doubtless have remained in obscurity till now, and would never have benefited by that intercourse with the West which has ensured their present fame. I believe a memorial has been erected at Usaga, the spot where he landed, but not through Japanese initiative. It has been truly remarked that "to have broken down Japan's stubborn refusal to acknowledge the existence of foreigners, to have obliged her to make treaties of commerce and amity with Christian countries, to have plunged her into confusion and bloodshed, and to have regenerated her institutions, ideas, and aims on Western lines is the result of Commodore Perry's visit," and I venture to add that such a result, barring the bloodshed, deserves the gratitude of intelligent Japan, and should stir her to show her gratitude to the West.

When slippers had been substituted for boots, and we were installed in the principal reception room, which, for all furniture, contained but one kakemono and a screen; when braziers, tea, and cigarettes had been brought and deposited before Tomitaro Hara, his two sons, myself, and Mr. Nemura; and when a respectful aged assistant had taken his place near the sliding panels so as to be at hand if required, I opened out the question whether I might be deemed worthy of a sight of

Sesshu's landscape, never having seen any specimen of this great artist's work, upon which a sign was given to the attendant, who departed and presently returned with two lacquer boxes, out of which a scroll was taken measuring between forty and fifty feet in length and only $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height, which was displayed on the floor for our inspection, or as much of it as the room permitted at one time.

We then crawled up to it, and as my hosts observed my evident interest and admiration they unbent considerably, and in a very short time we were hotly engaged in what may be called a contest of praise rather than of criticism.

For my part I do not hesitate to assert that in point of delicacy of delineation, appreciation of space and distance, sober colouring and true rendering of nature I know nothing of Poussin or Salvator Rosa equal to this Japanese masterpiece of the fifteenth century.

The priest Sesshu, according to Mr. Sei-ichi Taki in the "Japanese Art Journal," the "Kokka" No. 189, "embodied in himself the essence of the culture and refinement of the Ashikaga period in which he was born (1420-1506), and produced works unsurpassed in breadth of spirit and in mastery of nature. Sometimes powerful and vigorous, and at other times rich in grace and delicacy, his style is difficult of analysis, especially where he plays with nature and indulges in the free expression of his imagination."

This passage, I think, does not at all render Mr. Sei-ichi Taki's own thoughts or what he wished to convey; for the admirable panorama we beheld was uniform in excellence and by no means sporadic in power, in vigour, in grace, or delicacy. These were made subservient to the particular scenery to be depicted, and it is probably in this sense that the Japanese critic writes, for a storm coming on is rendered with quite another touch than the tranquil sea and peaceful cottages. What perhaps surprised me most of all was the intensity of life observable throughout. Even a horse, which, as I insisted, is the one animal in creation which the Japanese cannot paint, and which even this great artist had unscientifically delineated, showed in its half-delineation all the burden which he was made to carry, and all the boredom which such weight must be to a conscientious quadruped on a hot summer's day. It was admirable from the first inch to the five-hundredth.

As a matter of course I was told that Sesshu was a Korean priest who had lived in China and was so imbued with Chinese ideals as to make every Japanese scenery an idealized China. If it be granted at the outset that art had its birth in China, I think that is sufficient acknowledgment, because I cannot admit that, for an artist, surroundings have no influence, and, consequently, that Sesshu, having spent his life in Japan, was not influenced by its unique scenery. In the

particular picture I saw it was a kaleidoscopic display of Japanese rocks, mountains, lakes, seas, gardens, woods, trees, flowers, storm, sunshine, rain, stillness, in a word, Japanese natural beauties so blended as to suggest a continuous story of out-of-door Japanese life.

In the history of Japanese Art, critics have either been too enthusiastic or too much the reverse, and the Japanese themselves have been too devoted to certain schools to be quite fair to others.

Everywhere works of the Kano school are pointed out as the last expression of admirable classicism in Art, and hence every temple, museum, or palace contains a number of Kanos, and is certified to be worth a visit because of this great name. But no one points out that the second Kano (Motonobu) was a greater artist than his father Masanobu, and that for three hundred years since their day their followers and imitators have all been called Kanos from the founders of their peculiar classical school, with no particular merit which could raise them above original painters like Sesshu—Chō Densu—and at a much later date Hokusai and Kwatei Taki, who took nature as their guide. Chō Densu has been called the Fra Angelico of Japan. I really do not know why, or even see in what respect. It is true he was a monk, and that he devoted his life to painting “rakans,” or perfected disciples of Buddha, a whole series of which can be seen

at Kioto in the Tofukugi Temple, but not one of his emaciated rakans wears the happy look of Fra Angelico's angels. They have the merit, however, of being drawn from nature and of being less idealistic than the Italian monk's work. As to Hokusai, who only died in 1849 at the advanced age of eighty-nine, the popularity of his style is entirely due to the nationality of his tastes, but he can scarcely be called a great master of a great school. I would even not mention him at all were it not that he has nothing of Chinese traditions in his style, and loftily disregarded the old classical lines for what he himself saw in nature.

A more agreeable painter, and I think a far greater artist, but quite of recent times, is Kwatei Taki, whose loss will not be easily replaced. In the great range of Art it is difficult to find birds and flowers so splendidly rendered, or, for instance, a lonely sea-shore more marvellously painted. He, too, is great of Japanese greatness, not of stiff Chinese conventional teaching. And all these are Japanese celebrities whose works we have come so far to see and deservedly to admire.

There is no doubt, however, that though Japan possesses a school of art founded in the year 1000 of our era, there does not appear to have been, or to be, any desire on the part of masters or students to paint portraits from life, which is all the more singular, seeing that in bronze or in ivory or in wood the most perfect renderings of

facial expression are everywhere to be met with, and I can only suppose that this is in a way connected with some national prejudice of which we still do not possess the clue.

Notwithstanding all that points to reconciliation between the East and the West, the Japanese nation, I fear, is yet an imperfectly known treasure, kept wrapped in a lacquer box and stored in a fire-proof shelter, only to be brought out to Western view occasionally, like Mr. Hara's Sesshu, when the dazzling merits of its powers stand revealed but the present national modesty causes it quickly to be shut up once more.

If I had seen nothing else but this great scroll Yokohama would always hold a high position in my memory. I must, however, postpone further remarks, as we must hurry on to the capital, viz. to Yedo or, as it is now called, Tokyo.

CHAPTER VI

TOKYO	<i>Rōnins.</i>
TOKYO	<i>Education.</i>
NIKKO	<i>Temples.</i>

TOKYO, 15 *March.*

FROM 1590 to 1868 this was the capital of the Shoguns. In 1868 the Shogunate came to an end and the Mikado migrated from Myako to Yedo; that is to say, from Kiōto to Tokyo. This simple statement means a great deal in the history of Japan, for it implies all that great change in the constitution of the country, in the ways of the people, in the life of Japan which is still in process of formation, and which, when it reaches a halting-point, will reveal whether the Japanese are to remain Eastern or to be completely westernized.

If looked at from a mere political point of view, the change has already operated for good. There can no longer be any doubt as to who is the supreme lord of the land; or any question as to the subordination of all subjects to the imperial authority. I say this because it is amusing to read how, only forty years since, dis-

tinguished diplomatists of England and of France were puzzled by the mysterious Mikado and the royal Shoguns. In a volume of pleasant reminiscences, as well as descriptive of the late "Garter Mission" to Japan, Lord Redesdale attributes the mistakes made by Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in 1859 to the vague notions which then existed about Japan, notions "mostly derived from the Dutch"; and to "the nonsense which they (the Dutch) wrote about a Spiritual and a Temporal Emperor." This may do for most people, but is scarcely acceptable as an excuse for blunders by diplomatists. These two reputed envoys had to negotiate treaties of amity and of commerce. It was surely incumbent upon them to discover with whom resided the power to bind the nation by a signature, and to make sure which "of the Spiritual or Temporal Emperor" was the person in supreme authority. That they apparently did not do this is the less intelligible, because it must have been clear to them that the Shoguns' authority could only be derived from some delegation of power and hence from some higher authority than their own, and that their first step should have been to make sure from what authority their power was derived. When, therefore, Lord Redesdale relates that the Shoguns passed themselves off on these diplomatists as the supreme authority in the land, the fault does not so much lie with them or with the Dutch, as with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros

who never ascertained the facts. Sir Harry Parkes five years later obliged the Mikado to ratify the treaties, which, until his signature was obtained, were nothing but waste paper. A witty French lady once wrote : “ Il faut beaucoup d’esprit pour être infiniment bon ” ; and the amiable conclusion is that had Lord Elgin and Baron Gros been less excellent diplomatists they would not have been deceived and laughed at by the Shogun Iyēmochi on their first negotiations with the Japanese, and this shows that one might equally add : “ Il faut moins de bonté pour être intelligent.”

This, however, cannot recur, and Tokyo is the official capital of the Japanese Empire, the residence of the Emperor and of the diplomatists accredited to his Court. Tokyo is even interesting in other ways, whether as the abode of wise Governments, of earnest Chambers, or as the centre of that wonderful educational impetus which has lifted Japan in so short a time from obscurity to splendour. It is more ; for while it is the embodiment of modern or Western progress in Eastern fields of thought and manners, it remains the repository of old-fashioned Japanese conservatism, before which incense is daily burnt at the shrine of the forty-seven Rōnins. Are not the Rōnins the real idols of the people ?

The city itself is a puzzling compound of contradictions. It seems to be wealthy and is really poor ; it is full of bustle and yet calm ; it is noisy and peaceful ; it displays refinement and bad

taste, simplicity and pretension. Stone buildings of modern conception look down on wooden temples of great age. Fine villas and broad avenues are mixed up with tiny huts and tinier streets, and the great Ueno Park, a truly Japanese conception, commands a view over the most modern-looking thoroughfare in Japan. Seen from an eminence, Tokyo resembles an overgrown mushroom; seen from the level, it looks like a series of small villages strung together by bridges; ships and houses happily commingle, and there is hardly a district that does not look as if it wished to apologize for not being dressed according to the correct standard either of native or modern fashion. Is old Yedo really undergoing transformation? It certainly is more nondescript at present than one expects it to be, and I grieve to add does not look as prosperous as one would wish or as it pretends, if it does pretend.

In truth, the Emperor and his counsellors were wise to make peace when they did; for if the war was exceptionally glorious in the national annals of the country, there are unmistakable signs everywhere that the people's patriotism was exceptionally tried, and that it will require many years of peace to give this noble-hearted nation that plenty of which it bereft itself "*pro patria et Imperatore.*"

We shall probably never know the extent of personal sacrifice that was imposed on every

Japanese so as to cope with the terrible expenditure necessary to carry on the war, nor the full measure of the losses which the country suffered, but there is hardly a shop which, among its wares, does not harbour a sad little story of how heirlooms came to be sold or pawned so as to enable their formerly well-to-do possessors to contribute something, whether to the Red Cross Society or to help the less fortunate among themselves.

I was shown an admirable and perfect lacquer dinner set of great antiquity, which had once belonged to a Daimio, and which was pawned by a lady, one of his descendants, solely that she might hand its value in cash to the Red Cross Society. It was pawned for 1000 yen (£100). When the war was over the lady had no further use for her service. All her sons and male relatives were dead. The pawnbroker bought the service by giving her the difference between the loan and the real value, and that balance she gave away to the orphans of the war.

In learning to understand the Japanese, one comes across so many instances of self-abnegation and of tenderness of heart, that it is difficult to comprehend all at once how they can be both impulsive and calculating, kind and revengeful, loving and hating, humble and vain.

It is recorded that in the sixteenth century St. Francis Xavier found the Japanese so attractive that he styled them "the delight of his soul"; that Kämpfer in the seventeenth declared

that "in the practice of virtue and purity they far outdid Christians"; and that in the following centuries other observers noted that "they had great talents, but little genius," "were practical, but superficial withal," possessed a "keenness of perception far in advance of the soundness of their judgment."

All this makes for contradictions in temperament and not at all for greatness, and yet they cannot be altogether what they seemed to the above authorities, or they never would have risen to their present standing. Lafcadio Hearn, who, I cannot help thinking, knew the Japanese more intimately than any other foreigner, derived his delight in them from "their simplicity and naturalness." In one of his books he declares that "the charm of Japanese life presents us with the extraordinary phenomenon of poverty as an influence in the development of æsthetic sentiment. But for poverty the race could not have discovered the divine art of creating the beautiful out of nothing or the keen pleasure they find in everything natural, in landscapes, mists, clouds, sunsets, in the sight of birds, insects, and flowers." Poverty, no doubt, acts differently on different constitutions. It is interesting to note that in Japan it leads to æstheticism, for it decidedly operates differently in the West, but even æsthetic poverty does not account for the contradictions of Japanese character in the eyes of a European.

How can the Rōnins, a set of deliberate cut-throats, have become the heroes of the gentle Japanese? How can St. Francis Xavier have found "his delight" in a people whose creed was the duty of revenge?

The Rōnins should give one a key to the yet imperfectly apprehended temper of a people who are at once capable of the grandest acts of heroism and the meanest acts of petty revenge.

The story of the Rōnins is well known. It was first revealed to Europe by Lord Redesdale (A. B. Mitford) in his quite delightful "Tales of Old Japan," and has been repeated a dozen times in abridged form by other writers. In unsympathetic English the story is one rather savouring of disgrace than of honour, but any traveller can observe how honoured are these forty-seven murderers by watching the hundreds of devotees who daily flock to Sengakuji to burn incense at their tombs in the cemetery, and look at their relics in the museum. We saw more true devotional feeling exhibited at these tombs than at all the magnificent temples we visited.

Rōnin really means a rover, and "designated persons of gentle blood entitled to bear arms," who, having become separated from their feudal lords by their own act, or by dismissal, or by fate, wandered about the country in the capacity of somewhat disreputable knights errant, without any ostensible means of living, in some cases

offering themselves for hire to new masters, in others supporting themselves by pillage.¹

Told very briefly the history is this: Forty-seven of these disreputable knights errant—one Oishi Kuranosuke being their leader—formed a league to kill the Lord Kotsuke no Suke because he had escaped from the anger of their infuriated Lord Asano Takumi no Kami, who had been required to tie the ribbon of his sock, and been blamed for doing it awkwardly.

Unfortunately the Lord Takumi's anger had exploded in the Shogun's palace, which was then graced by the presence of an imperial envoy of the Mikado, and it was decided that according to law Takumi no Kami must perform hara-kiri and his retainers must disband. There were forty-seven of them, who on disbanding disguised themselves so as to elude further observation. Kotsuke, the better to deceive, turned drunkard, divorced his wife, repudiated his children, and even permitted himself to be insulted so as to make believe that he was a fallen Samurai. His companions became workmen—plasterers, architects, carpenters—and sought employment in the Lord Kotsuke no Suke's house, made themselves familiar with the arrangement of the different rooms, and drew up a plan of the building, which is still shown. All being ready and the Lord Kotsuke being off his guard, the forty-seven Rōnins "one night during a heavy fall of

¹ "Tales of Old Japan."

snow" planned how that very evening they should attack the house from two sides, kill Kotsuke no Suke, and report the deed to the Government as soon as the head had been carried to Sengakuji and offered up before the tomb of their dead lord, the Lord Asano Takumi no Kami. They did not succeed at once, for there was great resistance, during which Kuranosuke made several appeals to his followers. One of these exhortations called on his followers, "cowards, not fit to be spoken to!" to die fighting in a master's cause, which should be their noblest ambition as retainers; and another ordered his own son Chikara, aged sixteen, "to engage those men, and if they are too strong for you to die." Finally all the retainers of the Lord Kotsuke no Suke were killed, but the lord himself was not to be found. After a long search he was discovered hiding in a back yard. Kuranosike then, going down on his knees, begged the old man very politely to disembowel himself that he might receive his head and lay it as an offering on the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami, but Kotsuke did not respond to the polite request, whereupon Kuranosike, seeing that it was "vain to urge him to die the death of a nobleman," forced him down, and cut off his head with the same dirk with which Asana Takumi no Kami had killed himself!

The Rōnins, who do not appear to have suffered in the attack, proceeded from this deed of blood to their lord's grave, and having washed

the head in a well near by, offered it before his tomb, requesting priests to read prayers and burn incense, and to give them sepulture should they in turn have to perform hara-kiri.

The priest benevolently assured them that "marvelling at their faithful courage he would fulfil their wishes." The people, seeing their clothes bespattered with blood, praised them. The Shogun's retainers entertained them at breakfast, and they after that awaited patiently the decision of the Supreme Court. After a while it came, and the sentence is worth recording. "As you violently broke into the house of Kira Kotsuke no Suke by night and murdered him, the sentence of the Court is that for this audacious conduct you perform hara-kiri," and so they did.

This tale of burglary and murder is what Lord Redesdale calls "a terrible picture of fierce heroism, which it is impossible not to admire," and I suppose it is so in Japan; indeed, I know it is; but does it deserve so much admiration? It rather deserves attention, because the deed itself, together with the reason for its committal and the circumstances which attended it, are significative of national traits of character upon which one fastens the more readily, as one is the more anxious to understand the complex character of the Japanese of to-day.

Thus the devotion of these Rōnins to their master the Lord Asano is the prototype of that remarkable Japanese devotion to the Mikado,

which now characterizes the whole nation, and is based on that respect of person and veneration of authority which lies at the root of Japanese existence.

The perseverance with which they carried out their revenge, the self-sacrifices which they endured to baffle their enemy, the care they took in preparing plans, mastering details, and leaving nothing to chance are exactly the same qualities which recently enabled 47,000,000 Japanese to bide the time of revenge for being obliged to surrender Port Arthur; to risk national bankruptcy in a war with Russia, and to leave no details uncared for in the preparations for that war. Veneration, purpose, perseverance, abnegation evidently constitute the basis of Japanese character; for veneration implies humility and does not exclude conceit; purpose includes firmness and does not exclude kindness; perseverance means success and does not indicate pride; and abnegation spells strength both moral and physical. The Rōnins of to-day are but the democratized Rōnins of two centuries ago.

TOKYO, 21 *March*.

We certainly have done and seen a great deal, and we have probably heard more. We are grateful for much kindness shown us, sensible of excellent repasts both Japanese and European enjoyed in the company of very interesting

people, and are ready to swear that Baron d'A . . . 's "Bouillabaisse" cannot be excelled, even at Marseilles. We have conscientiously visited the Shiba temples and the Ueno Park. We have tarried in Japanese gardens, and we have had the honour, thanks to Viscount Hayashi's kind letters of introduction, of making acquaintance with distinguished Japanese personages, whom it will always be a privilege and a pleasure to remember ; but most of our enjoyment, a deal of our pleasure, even much of our interest in the beautiful works of art we have seen, has been dimmed by our inability to converse in Japanese with the courteous gentlemen we met.

I am told that the English language, which for years has been the medium through which the higher branches of knowledge have been taught to the Japanese student, is "a weight hung round that student's neck," and that "the simpler and more idiomatic is the English, the more does it tax his powers of comprehension." Let us share the sorrow; for Japanese produces the same impression upon us; but is there not a way out of it? Could not, for instance, some device be discovered by which Japanese written characters might receive a definite signification instead of describing a series of accessories, pointing to the main object, which has then to be guessed? We all know that an "honourable" cow gives milk; that a hen lays eggs; that a pig is responsible for ham; but we have no

time when we require milk to describe the merits of an Alderney or Jersey cow ; when we ask for eggs to point to a Cochin China fowl ; or when we fancy ham to delineate the surroundings of a pig-sty. This may be, of course, exaggeration, but it truly points to the inconveniences of an ideographic script as compared with an alphabet. I do hope in process of time the Japanese will unselfishly simplify their language so as to enable those who wish to know them better to learn it. It is undeniable that we cannot truly know people unless we also know their language. Some one told me with pride that it took not less than ten years to learn Japanese sufficiently for the ordinary purpose of conversation. I can understand the pride of my informant, for it is not every one who is favoured with ten years of life in the pursuit of half an attainment, but as language means capital and every new language is a fresh mine for acquiring wealth, I think in these days of the "open door" the Japanese might simplify their alphabet and unify their pronunciation. They are certainly doing their best to learn foreign languages and should give us a chance of learning theirs.

We visited several educational establishments and were greatly impressed, not so much by the teaching, which, of course, we could not follow, as by the application of the students, who no more cared for our presence than had we been so many intrusive flies, probably less, and

never lifted their eyes from the work on which they were engaged. They seemed fairly engrossed in the business of imbibing knowledge, and brought to the task so much earnestness that it was positively impressive. I could not but recollect some of our own grammar schools, where the presence of a stranger would be sufficient for the whole class to forget in a minute what the lecture they were attending was about, and where, despite efforts of the most competent teachers, perhaps half a dozen pupils or even less would alone give their attention to the lesson in hand. The contrast is very striking, and I suppose is due to the fact that cricket and football have not yet asserted their all-absorbing interest in the minds of young Japan to the detriment of learning. It is certain that the passion for these manly games is over-stepping reason in England, where instruction is as good, as solid, as excellent, and more costly than in any other country not excepting Germany, but is not rewarded by adequate results because of want of solid application on the part of the scholars.

As a proof of the educational zest, one might almost call it fever, which rages in Japan since 1868, when all the old systems crumbled away like worn-out walls and were replaced by European methods, it may be interesting to note that according to statistics the Japanese Government supports more than 27,000 primary schools, with a staff of over 109,000 teachers, and that these

schools are attended by more than 5,250,000 of scholars ; that there are 258 middle schools with 4681 teachers and 95,000 scholars besides a large number of kindergartens.

In the higher-grade educational establishments there are three universities, three higher normal schools (two for men, one for women), fifty-seven normal schools, schools for commerce, foreign languages, a technical school, a school for nobles, various military and naval academies, a school of navigation, one for fine arts, one for music, one for the blind and dumb, one agricultural college, and eight other higher schools.

Well may Mr. B. Hall Chamberlain ask : “ In effect what is the situation ? All the nations of the West have, broadly speaking, a common past, a common fund of ideas, from which everything that they have and everything that they are springs naturally as part of a correlated whole—one Roman Empire in the background, one Christian religion at the centre, one gradual emancipation, first from feudalism and next from absolutism, worked out or now in process of being worked out together, one art, one music, one kind of idiom, even though the words expressing it vary from land to land. Japan stands beyond this pale, because her past has been lived through under conditions altogether different. China is her Greece and Rome. Her language is not Aryan, as even Russia’s is. Allusions familiar from one end of Christendom to the other require

a whole chapter of commentary to make them at all intelligible to a Japanese student, who often has not, even then, any words corresponding to those which it is sought to 'translate.'"¹

I pin my faith on the 5,250,000 of students in Japan to find somebody among their number who will improve their language and add to it the words they lack, and simplify those which they already possess. I have not read as yet of the existence of any grammarian in Japan; when he does appear, he may or may not be welcome.

NIKKO, 23 *March*.

It appears that in Japanese phraseology the word "magnificent," as the expression of the highest admiration, must not be applied in Japan to the splendid temples at Kyoto, at Nara, at Myoshima, at Ise, or at Tokio. The temples of Nikko alone monopolize this adjective. I am not disposed to quarrel with this contention, but I would like to know wherein lies the superiority of Nikko which gives rise to the popular opinion. Is it the architectural beauty of the temples or their rich carvings, their wonderful fusamas, their profusion of gold lacquer? or is it the exquisite natural site selected for the tombs of the great Tokugawa Princes, the celebrated Ieyasu and his grandson Iemitsu? or is it the unique avenue of cryptomeria which gives to these temples so weird, so solemn, so dignified an appearance?

¹ "Things Japanese," by B. H. Chamberlain, p. 134.

Perhaps it is all this together ; but, if it were only the latter I would subscribe to the popular sentiment, for anything more impressive than these trees I have not seen, and yet how shorn of their grandeur these avenues of cedars must be now, as compared with years since when I am assured they covered a length of forty miles ! Trees in Japan do not appear to be very diversified, but the timber is excellent. They consist principally of maple, mulberry, camphor, ilex, camellia, pine, and cedar. The fruit trees are numerous, if the fruit itself is not very good, and they boast the peculiarity of being always in blossom, or at all events of appearing to be so. The plum tree at any rate keeps the record for blossoming ; it begins to blossom when the snow is on the ground, and I have not met any one who could tell me when it stopped its dazzling career. Of course it must stop occasionally to yield fruit, but it is quite clear that its principal purpose is decorative. There was one in blossom close to the Kanaya Hotel, shedding its silver riches into the Daiya River at the back and brightening up the whole sombre landscape with magnificent effect. I was sorry that the Mihashi or sacred red lacquer bridge had been carried away, as the red admixture of colour in the existing landscape would have enhanced the beauty of the scene.

I do not trust myself much in a record of impressions of temples seen by the score and ever

more or less in a hurry, which is what occurs to most travellers. It is decidedly unfair to the artists who have adorned these museums of art with creations of their genius which one has come all this way to admire, to give to their works but a passing notice, and it is nothing short of impertinence and ignorance to attempt criticism at all. I am moved to this acknowledgment by the genuine admiration with which I contemplated the marvels in wood and in gold, or black or red lacquer, which were shown to us as the masterpieces of Japanese art in the early years of the seventeenth century. But side by side with this wonderment I experienced a disagreeable sensation on beholding a horse confined to a stable for some infantine religious craze—(the guide-book says, “It is kept for the use of the God”)—a poor damsel on a stage who slowly rotated round her own axis in obedience to a call for a sacred (kagura) dance by the process of “a penny in the slot,” or its equivalent, a copper on the floor—and a gong for pilgrims to call the attention of the deity to their prayers.

The latter reminds one of the Quaker who did not pray “for riches but for mere competency,” and fearing that the Almighty might not rightly understand the exact meaning of the word competency respectfully added “that it signified £4000 a year paid quarterly.”

These sacred horses, damsels, trees, and gongs, mirrors, spears, and swords may be attractive to

poets and dreamers ; they rather damp the enthusiasm of prosaic observers who have composed themselves to the appreciation of the practical doings of a gifted humanity.

Thus there are in the shrine of Ieyasu two elephants and a sleeping cat by Hidari Jingorō, which are beautifully sculptured ; but if admiration be expressed, the legend is told how he, Jingorō, once sculptured a horse that took his status so seriously to heart that he occasionally left his pedestal for the purpose of grazing in the fields near by ; or how Kanaoka, the painter of animals, drew horses that were so life-like that a rope had to be attached to the picture at night to prevent the horses from rushing out into the gardens and damaging the shrubs ; and rats that left their canvas on the appearance of a cat.

Of course we have heard of similar tales before : how Raphael selected as being his own original painting of Leo X the portrait of that Pope which Giulio Romano had copied ; how Rubens was disturbed by thoughts of a greater genius than his own on seeing a bee painted upon the body of one of the damned in the great picture of the last judgment at Antwerp, and looking so natural that with his pocket-handkerchief he tried to wipe it off ; but Western imagination has not gone the length of making horses graze or mice disappear at the sight of a cat when they had been fashioned in wood or colour.

Yet unless Buddhist temples are visited with

due regard to the impressiveness of tradition and the charm of legendary lore they cannot be fully appreciated.

Nikko embodies everything that appeals to the Japanese mind—situation, romance, legend, tradition, and beauty in art. Whatever is found at Nikko, is there because it has merit; and whatever had merit found its way there. The Torii with the simple crests of the Tokugawa are imposing; the Pagoda is perfect; the steps that lead to the temple are grand; the interior is gorgeous; everything is regal. I wish I could separate it from its obsolete accessories, its horse and its vestal, who need not be a virgin—at all events the cryptomerias are sublime.

Close to Nikko, and on the road to Chūzengi, there is a waterfall called Kegon-no-taki, the height of which is about 250 feet, which, I understand, has a particular attraction for people bitten with suicidal mania, and therefore for followers of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. In 1903 many Japanese youths, disciples of these German thinkers, committed suicide in proof of the lunacy which is bred by much reading of their philosophy. Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain calls the act a "craze"; and, as this implies instability, it is consoling, since crazes have a knack of passing away; but in their thirst for knowledge and their search for educationalists, I earnestly hope that young Japan will not put its trust in Schopenhauer, "der Erzieher," who drove

Nietzsche into a mad-house. They had better stick to Buddhism, for Schopenhauer's conceptions are inferior to any teaching of Gautama, and do not include his puzzling Nirvana, while the dictum that "alles Leben ist Leiden" is not only destructive of all will or wish to make life otherwise, but is mischievously subversive of all human efforts to ameliorate human conditions, and hence to help men to rise

From their dead selves
To higher things,

as the Japanese are so splendidly trying to do.

The mausolea of the founders of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns naturally suggest a wish to know why they have been reputed to be worthy of such expenditure of talent on their tombs, and history does not enlighten one very much. Ieyasu was stronger than all the other turbulent barons of his day; no doubt a better general and a wiser administrator, but apparently a less scrupulous subject of the Mikado than his compeers. He substituted himself for the son of Hideyoshi, the conqueror of Korea, usurped all his lands, distributed them among his own kinsmen and people, and compelled the Mikado to recognize him as his Shogun. There is not much greatness in all this: it is a common story; nor can he be blamed, for others have acted similarly, but all the same his celebrity rests on pillage. Iemitsu, on the other hand, has but a negative claim on history, for he it was who not only declined to permit

foreigners to set foot in Japan, but condemned any Japanese to death who should have any relations with a foreigner. He closed Japan to the world, as one closes a box, for more than two centuries, and so hid the key that up to Commodore Perry's refusal to be denied admission no Japanese even knew what Western people were like, and feared them with a superstitious fear, "as animals gifted with supernatural powers who had assumed human form." "Although recognized as intelligent and formidable creatures, Occidentals were not generally regarded as quite human; they were thought of as more closely allied to animals than to mankind. They had hairy bodies of queer shape; their teeth were different from those of men; their internal organs were peculiar; their moral ideas those of goblins."

It is nothing short of wonderful how in half a century the Japanese have emerged from their ignorance of the West into the most dazzling light without being blinded, and have all the time preserved their moral characteristics while acquiring our scientific knowledge. Change, when it came upon them, came like an earthquake without warning, and they had to suit all their administrative machinery to the change. The Shoguns dwindled into courtiers, the Daimios into prefects of provinces, the Samurais into ordinary individuals. All classes were merged into one people, guardians of the State and of

the throne, whose first duty was to save the independence of the nation by adequate knowledge of the use of foreign weapons, and to turn, as it were, into one great body of learners at the schools of European guns, rifles, mortars, shells, and explosive mines.

There was sound logic in this behaviour, but what is truly remarkable is that the whole nation instinctively understood that when they had learned Western military matters they need not care for the rest since with that knowledge they would secure leisure to learn anything else worth learning; that in a word they realized that "the necessities of Japan obliged her to master foreign science and to adopt much from the material civilization of the West, without compelling her to cast bodily away her ideas of right and wrong, of duty and of honour."

Toryokō, a Japanese poet, wrote :—

Melted and vanished the ice : the waves comb
the locks of old mosses.

Nowhere perhaps in Japan can one so truly realize the depth of meaning of this line. Here amid the dark giant cryptomerias at the tombs of Ieyasu and Iemitsu, guarded by as horrible demons as artists of old Japan could make the animals that stood sentinels at the portals of noted temples, we feel that the ice of old Japanese feudalism and exclusivism has indeed "melted and vanished," but that the tide of a new era, the tide which is but the strong beating pulse of

a great self-sacrificing nation, is “combing the locks of old mosses”; is directing the strength of the waves that shall never submerge the old mosses of chivalry, of honour, and of courage.

Nikko is indeed worth a visit.

CHAPTER VII

KOBE	. .	<i>Japanese coloured prints—hara-kiri.</i>
INLAND SEA	. .	<i>Japanese love of children.</i>
SHIMONOSEKI	. .	<i>Peace of Europe changed.</i>
SEA OF JAPAN	. .	<i>Naval battle.</i>
DALNY	. .	<i>Present state.</i>

KOBE, *Thursday, 29 March.*

WE arrived here two days ago for the purpose of embarking on a Japanese transport on our way to Dalny.

Mr. Bonar, our Consul, and his amiable wife are rivals in their knowledge of Japanese coloured prints. They possess a collection which must be as valuable as it is interesting; but, like all things Japanese, coloured engravings require special study to elucidate their actual merits. In a clever, though (to be hypercritical) a perhaps rather too learned, treatise on the school of Ukiyo-Ye, Miss Dora Amsden rightly declares "that for those who are not naturally gifted, it is necessary to serve a novitiate in order to appreciate a wholly recalcitrant element like Japanese art, which at once demands attention and defies judgment upon accepted theories." A sight of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar's collection invites

the "novitiate" and confirms the absence of the more ordinary conventional theories as to drawing and perspective. These works Miss Amsden again rightly proclaims to be the "spiritual rendering of the realism and imaginings of a lively impressionable race in the full tide of a passionate craving for art." This is a felicitous description of a recognized fact, but the principle which guided the artists of this school, namely, to do what pleased them, whether true to the canons of art—that is to say, correct drawing, apt colouring, and good taste—or not, was adopted some forty years ago by the early French impressionists with sad results. Matahei, Maronobu, Hokusai, Hiroshige—whose works are so much in request—were the precursors of "Manet," who in the sixties of the nineteenth century could never get one of his impressionist pictures admitted at the Paris Salon.

News having reached us at noon that we were expected on board the Japanese transport, the "Tomba Maru," at four o'clock, and that the Earl of Leitrim, who is to accompany us on our Manchurian expedition, had arrived from Kyoto, we started in good time for Wada Point, some three miles away, in what we thought a goodly procession of three jinrickishas with runners fore and aft, and our luggage in similar vehicles, preceded by our Japanese interpreter, who, for a sea journey, had donned the most perfect riding garment I ever beheld. Coat, vest, and knicker-

bockers were bespotted with leather, and his high boots were highly polished. He had even provided himself with an English dictionary of riding terms ; for, on settling his accounts for our stay in Kobe, I found he had charged three yens for "fodder," which, on explanation, turned out to be food for himself.

We proceeded through the town of Kobe, and its more ancient portion called Hiogo, and passed its two principal sights : the Dai Butsu, or great bronze Buddha, forty-five feet high and eighty-five feet broad, a very inferior work of art, not to be compared with the delightful Dai Butsu at Kamakura, though little less ugly than the huge Dai Butsu at Nara, and the temple called Seijukuji, which has no artistic merit at all, but was particularly interesting to us in our present circumstances, for it was there that, in 1868, "seppuku" *alias* "hara-kiri" was performed by "Taki Zenzaburō," an officer of the Prince of Bizen, who gave the order to fire upon the foreign settlement at Hiogo, for which crime his execution had been demanded by the foreign representatives at the Court of the Mikado.

Lord Redesdale, who, as Mr. Mitford, was one of the seven foreign witnesses present on the occasion, has given a stirring account of the behaviour of this member of the clan of Bizen during the ceremony, which took place at 10.30 at night within the temple, by order of the Mikado himself, and to the accompaniment of much popular excitement outside.

“In front of the altar, where the floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, seven foreigners on the right; no other person was present. After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenza-burō, a stalwart man, thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony with the peculiar hempen-cloth wings worn on great occasions.” He was accompanied by his “kaishaku, or pupil, who acted as a sort of second in a duel” (or best man at a wedding, or principal mourner at a funeral, for “kaishaku” is used in the better sense), and three officers wearing the ceremonial surcoat. “With the kaishaku on his left, Taki Zenzaburō advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them; then, drawing near to the foreigners, they saluted in the same way, and with even more deference. Then slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on the raised floor, prostrated himself twice before the high altar, and seated himself Japanese fashion, with his knees and toes touching the ground, his body resting on his heels, in which position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death.” One of the officers presented him with the “wakizashi,” or short sword. “This he received reverently, raising it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front

of himself." Then in a manner scarcely betraying emotion, he confessed to having "unwarrantably (he was probably sacrificing himself for his Feudal Lord the Prince of Bizen) given an order to fire on the foreigners at Kobe, as well as when they tried to escape, adding, For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honour of witnessing the act." He then proceeded to make good his words, "never uttering a sound, even when he drew out the dirk." An expression of pain, however, crossing his face, "the kaishaku who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall. With one blow the head had been severed from the body."

Forty years after this tragedy, foreigners were passing, as guests of the Japanese, the very spot whereon a Japanese had killed himself by order for having fanatically fired at foreigners the supposed enemies of his country.

At Wada Point a steam-launch was awaiting us, and our passes having been read and found correct by half a dozen intelligent looking soldiers, we started for the Tamba Maru, where Colonel Kumagai, chief of the military transport department at Hiogo, offered us champagne and wished us a pleasant journey. The captain, the chief engineer, and the chief officer with our-

selves composed the European mess on board, while always half an hour before our own meal a dozen Japanese civil officers appointed to Manchuria had, with their families, their own repast served in Japanese style. Nothing could exceed the kindness of our reception or the forethought which was to produce so much comfort on our journey.

We did not start that evening as the navigation of the inland sea is not an easy one in the dark, and a transport in peace-time with no troops on board need not be, and is not, moved by sentimental consideration for a few passengers in a hurry. I "turned in" early wondering why we have adopted the word *hara-kiri* as denoting the "happy despatch" when the Japanese seldom if ever use the term. They call it "*seppuku*" as more polite; and so would we if our prudish teachers realized that *hara-kiri* conveys the meaning of stomach, which our code of propriety has tabooed and a charming actress has sung under the new appellation of *Little Mary*.

AT SEA, 30 *March*.

We made a start at about four this morning, but fog and rain delayed our progress till six, when the weather showing signs of improvement, we improved our pace. In fact, the weather, which plays so great a part in the delight of travelling, bettered itself all day and made our

journey one of unalloyed pleasure, while enabling us to subscribe to the praise lavished on the inland sea, an erratic expanse of water, which for seven hundred miles divides the two main portions of Japan and constitutes a channel, forty miles broad in some places, and in others only a few miles. It actually narrows to a few yards, whenever an agglomeration of rocks, or shoals, or islets, like an outbreak of fever, opposes the progress or impedes the simultaneous passage of two ships.

The "Nadas" or open spaces alone keep up the illusion that one is at sea; but they are soon crossed, and one's attention is most of the time riveted on islands of every fantastical shape imaginable, bare and treeless, but not wanting colour; or on shores which, from the deck, appear to be a succession of ant-hills with busy crowds of workers. Our navigating officers are in constant dread of sinking some sampan, for myriads of them ply their useful trade among the thousand isles, and hence we are treated to a continuous blowing of discordant but warning sirens. The order has gone forth that life, which can be so freely given for the country, must not be sacrificed to the caprices of captains of steamers, and these are now particularly enjoined to protect the sampans. As some one said, heaving a sigh: "It is not as formerly!" which left us under the impression that in the good old days sampans went down more easily

than now. Even here there is progress of a sort in this land of progress.

The "Tamba Maru" is a fine broad-beamed 6000-ton ship, which before the war plied its trade between London and Yokohama, and has throughout the war continued to be commanded by the same English captain, Captain Butler, and is officered by a Scottish chief engineer, a German chief officer, and some Japanese junior officers. The ship was on her fiftieth trip to Port Arthur, and had carried thither and thence over eighty thousand soldiers and sailors whether for the front or returning from it, as also prisoners of war, without mishap of any sort. The Russian officers who were prisoners of war carried, we were told, "piles of roubles about their person, gambled all day and all night, and drank the ship dry, neither feeling ashamed nor humiliated, but as lively as crickets." This account discloses more cynicism than one would have expected. A report that officers before the surrender of Port Arthur "were allowed to loot the mint," that is, "to take as much as they could carry," because "the money was their own," and that "thirty roubles was enough to leave behind for the Japanese," may be true, but it is not very credible; yet has not Boileau written, "*Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable*"?

An officer appointed to the Customs at Dalny, who is on board with his wife, his sister-in-law, and a maid, is the possessor of a child of the

age of three; a little urchin, with a solemn countenance, who constitutes the joy and sole preoccupation of the quartette, and exacts from his parents and attendants, in a truly despotic manner, the closest and most constant attention. I was noticing it to the chief engineer, who told me that, during the war, when the troops were on board and all was bustle and activity, a small urchin of two years of age, brought on board to say good-bye to his warrior parent, got interested in the manœuvres about the gangway and took up a position right in the middle. Anywhere else, argued my informant, "sailors would have lifted the child and carried him to his parents so as to be out of harm's way, but not here. He was allowed to remain where he was, though terribly hampering the work to be done, and the sailors, to whom he was proving a nuisance, only smiled at the infant and admired his pluck." It is rather touching and indeed beautiful because it sounds and is so true. Such love as the Japanese exhibit for children cannot but be real. It strikes one everywhere in all places and under all circumstances. If, as somebody writes, "the most striking quality of the Japanese is precocity" and, as Sir Rutherford Alcock said, "Japan is a very paradise of babies," it is singularly touching to see how the precocious child turns his parents also into babies, so that they may be mutual partakers of joy in this earthly paradise of parental and filial love.

To see a little urchin asleep on the back of his babyish mother, or tickling her ear with a feather so as to bring a smile into her face as she labours home with her sweet burden, is one of the prettiest sights imaginable in this fascinating land; and is, by the way, the only poetical trait—at least the only observable poetical characteristic—in a country truly practical in deed and in spirit. Writers like Loti, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, and Hearn have rather imparted their own poetical genius to the accounts they have given to a delighted world about Japan, than adhered to sober fact, for it soon becomes patent, on a visit to Japan, that the Japanese are lovers of the practical and the real rather than of poetry. But if parental love and filial love constitute poetical love, then, indeed, the Japanese are both poetical and practical.

31 *March.*

We anchored last night, and did not attempt the narrows which constitute the Strait of Shimonoseki for reasons best known to the authorities; and it would be indiscreet to ask questions. It was no doubt for the best, as a rising barometer this morning indicated the glorious weather which we were to enjoy all day, and the end of a storm that had marred some of the beauty of scenery both yesterday and the day before. At 6 a.m. we steamed between Shimonoseki and Moji, and at eight entered the now historical Sea of Japan.

Moji is comparatively modern, and owes its growing importance, I understand, to the discovery of coal in its vicinity; but though it forms but one port with Shimonoseki opposite, it has not the interest the latter possesses as the memorial of Japan's first revelation in fields of conquest, for it was there that peace was signed after the successful war with China in 1895. It was also the witness of Europe's mean conduct in September, 1864. Europe then considered it good policy not only to bombard a defenceless town because one or two of their warships had been fired at by some ignorant fanatical patriots, but to exact in cash the price of their expended ammunition—an action so mean that the United States have since repaid their share of the plunder. It is clear there was not much belief in those days that Japan would rise to the proud position she now holds in the world, and it seems certain that the indignity which the Japanese considered had been unjustly imposed upon them first roused the nation to that unity of interests and purposes which, four years later, so signally marked the fall of the Shogunate and the rise of Nippon under a single sovereign.

It would be particularly interesting were any one some day to undertake a search into the causes which throughout the world have suddenly knit a divided people into a compact whole exacting respect; but it might probably lead to such humiliating confessions of human weak-

nesses on the part of amiably styled distinguished statesmen that perhaps it is best not to destroy fictitious reputations; and besides, "De mortuis," etc., is a charitable axiom. At any rate, I cannot help thinking that Japan ought to be grateful for European blunders. The rapacity of the tall men of the West against a little weak Eastern country of thirty million small subjects turned their weakness into strength; and (so far as they are concerned) but for 1864 there probably would not have been a 1905.

The blustering voice of Europe in dictating withdrawal from conquered Port Arthur engendered that untiring patience and determined resolve which have now for ever ensured to the Japanese the consideration due to those who are beyond the reign of terrorism, and have saved their country from—shall we say Nirvana?

It is singular that the signing of the Treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895, which marked the end of the war between China and Japan and the dawn of Japanese martial successes, should have been attended by just such an act of fanaticism as marked the humiliating events of thirty years before. Li Hung Chang's life was attempted by a madman, but Europe this time did not coalesce to exact money compensation for navigating its ships into Japanese waters as a demonstration of hostility to the country that permitted the laws of international courtesy, hospitality, and protection to be set aside by fanatics. There was

no need: Japan had been victorious, and her Government was no longer held responsible for the acts of its irresponsible subjects.

SEA OF JAPAN, 31 *March*.

Our course is very little south of due west until we get nearer to the island of Tsutchima, distant about sixty miles, when we will bear more south before rounding the southernmost portion of Korea. Of all the three courses open to the Russian Admiral to get to Vladivostock—any one of which he was not hindered in taking from want of coal, indeed, he had so much on board that it actually hampered the fighting efficiency of some of his ships—Admiral Rozhdestvensky selected the channel between Japan and the island of Tsutchima. We were able, therefore, by the help of Admiral Togo's published official account of his encounter with the Russian Baltic Fleet, to follow the movements of both fleets in the region we were ourselves crossing, and understand something of the tactics pursued. There was one difference, however. The battle of the Sea of Japan, fought on 27 May, 1905, was fought in foggy weather and a rough sea, whereas we had a calm ocean and bright weather, which allowed quite distant objects to be visible.

Thus almost at the start we could picture the Japanese Admiral and his fleet far away in the north-west, above the island of Okinoshima or

northern portion of Tsutchima, and at the entrance to the Straits of Korea, eager to pounce on his enemy as he came up from the south making for Vladivostock, and to our left we could perceive in the south the island of Iki and beyond it Ukujima, at both of which guard-ships had been placed as advanced sentries, for the purpose of giving early notice of the enemy's advance. From the "Shimano Maru," an auxiliary cruiser fitted with Marconi wireless telegraphy, and cruising to the north of Ukujima, came at 5 a.m. on 27 May the first news of the Russian approach: "Enemy's fleet sighted in No. 203 section:¹ seems to be steering for the east channel." On receipt of this welcome intelligence "the whole crews of our fleet leaped to their posts," wrote the Japanese Admiral. At 7 a.m. the "Izumi," on the left wing of the inner line, reported from Iki that "the enemy had passed Ukujima, still steering north-east." Then Vice-Admiral Kataoka, commanding the cruiser squadron, came down to reconnoitre the strength of the Russian fleet and keep in touch with it. This he did so successfully from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. that, "though a heavy fog covered the sea, making it impossible to observe anything at a distance of over five miles, all the conditions of the enemy were as clear to Admiral Togo and his staff, who were

¹ It would seem that Togo had divided the whole area between South Korea and Japan up to Vladivostock into so many sections or squares; the mere mention of any given square showing him on the maps the exact position of the enemy's ships.

thirty or forty miles distant, as though they had been under our very eyes."

"Long therefore before we came in sight of the enemy," wrote Admiral Togo in his official account, which I have annexed to these notes,¹ "we knew that his fighting force comprised the second and third Baltic squadrons, that he had seven special service ships with him, that he was marshalled in two columns line ahead, that his strongest vessels were at the head of the right column, that his special craft followed in the rear, that his speed was about twelve knots, and that he was still advancing to the north-east.

"I was enabled therefore to adopt the strategy of directing my main strength towards Okino-shima, with the object of attacking the head of his left column."

It will be noticed that not before he was in possession of all the above information, given by his own trusted officers and derived from ships in touch with the Russian fleet, did Togo settle on the particular plan (out of several ready for any possible combinations) which he was going to adopt. At a quarter to two, just before steaming to the attack, and when Admiral Kataoka with his cruisers had rejoined the main force, he ran up the signal for all the ships in sight. "The fate of the Empire depends on this event. Let every man do his utmost."

The signal was received in comparative silence

¹ See Appendix I.

but with that grim resolve which stirs the soul of each individual to live up to the noble command or perish in the attempt.

Though not sailors ourselves we could trace the manœuvres from Togo's despatch, so clear and concise, so simple was its tenor. We could picture for ourselves the attack on the leading and strongest vessels; the sinking one after another of the "Oslyabya," which headed the left column, followed by the "Kniaz Suvaroff" and the "Emperor Alexander III," and realize how justified Togo was in saying that "already at 2.45 the result of the battle had been decided." We could imagine the main Japanese squadrons pressing on the Russian lines, broken by those early disasters, and forcing them south, while using their better steam power so as not to lose their grip; "firing on the enemy in a leisurely manner whenever his ships could be discerned through the smoke and fog."

Just a few miles north of our position at noon was that section which Togo reached when "suddenly the Russians headed north, seeming about to pass northward by the rear of the Japanese line," and where "at once his squadron went about to port with the 'Nisshin' leading, all steering to the north-west, the armoured cruiser which had been following in the main squadron's wake changing front, and forcing the enemy southward once more, firing on him heavily"; the result being that at 4.40 p.m. "the

enemy apparently abandoned the attempt to seek an avenue of escape northward ” and the pursuit began. With what frightful results it was attended we know from the fact that out of eight battleships, six were sunk, viz. the “Oslyabya,” “Kniaz Suvaroff,” “Alexander III,” “Borodino,” “Sissoi Veliki,” and the “Navarin,” while two—the “Orel” and “Nicolas I”—surrendered; that out of three armoured cruisers all these were sunk, viz. the “Admiral Machinoff,” “Dimitri Donskoi,” and “Vladimir Monomach ”; that of three coast defence ships one was sunk, “Admiral Ouchakoff,” and two surrendered, “Admiral Seniavine ” and “Admiral Apraxine ”; that out of thirteen destroyers five were sunk and one taken; finally, that of the six protected cruisers, the “Svietlana ” was sunk, the “Izumrud ” was wrecked 150 miles beyond Vladivostock, the “Oleg ” escaped, and the “Almaz ” alone with the destroyers “Grozni ” and “Jemtchug ” reached Vladivostock. What a terrible lesson in naval warfare! According to Togo’s official account,

20 ships were sunk,
 6 were captured,
 2 were shattered while escaping,
 6 were disarmed and interned after fight
 to neutral ports,

and this was the answer to his request that “every man should do his utmost.” Glorious as was this battle, and severe as was the punish-

ment, it has in no way tarnished the reputation for bravery of the Russian sailor. Admiral Rozhdestvensky had brought up a heterogeneous and undisciplined lot to within 600 miles of his goal across 20,000 miles or more of sea, overcoming enormous difficulties, and was himself only accidentally captured within 200 miles of Vladivostock. The number of sunken ships testifies to the refusal of many of his commanders to strike their flag, and the gallantry of the "Izumrud" was conspicuous. All honour to the fallen! Togo said in his despatch, "I consider that the enemy's officers and men fought with the utmost energy and intrepidity on behalf of their country." The words "on behalf" seem to me the key-note of the difference between the two combatants. The Japanese were fighting for their country; the Russians on behalf of theirs. Japanese sailors were told that the fate of the Empire depended on victory; the Russians that Russia's honour was at stake. Both ends were met.

Towards evening we steamed past Tsutchima, at the north of which, in Okinoshima, a lighthouse is being erected in commemoration of the battle of the "Sea of Japan." It will be a beacon of glory and an unpretending light; a monument to prowess, and a vigil lamp burning through the night in honour of those who died in the waters whereon its rays are shed.

DALNY, 2 *April*.

Favoured by magnificent weather and by the absence on our course of disagreeable submarine explosives, we spent the day pleasantly in the Yellow Sea yesterday, and though there was no fog or mist, as is usually expected in this locality at this time of year, we communed with the waves only, for we could see nothing either of Korea or of the Shantung Peninsula.

This morning, at eight o'clock, we reached the snugly-ensconced town of Dalny, and half an hour later bade adieu to our amiable captain and his officers, and landed on the quay along which the "Tamba Maru" was moored. We were officially greeted by the Admiral of the Port, Rear-Admiral Okubo, who is also Superintendent and Governor of the Quantung Peninsula.

Dalny, which I take to be Russian for "far-away port," was leased to Russia in 1898, the same year that Tsingtao became German, Weihai-wei British, and Kwanchonwan French. It was then a miserable village. It is now a town of considerable importance, which owes its outer and inner harbours and most of its public buildings to Sakharoff, a Russian engineer, who, under the orders of M. de Witte, spent 300 million roubles (30 million sterling) in making it an agreeable resort for non-military people, but according to all accounts the non-military population did not thrive until the war preparations brought over two

regiments that could not be accommodated in Port Arthur, and in their train all that appertains to a modern city of pleasure.

There is nothing temporary about its appearance, and it is impossible to believe that Dalny, though only leased from China, was not intended to become the important commercial emporium of Russia on what the Russian policy had ever aimed at, a free sea-board. Even the great Trans-Siberian Railway debouched on its quays, branching off at Nankwanling from the main line to its terminus at Port Arthur.

People lived in perfect security at Dalny. "Port Arthur was so strong! and the Japanese so small!" One can almost share the bitter disappointment experienced by its inhabitants when, having listened with hope and confidence all day on 25 May to the booming of artillery at Nanshan, and having looked to victory as a certainty, they received at 4 p.m. an order from General Stoessel to evacuate their secure Dalny and fly to Port Arthur for protection against the small Japanese; and one can enter into the bitterness of the reflections which must have filled the minds of the gay magnates of Dalny, as, in every conceivable vehicle, or on foot they formed a melancholy procession on its way to Port Arthur at 4 a.m. on the 26th. But "*à la guerre comme à la guerre.*"

Admiral Okubo most obligingly showed us over the docks and the arsenal and the electric-power houses. He much regretted the absence

of a dynamo which was supposed to have been dragged to Port Arthur for the purpose of electrifying the barbed entanglements round the defences, but he showed us with pride a number of small craft, in an outer basin, "which had all," he said, "been raised from the bottom of the sea" to be useful to their new country. In the evening we dined at what he termed his very little house; and, though we were eighteen all told, not a single interpreter was present and the greatest cordiality reigned between us. The Admiral even delivered an excellent little speech in English, the tone of which was touching in the extreme, reminding his guests of the friendship of Great Britain for Japan, which had been so great a factor in localizing the war, and of the gratitude of Japan for an ally they liked and respected: for, said he, "is not the Japanese navy a pupil of the English?" The dinner was quite European and the wines were of Western known brands. After dinner some geishas performed dances, and among them the "Kappure," which had the effect of dispelling all gravity and illumining all faces with rays of very genuine delight. It was a thoroughly simple, joyful, merry, and characteristic night, enabling us to realize that the Japanese, when they can throw off their mantle of dignity, which they wear sometimes too long, are as natural and as pleasant as their Western brothers under similar conditions; and it made us feel besides that the

expressions of gratitude towards England and America, which subjects of those countries hear much of in Japan, are genuine and unalloyed. This is particularly gratifying, as it shows the immediate result of that policy which allied us to Nippon.

A shower of "banzais" poured over us on our reluctant return to the Toyo Hotel, an excellent inn, at which Admiral Okubo had reserved rooms for our use. There is little doubt that Dalny will not lose for having changed its nationality. All is bustle and activity still.

CHAPTER VIII

Entrance to Port Arthur.

Port Arthur and 203 Metre Hill.

Siege of Port Arthur.

PORT ARTHUR, 3 *April.*

THE morning was exquisite, and the prospect of a sea journey from Dalny to Port Arthur quite exhilarating. At an early hour we proceeded to the dockyard, where we met Admiral Okubo by appointment, and embarked on a small steamer known only as "No. 5," but one of the Admiral's favourites, as it was a Russian craft reclaimed from the grave which had been assigned to it in the waters of the harbour. We started at nine, and were proceeding gaily along the coast of the Liaotung Peninsula, when a strong north-westerly breeze put a stop to our hopes of reaching Port Arthur as early as we expected; but if our speed was not as great as that desired by our amiable commander, at least it gave us leisure to note the various places where, during the advance of the Japanese and the resulting retrogression of the Russian troops to Port Arthur, efforts were made by Russian

warships to protect their own men and arrest the progress of their enemy.

Thus at Hoshiptsiao on 14 June, at Siaopingtao on 26 June, at Huang-ni-chuang-ho on 5 July, and at Yenghang on 20 August, Russian vessels of all sorts assisted the Russian right by a brisk bombardment of the Japanese left; to little purpose it is true, but in proof at least that the smaller craft did not all of them keep inside the harbour as well as the heavier men-of-war. It is inexplicable that more than one gunboat did not come to the aid of the Russian army at Nanshan, when so many could be active afterwards.

The question why the Russians bottled up their squadrons in an inadequate harbour under the protection of land defences is variously answered by various people.

Admiral Togo, on one occasion, at Tokyo informed me with a smile, in reply to a question of mine, that, while before Port Arthur, he personally “had seen very few Russian ships. They seemed to prefer the harbour to the sea,” he said, “which is odd, as one would suppose that ships are made to go to sea.” Sarcastic though the statement sounds, and might have been in any other person’s mouth, it was not in the least intended as such from this great naval officer, as he was rather thinking of tactics, strategy, and possibilities than of criticism at all, and he is so modest and so simple-minded that any sort

of criticism of the action of a foe would be the last thing he would indulge in in ordinary conversation. Writers like Mr. Putnam Weale have been very severe in their condemnation of the Russian navy, perhaps too severe; and, despite his statement of the state of affairs at Port Arthur, where he was present on the night of the first attempt to block the entrance and torpedo the Russian fleet, I am rather disposed to think that tidal considerations had more to do with the stationary character of that fleet than any other. Of course, such a consideration raises further questions, with which, as a civilian, I am not concerned, especially at the present moment; but when, as I was informed, the depth of a channel is eighteen feet at low water, it stands to reason that it is impossible for ships drawing twenty-five and twenty-six feet to go in and out when they please, and the activity of the "Novik," which only drew sixteen feet, and of smaller craft such as I have referred to, is, at all events, a proof that anchorage when not enforced was not always sought.

As we got to the entrance to the narrow channel that leads into the harbour, we were able to realize many things, which, at a distance, seemed incomprehensible. Coupled with the little depth of water in the channel, a fact of which the Japanese were naturally well aware, the difficulty of navigation in so confined a space constituted natural obstacles to a fleet in harbour.

The Japanese naturally and deliberately tried to multiply these obstacles, and render the exit as impossible as it lay in their power to make it. In this they did not actually succeed, for the entrance was never totally obstructed; and, judged by that fact, people have said that all the heroism displayed in the attempts to lay mines and sink ships under the batteries of Golden Hill was wasted, and that the Japanese attempts were dismal failures. They may have been so in one sense, but in the more important matter of keeping the Russian fleet occupied with repairs to damaged ships from February to May, and their crews in a state of demoralization until the Japanese troops had had leisure to land in the rear of the great fortress, it must be allowed that Togo's tactics were a decided success. I have not heard Japanese officers defend as necessary in a naval attack upon a fortress the proceedings of their own service in the matter of blocking the entrance to Port Arthur. They are too much masters of their trade not to take wind and waves into account in reckoning an anchorage for floating mines, but exception still goes on as of yore to prove the rule, and a commander's skill lies in the adoption at the right time of the exception rather than the rule. These blocking expeditions had so paralysing an effect on the Russians that they wore out all military ardour in the captains and crews. Makaroff's policy, in taking

the fleet out every day for a short cruise, aimed as much at restoring some confidence in the men as at improving their defective discipline and training.

About twelve or thirteen miles from Port Arthur we steamed over the waters which probably witnessed the sinking of the "Petropavlovsk" and the death of the Admiral on 12 April. Whether she was blown up by coming into contact with a mine—which is likely—or by some internal explosion which would not exclude the first supposition, and whether the mine was one of those laid by the Japanese transport "Koryo Maru" the day previously, or by Russians themselves, it is difficult to tell. The fact remains that it was one of those disasters in war-time which do more to dishearten combatants than any actual defeat.

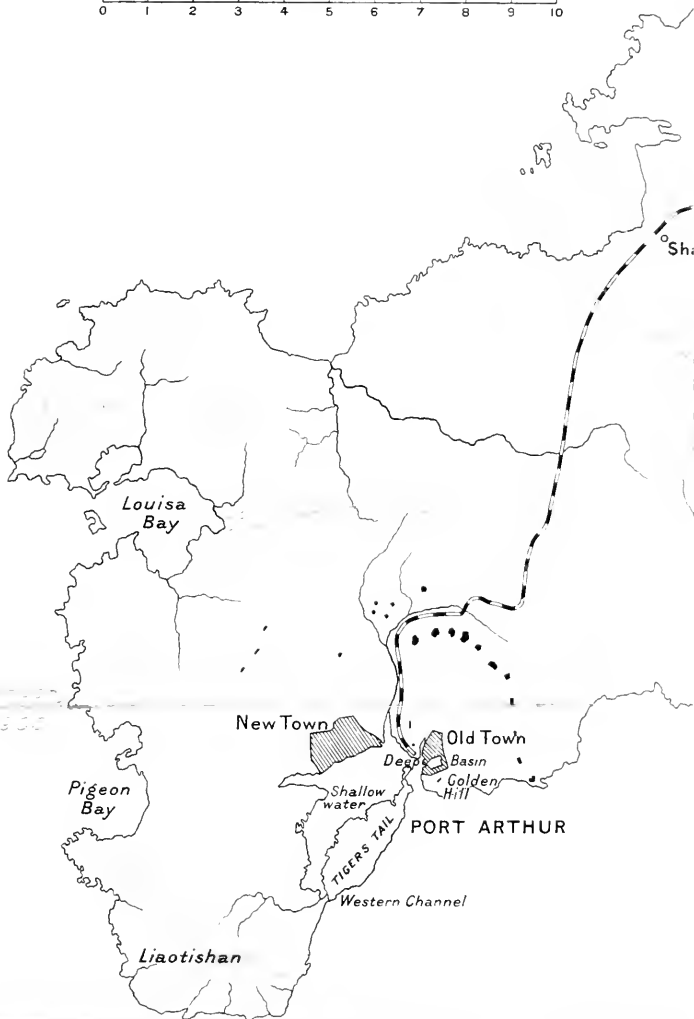
The death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff and that of General Kondrachenko were the two greatest blows suffered by Russia during the whole of her unfortunate campaign against the Japanese. The death of Makaroff dispirited the navy; that of Kondrachenko hastened the surrender of Port Arthur, the retention of which, before the battle of Mukden, was so essential to Kuropatkin's plans.

At a little before two, we reached the channel which leads into Port Arthur, and it was blowing a gale. Right and left of us, in front and behind, as we steamed slowly through the mass of wrecks, were sunken ships; some on the top of others, and others seeming only to require a lifting hand

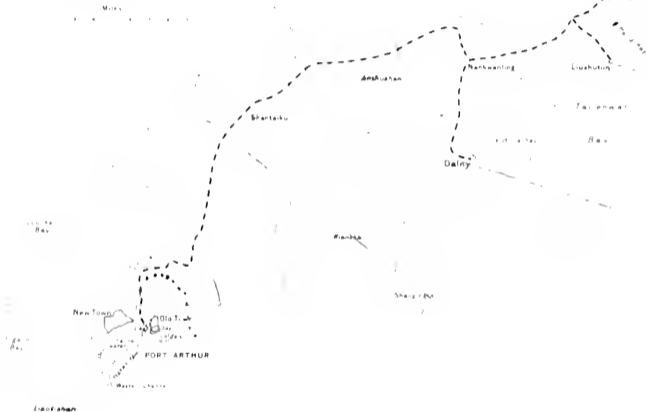
Map showing the
RAPID ADVANCE OF THE JAPANESE AFTER NANSHAN
and the
SLOW PROGRESS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

Miles

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Map showing the
RAPID ADVANCE OF THE JAPANESE AFTER NANSHAN
and the
SLOW PROGRESS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR



to continue a useful career. It was not possible to count them; but two especially pleaded for notice. To our left, as we entered, close up to the base of Liaotishan, lay the remains, visible at low water, of the "Sevastopol." This ship, which on two occasions had struck a mine and been repaired, was the last Russian vessel to leave Port Arthur after the taking of 203 Metre Hill on 5 December, when she declined to remain a target for Japanese guns and sought shelter outside the harbour in shallow water. Here she was repeatedly attacked by Japanese torpedoes; and at last, on the 17th, her captain took her into deep water and sank her. All honour to Captain von Essen, a Russian naval hero, and his hundred men! On the right, stranded upon the rock at the foot of the Golden Hill, was the wreck of the "Fukui Maru," whose gallant commander, an officer of the Japanese Navy, Commander T. Hirose, led, on 3 May, the third blocking operation before Port Arthur, and perished in the attempt.

Out of eight steamers that rushed the harbour "despite enemy's searchlight, fortress fire, observation mines, and mechanical mines, five gained the harbour's mouth and three were sunk before reaching it; and out of 159 men on board the steamers, only eight officers and thirty-six men returned unhurt."¹ All the rest, viz. twenty officers and ninety-five men, were killed or missing.

¹ Official despatch.

Hirose's remains were found by the Russians in the ship which he had beached under the batteries; and so gallant did they consider his action, that they sent them to the Japanese lines to be forwarded to Tokyo, where all honours could be paid to this Japanese hero in his own beloved land, and by his own people.

The actual attempts to block the entrance appear to have been three in number, one on 24 February, one on 27 March, and one on 3 May. It also appears that some seventeen ships averaging two thousand tons each were sunk. The result of all this waste of life and property was of no advantage to any one in a practical sense as I have already remarked, but its moral effect was enormous, and it is for commanders to judge whether, under certain circumstances, a moral effect is not a very material one. In this case it made the battle of Nanshan possible.

As we entered the inner basin the wind was so strong that we could not go alongside the wharf, but had to be transferred to a tug and bid a hurried adieu on board "No 5" to our most amiable and charming host, Admiral Okubo.

On landing, we found Vice-Admiral Misu, who was chief of the staff to Admiral Kamimura and commanded the "Iwate" on 14 August when the "Rurik" was sunk and the "Rossia" and "Gromoboi" were so ill-treated, and Rear Admiral Tamari awaiting our arrival. In their



PORT ARTHUR FROM GOLDEN HILL

company we proceeded to Government House (the same house Alexieff inhabited), where we sat down at once to an excellent breakfast, at which only General Iditi (chief of the staff to General Nogi and the Third Army in the late war), who speaks French, and General Okame who speaks no Western language, were present, besides our hosts and ourselves. In the course of the repast, Admiral Misu got up and begged us to join him in a toast which "he had much pleasure in proposing, and which, he was certain, would be drunk with as much enthusiasm by the allies of Japan as by Japanese themselves; viz. the health of the beloved Emperor whose 2666th anniversary as Mikado was celebrated to-day."

It was simply said and impressive, for it at once brought back our comparatively young country in presence of so old a dynasty, and made us feel how absurd the Japanese must consider Western people who look upon them as the newest additions to civilization. It was also interesting as confirming what I was told, viz. that the Japanese, unlike European writers, date the accession of their Mikado from Jimmu Tennó, the first who condescended to accept the earth for his former residence in heaven!, B.C. 660. This would make the anniversary to-day the 2666th as announced by the Admiral, but most writers make Japanese history begin in the fifth century of our era. Even so, a continuous succession of Mikados for over fifteen

hundred years constitutes them the oldest dynasty in the world, and we drank freely in honour of its present chief.

Admiral Tamari, who, as Captain Tamari, is well known in London, where he acted for some time as naval attaché to the Japanese Legation under Viscount Hayashi, took charge of us and drove us to the quarters which had been reserved for us. They were those occupied by General Barri, Commandant of the Russian Artillery during the siege, and were spacious enough, and very pleasantly situated.

On the way there, however, he took us to see the War Museum which General Iditi has collected, and advised us to see an assemblage of weapons, tools, wire entanglements, guns, shells, and grenades—everything, in fact, which human ingenuity could devise either to kill or to wound. It was a fit preparation for the morrow's work before us.

PORT ARTHUR, 4 *April*.

At 8 a.m. Mr. Matamura, the official interpreter, who, if my memory serves me right, was also interpreter to the foreign correspondents attached to the Third Army before Port Arthur in the late war, together with a delightfully modest and intelligent officer, Captain Koibé, who, as signal officer, survived all the horrors of the attacks on the forts around Port Arthur, arrived to take us to 203 Metre Hill—that

memorable hill the capture of which sealed the fate of the Pacific Squadron of Russia, and led within a month to the surrender of Port Arthur itself.

We drove through both the old and new towns at the back of the Paiyushan forts, which immediately cover the old town near to which the Russians retired on 31 December before the capitulation, as also along the line of projected forts covering the new town which were occupied by the Japanese immediately after the surrender—a distance altogether of about four miles, if so much.

Even for civilians some knowledge of the position of various forts is necessary if they are desirous of understanding their military guides; and we had, therefore, by dint of many books endeavoured to grasp how strong was the place which for seven months baffled the heroism and at times almost damped the unexampled courage of the besiegers. We wanted to enter into the feelings of pride and satisfaction with which these now historical ruins would be pointed out to us by actual participants in the tragedies which brought them to this state. It was not an easy task, for what with Chinese names, Russian appellations, and Japanese pronunciations, not to speak of new names since the war, it proved a very difficult business at first to make out even which was which. The remark, however, applies more to the eastern forts than to the western defences, of which the principal one was the object of this day's visit. As it is, I venture to

append a sketch-map which I drew up for my own personal comprehension of the siege which lasted seven months, and from which it will be seen that altogether there appear to have been forty-two forts. At the capitulation fifty-nine forts were actually surrendered, independently of redoubts, lunettes, and earthworks.¹

I beg, however, to disclaim all responsibility for correctness of spelling, as I rather noted down the names given to me as they sounded to my imperfect hearing than as they probably should be written. This disclaimer implies a lesson of humility and conceals a disappointment. Rather fancying myself the possessor of a correct ear for sounds, I must sadly acknowledge that I never once asked a Japanese to repeat a syllable without finding his second utterance hopelessly different from his first, and in consequence had to give up the effort I should so gladly have undertaken of becoming acquainted with this multi-sounding language.

All the forts were distributed as follows in a rough square. Beginning by Liaotishan, on the sea, to 203 Metre Hill, on the west side of Port Arthur near Pigeon Bay, were S. Tayanko and N. Tayanko, which played no part in the war; then from west to the village of Suichen were Namakayama and Asakayama; between the village of Suitchen and the new town to the south were Tousan, Shianchisan, and Daianchisan. From Suitchen, near which many redoubts and

¹ Map No. 1.

lunettes had been built up, down to the sea in an eastern semicircle were Sung chu san, Ehrlung or Nirusan, Wontai or Bodai, North Keikwan and East Keikwan; then from the sea to Liaotishan, viz. from east to west along the coast, were Roritsushi, Sanchei, Bakuchucho, and Golden Hill. On the Tiger Tail Peninsula there were no less than four forts, with which, however, we have no present concern.

But it will be seen at a glance that while the east was defended by no less than eight big forts, only three smaller ones existed to the west, which points to Russian fears of a Japanese descent on land in the east. It is also probable that the desperate fighting which took place at 203 Metre Hill in December was due to the final realization by the Japanese in the first place that at all cost they must repair an original mistake of tactics in not pressing their attack of September on this hill, and by the Russians that they had somewhat overlooked the great importance of their western positions.

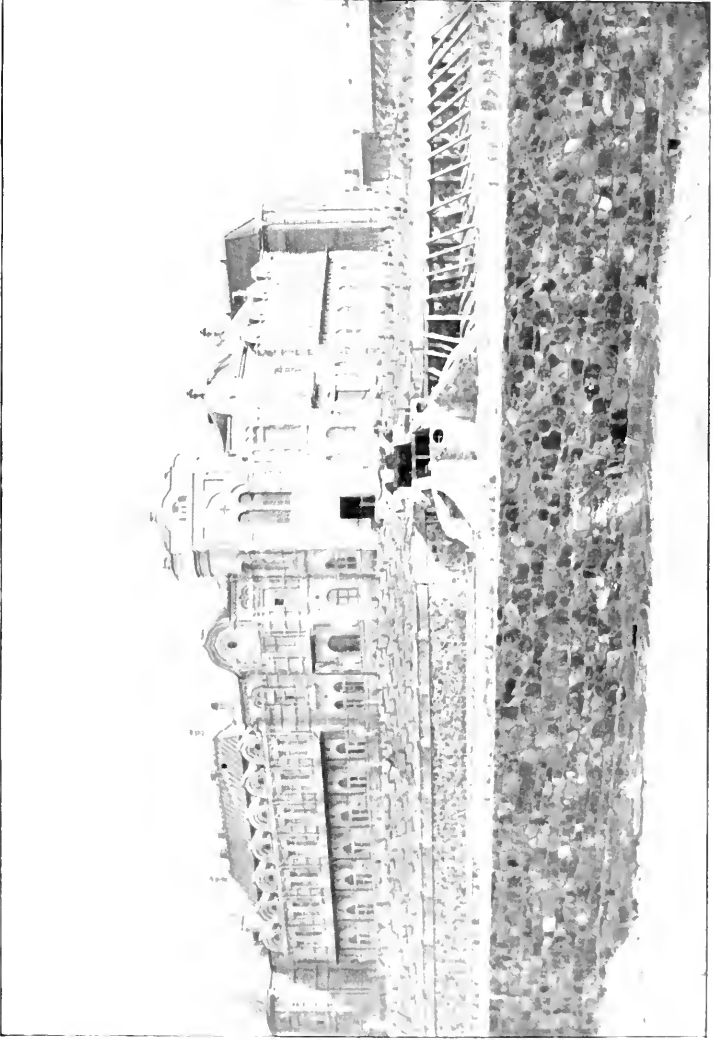
If we consider the dates on which these various forts were taken or surrendered, viz. :—

203 Metre Hill, captured	5 Dec.,	1904
Akasakayama	„ 6 „	„
Namakayama	„ 20 Sept.	„
Sung chu san	„ 31 Dec.	„
Ehrlung	„ 29 „	„
North Keikwan	„ 18 Dec.	„
East Keikwan, blown up,	31 „	„
Wontai, captured	1 Jan.,	1905

it will be remarked that with the exception of Namakayama, taken on 20 September, no big fort was captured until 203 Metre Hill was conquered. Bearing this in mind, we proceeded to 203 Metre Hill, which has since been remeasured and is really 208 metres or 226 yards in height. The drive through the town was instructive as to Russian notions of a leased territory. Closed shops and buildings with significative indications told plainly of permanent Russian settlement and Russian ambitions. Splendid erections with painted red crosses spoke of the ultimate fate of palaces intended for other purposes than the nursing of war victims, while deserted Swiss chalets and European seaside casino constructions suggested the what-might-have-been in an almost pathetic manner; for there is pathos in loss to man of what in his brief hour of life he imagines constitutes a place of amusement and leisure, even if it ends in deception.

Personally I was mostly struck—probably because I know so little about Russia, though I have been privileged in the course of years to meet and appreciate many distinguished Russians—by the apparently frivolous conception and hurried realization of luxury in this essentially war-devoted locality, without regard to ordinary common sense.

There were half-built structures evidently intended for Ritz Hotels and Paris restaurants; for Carlton and Savoy assemblies; for Fifth Avenue



NEW TOWN, FORT ARTHUR

millionaire residences; and, in fact, for Society on the largest scale. All this under the protection of forts bristling with guns, with no stronger attraction than a long journey across Europe to reach a miserable lake and gaze on an Eastern fleet unable to put to sea for want of water. Human conceit is far-reaching, no doubt, but I never thought that even an Alexieff could have dreamt of turning Port Arthur into a seaside resort for the world of fashion. He even intended it to be a shipping centre as well, and traced a canal to the south-west so as to have two outlets to the shallow lake! What he did best was to leave the place by the last train that got away before the siege.

But how terrible must have been the awakening to the reality! and the realization of the fact that a fortress, like a town at the foot of a volcano, should be prepared for rougher work than the beautifying of its precincts! Bomb-proof shelters, whether underground or on the slopes of the numerous hills that encircle the harbour, would have been more appropriate, when all undoubtedly knew that a war with Japan must fatally ensue should the Russians persist in their policy of aggrandizement, and, as a consequence, a bombardment of this new Eastern Ostend must necessarily follow.

Though a bombardment by five hundred guns did take place, it was not very destructive to the town. There were, indeed, plenty of signs of

it to be seen everywhere, but more in the old than in the new town. Alexieff's house and Stoessel's were both hit but not damaged, and this was no doubt due to chance shells rather than to deliberate aiming. The Japanese intended to possess themselves of a town, not of a ruin. Their principal object was clearly revealed on our reaching 203 Metre Hill, from which a perfect view of Port Arthur is obtained, such as no other hill, not even Wontai, can give in its neighbourhood, and which, once in the possession of their enemy, commanded every remaining Russian ship in the harbour. There were, unfortunately for Russia, too many of these: the "Pallada," the "Bazan," the "Retvizan," the "Pobieda," the "Peresviet," the "Sevastopol," all of which, except the last, were sunk by Japanese naval guns from 203 Metre Hill. Among the smaller craft sunk in the same way was one I knew well, the "Djighit," and I made great efforts but in vain to learn the fate of her cheery commander, Captain Letumoff, and his polished 1st Lieutenant, Prince Wladimir Troubetskoi, who had paid me a visit in Trinidad.

As one by one all these ships went down; as one after another these forts were taken and blown up, it is not surprising to read of the discouragement which took possession of the gallant defenders and of the crowning trial they experienced on the death of their great engineer, General Kondrachenko, killed in North Keikwan, to-

gether with eight other officers, on 15 December by a 28-centimetre shell ; nor is it very surprising if such a series of misfortunes, acting on an already dispirited garrison, caused all further desire of resisting to collapse. Still, so far at least as we know, could the resistance have been prolonged another six weeks or even a month Nogi's army would not have been available at Mukden at the end of the following February, and Kuropatkin would have been better served. I am not a military critic or called upon to censure a gallant general, but though I acknowledge the disastrous results of a premature surrender, I sympathize with General Stoessel's heartrending appeal to his master : “Great Sovereign ! Forgive ! we have done all that was humanly possible. Judge us : but be merciful. Eleven months of ceaseless fighting have exhausted our strength.” It is almost as pathetic as the psalmist's appeal to the Almighty,

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine, quis sustinebit ?

and it was the true utterance of a broken man.

Yet eighteen months after the event General Stoessel has, I believe, been condemned to death by a military court-martial !¹

It is so easy to condemn, but is condemnation in this case justifiable ? A mere perusal of the conversation which took place on 4 January between the defeated General and Captain Tsunoda

¹ Since this was written the Emperor has proved “merciful.”

(recorded in Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's admirable account of the siege and capitulation of Port Arthur) shows that since 6 October General Stoessel knew nothing of what was going on beyond his fortress. On that day he received his last message from Kuropatkin. "The last time I heard from him was on 6 October, when he wrote to me to say, 'My good comrade, it is only necessary to hold out for a short time longer because I am coming with my entire army to relieve you,'" and the "short time" during which Stoessel held out was prolonged to three months. How many months did a "short time" include in Kuropatkin's view? If more than three months, he clearly should have said so to his "bon camarade." Common sense dictates justice in cases of this kind, and a man who is cut off for three months from all possible communications with the rest of the world cannot be condemned, having no means or opportunity of enlightenment, because he has obeyed for three months instead of four. General Stoessel had done "all that was humanly possible," and if the inventory of stores and provisions at the capitulation indicated enough material means for prolonging a siege, these were of little value to men whose "strength was exhausted by eleven months of ceaseless fighting." What is the use of food to the man who wants sleep, or of arms to those who are too tired to carry them? It would be best to ask—What was the use of a

fortress at Port Arthur to Russia? The late Lord Salisbury anticipated the answer as far back as 1898, when in a speech at the Albert Hall he said, "I think Russia has made a great mistake. I do not think Port Arthur is of any use to her whatever." Should the Russians decline to accept this rough British statesman's correct surmise, why did they not listen to another blunt but wise counsellor, their own old General Dragomiroff, who in the very first week of the war advised the evacuation of Port Arthur both by the navy and the army? There is no parallel between General Stoessel and Admiral Byng, unless it be intended to encourage other Alexieffs not to build other Port Arthurs.

203 Metre Hill in its present condition of a mass of rubble tells but little. The fact that it took nine days, from 26 November to 5 December, to capture this not very high eminence; and that, according to our official Japanese guides, seven thousand Japanese and four thousand Russians were killed before it was taken, is sufficient evidence of the desperate character of the fighting. Indeed, few other spots on this earth possess so sanguinary a record. What it must have looked like when the first Japanese flag was planted on its summit defies description. Visiting it sixteen months after the event, we still stumbled over human bones or slipped over stained rags, and could pick up shells, whole or in fragments, and iron

splinters of every description. It was rather with a feeling of pain than of interest that we viewed these things ; and yet it was not possible to deny, when lifting our eyes from a soil so saturated with human blood to the horizon, that "the promised land" with all the ships in its harbour was there beyond this hill of blood, and hence was possibly worth all the heroic sacrifice the reaching of it entailed.

We were also much interested in another thing. At the western ridge of the hill and on its slope Captain Koibé showed us the spot where, having gained a footing, he remained ensconced for five days, signalling all the time whatever was worth communicating, and never once being discovered by the Russians ten yards away from him.

On our return from this memorable trip we found our quarters invaded by the two Admirals and General Iditi—it may be Ijichi, in which case I humbly apologize ; but, from his Japanese card, I cannot quite make out which is correct—who were waiting for us to sit down with them to a gorgeous breakfast prepared in our dining-room.

We were so totally unaware of this fresh honour that it is fortunate we did not tarry longer on 203 Metre Hill, as we wanted to do. As it was, we were evidently late, for General Iditi greeted me with the words, "Nous vous avons attendus cinq minutes," and I felt as if Louis XIV

had arisen for the purpose of administering to me a royal reproach. It did not weigh long, however, over my spirits, and especially it did not spoil an entertainment for which we had brought all the necessary hunger and which we enjoyed to the full; nor did its recollection endure very long as we had other interesting things to see, and our hosts wished us to see them.

With Admiral Tamari as our guide we first visited the dockyards. One ship, which had been refloated, was on a dry dock being repaired; another deep down in the water was being examined by divers, and the third we visited from stem to stern, viz. the refloated "Pallada," a stately vessel, but with engines so badly injured that the authorities doubt her being able to travel to Japan without being towed there. From what the Admiral told us I gathered that diving operations can only take place between the months of April and November, as the water is too cold for divers, and that so active had been the work of recovering ships from their watery graves that last season alone sixteen vessels, of which seven were men-of-war, had been added to the Japanese Navy. When the "Pallada" is repaired there may be one or two more ships to refloat, but the rest will probably be blown up. I trust Hirose's little steamer and the "Sevastopol" will be allowed to remain as long as the waves in their anger do not wash

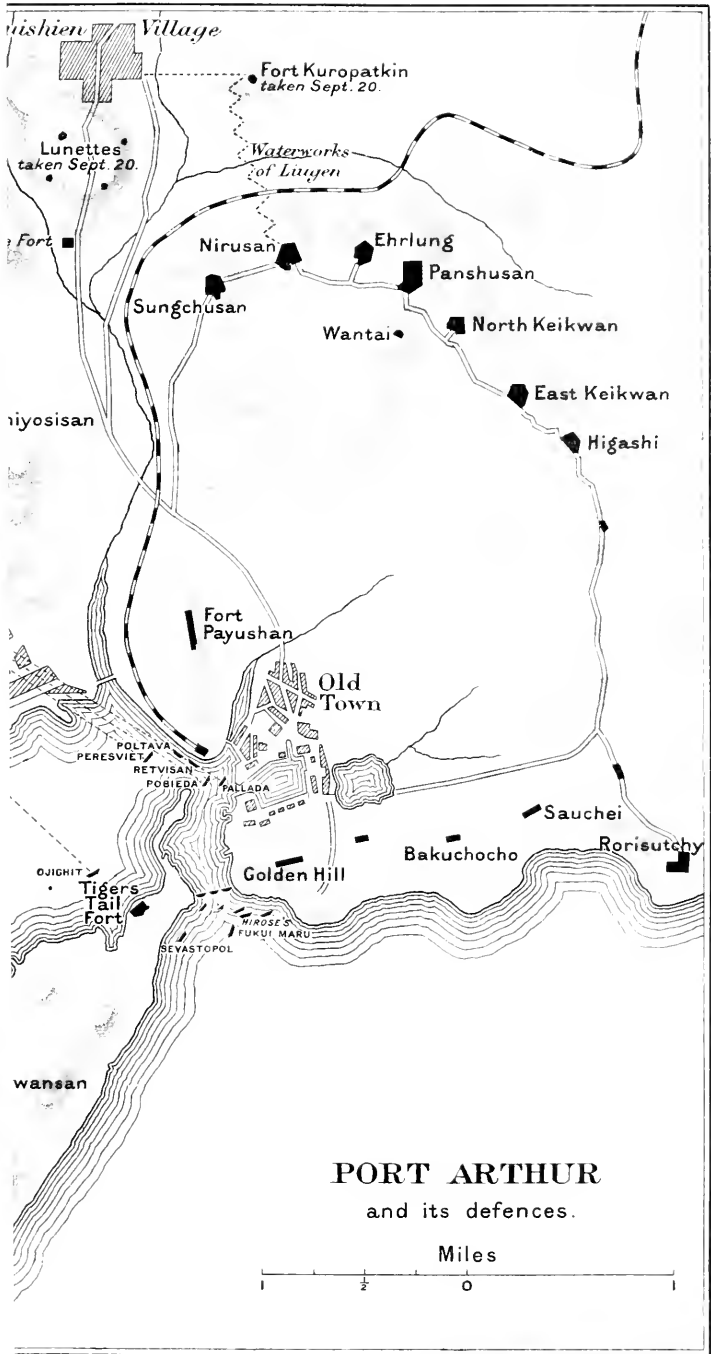
away their remains. The wrecks of these vessels are the finest monuments of the heroism they witnessed that can be erected to the memory of those who manned them.

Among the spoils enumerated at the taking of Port Arthur were 4 battleships, 2 cruisers, 14 gunboats and destroyers, 10 steamers, 8 launches, and 47 miscellaneous craft of all kinds : in all 85 ships !

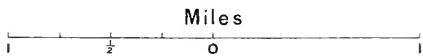
At the beginning of the war, that is, in February, 1904, the Russian Pacific Squadron or naval force in Eastern waters, so far as one is able to ascertain from official data, consisted of:—

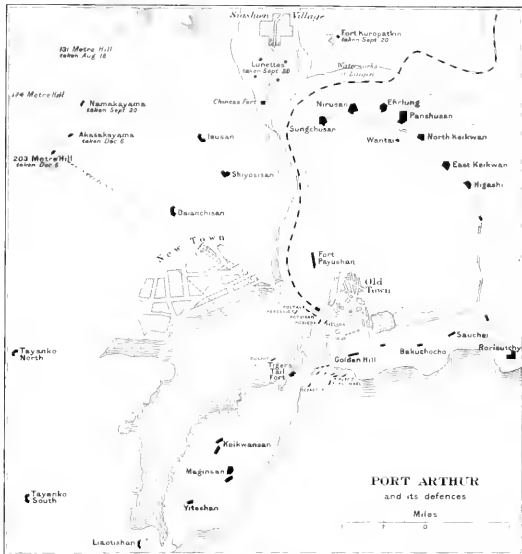
- 7 battleships,
- 4 armoured cruisers,
- 7 protected cruisers,
- 25 destroyers,
- 4 armoured gun vessels,
- 6 sloops,
- 2 mining transports,
- 2 auxiliary cruisers,
- 3 steamers of the Volunteer Fleet :

in all 60 vessels, besides torpedo-boats, of which there probably were also 60, and the smaller craft. Of these 4 were at Vladivostock, 2 at Chemulpo, 1 at Shanghai, 1 at Yin Kow (Newchwang), and the remainder at Port Arthur. Out of all this the “Cesarevitch” (interned at Kia-chow), the “Gromoboi,” “Rossia,” and “Bogatyr” (badly damaged at Vladivostock),



PORT ARTHUR
and its defences.





the "Mandjur" and "Askold" (interned at Shanghai), the "Diana" at Saigon, and a few torpedo-boats that escaped, was all that could be returned to Russia at the conclusion of the war!

We then visited the Tiger Tail Promontory and the submarine mines, nearly two hundred in number, that have been lifted by the Japanese. These deadly engines should form the subject of protest by all nations in any conference on the usages of war which may take place. They are cruel and cowardly, suicidal and murderous, and I can see no more justification in their use in war than in the throwing of bombs by Anarchists, or in the use of hand grenades by duellists.

When Malartic, the last French Governor of Mauritius, was approached in 1800 by a pilot, a native of Port Louis, who is said to have been the first to invent a submarine explosive for the purpose of blowing up the British ships that were blockading the port, he got into a passion and dismissed the sailor with the scathing remark, "On n'attaque son ennemi qu'en face." It is true he belonged to the days of Fontenoy and Quebec.

A visit to the hospital, an establishment consisting of three detached buildings, all facing east, airy, lofty, and cleanly, brought our eventful day's proceedings to a close; but peaceful as was this ending, the recollection of 203 Metre Hill was on me, and throughout the night I could,

like the herald in Swinburne's "Erechtheus,"
hear

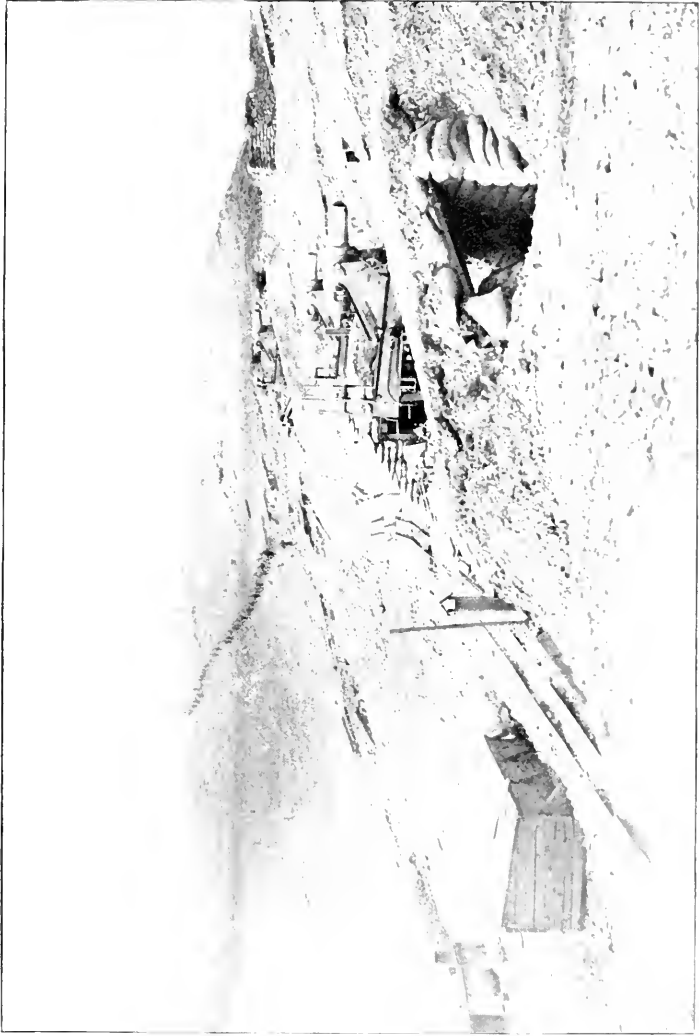
One man's note

Tearing its way like a trumpet ; charge, make end, charge,
Halt not, strike, rend up their strength by the roots ;
Strike, break them, make your birthright's promise sure ;
Show your heart's hardier than the fenced land breeds,
And souls breathed in you from no spirit of earth,
Sons of the sea's waves.

PORT ARTHUR, 5 *April*.

We were favoured last night by the strains of a naval band, which played for us during and after dinner, and were especially struck by their impressive rendering of the Japanese national anthem. It sounded like a mighty prayer from a mighty people to the god of battle with a finish like a "grand amen," and we asked for its repetition as we were in a patriotic mood.

To-day we have visited the eastern and southern forts, at least, some of the principal ones. Sung chu san, Ehrlung, East and North Keikwan, Wontai, and Golden Hill, all but the last a mass of rubbish and débris, the work of destructive mines, or of those twenty-eight-centimetre howitzers that Stoessel declared "had given him so much trouble during the siege that after their arrival his fortifications were useless." An excellent military road connects all these separate forts, each of which commands a splendid panorama across the plain of Suichen, away to the sea at Pigeon Bay in the west, and to the mountains of Antyuling to the north-east, and



ARIZONA GUNS ON 206 MILE (111)

Takushan to the south-west. Two things strike the mind like two query notes. How could such strong positions ever be taken? How was it ever possible for the Japanese to take them? The war correspondents of "The Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Telegraph" have so graphically described the manner in which the capture did eventually take place, and how the defendants only gave up at the very last minute, that their account seems to add force to the statement of General Stoessel to which I have referred that "human strength was exhausted," but human strength must be very enduring that can have made the Russians resist for seven months against the ceaseless attacks, night and day, of their opponents; and have saved from discouragement the Japanese, who were called upon so often to face certain death in their repeatedly unsuccessful assaults.

When it is remembered that these assaults cover a space of five months, and that North Keikwan, the first fort captured, was only taken on 18 December, while Wontai succumbed only on 1 January, 1905, that is, twenty-four hours before the general surrender, such facts describe more eloquently than any words can express the heroic valour of besiegers and besieged. It is a glorious page in the history of two great nations, equally honourable to conquerors and conquered, but in the annals of a hoped-for progressive civilization I fear the deeds before

these chains of forts only point to the existence still of savagery among men. "Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare," is not confined to the outwardly gentle Mujik, but is very much the history of all nations. The equally gentle Japanese brought from his peaceful home and peaceful occupations to measure his strength with the giant Cossacks suddenly remembered his Samurai blood and turned Samurai. We ourselves have only to be ruffled to reveal our brute propensities. One reflection comforted me. When General Nogi, on 14 January, celebrated "with sakè and many offerings a fête in honour of officers and men who had fallen," having "for over two hundred days and nights fought and toiled, facing death by fire, sword, and sickness," and informed these dead heroes that "their noble sacrifice has not been in vain, for the enemy's fleet has been destroyed and Port Arthur has surrendered," and then pathetically addressing the dead, "I, Nogi Mareski, took oath with you to conquer or seek oblivion in death. I have survived to receive the Imperial thanks, but will not monopolize the glory. With you, spirits of the dead, who achieved this great result I desire to share the triumph"; I very much question whether, seeing the legions that had to "share the triumph" with him, he did not share with other soldiers in the world the conviction that Port Arthur is probably, and ought to be, the last great siege that will ever be undertaken.



FAST KEMAWAN

In his own case, out of two hundred thousand soldiers who from first to last filled the ranks of the Third Army fully one-half were lost in killed, wounded, sick, or missing, and even Nogi might very appropriately have telegraphed to Oyama : "Another such victory and we are lost."

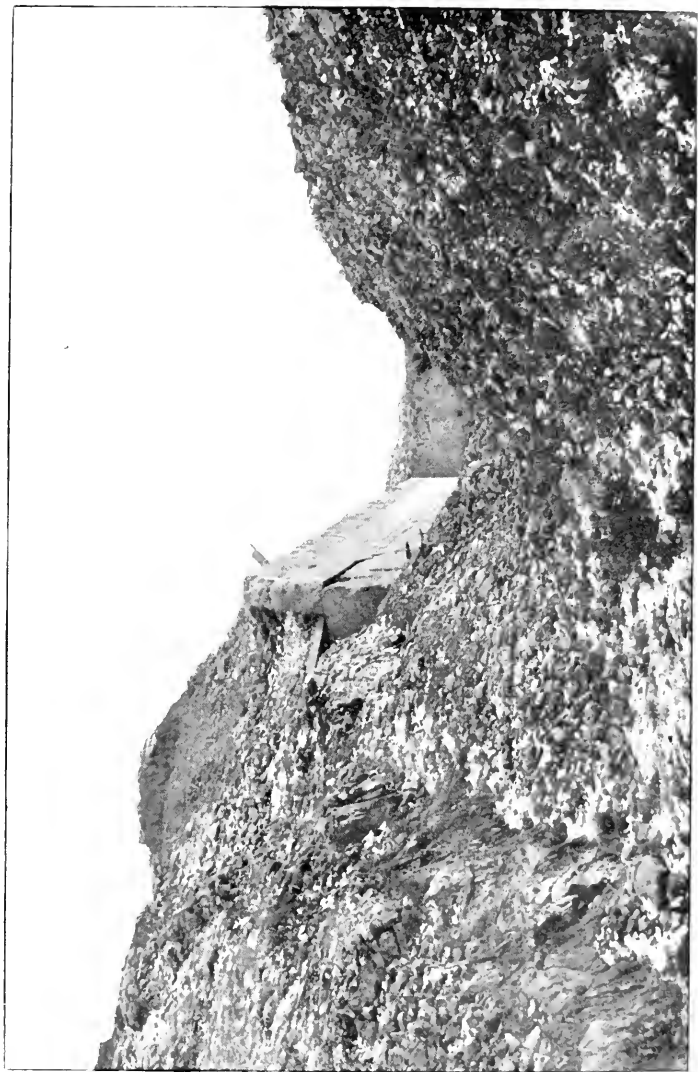
It is unnecessary for me to describe forts which, as we saw them, were a mass of rubbish, unrecognizable quarries from which not a stone could be picked for use, but the mass of fragments of shells and iron of all sorts mixed with barbed wire and bits of bamboo, together with empty cartridges and tins and rags of quondam uniforms, still testified to the hurricane of fury which had wrought this annihilation of man and his works.

Perhaps Ehrlung and North Keikwan most enabled us to reconstruct the forts as they must have originally stood, or more correctly, as our military guides endeavoured to make us understand. We thus were able to trace the smooth glacis to which Kondrachenko attached so much importance, and on which the Japanese found it so difficult to get a footing ; the upper trenches, where such bloody encounters took place, to the caponiere galleries where most of the deadly work was accomplished. Some of these are still standing and are remarkably well constructed, fully six feet in height, with thick concrete walls fitted with loop-holes and protecting the moat : the counter escarpment wall, in sliding down which

into the moat so many found their death ; then the escarpment rising to the bomb-proof shelters, behind which were guns in the first line of defence, and further still the heavy fortress guns—every part of the fort and itself with other positions being connected by covered trenches and retreat tunnels.

The main difficulty was apparently to get possession of the moat and caponiere galleries, for after that mining operations could be relied on to blow up all the rest. Incredible as it may seem, the existence of these caponiere chambers is declared to have been unknown, or, at all events, not revealed to the attacking Japanese. I scarcely believe it possible, but anyhow there is no doubt that, notwithstanding every effort and every endeavour, no eastern fort fell into Japanese hands before 18 December, 1904. On that day fell North Keikwan, the upper trench lines of which had been captured as far back as 26 October. It took exactly a month to become possessed of the caponiere chambers, which were taken on 26 November, after a struggle which eye-witnesses have described as a hell. Mining and blasting did the rest.

The upper trenches of Sung chu san were also captured on 26 October, but in November the butchery which took place in the moat, and the desperate defence of the escarpments, go far to show that the Japanese soldiers, at all events, cannot have grasped the serious nature of the



EDRLUNGSIAN

obstacle they were trying to overcome. On 26 December they at last got possession of the moat and galleries, and on 31 December, having tunnelled a way right under the centre of the fort, and placed a mine at that point, they blew 550 Russians into eternity and the fort into a shapeless ruin.

War critics appear to have been rather severe on Japanese tactics. They may be right; I know too little of the subject to gainsay their sage observations, but it seems to me that very simple causes—such causes as in the aggregate we like to call natural causes—explain both the undoubted impatience of success which led the Japanese commander to ask too much of his too willing men, and the desperate resistance of the Russians. The Japanese had cause to be in a hurry; the Russians had cause to put off the evil day. It is said that, notwithstanding an intelligence department of the highest order, and the possession of spies absolutely devoted to them, the Japanese were not informed as to the actual strength of the forts, which they four times unsuccessfully attacked. They at all events must have known, and did know, how modern forts are constructed, and the resisting power of cement walls of a certain thickness, but until they got the twenty-eight-centimetre howitzers to cope with this thickness, which they only did in the course of September—earlier despatch of these destructive engines having been prevented

by the sinking of the "Hitachi Maru" in June—they had to use inadequate weapons, wielded, however, by adequate hands, and to rely on the bravery of their men more than on the excellence of their guns. On the other hand, there were two reports which gave the Japanese commanders much concern: one was the great increase of usefulness of the Siberian Railway, which daily reinforced the army commanded by Kuropatkin, and the apprehension of the Baltic Fleet arriving before the taking of Port Arthur and being reinforced by the not inconsiderable remainder of the Pacific Squadron still at that port.

The successes of Kuroki or of Oku were not enough, before September, to ensure confidence in ultimate victory on land; nor were the prospects of a big fleet arriving before Port Arthur was taken, comforting even to those who reposed most confidence in the power of Togo's ships to deal with them.

This double anxiety, felt by officers and men in common, for it is very remarkable how a common pulse beats for the men and officers of the Japanese army, undoubtedly created the impatience of the officers and fired the men with a desire to be "up and doing." Their efforts without the proper guns were futile and disastrous, and because of this, critics have been very wise and condemnatory; but every Japanese knew and felt that until Port Arthur was taken,



TWO NAVAL GUNS ON WONTAI

their own beloved country was not safe. The stubbornness of their nature (surely a very British characteristic) grew with the difficulties in the way; so much so, that on many occasions, as I was often told, the men were so carried away by tenacious enthusiasm as to be out of hand of divisional commanders, and I have been assured by officers who were present that never was such a cheer given as that which greeted the news of the surrender among the troops encamped on the hills before Mukden, each man realizing the importance of the capture.

The Russians, on the other hand, had a message from Kuropatkin, "a little time and still a little," when they would see him appear as the deliverer, and they knew that the Baltic Fleet was on its way. I venture to assert that without these very powerful incentives to attack or to resist, there would have been less bloodshed, probably less heroism, and decidedly an earlier surrender, because, in my humble opinion, Port Arthur was a game "not worth the candle," and never likely to be played again.

It was painful to behold the plain of Suitchen, and reflect how many thousands of useful lives were buried in that valley of death.

Wontai, which we next visited, is a conical hill rising to some sixty feet above any hill around it, and on its summit we found two long-range naval guns still in place. It was often attacked, because from its summit it was easy to see the town

itself and the interior of the great forts around it. For that reason its slopes had been very carefully fortified, though when we saw it not a trace was left of anything savouring of fortification except sandbags at every step. Repeated assaults were powerless to reduce it, and it was only captured in the afternoon of 1 January, twenty-four hours before the surrender of Port Arthur.

East Keikwan was a ruin but not a ruin caused by the enemy : it was blown up by the Russians on 1 January.

Golden Hill, on the other hand, stood proudly, as it was at the outset, a magnificent plateau bristling with artillery engines of the latest pattern, all ready to annihilate whatever crossed the golden horizon before it or the blue waters below. There were two tiers of guns which have not been disturbed. A single Japanese artilleryman, however, has now charge of all this destructive power. Peace is indeed more powerful than war.

In the evening we bade adieu to our kindest of hosts, who accompanied us to the station on our way north to Mukden. It would be difficult to equal the generous hospitality extended to us by the distinguished officers who did all in their power to make our stay an agreeable one, and that without ostentation or a particle of pride. Yet all of them have reason to remember with pride the prowess which has brought them to their high positions.



WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS ON FORT NOSHAN

CHAPTER IX

MUKDEN . . .	<i>Its battlefields.</i>
MUKDEN . . .	<i>Chinese matters.</i>
YALU . . .	<i>Treaty of Portsmouth.</i>

MUKDEN, 9 April.

WE have come up some four hundred miles to this place through a country every inch of which has seen a fight or a struggle; which, as a whole, constitutes the great Manchurian battle-ground, and the field whereon Japan has won her place as a great military Power.

A tourist who has motored to Waterloo between lunch and dinner, and has trusted the guides on the spot to refresh his memory in regard to the eventful doings of 18 June, 1815, would, I fear, be greatly disappointed if he expected similar facilities in these vast eastern regions.

The narrow gauge does not admit of much speed in the trains, and, as at present only military trains are permitted, the speed is still lessened; while, as to guides, there are none, nor can any be expected. Manchuria is still a stern reality. Its soil and surroundings have not as yet passed into regions of romance such as appointed guides love to utilize.

It may of course be most interesting to be shown the exact spot where Kuropatkin, like Napoleon I, realized defeat, and still more so the correct place where Oyama, like Wellington, felt that victory was in his grasp ; but Oyama and Kuropatkin only could do this with precision, and neither of them is available for the purpose. A young Japanese officer put the matter very clearly to me. "All the ground," he said, "which you have traversed forms part of the battlefields in the late war, but the hills were the witnesses of the real struggle, and these would take you months to visit were you anxious to see the places where special actions were fought."

Our object being rather a pilgrimage to ground so recently made historical, than any particular wish to study the art of war in its latest display, or to enter into the strategical merits of this memorable campaign, it would be useless for us to attempt the impossible roads that lead to the hills, and we must be content with viewing them at a distance and comprehending how, once these hills captured, the plains on which we stood could at once become so many scenes of butchery.

In talking with Japanese officers there is one thing which particularly struck me, viz. the unanimity with which they all acknowledged the bravery and stubborn fighting qualities of their late foe ; this I thought constituted a singularly generous trait in their character : and the equally

unanimous opinion they all profess (even if they do not all inwardly entertain it) as to their success being due more to the rank and file of their own army than to its commanders. This view is strongly expressed by some who, without any idea whatever of disparaging their chiefs, or even of extolling the common soldier, profess the greatest admiration for the Japanese Tommy's intelligence and pluck. One officer in particular waxed eloquent on the subject: "The greatest battle," he said, "was that of Mukden; the saddest that of Nanshan; the most creditable to Japan was probably the Shaho, but all were won by the men, not by the officers. The men so entered into the spirit which dictated the orders they had to carry out, that in many cases when all the officers and non-commissioned officers were hors de combat, the men never desisted, but intelligently worked out the wishes of their chiefs." At Ning Ko (Niu chang) we had the opportunity of meeting with Mr. Okabe, who is attached to the Foreign Office at Tokyo, and was official interpreter at head-quarters during the entire war. He too was eloquent in praise of the Japanese soldiers, and spoke most highly of their intelligence. He stated that "no less than 95 per cent of Japanese soldiers employed during the war could read and write," and contrasted this remarkable degree of education with that of the Russians. "Statistics revealed," he said, "that out of the whole number

of prisoners taken only 5 per cent of officers and men could read and write." We had ourselves a very characteristic proof of the insatiable desire for acquiring knowledge which distinguishes the Japanese. One evening, our interpreter being away, a common soldier, fully equipped, as if just dismissed from his day's work, entered our room, saluted, smiled, and attempted a word or two of not very intelligible English. Thinking he might be sent by the General to convey some verbal message, we tried our best to make out what he wanted, but in vain. Seeing, however, an Anglo-Japanese dictionary on the table, he greedily pounced upon it, seeking out words which should express what he required. Presently the interpreter returned, and after the exchange of exactly two words, the crestfallen little soldier saluted again and departed. He had, it appeared, "heard that we were English, and hence he had come to receive a lesson in English. He did not know that we were exalted friends of his august General, and was very sorry for his intrusion." I wonder where else in the world Tommy Atkins, tired or not tired with a day of drill and toil and labour, would seize an opportunity of learning a few words of a tongue foreign to his own from strangers just arrived in his locality.

The politeness, the simplicity, the courage, the stoicism, the heroism of these great-little soldiers—whose stature, however, did not strike me as being much below that of the French and Italians

—are so many traits which excite admiration, and one could fill a book with notable instances of each characteristic.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett tells of a wounded sailor to whom he had offered a cigar, and who subsequently in the middle of a terrible operation, during which he never uttered a word, so constantly tried to reach his breast-pocket that the surgeon asked him what he was about. “He wants to give you a cigarette in exchange for the cigar you kindly gave him,” said the surgeon, and the operation had actually to be delayed that this might be done. Their stoicism is extraordinary, and many war correspondents have declared that they never “recollect having seen a wounded Japanese under an anæsthetic, or heard a groan escape from any soldier.” I have heard, however, that though this may have been the case while under the all-absorbing excitement of battle, it is not so when the excitement has ceased ; and that the Japanese then become very much like the rest of mankind—somewhat restless under suffering. Of their physical courage, however, there is no doubt. As I have read and can readily believe from the modest accounts (too few in number) that I have personally heard, this courage is not simply born of action, but precedes it. “A captain seeing his men driven back during one of the attacks on a Russian trench, determined to sacrifice himself to obtain victory for his side. He tied so many hand grenades

about him as he could carry—one of his men lighting all the fuses simultaneously; he then hurled himself on the enemy. The grenades, bursting together in the Russian trench, inflicted terrible execution. The position was taken, but the captain, of course, paid for his gallantry with his life.” He had known all along that he must necessarily die in such circumstances.

If it be not surprising that with such intelligence, such physical courage and endurance, such moral strength of will and purpose, the soldiers of Japan have raised their country to the rank of the sturdy German, the agile Frenchman, and the stubborn Britisher, and this despite tactics not altogether free from criticism, still, while the result has astonished Europe, I believe it has been equally a revelation to Japan. For, be it remembered, the men who won the great Manchou battles are not the old fighting classes of Japan, the aristocratic Samurais, but the sons of those soldiers who, not later than 1868, constituted the first regular army which Japan had ever possessed: the plebeians, tillers of the soil, common shopkeepers of Nippon; and they have won laurels for their Mikado superior to any won by the Samurais in their best day, and have proclaimed, as it were, to their Emperor, in gratitude for his enlightened policy, how strong is the throne that relies on its people and not on a single class among them. Is there no one who can bring this truth home to the distracted Czar? “*Vis unita fortior.*”

A young Japanese soldier who travelled with us interested us as a type. He told us that he had been at the Shaho and at Mukden ; that "he was not so fortunate as his friends who had found death there," and deplored the fact that he had missed the "great opportunities of using his rifle before these battles were fought," as he longed to have been with Koruki on his successful march westward and at the battle of Liao-yang. We asked to see his rifle, and it took him fully five minutes to get it out of its several coverings, to dust and wipe it before presenting it for our inspection. "It had," he said, "accounted properly for several cartridges he had used, and hence deserved some nursing." He handled it with tenderness, and hugged it as if it were an infant. It was clearly part of himself, "*animæ dimidium*," and he treasured it to the full, as much as the old Samurai were wont to cherish their swords. I suppose it was a rifle, every bullet of which found a billet ; still, however excellent it might be, and however astonishing its efficiency, let us hope it never will equal the old Samurai's sword that is said to have cut a fish-hawker so cleanly and dexterously in two, that until the hawker bent himself to pick up something the head and trunk kept together, and the man did not know he had been touched. It might lead to dangerous play. That blade is also said to have borne the motto, "There's nought 'twixt heaven and earth that man need fear who carries this

single blade at his belt." Let us hope the Japanese love for a rifle will not supersede his love of the sword, for, if so, there is nothing that man who does not carry a rifle will have more to fear. For the present, I wish European soldiers would mind and keep their weapons as well and as carefully as the Japanese. Another Japanese, talking about the war, "deplored the great loss of life, but was not," he said, "in a position to judge whether it was necessary or not. I dare say," he added, "we have made many mistakes. It is the lot of every one to make them, but we were in a greater hurry than in 1894, and the Russians were more determined opponents than the Chinese, so I suppose our chiefs appreciated all that at its right value, and we were too happy to fall in with their views. You see," he finally remarked, "they were not wrong if judged by results." This was very submissive and proper. It is certain, however, that whatever their intimate thought in regard to the conduct of the war may be, all ranks are intensely proud of their achievements; but it has to be gathered from a stray word here and there, a casual smile, or some other sign of contentment, for they are extremely reticent and self-contained. When good comradeship has been established, humility and good feeling assert their place and rejoicing is not spoilt by disparagement of the foe. How great was the national hatred of Russia before the war we all know, and I am not sure that this intense hatred

of a whole nation was not one of the forces that enabled it to conquer ; yet it is certain that the war has not only cooled down this dislike, but has greatly changed the temper of the Japanese in regard to their late enemy. Though I have scarcely met a single military man who does not believe that sooner or later they will have to fight Russia once more, I have not seen any who spoke of the Russians otherwise than in friendly terms, probably on the ground that valour admires stubbornness, and this makes one think that, unless the Russians themselves alter this disposition and stupidly create new dislikes, there are some prospects of a coming good understanding in Manchuria, even should Russia and Japan each decline to retire with an empty Manchurian shell, leaving the oysters in the hands of China, as the treaty of peace expects and requires them to do in April, 1907. It is idle to affirm that that treaty, which was so little to the liking of the Japanese that serious riots took place on its promulgation, is more appreciated now. The military who condescend to speak of it at all make no effort to conceal their conviction of its futility as a permanent instrument of peace, and openly avow their particular dislike of the partition of Saghalien on the ground that there cannot be two Kings of Brentwood on one throne ; while statesmen who know the value of Manchuria as an outlet for the surplus Japanese population, naturally chafe at the prospect of losing such an

admirable acquisition in the not unlikely event of the Russians again wishing some day to assert their claim to Eastern suzerainty. Finally, both consider that after all the Japanese have earned at last the right of asserting in turn, "J'y suis j'y reste." It is not improbable therefore that, as Lafontaine has it: "La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure," and that strength will carry the day.

Few persons outside practical politicians go much to the root of what people are pleased to call national aims, being content to study the causes in their effects; yet a study of these aims is instructive. Political aims may be legitimate or they may be simply ambitious. The history of the world shows that somehow in the long run ambitious aims have had better chances of being gratified than legitimate ones. In Manchuria, however, ambition for once was non-plussed altogether. The one respectable and legitimate aim of Russia has been and must continue to be the possession of a seaport free of ice, in some waters where her commerce will not be impeded or her shipping seem to be at the mercy of any Government which may command the outlet. Encompassed in the Baltic by Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and even Norway—which is now an independent kingdom—shut out of the Mediterranean, closed up in the Black Sea, prevented in the Persian Gulf and forbidden by nature herself in the far north of her terri-

tories, Russia possesses no outlet whatever except at Vladivostock for six months in the year, and must necessarily "beg, borrow, or steal" a port. She has begged in vain, she has borrowed in vain, and she has tried to steal with fatal results. She really deserves some commiseration. People have attributed her conquests to ambition and have allowed her to "expand," but they gave her no credit for her legitimate desire to secure for her produce a port of importance on the high sea way. She has one at the north extremity of Siberia; it is ice-bound, and therefore useless. She obtained one at Vladivostock, and was rejoicing, when it was found to be likewise ice-bound for a great part of the year. She looked further down and found Port Arthur and Dalny. She leased these from China (probably with no intention of ever returning them), but she borrowed the territory because it was wholly free from ice. Her legitimate aim seemed to be obtained by that policy of expansion to which Europe, excepting England (and Japan), had raised no objection, and she might have retained it had not the stupid policy of Admiral Alexieff upset everything. Russia on his advice sought to acquire Korea, where she must necessarily have run counter to Japan's equally well defined requirement of expansion on account of an overgrown population, and insanely shut her eye to the fact that Korea is geographically the bulwark of Japanese inde-

pendence, to touch which meant war. As if to mark this all the more, the first acts of both naval and military warfare took place in Korea. When stealing, however, becomes burglary, it is generally accompanied or followed by bloodshed; and the pilfering of Chinese territory, so as the better to commit burglary on Korean, led to the late Eastern war, when the arrogance of the Russian burglar was most deservedly punished. Still, though the punishment has been severe and humiliating, it has left the national policy of Russia untouched, since more than ever she requires an Eastern sea outlet for the produce of her enormous territory. The question, therefore, is whether Europe will give her one or whether one should be ceded to her at all. It is too delicate a question to be treated in a record of mere travelling impressions; but I cannot help thinking that in the past generosity would have been better policy than want of trust—Port Hamilton in the sense of a port was no cession at all; at any rate, the time must come when a Russian cry for sea freedom—a cry that can develop into another wish for supremacy in north-eastern seas—will again be raised, and the far-seeing Japanese realize this, and are sceptic as to a peaceful future. At the same time, their temper is no longer that which enabled them to surrender advantages fairly won in battle at the sole dictation of Europe some years ago, and it is perhaps the realization of this temper by

astounded Europe that has led to the invention of a Yellow Peril. I have been unable to find so much sympathy between the Chinese and the Japanese as to constitute them friends likely to bow in humility to the superior qualities of each other; and should Japan eventually determine that it would be quixotic on her part, seeing her anticipations of the future, to part with the hilly positions she now occupies in Manchuria, it may be that the Chinese will not like the Japanese the better for it. Be this, however, as it may, there is no money to spare at present on fortifications in places which the Russians omitted to strengthen; and hence there is no cause for present anxiety. The Peace of Portsmouth, however, requires the evacuation of Manchuria in April, 1907, by both Russians and Japanese. The Japanese have only twenty thousand men in the country at present, and these are gradually being withdrawn; but it is only natural to ask whether a complete withdrawal is wise. Did such a Yellow Peril really exist as we are asked to believe, there could be no hesitation as to the wisdom of the Japanese withdrawing troops from strategic positions since the Chinese themselves could take care of them in their absence, and would call them to their aid at the first apprehension of danger. The peril still lies on the Muscovite side.

The late war was essentially a hill war, and the superiority of Japanese strategy over the

Russian lay in the greater geographical and topographical knowledge of these hills.

While Alexieff was playing a game of bluff—in which the Japanese were ignored—for all it was worth, the great Siberian Railway was being pushed on by the Russian engineers as fast as possible to its two termini at Port Arthur and at Dalny along the plains of Manchuria. There are few mountains in the west, the great chain lies across Manchuria from north-east, near Vladivostock, to south-west in the Qwantung promontory. But the importance of this line apparently made the study of such trifles as the Motienling and Wufengkwan passes quite secondary, just as the unit of Japan was undeserving of consideration. What Russian in 1903 ever conceived it possible that, beyond perhaps a battle at sea, the little Japanese would ever dare measure themselves on land, and especially in Manchuria, against the mighty legions of the Czar entrenched among impassable mountains, or impudently attempt to nullify the advantage of a railway? Hence the fact, to which sufficient attention has not been called, that most, if not all, the Japanese victories of the late war were due to turning movements, and that these in their turn were successful not only because of superior Japanese topographical knowledge, but also because of Russian neglect and Russian disdain.

At the battle of the Yalu the victory was won

by the Japanese turning the left of Sassulitch's army under Kashtalinsky, who had realized the importance of defending the high banks of the Ai, but was not supported by his chief.

Nanshan was won by Stoessel's left being turned by the Osaka division of General Oku's army. By the way this battle has one or two features of a remarkable character. Gunboats were able, owing to the peculiar nature of the ground, to help both combatants, and actually held the balance of success for a long time within their power. "The Russian gunboat in Hand Bay almost caused the defeat of the Japanese, while the three Japanese gunboats in Kinchau Bay did actually bring about the defeat of the Russians." It was these gunboats that covered the turning movement of the Osaka men, who waded waist deep through the sea to effect their object.

Nanshan being an isthmus of only two miles in length forms, as it were, the neck of the bottle-shaped peninsula of Qwantung, of which the Liaotung peninsula is the most southern part. Had the Russian fleet not shut itself up at Port Arthur or allowed itself to be sealed up by Togo's torpedoes and "fire ships," this battle could never have been won by the Japanese; and if, as I have mentioned before, the Japanese consider it the "saddest" of their victories because of their great losses, Russia's pride must ever look upon it as the saddest of her humiliations.

The true defence of Port Arthur was and re-

mains at Nanshan, and Stoessel allowed himself to be beaten there. Once beaten at that spot, he had nothing left but to "bottle" himself up like the fleet at Port Arthur. Why the Japanese pursued him to Port Arthur beats understanding, unless "*faire la guerre pour une idée*," as in the days of Napoleon III, is still an Eastern possibility. They should have stopped at Nanshan.

Liaoyang tells of a succession of similar turning movements during the thirteen days which this battle practically lasted ; for at the outset the Russians held all the high positions south and east of Liaoyang from Anshantien to Hungshaling, a frontage of about forty miles ; and on 26 August, because of the taking by Kuroki of Hungshaling, had to give up the whole of the right bank of the Tangho and retreat to the neighbourhood of Liaoyang.

This clean-looking town was the military centre and the chosen battle-ground of Kuropatkin. It lies in a plain surrounded by hills to the east and south and north, at the junction of two roads—one through the Motien Pass to the Yalu, the other by rail to Port Arthur and to China through Tachi-chao—and was strongly entrenched and fortified ; yet Kuroki's constant successes on Kuropatkin's left obliged him to retire first to the river ; then across the Taitzcho, and finally retreat to the heights above Mukden, some thirty miles further, though every hill should have been known to the Russian staff.

It was the same everywhere, and this strengthens, should the argument want strengthening, the Japanese contention that this war was the triumph of education over ignorance. It was probably the result of more than that, but perhaps that is the best way of putting it.

At Tachi-chao on our way north we breakfasted with a delightfully merry General of the name of Tember, who spoke German, and is at the head of the military railways in Manchuria. He did not volunteer any statements about the war, but gave us some vodka, which he said "had been left by Kuropatkin" when he retreated north, and as it was very good he regretted that "the Russian commander had not left a little more behind." Two bottles, he thought, was too little for a Commander-in-Chief to spare "if he wished gratefully to be remembered." At Liaoyang, where unfortunately we could not stay as long as we wished and as our amiable hosts wanted us to do, we were most hospitably entertained by Colonel Kojima and Lieutenant-Colonel Watanabe. They too, like all the officers we met, whether high or subaltern, were mute on the subject of personal deeds, and we would have felt it indiscreet to press them.

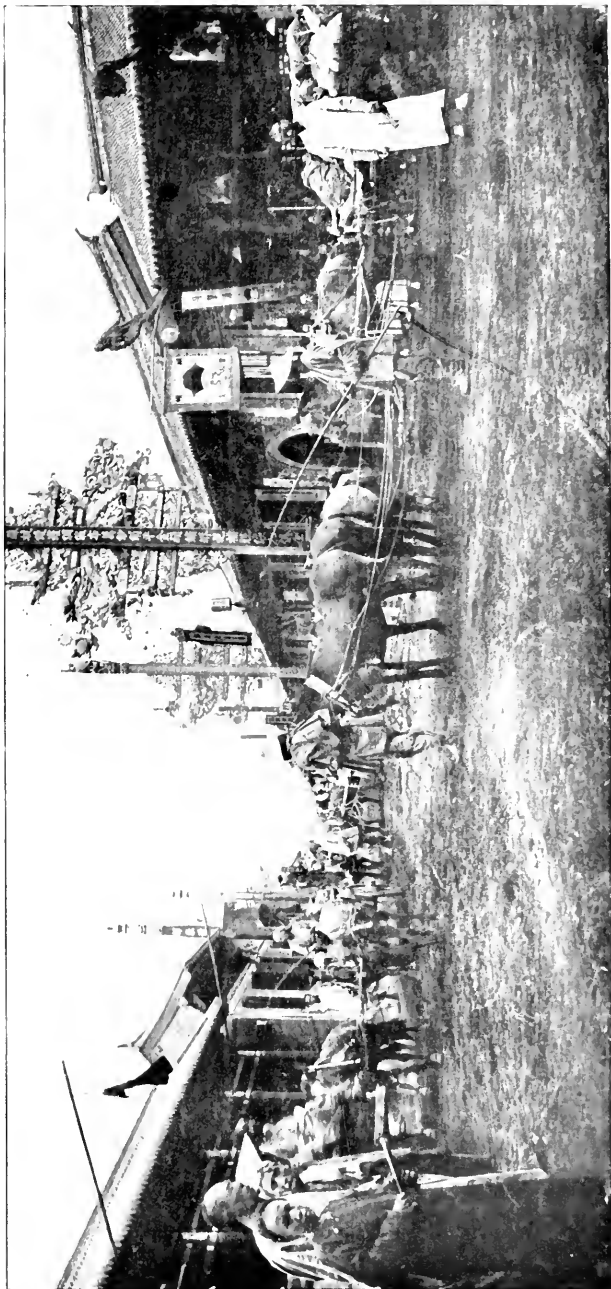
MUKDEN, 10 *April*.

It was, I think, 5 a.m. when yesterday our train stopped in what seemed open country, and a Japanese officer delivered a message which we

were either too cold or too sleepy to make out. He therefore discreetly left us to the enjoyment of our carriage until some soldiers at eight o'clock requested us to come to a spacious shed, where, over a charcoal fire below the flooring, we might warm our hands and feet. The shed was decorated with paper flags of all nations in the manner of a ship dressed in honour of a great occasion, and this we were told was because troops were constantly arriving from the north on their way back to Japan, and stopped at Mukden between two trains to fraternize with the garrison there.

After a time we sat down to an excellent breakfast cooked by the Tommies, and when we had done justice to it we proceeded to the officers' quarters placed at our disposal by General Ando Teitchero, military commandant of the place, to whom we at once paid a ceremonious visit. After plying us with tea and cigarettes and polite phrases, he placed us in Chinese carts, with directions to see the Civil Administrator, who lived in the town itself, and who would, he had no doubt, attend to our requirements.

After the most desperate jolting in these desperate vehicles we reached the Japanese Administrator's house, but he was indisposed, and we did not see him. His second in command, however, Mr. Mori, though tired with early rising—for he it was who called on us officially at 5 a.m.—and apparently not quite recovered from his thankless ride of six miles at



STREET IN MUKDEN

so early an hour, offered to show us the town. We lunched with him at a Japanese restaurant, visited the Treasury, where we were shown some fine porcelain vases, swords, and delicately chiselled jade ornaments, as well as a brand-new lacquer helmet, and were pointed out the houses which had been occupied by generals and their staffs on the taking of Mukden by the Japanese.

Mukden is really made up of three towns and an outer town. The outer town is the Russian settlement which sprang up in the neighbourhood of the railway, and which is fully three miles away from Mukden proper. This old Manchu city contains about 200,000 inhabitants, who live in well-built houses between the eight city gates, of which there are two rows. The first gates open into what at the outset was the suburb of old Mukden, and then come the gates that lead into the walled city itself. All gates are locked at night.

It bears a cachet of its own, partly Tartar, partly Chinese, and partly European, owing to the late contact with Russian armies, who made life merry while they were there and enriched the inhabitants. But on the whole it is disappointing, as all mongrel towns are. The Japanese, however, seemed quite at home in this distant city. Their troops appeared to march to new quarters as by instinct, and the inhabitants ignored their presence as by settled purpose; at least, we thought so on beholding a company

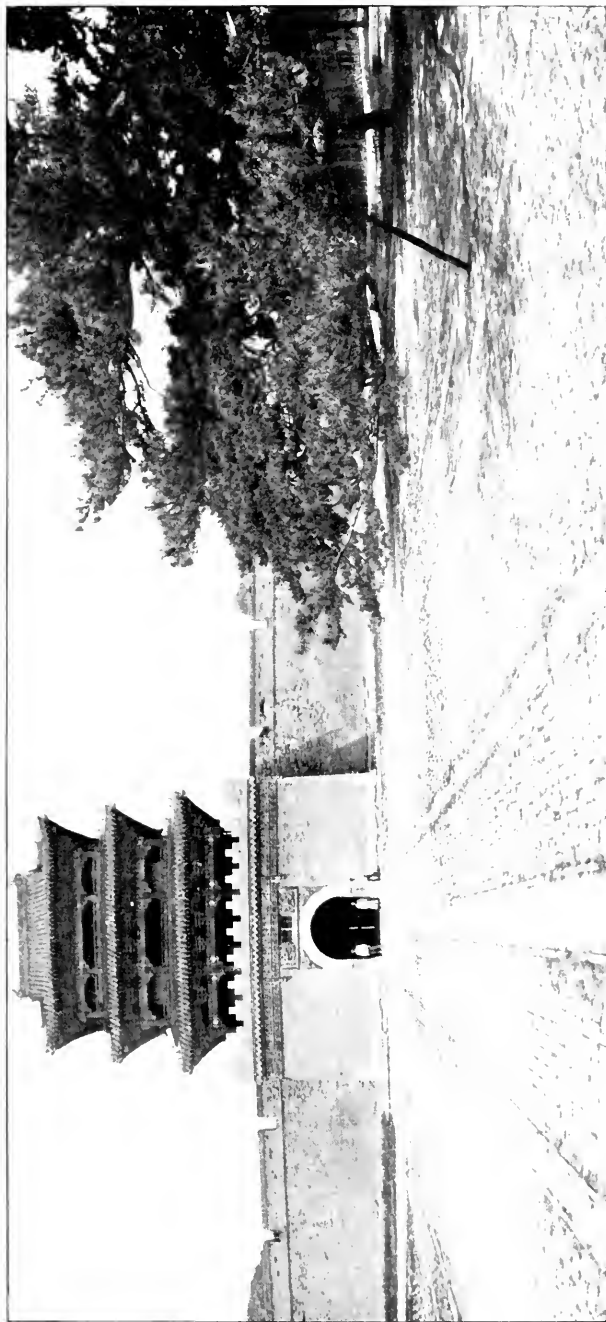
fresh from Japan march to their appointed billets in the town. Surely this indifference does not point to Chinese and Japanese caring much for each other; but perhaps it is due to the Chinese looking upon the Japanese as too earnest task masters. It is certainly to Japanese credit as well as to their initiative that some of the oldest and most beautiful temples in Mukden are now being restored after such long and inexcusable neglect on the part of the Manchu governors.

Even the great tombs erected to the Manchu sovereigns outside the town, both in the north and in the east, which the belligerents engaged to respect, are only now receiving attention, and are in a very dilapidated condition.

They must have been very fine once, and even yet are grand in decay, but the personalities whose remains they preserve do not appeal to one much, though I understand they were great sovereigns in their day, and they laid especial claim to purity of race and descent.

The woods that encircle the tombs are, on the other hand, quite delightful—so many oases in the desert plain swept over by furious winds which raise impenetrable clouds of dust.

I was told by a cavalry officer that in a pursuit of the Russians after some engagement—I do not exactly remember which—the dust raised by a high wind was such that he could not see a foot in front of his horse's head; and I implicitly believe the statement, for on our return



NORTH TOMB OF MANCHU SOVEREIGNS, MUKDEN

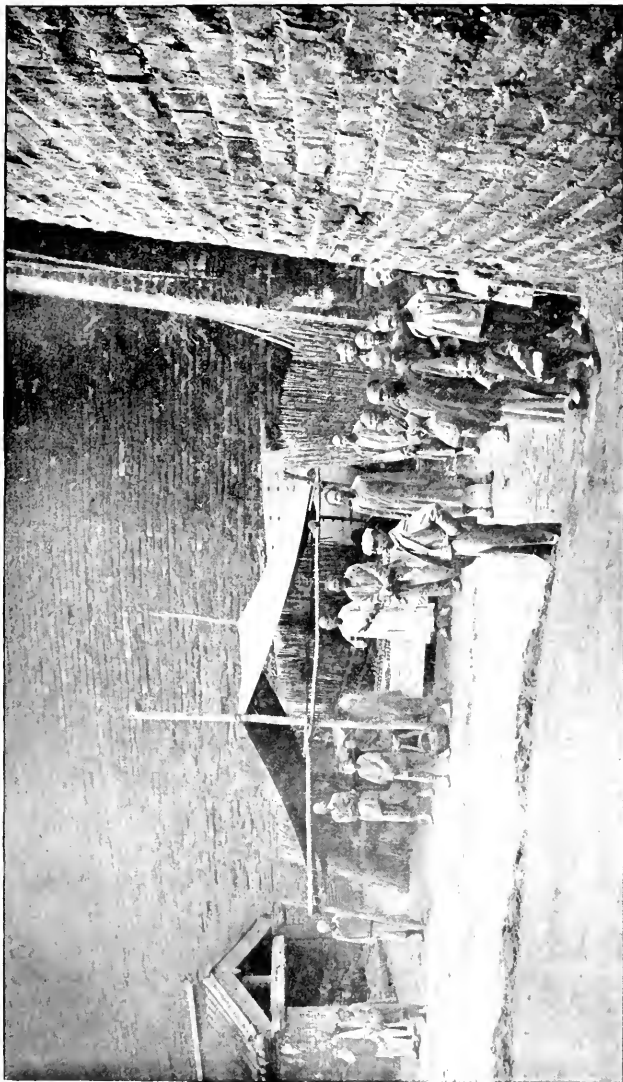
to our quarters near the station a blinding cold northerly wind kept our eyes shut and our sympathies pouring out to those who, in similar circumstances, had crossed these sandy plains in hasty retreat.

I paid a visit to the Chinese Governor, accompanied by Mr. Mori, and had an interesting opportunity of comparing national characteristics. It was purely a visit of courtesy, but the difference between the Chinese and the Japanese was very marked. Chao, the Tartar Governor, was condescending rather than polite. He principally busied himself with asking me why I should wish to see him at all, as I was in good Japanese hands, and almost ignored the presence of my Japanese companion, who, I must say, had not been very keen to pay this visit with me. Thanks, however, to a Chinese secretary, who spoke French very well and had been at the Chinese Embassy in Paris, Chao, who spoke Chinese only, thawed after a time and proved both intelligent and interesting. He has progressive views, which, of course, during this time of occupation cannot find much scope, and appear at present to take the shape of repairing his house and the streets that lead to it. This is, no doubt, a preparation to the improvements he will start in Mukden later on. But confidence in strangers is not one of his merits, for on my observing how exclusivism worked prejudicially to the general welfare, he merely said, "It might be to the

general welfare of some nations, but not of China, for she had shown confidence in strangers and had not always been rewarded. As a matter of fact," he added, "we have cause to dread foreigners and their promises." Had he spoken Latin he would have quoted the time-honoured "Timeo," etc., but he did not, for which I was grateful.

Chao's manner was excellent: dignified and high bred, it reminded me perhaps more of a French gentleman of the old school than of any one else. With all his caution and studied politeness, however, it was very evident that his Chinese pride suffered from the existing condition of things, and I once more was impressed with the little love there really is between those two Eastern races on the close union of which peril is apprehended in the future.

Manchuria is so overrun by Chinese from within the walls, that the Manchus "without" are fast becoming a minority in their own land; and as the Manchus are only labourers or brigands and not merchants or business men, it follows that the South Chinaman rules the purse and dictates the law, and the Manchu knocks under. In twenty years, in a country where sowing and reaping operations have to be carried out within a space of four months, and where mining operations could not previously be undertaken for want of hands among the Manchus, the diligent Chinese have developed the resources of the country in such a way as to raise the value of exports, which



OUTSIDE THE WALLS, MUKDEN

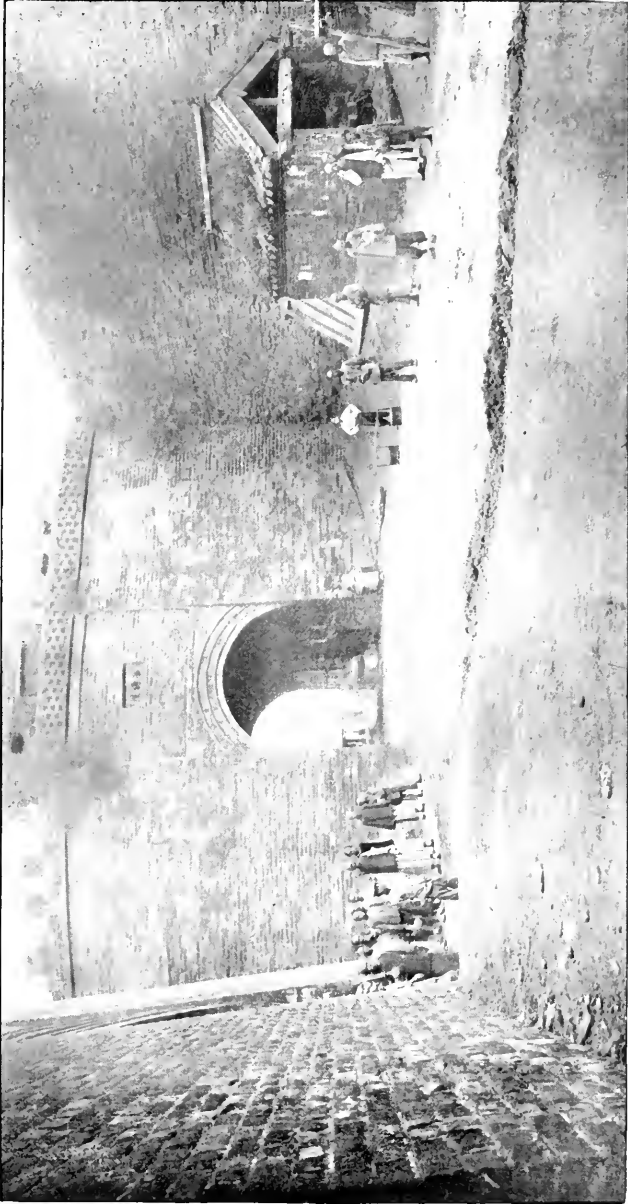
in 1880 was only £17,000, to over £1,200,000 in 1899—that is—at the rate of £60,000 a year.

Such a result speaks volumes in favour of their industrious habits and their commercial ability. The latter, I believe, is unique in the world, and the Japanese are undoubtedly, though they do not and perhaps cannot acknowledge it, somewhat jealous.

In these regions, which are still under military occupation, but will at all events be freed presently of military dictatorship, it is interesting to watch the struggle (for it is scarcely a fight) between the Chinese and Japanese as to who will eventually secure the commercial advantages to be derived from Japanese efforts to liberate Chinese Manchuria of Russian fetters. Gratitude as a virtue is unknown to the Chinese, and constitutes the great contrast between Japan and China. It may be that gratitude is the privilege of the young and of the innocent, and that China, like England, takes services rendered as a matter of course, because it is too old or too proud or too great to condescend to acknowledge a moral debt; but Japan, who, in its honest simplicity, does not understand this want of recognition, is hurt thereat and swears retaliation.

Hence her delay—by no means her disinclination—in opening ports which she has declared will, in time, be free to all the world. It is natural that she should desire to see the right sort of Japanese previously settle at Dalny, at Port

Arthur, at Ning Ko, and at Antung, so as to possess some guarantee of fair competition when the Chinese, who are only awaiting the official declaration to pour in numbers into these places, make their bid for commercial supremacy. The competition is a formidable one; for the Chinese have a reputation for scrupulous honesty in trade transactions which somehow the Japanese do not appear as yet to possess. The latter are, however, conscious of this drawback, and will not fail to remove it. M. Inazo Nitobe, who travelled with us to Dalny and is one of Japan's most enlightened instructors, has written a remarkable little book entitled "Bushido" (to which I hope to refer later on at greater length), in which he plainly says: "A loose business morality has indeed been the worst blot on our national reputation"; and having thus acknowledged the painful fact, goes on to show in a very masterly manner how, "of the three incentives to veracity enumerated by Lecky, viz. the industrial, the political, and the philosophical, the first was altogether lacking in Bushido; the second could not develop much under a feudal system; but, in its highest aspect, viz. the philosophical, honesty attained elevated rank in the Japanese catalogue of virtue"; and necessarily concludes that if trade in the days of the Samurai was "placed lowest in the category of vocations," and that feudalism was abolished "only a few years after Japanese treaty ports were opened to foreign trade, it is clear



ENTRANCE GATE, MUCKDEN

that "only the most adventurous and unscrupulous rushed to the ports, while the respectable business houses declined for some time the repeated requests of the authorities to establish branch houses there." But as trade is being lifted into more respectable spheres, there is daily less room for the unscrupulous: and, while the commercial code of morals is being raised, even Japanese adventurers are realizing that, in trade, honesty is the best policy.

I also paid a visit to Père Vaillémot, who has been fifteen years at Mukden, and speaks Chinese infinitely better than French, his native tongue, which he has almost forgotten. He belongs to that great missionary institution in the rue du Bac, in Paris, from which so many young priests have gone forth voluntarily to torture and martyrdom in the cause of religion without any expectation of ever returning to their native land. What this expatriation means to a Frenchman is enough to indicate the immensity of the sacrifice at the start of life, and is a keynote to these admirable men's whole existence.

Père Vaillémot accompanied the Russians when they retreated from Mukden, but soon came back on hearing that the Japanese were prepared to extend protection to all Europeans. Having asked him to what cause he attributed the series of defeats sustained by the Russians, he replied that, whatever other causes there may have been with which he personally was not

acquainted, the main reason, he felt convinced, was the apathy of the Russian soldiers, with whom the war was unpopular, and scores of whom had asked him why it was waged.

His church was in ruins, and he trusted that "le bon Dieu" would send him means to rebuild it for the benefit of "mes chers petits chinois." He very much deplored the destruction of his church by the Boxers, whom he described as misguided barbarians, working for evil in an evil cause.

I cannot make out whether this Boxer rising was a national movement or not. Mr. Putman Weale thinks it was merely "a natural outbreak, proving that a species of spontaneous combustion occurs with the greatest ease among loosely-governed Eastern people." But if so, there is little difference between a natural outbreak and a national movement, as both occur with ease by what he terms a "species of spontaneous combustion." Père Vaillemot attributed it to an insane fear, which occasionally rises to a degree of paroxysm, lest the religions taught by the foreigner only cover ambitions, which must be checked at all cost. In this sense the natural outbreak becomes a dangerous tool that can be wielded at will by an unscrupulous leader, and recalls chapters in the history of Russian Eastern policy in the Bulgarian Church movement; in the Anti-Hassounite troubles in Asia Minor; and in other previous politico-religious questions with which we are well acquainted.

At any rate, the Russians claimed and got full compensation for their share in putting down the Boxer movement, though their assistance was not very efficient ; but the Japanese, who on that occasion co-operated for the first time with European troops, for the first time also compassed the value of those troops. She allied herself with England, learned the art of war from German masters, and fought Russia.

ANTUNG, 13 *April.*

The distance between Mukden and Antung is 160 miles. We have taken exactly twenty-four hours to get here ; have ascended and descended four mountains, crossed and recrossed the same river a dozen times ; have admired most beautiful mountain and valley scenery, and have rested for twelve hours at Gabato, which is half-way ; and have all the time been filled with admiration for General Kuroki, who in this hilly region victoriously led the First Army, driving the Russians back from every strong position they had had ample time to fortify, and inspiring them with a wholesome dread of his very name.

At Gabato, where we rested for the night, we were conducted from the station in procession to what seems to be a rest house, and were deposited with some ceremony, together with such necessary articles of dress as we brought with us, in a perfectly empty room, and informed that on the

morrow at seven we would resume the journey. We proceeded by dint of rugs to make ourselves comfortable on the matted floor, but Japanese paper windows and slidings not constituting much protection against cold and wind we felt the north Siberian blast rather severely during the night, and sleep suffered in consequence.

But the air was so pure and delicious in the morning that all discomfort of the night was soon forgotten, and our further journey was one of simple unalloyed enjoyment.

A Decauville train on a very narrow gauge has one advantage. If the line is laid through fine landscape the traveller can revel in his admiration of it, for he has plenty of time to see it in all its aspects ; but I venture to hope that a broader gauge will soon enable longer trains to run the distance, and thus permit travellers to visit this unknown and in some respects unrivalled region. I have pointed out, wherever I could, how remunerative it would be to the Japanese could they facilitate a visit to these historical places by a few good hotels at Port Arthur, Liaoyang, Mukden, Gabato, and Antung, together with proper railway accommodation. At present even the trains are run by the military ; and it is far from my thoughts to complain in any way or of anything, for we were too grateful to the Japanese authorities to allow us to travel at all to justify any such grumbling ; but while the world is waiting for the opening out of Manchurian ports,

it may be as well to include the opening out of the beautiful Manchurian inland country.

At Fenghuangchen, for instance, the fertile plain which the most fantastically shaped mountains encompass, there is all that is necessary to build a large and prosperous commercial inland centre with its harbour at Antung only fifteen miles off. It was quite easy while walking along its little clean station platform to build castles in the air and picture the sort of old English cottage one would like to build on some one spur of the numberless hills around. But for a similar idea to take shape in others, seeing must precede doing, and seeing is still a considerable difficulty.

Everywhere on the road, however, we saw signs of Japanese settlement; not very pronounced, but decided. Coal mines bought by rich Japanese from Tokyo are beginning to be worked; timber to be felled for use in building houses; other soil riches are being prospected, and at Antung itself new streets are being traced, paved, and opened.

The night of our arrival, however, we had no very cheery experience of the present condition of the streets of Antung; for the excellent Colonel who drove me to our hotel and myself were wellnigh pitched out of our vehicle a dozen times in as many steps. "Not goodde" he kept repeating, but I had no means of echoing the sentiment, for at each attempt the words were

stopped by a more vivacious and dangerous lurch than the last. The Colonel did not seem to mind it in the least, and I was greatly impressed by the solidity of manly frames which are not disturbed by oscillations so pronounced.

I had pleaded for quick retirement after a tiring though delightful journey, but our hospitable warrior host would not hear of it. As we entered the hotel sounds of music were unequivocal. Lights were lit in every chamber, and smiling little "mousmés" swarmed around us to take off overcoats and boots and give us slippers and comfort; dragging us into the hall of reception, making us sit down; propping our backs with cushions; kneeling before us for orders, until another troop of attendants pattered through the room with dishes to be laid before us, and saké in bowls to quench our thirst, after all of which came geishas innumerable to regale us with dance and music.

At one o'clock I fear I almost angered my host by declining any more entertainment, so fast and furious was the run of hospitality; but it had to be done, as not only could physical nature no longer keep awake, but we were to be up by five so as to cross the Yalu in time for the only train of the day on the Korean side.

If ever Captain Fugii and the amiable Colonel see these pages, may they accept my apologies, together with my grateful acknowledgments. They gave us a gala night on the Yalu River

which few Europeans have as yet enjoyed, and they did so in one of the new Japanese inns which are to adorn the enterprise of Japanese immigration. It was a very good inn, and a very lively inn, but it would be better—I should say more restful—for keeping earlier hours and fewer musicians.

Antung is decidedly a promising place, and no doubt in time will become a flourishing harbour, to a greater and more flourishing town, such as Fenghuangchen, which I have spoken of; but much has to be done, and much is being done.

Though the great turning movement by the Ai river which sealed Kuroki's first success over the Russians—viz. the victory known as the battle of the Yalu—took place so far away from Antung that the town itself saw no fighting, and the Russian troops only hastily abandoned it to support Kashtalensky's beaten forces at the eleventh hour, Antung was the prize of the victory, and this being so, Antung has a special value in Japanese eyes.

Bearing the fact in mind, the question naturally suggests itself, Will the Japanese part with Antung; and if they do not, what will be the future relations between the Russians and themselves? This single question raises of course the greater one as to the ephemeral or lasting effects of the Portsmouth Treaty of Peace, and as to its being an instrument conducive to a permanent settlement or not. I incline, with all the Japanese

with whom I have spoken, to believe that the very terms of the treaty of peace make for another war, and to share with them the conviction that patched-up reconciliations are only fights postponed.

Much blood-letting has cooled down both hatred of the Russians and narrow-minded dislike of foreigners in general ; but these incentives to war at the outset are not to be set aside as done with. Reconciliation means qualified or absolute forgiveness ; it never means oblivion. A Japanese war song, translated into English rhyme by Sir Ian Hamilton, and published by him in his first volume of "A Staff Officer's Scrap Book," reveals the animus which possessed all Japanese as they marched to battle.

Sons of Nippon, down with Russia !
Down with Russia ! lay her low ;
Faith and justice Russia scoffs at,
Russia is our mortal foe.

Russia 'twas that urged "for peace sake"
Render back the Liao-Tung !
Scarce had ink dried on the treaty,
Than another tune was sung.

Comrades, can we live forgetting
Comrades gallant, comrades slain
Ten years since? Oh ! Powers ancestral,
Did your life blood flow in vain ?

March then with our sunlight banner
Waving proudly in the van,
March beneath that glorious emblem—
Down with Russia ! on Japan !

There are several other such verses, but these are enough to show how the giving up of Port Arthur, which they had fairly won from the Chinese in 1894, rankled in the minds of the Japanese; how they despised the instigators of that renunciation, and how they hated the Russians, who had benefited by their humiliation. This humiliating concession to Western power sank deep in the public mind, and made for unity of the whole nation when the hour struck for revenge. Russians are believed to be excellent diplomatists. The Japanese knew better. They knew that bluff is the result of weakness, and they could see no other policy but bluff. They knew all about Port Arthur, and they saw it being fortified in the wrong places. They knew all about the Yalu, and saw it weakly defended. They knew they were looked down upon by the Russians, and they determined to make them look up. They knew that no foreign Power can hold an inch of Manchuria without being master of the seas which encompass it on three sides, and they resolved to be that master. China was being hoodwinked; they took up the cause of China for the Chinese, but Korea for themselves; and having succeeded they must banish bluff from their diplomacy, deal differently with Port Arthur, consider the Yalu as Korean, not Manchurian, and therefore under their protection; and they must accept the responsibilities of dictators in the north-

eastern seas. But to be masters of the north-eastern seas implies the possession of certain ports; that is why Vladivostock from the very first became necessarily part of the Japanese programme, quite as much as Chemulpo or Port Arthur, or the Elliot Islands or Sutschima, or the entrance to the Inland Sea. Vladivostock, though ice-bound for six months in the year, is most advantageously situated from a strategic point of view, as very serious raids can at any time be organized in its harbour for descent on Japanese territory and shipping, or on land for an invasion of Korea. Hence the retention of Vladivostock by Russia, if not of much account at this time, may eventually prove a very serious thorn in the side of Japan, and at any rate may oblige her to keep up a strong fleet and strong garrisons at a cost otherwise unnecessary, so as to guard against any possible surprise.

The Russians are not likely to forget Chemulpo in a hurry, nor the rapidity with which the Japanese dealt the first naval blow at the "Variag" and "Korietz." The recollection will stimulate future Russian commanders to similar rapidity, when opportunity serves, and the Japanese must continue on the alert.

Saghalien can always provide the opportunity of a quarrel. A real or got-up fight between Japanese fishermen in the south of the island with Russian fishermen in the north can at any time become the signal for dashing enterprise

and a bloody encounter. There is nothing but an arbitrary line of demarcation that can pronounce one part of Saghalien to be Russian and the other Japanese, and, in the event of a fisherman's broil, there is nothing, not even "a piece of mahogany," to preserve the dignity of the two countries, as it did in a famous oratorical duel between Gladstone and Disraeli. The retention of part of Saghalien by Russia, coupled with her retention of Vladivostock, does not and cannot make for future peace.

But why did Russia with two fleets at the bottom of the sea and a beaten army insist on preserving these two places, Vladivostock and half of Saghalien? If, as a rule, where mischief broods "*cherchez la femme*" will clear the mystery, in Russian politics "*cherchez l'arrière pensée*" will be productive of information. The possibilities of these places in a war of revenge are such that Russia could not give them up without giving up altogether her right to be called a naval Power; and if an essentially continental Power with no actual sea-board except a frozen one insists on the retention of a half-frozen harbour, it is because at all costs she can never give up her legitimate policy of acquiring an outlet for her produce, and hence must preserve the means of conquering one if the world refuses to give her one. But all this does not make for peace, nor does it allay Japanese anxiety for the future, nor does it blind

them to the possibilities of that future ; but it does raise in the Japanese mind the question whether it is quite safe to renounce advantages gained at great cost with such uncertain prospects in contemplation.

The Treaty of Portsmouth requires the evacuation of Manchuria by both Russians and Japanese in April, 1907. How far are the Russians to retire, and what is the country called which reaches from Kharbin to Vladivostock? Have they to give up the railway from Lake Baikal to the sea, all of which is in Manchuria? And if they do not give up the railway, why should the Japanese give up the banks of the Yalu?¹ Neither Russians nor Japanese have any rights over territory which is properly Chinese, but that territory became their battle-ground, and in restoring to China that part of it which the Japanese have captured from the Russians the Japanese cannot be expected to dispossess themselves altogether of such points as they consider may be of extreme importance to them should they be called again to help the Chinese against the encroachments of Russia. But should they consider this necessary, will the Russians acquiesce, and should the Japanese object to the Kharbin-Kirin-Vladivostock line, will the Russians fight? It is not very likely for

¹ An additional article to Article III of the treaty reserves a right to the contracting Powers to maintain guards to "protect their respective lines of railway in Manchuria, the number of these guards not to exceed fifteen men per kilometre." The Russian railway through Manchuria is 1600 miles, which is equivalent to 2667 kilometres. At fifteen men per kilometre this means the right to maintain 40,000 men.

the present, but all this does not indicate a fair settlement of peace, and it is difficult not to sympathize with the Japanese, who in the hour of their greatest triumph were baulked, by this treaty of peace, of their just rewards. If beggars are no choosers, the world well knows that Russia was quite as much a beggar at Portsmouth as Japan may have been, but the victorious Japanese had some right to expect that the other beggar should not be better treated and get terms which left him power some day of paying off old scores.

CHAPTER X

PINIANG—SAOUL—FUSAN—KOREA

PINIANG, 13 *April*.

THE pure crisp air of Southern Manchuria was such, that our three hours' sleep was equivalent to double that amount anywhere else, and completely rested us; while it must be allowed that a mattress on a floor, provided it be a properly stuffed one, and a single coverlet, provided it be thick enough, is really as luxurious as the very best French bed. Such at least was my experience last night, and I only wish I could remember the name of our jovial inn that I might recommend it to future travellers.

The Colonel's Adjutant accompanied us to the river and saw us safely on board a couple of sampans, which promptly set sail and deposited us on the Korean side of the Yalu at a place four miles across the river, which has not yet a name but from which the trains start for Piniang.

This was our first acquaintance with the land of the "Morning calm." It is, I believe, a passive sort of land; hence, no doubt, its willingness to be known as Korea—the equivalent of the Japanese

Korai—when its inhabitants know it only by quite a different appellation, viz. “Chōsen,” Anglice “Fresh morning.” But what’s in a name? The mornings may be fresh and calm and the people like to call their land by that alluring designation—why should they not?—but for those who do not consider the people, but the political advantages of the region they inhabit, Korea is the only appellation permitted. The capital is variously pronounced Seoul, Saoul, Saul, or Sowle, and it is not difficult to live happily with either pronunciation, because, as a gentleman informed us, the real name is neither one nor the other, but “Hanyang.” In this “Fresh morning” land boys look like girls with their long hair falling down their back, and girls like boys with their hair seemingly cropped; unmarried people are reckoned as children and treated as such. Wearing mourning is equivalent to being dead; and how to express grief is laid down in official documents, which tell when and where tears should be shed, moans and groans be uttered, and the length of time, never less than two years, during which mourning shall be rigidly enforced. All is passive and calm but the headgear, and that is an obtrusive reality. The population is a forest of hats; and the supreme happiness of youth aiming at man’s estate is to wear these extraordinary flower-pot-shaped structures whenever the appearance of a hair on cheek or chin proclaims the time to have arrived when the long hair is to

be cut and sold to the Chinese for pig-tails, and dependence on petticoat government is to cease.

I took great interest in these wonderful hats made of bamboo thread varnished and lacquered, and thought a nation that could attach so much silly importance to such an article of apparel cannot be anything but passive, listless, and unambitious though it may possess disagreeable propensities such as ill-temper, vexation, discontent, and petty revenge, which I understand it does.

In our crowded carriage—Russian built and truly an excellent model for railway travelling—we had in the corner set apart for our party but little opportunity of testing the petty vices of the Chōsenites, for they gave us all the berth we required ; but, as human creatures, I certainly thought most of them fine well-made men with average good-looking faces and generally quiet unobtrusive demeanour.

The country we traversed was decidedly picturesque, and the people wore a sort of holiday look which added to the charm of the picture. Peasants all the world over are a privileged class. They have no time for punctilious observation of the rules of society and hence ignore them ; thus the peasant women-folk do not hide. This, to the traveller, is a blessing, for otherwise he would have little chance in countries like this to see any portion of the female population, a mere look from a stranger at a Chōsenite female being considered sufficient for her to

commit suicide. So far, however, as the peasant women of Korea are concerned, it seems to me that this code is wisely ignored and would be decidedly too rigid could it apply ; for the sight of the labouring ladies we perceived rather created a feeling of unselfishness, nay of self-sacrifice, so anxious were we to let them live by never courting a second look. I hasten to add that my sight is imperfect.

When we reached Piniang, the old sacred city of Korea, which is for some undefined reason compared to a boat—imagination runs riot in the East—we were met at the station by Generals Ikihara and Hayashi and some twenty officers of their staff, and there is no hiding the fact that we were somewhat perplexed by this great military show of welcome on Korean soil, remembering that at our landing some six hours before, a single corporal had been considered enough to administer to our requirements and secure four places for us in the ordinary train. How was it we had so quickly risen in importance ? From numerous inquiries immediately addressed to me about India by several inquisitive junior officers anxious to air their knowledge of English, I began to experience an uncomfortable misgiving that I was being taken for the Viceroy of that great dependency of the British Crown, and at once set myself to work to minimize my vice-regal merits, and whittle them down to those of an ex-Colonial Governor.

The Japanese one and all are so innately polite that disappointment does not affect the manner of their reception, and enlightenment as to the true state of things, if it serves to modify the exigencies of etiquette, never affects hospitality; an instance of which we had occasion to observe when we left the next day escorted by only two officers sent by the Generals, but bearers of a series of little boxes containing luncheon provided for us on our further journey, which were decidedly more useful than pure formality.

Pin-yang, pronounced, I believe, Pyong-yang, is a city—no less than three thousand years old, most admirably situated on the Taidong River, over the charming banks of which our rooms at Hotel Rinko looked out, and is made up of narrow lanes ascending to an encircling wall, which has witnessed in the course of centuries many a fight for its possession between Japanese and Chinese, the Koreans being most of the time passive resisters or spectators, or both. In the evening we dined with General Ikihara, and speeches followed in due course. In one of them a world policy was sketched, which should be commended to the Hague Tribunal as possibly ensuring peace for all time. “If,” said one eloquent orator, “England and Japan, united in friendly bonds, have been able to do so much for peace so far, what would not Japan united to England through the United States of America be able to do for the world’s tranquillity in the

future?" Frantic applause from our party of eight greeted this incubation of a new hemispheric doctrine, and we drank to the blessings of peace made lasting by so comprehensive an alliance, for we felt that in this possibility lay a means of combating the Yellow Peril conceived by Russia or Germany. But it was odd that it should originate in that very Korea which somehow or another has proved the bane of Russia at all times, though it has always had for Russia such undefinable attraction. This perhaps is not much to be wondered at, seeing the numerous excellent harbours which it possesses—Syongchin, Port Lazaref, Wonsan, Fusan, Masanpo, Kunsan, Chemulpo, Chin-ampo, and Wiju. No efforts were spared by the Russians to secure one or more of these for the use of their fleets. Mr. Pavloff can have no qualms of conscience in this respect. He even showed little respect for himself in some of his dealings to obtain this end; but all his diplomatic skill was thrown away, even at the time when he believed England and Japan to be completely hoodwinked by his colleague, the late M. de Lessar, at Hong-Kong. It is now a matter of history that the treaty by which Port Hamilton was ceded to Russia by England on the understanding that Russia would not acquire territory in Korea was accompanied by a secret convention between China and Russia to the effect that the proviso in the arrangement with England should be for ten years only. As

Port Hamilton was evacuated by the British in February, 1887, it therefore suited Mr. Pavloff to begin his intrigues for acquiring Korean territory in 1896. In that year he got a merchant from Vladivostock, a Mr. Brünner, to obtain a concession on the Yalu for twenty years, and this concession ripened so quickly into a Russian settlement that the Japanese took umbrage at once and forced the Russians to show their hand. The sequel is known. I need not go into the matter again, but to those who care to read about the discomfiture of human plans built on the sands of mean paltry intrigue, I commend Mr. Pavloff's doings in Korea as related by Mr. Putnam Weale in his book, "The Reshaping of the Far East." If, however, it is not possible to contemplate without some contemptuous pity the doings of a would-be diplomatist of this stamp, fairness obliges one to proclaim that Russia is possessed of honourable men who could not have stooped to his mean proceedings, and that the day is bound to come, after his present hour of trial, when the Czar, strong in the strength which unites a ruler and his people, will not require agents of the Pavloff type to proclaim Russian wants and Russian wishes.

If the late war has been a revelation in more than one respect, perhaps the greatest wonder has been the realization by Russia herself that at every turn of diplomatic skill the Japanese have proved their master; not perhaps superior to

those Russians in Russia that were wise and could not speak, or to those who would have spoken and were prevented, but to Russian agents of the Pavloff and Alexieff stamp, who by clumsy intrigues and culpable ignorance of what was evident, brought their country to its present state, after previously discrediting its name in the Far East.

In the order of Providence the smallest things sometimes give rise to the biggest. Korea, with all its passiveness, its listlessness, its unimportance, has been the immediate cause of Russian defeats, and is the starting-point of that great change which, coming over the East, is affecting the West. Floreat Korea!

SAOUL, 15 *April*, 1906.

We reached this capital at about six last night, and were met by Mr. Koruda, who is an excellent French and English scholar, and whose wife has the distinction of being the only Japanese lady who during the war was permitted to accompany Miss McCall and Miss St. Aubyn, sent by our Queen to see the working of the Red Cross Society. Sir Ian Hamilton mentions her presence at Kuroki's head-quarters, and dwells on her having on one occasion complained of the apparent coldness of her English companions, exclaiming, "I feel in my very innermost being we are people apart!" I do not quite

know why the General should attach importance to this quasi-hysterical remark, as it is one that goes to the root of relationship not only between the East and ourselves, but between all people of different nationalities who seek to know each other better, and it cannot be otherwise. What I should say is perhaps more astonishing is the apparent incapability under which we ourselves labour of recognizing how seemingly deficient is the British nature in captivating or alluring quality ! I do not say this unkindly or on account of the ladies referred to, for I do not know them, and I am prepared to believe that they are probably more liberally provided in this respect than others of their kin ; but it is a humiliating though an acknowledged fact all over the world, that the British are not a sympathetic race, and that to the yearnings of a foreigner's heart the British equivalent, whatever it be which takes the corresponding place, is a very mute substitute. Many of us endeavour to replace this want of sentiment by an exaggerated display of virtue, and only make the foreigner exclaim with Madame du Deffand, "Mon Dieu, que vous me faites haïr tant de vertus !" but when we are engaged on any particular duty, then it is that our air of superiority becomes more particularly offensive, while we ourselves do not realize the fact. The General who expresses his surprise, as mentioned above, is probably not aware how "the whole scale of emotions" among his late

Japanese hosts has been stirred by the outpourings of his own virtuous and interesting volume. But, it may be asked, why should friendships between Englishmen and foreigners be more necessary than among themselves? We have plenty of good fellowship for everybody; let that suffice: in any case, we are not likely to give or get more. This is, however, a subject which had better be left to "Marmaduke" of "Truth." He alone could do it justice.

Mr. Koruda drove us to a Japanese hotel with an impossible name; it sounded like Boyajan—but, as the Koreans have twelve vowels, I may have left out some—where we were very well and very obligingly entertained. These semi-European hotels are neither fish nor fowl, but they are red herrings; they have a cachet of their own. They lack few European requirements, and they give very fair European food, but they cannot instil European ways into their native personnel. As soon as the bright little Japanese servant girls perceived my grey hair, they at once settled that I was a breakable article, and resolved that no breakage of my person should take place while I was under the roof of their hotel. The result was that during my stay I was never left alone, nor allowed to walk without being supported, and that, even on the way to the hot cauldron, which did duty for a family bath, I was accompanied by an archangel of a little woman, who insisted on carrying sponge and towel, and

was sorely disappointed at being sternly forbidden to wash and scrub and dry my travelled person in the manner of infants. How truly admirable, I thought, is the devotion of the Japanese to the aged! and how surly was my behaviour in refusing to be washed! Like Madame Koruda, my dear little attendant must have "felt in her very innermost being that we are people apart," and yet she may rest assured that I shall ever recollect her gentle ways, her fostering guidance of my faltering steps, and the supreme abnegation which characterized her withdrawal from the scene where her ministering services might have proved so beneficial. There is no question that we Britishers are an unsympathizing as well as an unsympathetic race!

These hot Japanese baths are decidedly a luxury. They are always taken at the end of the day, not in the morning, and one cannot help thinking that, after all, a bath at the end of much toil, fatigue, and perhaps grimy work is decidedly more rational than one in the morning. In the East, at all events, one looks forward all day to the soothing and restful effects of the before-dinner dip into scalding water. It certainly had its desired effects last night., for we were up early on this glorious Easter morning and ready to face any amount of sightseeing and consequent fatigue. Lord Leitrim derived so much strength from his over-night immersion that a discrepancy having arisen between the local time

and his own watch, he got up three hours too soon for his Easter devotions, and went to two alien churches before he got safely within the pale of his own. C. Cranstoun and I went to the Catholic Church, which stands on a high eminence, and is served by French missionary priests. The congregation was decidedly picturesque and singular, the men all wearing tall horse-hair and bamboo-thread hats, women white garments with bright green cloaks, and children, like so many perroquets, all dressed in green and red.

The approaches to this cathedral enable one to behold a perfect panorama of Saoul, and a panorama is always interesting, though variously attractive. The hills that line the basin in which Saoul is built are so many black crags with numberless peaks or pinnacles, and are rather curious than pretty, as they seem, and I believe are, denuded of all vegetation.

Saoul itself is built within a circle of some ten miles in circumference, and is surrounded by a crenellated wall, with some eight outlets or gateways of ornate designs. The houses are mostly built of mud, with thatched roofs, and there are a few buildings like the Gates of the Palace—there is an Emperor of Korea, which one is apt to forget in Korea—the residence of the late Russian Minister, M. Pavloff, the Bell Tower, and a few other buildings, which are of stone; but, overtopping all, are the towers of this French Catholic Cathedral, proclaiming, as it

were, to earth and sky the difficulties that had to be surmounted before they could reach this rightful summit, and telling in eloquent language of the magnificent efforts of French missionaries in the cause of Christianity. Tall as is this cathedral, there is hardly a stone of it which does not recall a death or martyrdom before the efforts of Western powers put an end to senseless Korean persecutions.

Nowhere I believe in the East has the hatred of "the religion of foreigners" been more steadily fostered, or have brutal persecutions been more wantonly ordered, and nowhere in the world has the manner of persecution been more dirtily carried out.

As late as 1866 a French missionary, named Daveluy, together with two other priests, was seized, flogged, jeered at, and sentenced to decapitation, but they were not to be decapitated all at once. They should taste the axe in driblets, and the executioner therefore "after delivering one blow left his victims with the blood spouting out of the wounds to bargain with the official present as to the sum due to him for this more than usually refined mode of execution before severing completely the heads from the bodies." Truly mankind can surpass the beastliest of the animal kingdom! Let us hope charitably that under the protection of Japan, Korea will at least rise from the status of the beast to the estate of man! Unfortunately,

Korea is not fond of Japan. The weak are not generally admirers of the strong, and the strong are not always very patient with the weak. Still, in the enlightened Marquis Ito, Japan's greatest living statesman and at present Resident of Japan at Saoul, there is hope that matters will improve; that courts of law and appeal courts and police tribunals and all the machinery for administering equitably the affairs of Koreans will soon be in working order; but when he has done all that he contemplates I fear the Marquis will find the gratitude of this inferior race to be very much like that of the Egyptian Fellah, and likely to show itself in attempts to murder benefactors or innocent officers because they are not Koreans.

We were most kindly received by His Excellency, who spoke freely of his visit to Europe just before the late war and of his fruitless efforts to stay a war likely to cost his country so much life and money; and on the subject of Korea he assured us that, "as it was under Japanese protection and he was the protector for the time being, he could not do better than take Lord Cromer for his model and imitate him in all things." From the Residence we called and saw His Excellency Marshal Hasegawa, a splendid type of soldier, who might belong to any Western nation so far as physical appearance goes, but typical of his own Japan in the broad chin, the strong features, and the marked will and pur-

pose delineated on his countenance. He commanded the Guards Division in Manchuria under Kuroki, and seems somewhat to chafe under his present comparative inactivity. He was anxious to know how we had fared in Manchuria, and was surprised to hear we had had such a comfortable time. "Thank winter for that," he said; "as for me, I saw far more dreaded enemies than the Russians while I was in that country." That reminds me of Mr. Angus Hamilton's book on Korea, in which, in respect to vermin, he gives the palm to the Hermit Land—a proof that even Korea can be supreme on one point. One should always be fair, and I am, which is saying a great deal, for I do not like decay.

FUSAN, 16 *April*.

Kind Mr. Koruda, resplendent in a riding costume which our interpreter, the worthy Iziki, greatly admired and envied, saw us off at an early hour, and even accompanied us a short distance on our way to Fusan. The train we travelled by is excellently appointed; and, in truth, it would not be possible to travel more comfortably in Europe or in America. We took ten hours to perform 290 miles, inclusive of stops—and these were numerous—running a south-east course through not very interesting but mountainous country, with occasional plains that seemed to be cultivated; crossing many rivers,

and noticing scant vegetation beyond pines and coarse grass. The time of the year must, however, account for this, for in reality Southern Korea, through which this railway passes, is known as the granary of the Hermit Land, and as such is much appreciated by the Japanese agriculturists, who are flocking in large numbers to this region. The railway itself belongs to Japanese investors, and, when it was being built, men working on the line were given a plot of land sufficient to build a house for their families and form a settlement. It was a very industrious preliminary invasion, and formed, without doubt, part of that preparation for war which became after the events of 1895 the sole preoccupation of the Japanese nation.

In point of fact, at the present time Korea is only Korea in name; and Marquis Ito, when cleverly telling us he took Lord Cromer for his model, did not add that he had a far less difficult task to fulfil, inasmuch as the actual annexation of Korea to Japan remains an open question only so long as Japan elects it to be so; and he possesses already on Korean soil a Japanese population and soldiery sufficiently large and powerful to settle matters for themselves, should any differences with the natives arise.

That the Japanese look down on the Koreans is very evident, for wherever they settle they elect a quarter for themselves, though this is perhaps but natural. They instinctively dislike the soiled

white dresses and the rude manners of the Korean men, the degraded status of Korean women, the dirty habits of both, and their squalid homes.

Fusan itself is a proof of this. There are two distinct towns in Fusan—one Korean, and the other Japanese; and the contrast is such that one wonders why the Japanese have not burnt down the dirty old Korean stronghold of vermin and filth, if only to justify the Korean claim to be called a “Fresh Morning” land.

What is surprising is that for such an unattractive people the Koreans should have attracted so much notice. An American gentleman, Mr. William Elliot Griffis, has written a book on Korea which is founded on his perusal of over a hundred works, all of which he mentions; and as he dedicates it to “Korean Patriots,” I suppose the list of works corresponds to the number of patriotic Koreans he has discovered; but neither Mr. Griffis nor Mr. Angus Hamilton—whose volume is full of interesting personal experiences, and hence contains less fanciful pictures—is able to show that the Koreans possess any qualities likely at any time to raise them in the scale of nations, either by rebellion against their rulers or by a protest against Fortune’s decrees. The miserable potentate they possess does not rouse their indignation, and his sordid concubines have not moved their anger. It may be very well to be passive, but passiveness screens crime and condones it. I understand that Chris-

tianity is making some progress, as toleration has become the rule, not the exception; but what is one to expect of a people whose best apologists declare that "the selfishness of the privileged classes, the lack of public spirit among the nobles, the moral weakness and political incompetence of the Koreans and the reactionary spirit and ultra-conservative outlook of the Saoul Court and Government" are the stumbling-blocks despite which they have hopes for the country? Are these hopes founded on the people's industry or character? There are nobles and a king, under whom there are three social grades: in the lowest grade are the merchant, the boatman, the jailer, the postboy, the monk, the builder, and the sorcerer. These are styled "low"; all the rest being slaves are denominated "vile." What incentive is there to any in the "vile" class to rise to the "low" class? and what other country is there where the word "low" indicates superiority? As to women, their case is hopeless. What chance is there for a country where a woman cannot be seen in public before eight o'clock at night? In Saoul the curfew sounds at 8 p.m., and then "all Korean men must lie indoors, while women are free to ramble abroad until 1 a.m." It is really to be hoped that the sight of the busy, active, intelligent, bright, cheery little Japanese women, who go out at 8 a.m., will stir the spirit of the Korean woman, and induce her to seek in her own country for

that position of consequence which, as a mother, nature has decreed she should possess, in common with all female creatures in creation.

Then, and only then, will there be any hope for Korea to rise a little beyond Thibet, that other Hermit Land, where people are slaves of their passions and of each other; where washing one's person is the desecration of dirt, and where ignorance is perfect bliss.

One reads of patriots moved by the state of their country to a spirit of reform. Let Korean patriots, if there are any, begin by enfranchising and honouring the mothers, sisters, and wives of their race, and the rest will soon come. It would not be a bad plan either to knock down the ridiculous cult of the hat. It was quite a relief to see it no more when we embarked in a well-appointed steamer of the Sanyo Railway line on our return to Japan.

CHAPTER XI

TOYO-URA	.	.	.	<i>Sanyo railway.</i>
YAMAJUSHI	.	.	.	<i>Christian centre.</i>
MYAJIMA	.	.	.	<i>Sacred place.</i>
FUKUYAMA	.	.	.	<i>Rushes.</i>
OKAYAMA	.	.	.	<i>Japanese garden.</i>
ATSUTA	.	.	.	<i>Tokaido.</i>
MAISAKA	.	.	.	<i>Lagoon.</i>
MIO-NO-MATSUBARA	.	.	.	<i>Feather robe.</i>
FUGI SAN	.	.	.	<i>Volcanic mount.</i>
TOKYO	.	.	.	<i>Cherry blossom party.</i>
YOKOHAMA	.	.	.	<i>Japanese woman.</i>

KOBE, 17 April.

WE left Shimonoseki at 9.30 this morning, and travelled by rail (the Sanyo line) to Kobe, doing the distance of 330 miles in eleven hours, passing no less than seventy-seven stations, and skirting for most of the time the beautiful inland sea; catching, as we went along, lovely peeps of its blue waters, islands, headlands, bays, and creeks, with all the accompaniment of boats and fishermen and sails. We also passed places of historical or legendary interest in which one would have wished to have had time to tarry.

At Toyo-ura, which is only a suburb of Shimonoseki, there is said to be the tomb of an incredulous Mikado, Chū-ai Tennō, who in the

second century of our era was punished for not heeding the dreams of his Empress. He was not bound to obey her, but he used bad language. Jingō Kōgo (“Jingo” means divine prowess), while her Emperor was idling his time with a lute, had a revelation that to the westward there existed a beautiful land “dazzling with gold and silver : the land of Korea, which the Mikado was divinely commanded to add to his dominions.” Chū-ai Tennō dropped the lute, went straight to the top of the highest summit in his neighbourhood, looked out to the west, and, seeing no land, turned to his wife and said, “There is no land ; your deities are lying deities,” whereupon he promptly sickened and died, leaving the “divine prowess” to accomplish what he himself had declined to do. This Empress “Jingo” is credited with the conquest of Korea, and with living to the age of one hundred. She does not, however, appear to have inspired much confidence in those who have busied themselves the most with her personality. As just recorded, her husband did not believe in her inspirations, and now Mr. Aston, the author of “A History of Japanese Literature” and a most erudite Japanese scholar, considers everything a myth which relates to this Amazon sovereign.

I would have liked to see the tomb of a man who, descendant of the Sun Goddess, and sitting on the throne by right of that descent, refused to believe what he could not see for

himself. He certainly had the courage of his opinions, which is something in his favour, but I fear also the obstinacy of ignorance—a defect which he shared, however, with many of his station, and below it, whether in his day or since. This Chū-ai Tennō was very human.

At Ogōri we were close to Yamaguchi, “which was an important Christian centre in the latter half of the sixteenth century, the mission there having been founded by S. Francis Xavier himself.”

Sir Ernest Satow, our late Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking, who, with Mr. Aston, is considered by the Japanese as one of the most learned scholars in their language and history, has written a paper on the vicissitudes of the Church at Yamaguchi, from 1550 to 1586, in the “Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan.” Mr. Murdoch, as I believe, on the strength of this paper, has endeavoured to show in his history of Japan that if the efforts of the Jesuits failed it was because they apparently were not in harmony—well, with Mr. Murdoch’s own view of how they should have proceeded. The Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., has courteously but forcibly taken the historian to task in a series of articles published in “The Month,” and the whole controversy constitutes very interesting reading.

I may not be called upon to join issue with one or other of the combatants on this historical

arena, but I would point out that, when Mr. Murdoch starts from the principle that Buddhism and Christianity appear but as "two elaborately organized rival systems of kindred superstition," he begs the question of the good either religion has been responsible for in the world's history, let alone Japan, and hence appears to be a very untrustworthy authority on the subject of missionaries—men who have sacrificed their lives solely to spread what he loosely denominates a superstition—and on this ground can scarcely be deemed a guide as to their modes of proceeding.

There may be some truth, however, in the rivalry of the two creeds being at the root of the prohibition of all Christian teaching in the days of Hideyoshi, who himself at one time had much favoured Christianity. According to Mr. Murdoch, the success of Christian missionaries was such that "at Yamaguchi we hear of Xavier confounding bonzes over and over again. From the converts he made he ascertained the weak points of the various sects, and devoted much effort to equipping these neophytes with arguments to employ against their former pastors and teachers. The town was soon a scene of confusion. The Buddhist monks might very well be forgiven for evincing no great amount of pleasure at this turn of affairs." As head of the Government, Hideyoshi was bound to stand up for his own people against the foreigner if he could. Ieyasu, who usurped power after him,

suspected ambitious designs under the cloak of proselytism, and Iemitsu closed trade and all relation with the foreigner. I fear the whole truth lies in too much elation on the part of the Christian missionaries after the successes of S. Francis Xavier at Yamaguchi, which roused the national jealousy and created suspicion of ulterior designs.

We were sorry not to be able to stop at Miyajima, which is one of the San-kei or three principal sights of Japan, and a sacred island besides. Here, no dogs are allowed; here, if a birth unexpectedly takes place it is still the cruel custom to send the woman away to the mainland for thirty days; and here, should any one die, the corpse is at once sent to the village of Ōno for interment. To Ōno likewise the chief mourners are exiled for fifty days to undergo ceremonial purification. These are but a fraction of the attractions of Miyajima. The torii of its temple stand in the sea; the great hall or council room, built by Hideyoshi out of the wood of a single camphor tree, is plastered over with ladles (used for serving rice) up to the very ceiling, and is called the Sen-jo-jiki, or Hall of a Thousand Mats; a gallery hung with ex-votos is 648 feet long, and here did Kobo Daishi (774-834), the most famous of all Japanese Buddhist saints, light the sacred fire which is not even now allowed to be extinguished. Why did we not stop at Miyajima?

The mention of dogs brings to mind the fact that Japan is perhaps the only country in the world where this natural companion of man is not appreciated. The delicate little pug dogs, whose habit of sneezing is due to their noses being pressed in with the finger at their birth so as to make them snub—a case for the consideration of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals—are not considered to be dogs as we would suppose them, for they are classified by themselves. The Japanese talk of “inu ya chin” dogs and pugs. Still, pugs are as dumb as dogs, and the following reason why dogs cannot speak, given by the Ainos inhabitants of the northern isle of Yezo, must have included pugs:—

“Formerly dogs could speak. Now they cannot. The reason is that a dog belonging to a certain man, a long time ago, inveigled his master into the forest under the pretext of showing him game, and there caused him to be devoured by a bear. Then the dog went home and told his master’s widow that when her husband was dying he commanded him, the dog, to tell her to marry him, in his stead. The widow knew that he was lying, and in her grief and rage threw a handful of dust into the dog’s open mouth. This made him unable to speak any more, and therefore it is that no dogs can speak even to this very day.” No wonder lying and immoral dogs are not allowed at Miyajima.

Our train stopped successively at Fukuyama, where whole fields are planted with the rushes that throughout Japan are used for the upper covering of the ordinary house mats, and at Okayama, where there is a celebrated Japanese garden known as Koraku-en, which, besides all that constitutes a Japanese garden, namely, bridges, hills, lakes, and trees (but no flowers), there are two cranes, "one of which is believed to be over two hundred years old." I understand that cranes and herons have deserted the land, which is a great pity, for Japanese scenery seems made for these long-legged birds, and their solemn attitudes suit the native seriousness. Too many birds have become extinct, or practically so, both in England and Japan, which points to destructive temperaments susceptible of amendment on both sides.

As I was still wondering why in Japanese art the crane holds such a place, and apparently in Japanese mythology no place at all; why it never has anywhere that I know of been dedicated to some deity or been credited with some sacred mission, and was gently succumbing to a needed slumber, our train reached Kobe and we once more proceeded to the Oriental Hotel, of which an annex was burnt down a few weeks since. A French lady told us that her maid, who was in the building at the time, could easily have saved both the trunks left in her charge while her mistress was absent at Miyajima, as the flames did not

reach her apartment for long after the first appearance of fire, but that the Japanese household seemed dazed and paralysed, no one offering to give a helping hand. Was this the result of fatalism, of indifference, or of want of sympathy with misfortune when it is a foreigner who suffers? I hope not; but our informant, who is an ardent admirer of the Japanese, was surprised. So were we.

TOKYO, 18 *April*.

We resumed our journey at 8 a.m. so as to reach Tokyo at 9 p.m., and were favoured with beautiful spring weather. This time we travelled over 378 miles and passed eighty-six stations. I do not know on what system, whether at home, in Europe, or in Japan, a station is erected, but it seems to me that 163 stations in 708 miles, or one station for every four miles, is rather extravagant, as stations are expensive items, the wages of the personnel not always being guaranteed by the number of travellers or the amount of goods for conveyance. The Japanese Government, however, know best, and a Bill is before the Chambers to enable the Government to acquire all railways not already in their possession, which is evident proof that I know little of the merits of many stations.

The neighbourhood of Kyoto had thrown off its winter mantle of white and all the hills were clad in green. Lake Biwa looked as inviting as

our Cumberland lakes on rare beautiful days, and all the neighbourhood of Nagoya was promising wealth to the tillers of its fertile soil.

When we reached Atsuta, on the shore of the Pacific and close to Nagoya, we were in the land centre of Japanese mythology. In the temples of this hamlet the famous sword *Kusa-nagi no Isurugi* is kept which, with the mirror and a jewel, constitute the Imperial regalia. For those who like to know how this sword became sacred, it may be interesting to hear that having been found by the god *Susa-no-o* (which means the impetuous male) "in the tail of an eight-headed serpent which he first intoxicated with 'saké'" and then slew; it was brought to earth some centuries later by *Jimmu Tennō*, the first ancestor of the Mikados, to assist him and his successors in the conquest of Eastern Japan. The mirror, so religiously and carefully kept in the *Naiku* or inner temple at Yamada, is the one which enticed *Ama-terasu* to come out of her cave. The legend recalls how her brother, the "impetuous male," having quarrelled with her, broke a hole in the roof of heaven and through it let fall a piebald horse which he had flayed. This so incensed the Sun Goddess *Ama-terasu* that she withdrew into a cave, and for a whole season the efforts of "eight hundred myriad deities" were ineffectual in inducing her to come out. Somebody at this juncture happily thought of a mirror, which attracted the curiosity of the

goddess, then charmed her as she beheld her own likeness, and finally calmed her wrath, when she consented to leave her cave. Neither sword nor mirror is ever shown, any more than we, in the West, have been privileged to see anything that ever belonged to Adam or Eve or Noah; yet these two Imperial relics are instructive of events which must have stirred the whole created world at a far remote age, as the sword is but an emblem of judgment, and the sun receding into a cave that of an eclipse. Many superstitious and ignorant people in the West up to this day fear an eclipse as a judgment. It is curious too how, in the annals of all countries, the Deluge of the Old Testament is referred to. I came across a reference to it in Yucatan in a translated Catechism in the Indian dialect used by Indians in the times of Montezuma, and I wonder whether the length of time Ama-terasu spent in a cave is not another allusion to the Deluge, and the mirror a symbol of the dove and the olive branch?

It is too big a subject for mere fugitive notes, but how interesting would be a collection of analogies between the traditions of the Old Testament and the legends and myths of countries that have not known our sacred books, or of those that might have heard of them!

At Maisaka we crossed a big lagoon on dykes and bridges and altered our direction to the north, from which time the scenery increased in beauty and variety on either side. At Okitsu we

had a delightful view of the Bay of Suruga and of pine-clad hills, at the foot of which is the village Mio-no-Matsubara. It deserves a mention because at that place was laid the scene of the “Robe of Feathers,” which is a charming and deservedly favourite Japanese lyric drama. A little fairy hangs her feather robe on the trees near the shore, so as to rest and enjoy the scenery. A fisherman perceives it and possesses himself of it, as “he wishes to show it to the old folks at home that it may be handed down in our house as an heirloom.” The fairy plaintively pleads to have it back: “Without my robe nevermore can I return to my celestial home. I beseech thee, sir, give it back to me.” The fisherman is obdurate, and the frail fay sinks helpless on the ground. At the sight, pity fills the fisherman’s heart, and he tells her she can have her feathers, whereupon her joy is such that to reward him the fairy dances the dance that “makes the palace of the moon turn round.”

Chorus: Thus “this the spot and this the day”
 To which our Eastern dancers trace
 All their frolic, art, and grace.

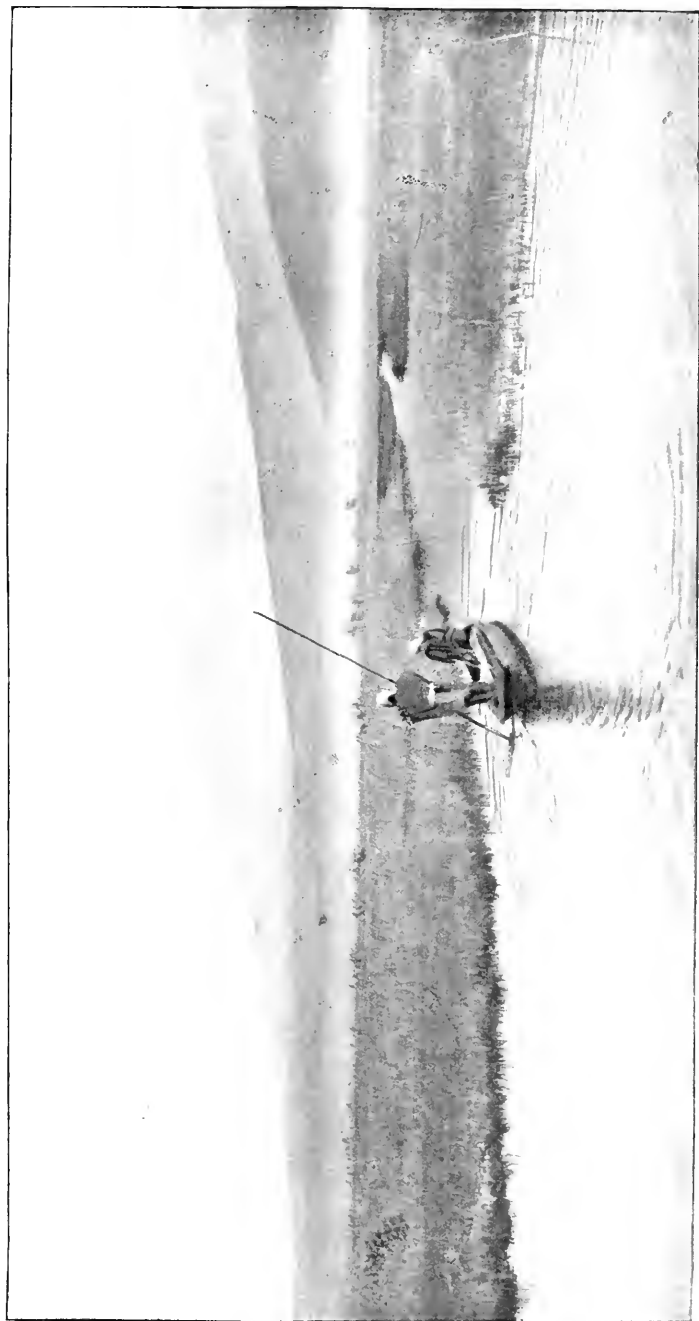
From Okitsu to Iwabuchi the scenery is exceedingly beautiful, and the railway passes between the sea and high hills; then all of a sudden Fugi appears in all its magnificence—solemn, grand, imposing, almost weird in its splendour as the setting sun is throwing a handful of gold upon its snowy peak and lighting up its

sides with blue and purple tints. For twenty-six miles Fugi San was within sight, and we seemed to be travelling round its base, never once taking our eyes off the glorious sights which it presented.

Hokusai, at the age of seventy-six, painted a hundred views of Fugi, and they are reputed to be his masterpieces. Had he seen it on a balmy evening of spring, such as that we enjoyed this afternoon, I think the painter would have been justified in a thousand views, certain as I am that each would have presented a different aspect. Fugi is nature's tribute of glory to the land of the Rising Sun. It is itself one of the most easterly mountains in the world, and the first object that greets the eye as travellers approach Japan from the West. It is 12,300 feet in height, and can be seen 108 miles off at sea.

There are many beautiful places and things in this world of ours! Taken all in all, perhaps no country on the globe can beat in charm and beauty and variety our own "tight little island," but in majesty, in grandeur, in impressiveness, nothing that I have seen comes up to Fugi San, rising proudly to a towering height from the middle of fertile plains, bearing winter snows as an eternal crown, and its sides clothed with forest pines.

Rio, Corinth, Naples are not to be mentioned in the same breath. It is nature's answer to man's Taj at Agra, and it is the acme of what is strikingly beautiful. Nor is it to be wondered



FUJI SAN

that the Japanese have for Fugiyama a respect and a love almost mixed with awe, for it is also a volcano which may become active at any time, and which lies in the same degrees of parallel as Vesuvius and San Francisco.

After Fugi there was nothing more that we wished to see. It was a fit ending to our delightful trip, a novel joy in a course of much enjoyment.

TOKYO, 19 *April*.

The Imperial Hotel was invaded by a crowd of American cousins when we arrived last night, and no amount of eloquence could extract a room out of the amiable manager. At a late hour, therefore, we had to proceed to the Tokyo Hotel, which, if it be not as sumptuous or as European as the "Imperial," occupies a decidedly finer site on a terrace which reminds one of the Pincio in Rome, and commands a very extensive view of the whole town, as well as much exertion in reaching its elevated precincts.

I have elsewhere referred to much courtesy shown us in this city. I would like in these notes to record our sense of His Majesty's Ambassador's great kindness in exerting himself on our behalf in the matter of obtaining permission for us to visit Port Arthur and Manchuria, and through His Excellency, to tender once more the expression of our gratitude to the Japanese Government for giving us the

requisite permits, as well as for treating us almost as their guests during this expedition.

Our pleasant stay in the Far East is fast approaching its end, and we realize how inadequate has been the time at our command to learn all we want to know in this fascinating land.

Japanese civility has been unfailing, and I only wish I were gifted with the talent necessary to describe, for instance, graphically the sumptuous lunch offered to us by Mr. Okura, his priceless museum of Japanese art, both old and new, and the excellent commercial school of which he is the patron and founder, which adjoins his own fine mansion, and of which we were made honorary pupils ; or to convey an adequate impression of our visit to Count Okuma, and of the conservatory where dwell the flowers he so dearly loves, as well as of the charm of his manner and conversation. It is perhaps fortunate that I cannot do either, “à quelque chose malheur est bon,” for I might make invidious distinctions by unwittingly leaving out the names of many kind hosts and hostesses while only mentioning some, and besides, having no authority to quote anybody in particular, as I never asked for any, I might easily be guilty of indiscretion towards distinguished people whom it was our privilege to meet and converse with, if I noted down as I would like some of their interesting conversation.

Eximia est virtus præstare silentia rebus.

I agree with Ovid.

But I must say a word respecting Count Iwasaki's garden, which revealed to me for the first time the great artistic possibilities of big boulders and huge slabs in the absence of flowers, and of himself as one of the pioneers of Japan in her competition with Western modes of business. I was introduced to the Count by Mr. Kirby, an Englishman, who has had a long acquaintance with Japan, speaks its language like a native, and who has imbibed all the gentleness and kindness of the Japanese nature, in addition to his own. We can never forget how he went out of his way to show us all the civility in his power, even at the sacrifice of his own valuable time.

Count Iwasaki has the head and manner of a prosperous English or American business man. He is president of many important concerns, and is the founder of the Mitsubishi Mail Steamship Company, which having amalgamated with the Kyodo Un-yu Kwaisha, is now known everywhere as the powerful Japan Mail Steamship Company, or Nippon Yusen Kwaisha. He owns docks at Nagasaki, and is styled the Millionaire Count. I do not know many millionaires, but if they are all as natural, amiable, and intelligent as Count Iwasaki, I think their acquaintance decidedly desirable. "C'est un homme qui vous donne le goût de la chose."

Except on Saturdays when, European fashion, he withdraws to the country to spend the week-end with his family and intimate friends, the

Count is at his office every day and is an indefatigable worker. To men like him or Mr. Shibusawa or Mr. Okura, men of enterprise and intelligence, modern Japan may still owe the preservation of her old families through the wealth they will be instrumental in bringing into the country.

Count Iwasaki's garden which we visited is, I understand, a model Japanese garden with lake, islands, connecting bridges, forests, creepers, cherry trees for spring, maples for autumn, plum trees for winter, and paths of big slabs leading to a gem of a summer-house, where the exquisite wood panels, the spotless mats and the neat arrangements for tea ceremonies contrast almost painfully with the Frankfort-on-Main kind of villa for European guests through which one is first admitted. It is a Dædalus of daintiness. There are no straight lines and no stiff designs, and involuntarily one contrasts these flowerless landscape gardens with the productions of Le Nôtre at Versailles and Trianon, or in England at Greenwich, St. James's Park, Wrest Park, or Chatsworth, and the balance is in favour of the Japanese. But I wonder whether the Japanese really object to flowers; because there were places in this garden where colour was decidedly wanting, and a bank, say of primroses, would have been a gorgeous platform for the cherry trees above. They are known not to like camellias because the falling off whole of its red

blossoms "reminds them of decapitated heads." I suppose they would therefore object to azaleas in the open, but they have so many beautiful other flowers and orchids to take their place, that, unless there is some reason which is not yet explained, I cannot excuse the absence of flowers in a bower of verdure. They were made for one another; they enhance each other, and no severance can take place without creating regret. I know it is said that the Japanese landscape gardener wants to produce a park and not a garden, but if they could see Hyde Park in May they would acknowledge that the flowers are the glory of that park, and indeed of any out-of-door recreation ground. Why leave them out? Then, again—but here it is purely a question of taste—why treat trees as in the Middle Ages children were treated whose destiny was to become the fools of royal or other high personages? These dwarfed trees of Japan are the one thing I could not admire. They are all slaves to the gardener's notion of perspective; and if gardens are supposed "to symbolize abstract ideas such as peace and chastity," why war with nature and tamper with its ornaments? The Japanese have a passion for reducing things to a minimum. We ate whole gardens at Mr. Okura's: at least, the dishes set before us represented whole landscape gardens, and as I successively, though not very successfully, caught up a mountain or a cryptomeria, a lotus or a maple

leaf with my chop-sticks, and was earnestly recommended to use a fork or a spoon as a better lever, I felt that these microscopic imitations which were giving me trouble were an index to the vexation endured by a horticulturist left entirely in the hands and at the mercy of a faddist.

What really is very striking is the capital that can be made out of stones, and the great power of stone arrangement in building up quite a pretty landscape. The ambition of everybody in Japan is naturally to get big boulders and large slabs, but these are very expensive and only at the command of the more fortunate; but I could not help thinking how in England we might very much increase the attraction of our parks by a freer use of stone as an ornament. The stone lanterns in the gardens of a temple are in themselves often works of art. The avenue of lanterns at Nara is one of the sights of Japan. But then we would have to institute a school of taste; for anything more depressing than the use to which we put our splendid granite stones in the North of England and in Scotland is only to be surpassed by a casual look at our present stone carvers, who, assembling generally in the neighbourhood of a cemetery, scare the living, anxious to honour their dead, by the hideousness of the memorials they offer for sale. *Vide* specially the approaches to Kensal Green.

TOKYO, 20 *April*.

Thanks to our gracious Ambassador, who considered it a pity were we to miss a cherry-blossom party given by their Imperial Majesties, we were two out of the five hundred invited guests of "Meiji Tennō," the Heavenly Emperor, likewise known as "Tenshi," or Son of Heaven, and "Shujo," the Supreme Master in his own country, but principally as Mikado everywhere else. Mikado stands for "Mika," great, and "To" a place, and few will gainsay that His Majesty occupies a great place not only in his own Empire, but in the estimation of the world, and that the world, on that account, is justified in calling him Mikado even if his subjects do not.

The party is fixed by their Majesties on a day in April which best suits public convenience, and takes place sometimes when the cherry blossoms have all disappeared. There were very few trees in blossom on this occasion as the season was somewhat advanced, but the party was at all events an interesting one. The day itself was fine, which is essential to an out-of-door entertainment, and the Hama-ki-jui Park, a private domain of the Emperor, is very charmingly situated on the shores of the Bay of Tokyo, with views here and there of the city at its gates, which give life and animation to an open space of greensward. I cannot call it a

beautiful park. Though larger, it was inferior to many gardens, private and public, which we had previously seen. It was not so striking as the garden of Count Iwasaki, and I do not recollect seeing beautiful boulders or lanterns, though the islands and lakes and bridges and mounds were all there. The Court people, the Japanese nobility of high rank, and the diplomatic corps who had the "private entrée," assembled at a given spot near the lake to await the Emperor and Empress, while the other guests were told off to a remoter corner of the grounds from which they could watch the procession being formed before subsequently beholding it more closely. It is a point of etiquette not generally known that the Emperor must never be looked down on, and hence that any guest desirous of seeing him must endeavour to do so on a level or below the walk he is actually treading. Unfortunately, the formation of the grounds does not permit of these rules of etiquette being strictly observed, and I fear most of us must, quite unintentionally, have disregarded them, as, on the approach of their Majesties, we, Japanese as well as foreigners, hurried to points of vantage; in other words, to mounds and hillocks from which a good view could be obtained. The procession was not a solemn one, but it was not wanting in pathos. It seemed to me that the procession bore rather the character of a concession to Western notions than that of a wish to

impart to the Sovereign's progress all the impressiveness and brilliancy which obtains in Europe.

The Emperor himself walked fast, and his somewhat bent figure told of his ceaseless preoccupations for the welfare of his people. The Empress, in European dress, walked singly behind him. By all accounts she is an angel of goodness and the model of a Japanese lady of high attainments and noble aspirations. I remember another such royal procession in Vienna; and all who beheld it can never forget the magnificently regal bearing of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, as walking by the side of the Emperor Franz Joseph on the occasion of their silver wedding, she electrified the Court by the dignity of her beautiful presence. May the Japanese sovereigns never know the sorrows of the noble House of Hapsburg!

In my remarks on Port Arthur I have related how we were struck by the toast of Admiral Misu in honour of the 2666th accession anniversary of the Emperor; and, in truth, the Mikado's family does stand forth as the oldest in the world, which is peculiarly striking if we reflect upon the usually brief life of Oriental dynasties. This fact alone made us a little sorry that the progress of the imperial procession was not slower. Especially did we regret not seeing properly the countenance of the benevolent Consort of this great King, "l'Impératrice

Printemps" of Pierre Loti, whose Red Cross Hospital at Shibuya, a suburb of Tokyo, which vies in completeness with any European institution of the kind, we had visited that morning. She too, if it can be so called, has suffered in the national cause, for she has borne the introduction of a Salic Law with complete resignation. Her Majesty altogether abstains from any interference in politics. Perhaps she has never had any ambition or desire to mix herself up with them. Another noble and great-hearted lady, the late Empress Augusta of Germany, once began to speak to me, in my then official and diplomatic capacity, of the grief she experienced at the quarrel which had arisen between the German Chancellor and Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, relative to the Alt Katholisch movement, but immediately checked herself, exclaiming in French: "J'oubliais! le Prince Bismarck ne me permet pas la politique. Il a dit à l'Empereur qu'il donnerait sa démission s'il apprenait que je m'en suis mêlée."¹ On the whole it is best so: ladies, whatever their rank, seem to lose their feminine charms once they meddle with politics, and, strange to add, nothing conduces so quickly to downright ugliness. I wish lady politicians would bear this in mind.

¹ As I write, I have seen in "Ueber Land und Meer" some passages from Prince Hohenzollern's Memoirs in which the rupture of the present Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck is attributed to the Prince's rudeness. "He was very near throwing the inkpot at my head," was the Emperor's remark.

The tea arrangements somehow were apparently interfered with by the procession's too rapid arrival at the tea tent, and we had to leave the garden party without partaking of their Majesties' hospitality, owing to our having to catch a train; but this was a very insignificant drawback to an interesting afternoon, during which we came, however, to one decided conclusion, and that is, that European dress is not becoming to Japanese ladies. May I express the earnest hope that the lovely Japanese kimonos and obis worn so coquettishly by that extra fascinating race, the women of Japan, may never be given up, and appeal to Her Imperial Majesty to keep it going! Though I altogether decline to contrast the European and Japanese ladies at this party, I do venture to express the "honourable fear" that where the Japanese ladies adopted European dress they withdrew from competition in all that makes for feminine ambition, and gave their Western sisters too easy a victory: for if I might parody a French verse—

A tous les cœurs bien nés que la patrie est chère!

I would say—

A la femme bien prise ah! que la robe est chère.

YOKOHAMA, 21 *April*.

We reached Yokohama last night, and became the guests for one night of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, to whose kind hospitality we owe much gratitude,

and heard on arrival very disquieting news of an earthquake at San Francisco, whither we proceed to-morrow.

Mr. Hawkins, who is one of the managers of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, has a delightful house on the Bluff, with a model Japanese garden into which one steps from the drawing-room. It is one of those *multum in parvo* conceptions which delight the eye and rest it so long as the absence of flowers is not noticed. Here, in a quarter of an acre, we found bridges, hillocks, dales, little ravines, dwarf plants *ad libitum*, maple and cherry trees, deodara pines from Simla, and a couple of cryptomerias. The value of the whole is great: but why am I not educated to the necessary standard so as to admire, as I should, these pigmy masterpieces of horticultural fancy?

Admiral Togo had two little dwarf trees in his cabin on the "Mikasa," which had been presented to him by Count Okuma, and were valued at £500. I fear they went down with his ship when she was accidentally blown up in harbour, but I only fear it because of the grief it would cause that truly distinguished sailor.

There is a tiny thing in Japan which interests me much more than dwarf trees and plants, for I suspect the greatness of Japan springs from that little well of attraction—the Japanese woman. It is, I believe, a fact that the intelligence, the cleverness, the genius of man, is derived from the

mother and not from the father. In England we have, if I recollect rightly, but one instance of father and son being equally celebrated. Pitt was as great, if not a greater statesman than Lord Chatham; but the reason why in Great Britain we do not possess more examples of the kind is not far to seek. Making every allowance for exceptions, a clever Englishman, as a rule, monopolizes the attention of his family to such an extent, that the children are handicapped by their father's superiority; but in Japan, where everybody has a fair chance, the nation benefits by the community of intellect. At any rate, the little Japanese mother is all to her bairns, as her training is such that, however proud she may be of her husband, she cannot monopolize his attention, and devotes her bright intelligence to developing the brains of her children.

The training of Japanese women is so severe that one marvels at their having any speck of brightness left, and yet they are as a race infinitely more cheerful than other women with greater liberty and power of independent action. They are from their birth to their death bound to what is known as the three obediences—obedience to the father while unmarried, obedience to a husband and that husband's parents when married, and obedience to her son when a widow. According to Onna Daigaku, the Japanese moralist, the only qualities that benefit

a woman are "gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness." She is "even at the peril of her life to harden her heart like rock or metal, and observe the rules of propriety." She must "never find fault with her husband however humble and needy his position." When a girl "she must practise filial piety towards her parents, but after marriage her chief duty is to honour her parents in law, to honour them beyond her own parents, but she should look on her husband as if he were Heaven itself." She must never "even dream of jealousy or set herself up against her husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice." She must be "circumspect and sparing in her use of words, and however many servants she may have in her employ never shirk the trouble of attending to everything herself. She must sew her father-in-law's and mother-in-law's garments and make ready their food." Finally, "as silliness is, with indocility, discontent, and jealousy, one of the worst maladies that can afflict the female mind, she must wholly distrust herself and obey her husband."

This last advice is possibly the least difficult to attend to, inasmuch as attention to it for a while generally ends by the husband "distrusting" himself and "obeying" his wife, all of which I understand is the supreme aim of married woman-kind.

The above counsels, however, are sufficiently onerous to scare most Western ladies; but if they

have produced the kind, gentle, faithful, pretty little being with graceful manners and soft voice, and especially with simple, natural ways, bright laughter, and sparks of intelligence like rays direct from the sun, which all admire as the woman of Japan—one who for all her “sweet gentleness” is known to possess a Spartan heart and a spirit of abnegation, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty second to none—is there not enough for us to realize her power for good in the development of a nation’s strength?

Nor is this an individual opinion. European ladies go into ecstasies over their Japanese sisters. Could compliment be greater?

Gifford Palgrave, who was eight weeks in Japan, told Mr. B. H. Chamberlain that “eight weeks’ residence was the precise time qualifying an intelligent man to write about Japan; a briefer period was sure to produce superficiality, while a longer time would induce a wrong mental focus.”

We have been eight weeks all but three days in Japan, and hence appear to come under the late Mr. Palgrave’s dictum, always admitting *pro forma* that we are not presuming too much in believing ourselves intelligent, and claim therefore the right which he gives to the eight weeks’ residents of not being “superficial observers” or possessed of “a wrong mental focus.”

Any one who has done me the honour of perusing these pages will perceive that I have been careful, up to this point, not to express a

personal appreciation of the Japanese character. I have only studied it as I went along, together with the history of Japan, which has left its impress upon the national bearing, not omitting the legends which must continue to exercise their influence upon the national life of the people. But the great question ever before me was always the stability of those physical and mental qualities which have so astonished the world.

Every writer taking the male Japanese as his starting-point has at once rushed to the teaching of chivalry in the days of old Japan—that is, more correctly speaking, to the influence of Bushido. This word, which in the beginning literally meant “military knight ways,” became in time synonymous with a school of ethics directed to the education of a class, the fighting nobles or Samurai. The position of woman in those days was so effaced that she was not taken into account, but those days are in truth past and for ever gone. The teaching of Bushido has become the moral education not of a class, but of the whole nation, and its precepts are now instilled into the child not by knights, but by the mother, in whose heart they are preserved with religious veneration, and hence it is to that mother that we must look for an answer to the interesting query.

I have said enough in these notes to indicate at least my conjecture that with daughters and

wives and mothers like the Japanese there is no fear of Bushido dying out, or Western influences acting detrimentally upon the nation generally, and therefore no apprehension of immediate change. Reaping as the Japanese are doing in Western schools of science and philosophy, it may be they will gather tares with the wheat, but their bright intelligent women will know how to separate the one from the other, and I honestly believe that the twentieth century belongs to Japan, just as the nineteenth belonged to England, its ally.

There is one fear, however, I do entertain. Will the Japanese as a nation ever be popular? Probably not much more than we are ourselves, for they have too many points in common with us; but will they continue to obtain Western appreciation? I have my misgivings.

They seem too anxious to shine in every walk of life, not to excite some jealousy, and rather too prone to dismiss the master before the knowledge is perfectly acquired. It looks as if little by little all foreign teachers will be asked to retire. Naval and military instructors have come and gone, lawyers and doctors and financiers have come and are going; even missionaries, if not Japanese, may not be altogether acceptable, and at present it all looks as if Japan had opened its doors to Western knowledge and not to Western intercourse. The days of Iyeyatsu are clearly not forgotten, nor quite over.

CHAPTER XII

PACIFIC OCEAN—HONOLULU—SAN FRANCISCO—CHICAGO—
NIAGARA—NEW YORK

AT SEA, PACIFIC OCEAN, 25 *April*.

WE embarked on the good ship "Coptic," of the Pacific Mail Company, Captain Smith, on Saturday last, after lunching at the Yokohama Club. There we met Captain Boyle, who so successfully conveyed to Japan from Genoa the two Japanese warships "Nisshin" and "Kasuga," which passed the Russian squadron commanded by Admiral Vizenius, and were so coveted by him immediately before the outbreak of the war. The captain is much at home in Japan. We also endeavoured to get news as to the disaster at San Francisco, but up to the moment of departure we could not obtain very reliable information, though the telegrams received viâ Europe were alarming and gruesome. They told of a general conflagration following on a disastrous earthquake, and of wholesale destruction to life and property, with prospects of absolute extinction, as the fire was still raging.

As most of the officers of the ship had their

families in San Francisco, and the greater part of the passengers were similarly situated, our start was not effected in a comforting mood, and every face denoted the anxiety which was being so bravely borne. Many of them are outwardly cheerful and hopeful, but cannot hide the apprehensions with which they are beset, and which can only be dissipated or allayed on our reaching Honolulu nine days hence. Suspense is a wearisome evil. One aged gentleman and his plucky wife who, one would think, have earned a rest after a whole life's toil and labour, expect to find that they are totally ruined, and courageously talk of beginning all over again. One young officer expects to be deprived of both father and mother; another a widower; a third to have lost all his children; a fourth all his patients, and so on; but these dire apprehensions do not check the ordinary course of life on board, and only set forth in bright characters the simple fact that if the struggle of life is a hard one, the Saxon blood can still produce hard men and hard women to cope with that struggle.

Meanwhile the captain is urging his vessel on, and the gallant craft is responding to the call. The log declares the sea to be smooth, which is in favour of our object, and I for one do not complain of the designation; but not many ladies have put in an appearance, which indicates some difference of opinion between the female

passengers and the log. I have noticed that at sea the logs of ships generally indicate "fair" when there is not a ripple on the water; "smooth" when it is rough; and "rough" when all hope of salvation is practically gone. There are no nautical in-betweens.

HONOLULU, 30 *April*.

At noon on Thursday, the 26th, we were in longitude 174.52, and by noon on the next day, which happened to be once more Thursday, 26 April, we were in longitude 178.39. But at 7 p.m. we crossed the 180th degree of longitude east; an important event, as it marked our run across half the world. Having deprived ourselves all this time of four minutes per hour¹ in our advance eastwards, and intending to continue this losing game until we reach the Greenwich meridian once more, a full day was given us as compensation for our loss of minutes, thus making up for what is called the difference between sidereal and ordinary clock time. It is all very simple, but I never knew simplicity to be so complex or so confusing. Perhaps my diary not being sidereally arranged added to my embarrassment. Despite our extra day on the

¹ By "four minutes per hour" I do not refer to the mileage, but to the gain which sidereal time obtains on solar time, and which scientifically is 3' 56" 5''' per hour, making a whole twenty-four hours in 360 days or a journey round the world.

ocean, however, we reached this pretty island, the beauties of which I think a little overrated, in excellent calendar time, viz. on Monday, 30 April, as we were expected to do, after an equally excellent passage across the deserted ocean so well called the "Lone Pacific," for not a single ship did we see from Yokohama here. The hilltops in Honolulu were not, and I believe never are, snowy, yet one could repeat with the poet that—

All sparkling fresh and fanned by sweetest air,
Spring half-way up the snowy hilltops stood :
Waved her glad hand and wakened everywhere
A prescient joy in some approaching good ;

for these lines from "Glenaveril" came naturally to mind as soon as we felt the balmy air and received telegrams which reassured our ship-mates, and freed them of anxiety as to the fate of their nearest and dearest in San Francisco.

On going ashore I was not sorry to find that my long-lost trunk was demurely resting in imposing solitude at the Customs, and did not stop to inquire how it got there. As we proceeded, we also found—

April, with a face as bland
And bright as May, the lord of all the land.

The climate of this island is one long spring, and spring is indeed "lord of all the land." This at once constitutes Honolulu's charm and beauty ; but the principal attraction, so far as

native ways and manners and customs are concerned, is gone for evermore. It is not a Hawaiian centre, but an American city; very clean, well laid out, with excellent hotels, hospitals, library, and other buildings, and in which guttural English has replaced the soft vowel language of the Hawaiians. The Queen is in exile, or at Washington begging for money, which comes to the same thing, and the place is overrun by rival clergymen, who between them have contrived to wipe out all the simplicity, the gentleness, and the naturalness of the natives, and to make them a doubtful kind of Christian people more pagan at heart than they ever were before: so I am told, and so I well believe.

In a population of 40,000, there are not more than 10,000 Hawaiians and no less than fifteen churches. But the island is undoubtedly flourishing, if the comforts of modern civilization are taken into account. There are two theatres, five banks, any number of philanthropic societies, and an asylum for the insane.

What ensures the prosperity of the island is naturally the small harbour, which is an important port of call for steamers from Japan, Vancouver, or Australia, and, I should add, the passionate desire to throw away money on trifles which seizes every traveller who has been a fortnight at sea. I know a man who bought cough lozenges to serve a lifetime, not fancying anything else, and simply to spend a sovereign.



PA11

A drive to Waikiki, the bathing resort of the Honoluluans at the foot of the extinct volcano called Diamond Point, is performed on an excellent road and fully repays the exertion, while another to Pali or "great divide" is interesting because it shows that nature in mid-Pacific is so very like nature in the middle of all other oceans. Everybody raves about Honolulu; and I should say, for all Americans of the West, it is a decided advantage to have an equable and pleasant temperature at all seasons to which they may repair in six days when health or change is needed. But in actual tropical beauty it cannot vie with Mauritius or Ceylon in the Indian Ocean, or Madeira and the Azores in the Atlantic; besides which, the strong stamp of American influence has so pressed down the Hawaiian peculiarities that the place has lost its individuality. I am not, however, prepared to call this a misfortune. Judging from some of the old songs and tunes of the Hawaii Islands, both words and notes indicate an imaginative and dreamy people who, like poets, must wish to sit in the sun all day and write about it all night. I purchased an "Ukulele" (a small fiddle) and some Hawaiian songs; "precious raindrops borne upon the summer breeze," as one of the songs informs me, and discovered that, in the native language, to say that "The love is there: the thought is there and the trysting-place is in Honolulu," I would have to sing: "A-i-a-i-la-i-la Ke a-lo-ha, A-i-a-i-

la-i-la Ka-a-no." I gave it up and hurried to our Consul, Mr. Layard, for consolation. What an excellent repast Mrs. Layard gave us, and how pretty is their little daughter !

SAN FRANCISCO, 7 *May*.

It took us six and a half days to reach this from Honolulu. It took very much longer for Sir Francis Drake in 1579 to come up from Patagonia in the "Golden Hind" ; but, like him, we entered the "Golden Gate," a narrow strait one mile in breadth and five miles long, and, like him, we anchored opposite the place which for long was known as Port Drake. We were so near the shore that we could see very plainly the havoc made by fire in the quarter of the town facing the bay, though not that principal business portion which had most suffered. It was a ghastly sight, only tottering walls and charred timber.

At 10 a.m. officials came on board for every purpose imaginable and unimaginable, and we were ordered to proceed to Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, there to stay or catch trains as we fancied. So we bid our captain and his courteous officers adieu and transferred ourselves to a tender. Our long Pacific journey was at an end.

Thanks to Mr. Bennett, our Consul-General, who, with his wife, very nearly escaped being

burnt alive in the hotel where they had rooms at San Francisco, and were unable to save much more than the clothes they wore, we were provided with a room at a small inn at Oakland, whereas many of our fellow-passengers could not be accommodated anywhere.

I understand that, despite the fact that there are sulphurous springs north and south of San Francisco, that volcanic forces surround it everywhere, and that the true tract of the earthquake has not as yet been accurately ascertained, it has been decided to rebuild the city as it was without any delay. This is all very well, and indicative of much pluck, much energy, and much confidence; but seeing that earthquakes were not unknown visitors to San Francisco before this latest disaster, would it not be advisable to determine first the marketable value of land for building purposes which is subject to oscillations, and to ascertain the exact amount of damage caused by the earthquake as distinct from that for which the fire is responsible? This cannot be done until the mass of rubbish has been cleared, and two years is mentioned as the minimum time within which such clearance can take place; it being borne in mind that many standing walls and buildings will have to be pulled down as unsafe and of no further use. A curious fact is made much of. The tallest buildings appear to have suffered least. I am rather sorry. I do so detest the look of these monster

houses. From all accounts the earthquake is responsible for very much less damage than the fire, and in regard to the fire there are plenty of contradictory statements.

One, to which credence may be given, is that a good portion of the town might have been saved had the responsible authorities sacrificed a million or two of property to save hundreds of millions : in other words, could they in time have pulled down a whole block of buildings so as to check the progress of the fire and diminish the danger of falling ashes or the licking of roofs by tongues of flame. This was thought of, but, alas ! too late. It appears that the officer in charge of the fire brigade, a gentleman of great experience who always had present before his mind how in 1851 three-quarters of the city had been burnt down and had matured plans to prevent such a recurrence, had drawn up charts indicating which blocks of houses should be pulled down according to the direction of the wind when an adjacent block was on fire ; but unfortunately he was one of the first victims of the disaster, and this unfortunate circumstance, it is added, prevented his subordinates from getting at the plans when both time and opportunity were lost.

It was very pathetic to hear of the resignation with which the houseless population of a town like San Francisco, numbering close upon half a million inhabitants, settled themselves *al fresco*

upon the ruins of their own houses without exhibiting any panic—awe-stricken, no doubt, but law-abiding and mentally resolved to begin life all over again. The measures taken for their relief are said to have been singularly adequate and successful, and no disgraceful conduct added its black mantle to the pall of distress so sadly worn over the shoulders of the ruined “Queen of the West.”

All private accounts at the banks were closed, and it can well be imagined how the forced closure of some forty banks becomes a leviathan disaster in a populous and industrious city; but there does not appear to have been any serious demurring, and when, after a week of anxiety, some of the better-known citizens were able to receive doles of not more than a hundred dollars a week out of their own money, even American love of independence did not grumble at having to submit to the prior laws of prudence and necessity.

I am always loath to believe all that seemingly virtuous people say of others less demonstrative in the line of goodness. The race of Tartuffes and Joseph Surfaces is not extinguished—but I have heard it many times repeated that, for what may be called double essence of vice, San Francisco held the record. I thought Port Said had it. It was not, therefore, surprising to find many people looking upon the doom which fell on the stricken city as a fit judgment for past iniquities.

A more charitable view is probably nearer the truth. An earthquake, among all the evil dispensations with which our world is beset, is probably the one trouble that staggers man the most, and from the stunning effects of which he takes longest to recover. Here it came in the early morning; and fire had begun before it was realized that the earth had shaken beneath.

There was no time to cope with the consequences of an evil which men had no time to realize. The earthquake was clearly not a supernatural visitation. Earthquakes are due, as the late seismic authority, Mr. Poulett Scrope, put it, "to the snap and jar occasioned by the sudden and violent rupture of solid rock masses: and the rupture of rocks, to expansion of deeply seated masses of mineral matter, consequent upon either increased or diminished temperature"; and it is now acknowledged that earthquakes are "like volcanoes, mere different expressions of the same subterranean forces."

San Francisco is pre-eminently situated in a position to feel the resulting "shocks of rocks ruptured by the expansion of deeply seated masses of mineral matter," and that is why I permitted myself the remark that the hasty desire to rebuild should be moderated according to scientific advice. Fire, on the other hand, is the ever-recurring consequence of violent physical commotions, and hence in the calamity which has befallen San Francisco there is so

little “judgment,” in my opinion, that it rather appears to have been a merciful and providential warning for the future.

There is no question, however, that such warnings, even though they be merciful, are hard to bear ; but American courage is great, and rises in proportion to the greatness of the effort required. It certainly has been very fine throughout this calamity.

It is impossible for a harbour like that of the “Bay of Frisco,” which is sixty-five miles long and is fed by two such rivers as the Sacramento, coming down from the Rocky Mountains, and the San Joaquin, rushing down from the Nevadas, not to rise from its ashes and again proudly claim its place among the great commercial centres of the United States of America. It is certain to do so, but its well-wishers may be allowed to hope, without being impertinent, that the magnates of California will rather insist on “Festina lente” than “Rapido contendere cursu.”

Of Oakland itself I cannot say much. Its Broadway is broad and its tramcar service excellent. The road to Alameda is interesting, and the pretty villas of this watering resort are inviting. But both Oakland and Alameda are wearing mourning for their elder brother over the bay whose name fifty years ago was San Francisco de los dolores !

CHICAGO, 11 *May*.

We reached this, the second city of America, at an early hour this morning, having performed a much too short journey of seventy-one hours from San Francisco to this place. Comfortably ensconced in an ample "state room" of the Southern Pacific Railway, which gave us all the comfort and privacy we needed, we travelled on the first day through California and Nevada, being ferried bodily across the Benicia Lake, skirting and crossing the Sacramento River, beginning our ascent of the Rocky Mountains at Newcastle, and reaching the summit, 7018 feet, in the night.

On the second day we travelled as far as Ogden, at an average elevation of 4000 feet, and for some hours across that wonderful salt lake at the southern end of which lies the city of Brigham Young, one of those religious impostors of whom the world has known too many. He was, however, a man of administrative ability, and had the courage to found a community on the basis of his own convenience, and to establish laws to suit his own conceptions of worldly enjoyment. If he was clever enough to deceive the world by styling his women wives and himself a high priest, successor to another arch-scoundrel, Joseph Smith, the inventor of the sect, I really think Brigham Young, of Utah and Salt Lake

City, was a more interesting personage than all the other latter-day saints.

On the third day we ran through Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, and Iowa to Omaha, a big and beautifully-situated city on the Missouri River, and when we steamed into Chicago on this morning of the fourth day in our train, we quite regretted that our journey across the States was at an end, and that time had not allowed of our stopping at many of the interesting places on the way.

We put up at a bustling hotel facing Lake Michigan, where the mighty dollar reigns supreme, and at the doors of which a man was shot last week because he stood in the way of another, probably more in a hurry than himself, whether to eat his dinner or to get rich, I forget which. The motive was trivial, at any rate. Surely the revolver still plays too easy a part on the life stage of American existence, and for a race of hard common-sensed men with Christian instincts and training it is surprising what scant attention is paid to the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." For downright gruesome accounts, however, of human brutality on the Western Continent I know no reading to compare with the relation of crime in the American provincial papers. They wallow in details. They revel in researches, and they glory in laying bare the actions of the most retiring citizens. A shoots B at noon. At 2 p.m. a special edition is

out, giving the minutest account of A's family, ancestry, character, proclivities, mental peculiarities, and actual position, as well as of B's dress, intentions and purposes at the moment of death, together with descriptions of his wounds, the sorrow of his friends, the despair of his bereaved wife and children, the state of his desolate home and of his extravagant mode of existence; all this accompanied by sketches of the houses belonging to or rented by the murderer and his victim, and occasionally by description of the furniture they contain and the friends who visited them.

I often wonder whether on the Great Day, when we are all of us to be judged in presence of one another, there will not be a legion of unfortunate delinquents who, in self-defence, will denounce the inconsiderate Press of many lands as the indirect instigators of their evil deeds, and perhaps obtain that the latter shall at least share their punishment.

Hysteria is an illness of many shapes and forms, and belongs quite as much to man as to woman, and hysteria is powerfully moved by imagination. To work on the latter too much is none the less a criminal act because it may not affect more than a few weak intellects, for it ignores altogether its demoralizing effects on the people at large. Few observers will deny that even the publication of law courts proceedings is prejudicial to public morality, and

in my humble opinion, were crime to be ignored by the Press, its perpetrators by being snubbed would not breed so many imitators. The mission of the Press is a civilizing one, and crime is a retrograde act. It should not obtain notoriety.

From these thoughts, which the murder on our very doorsteps most naturally brought to mind, we soon, however, passed to brighter ones, for, in response to a telephonic message announcing our arrival, our friend Mr. L—— drove up in his motor and whisked us off to see the sights.

Chicago, which takes its name from its river the Chacaqua, an Indian word meaning “thunder,” has, in an existence of barely seventy years, not only asserted its right to be considered a city of wonders, but is in fact a very remarkable town. Official statistics show that while in 1837 there were only 4170 inhabitants, in 1900 there were 1,698,575, which is equivalent to a yearly increase of 267 per cent, and there must, therefore, in 1906, be very nearly two million inhabitants—a record! When the town was first built, it stood only seven feet above the level of a stormy lake. It now stands fourteen feet, and in order to obtain this result “many of the houses were elevated by means of jack-screws without being vacated for purposes either of business or of residence.” The river, which originally emptied itself into Lake Michigan, now finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico owing to the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which draws the water of the

lake and empties itself in the Illinois River, and that river into the Mississippi.

In 1871 the overturning of a lamp caused the destruction of the town, which was of wood, and within a year most of the present new city had been built. In education one-fourth of the population attend the schools. There are 775 churches, forty-five hospitals, and the taxation on real estate and personal property yields as much as thirty-five million dollars, or seven million pounds sterling. It is one of the birthplaces of millionaires and a happy hunting-ground for impecunious British peers.

Its parks are beautiful, and many villas are charming, but like most buildings which emanate from Anglo-Saxon brains, there are few distinctive architectural features. It is an essentially business town, and still more a town possessed of a people anxious, ready, and determined to outstrip the rest of the world, and what is more, actually doing so. I felt at the end of the day that I could join in the chorus to the "March of Chicago," by Mr. Horace Spencer Fiske, and sing—

Then cheers for the mighty city,
As she marches on her way,
With her banners high in the smoke-filled sky
And her face turned toward the day :
Marching along two million strong,
Three times three cheers for Chicago !

But some of my enthusiasm was due to Mr. and Mrs. L——'s kind hospitality, and to the

delight of a pleasant evening with their agreeable family, possibly also to my not having read "The Jungle."

CHICAGO, 12 *May*.

We devoted the morning to the "Evolution of a Vast Industry." Mr. L—— and his son drove us to the stockyards of Messrs. Swift & Co., where we were presented with a pamphlet bearing the above title, and were shown the mutability of animal existence. The pamphlet records how, less than fifty years ago, Mr. Gustavus Franklin Swift bought a heifer for twenty dollars and made a profit of ten dollars on that investment; how Mr. Swift became a butcher, and how he thus started a business, "the present assets of which are set forth in the recent Government report at over 64,000,000 dols." It also gives facts and figures which are truly startling, or as the author, Mr. Charles Winans, is fond of saying, "stupendous." In 1904 "the total shipments of Swift's products averaged 350 carloads for each working day—the daily shipments would make thirty-five trains of ten cars to the train; the number of animals that pass to the cooling rooms every year is something like 8,250,000 head of cattle, sheep, and hogs alone, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of chickens which the separate poultry plants turn out—a grand total of 62,900 cattle, sheep, and hogs have been transformed into dressed meat in all the seven great

Swift plants in a single day. In 1904, 540,000 tons of coal were consumed; 6000 cords of hickory wood were burnt in the smoke houses" (I wonder it was not more, for the smell is still with me); "30,000 electric lights were run; 1,388,100 telegrams were sent and received, and 4,279,080 letters dealt with": all this managed by over 25,000 clerks and people of all sorts.

There is no question that this brief account is the narrative of one of the greatest expansions ever recorded, but in Chicago it all seems quite natural. As Mr. Winans probably rightly put it, "Expansion and growth are in the very air of Chicago—in the air of the whole marvellous, stupendous West," but, he adds, "of course there are some men who would burst narrow restrictive meter and bounds anywhere, and when such men get out West young enough they grow to be giants"; it is not surprising therefore to hear that "G. F. Swift was this kind of man."

The stock farm we visited is undoubtedly a gigantic affair, and I am bound in truth to acknowledge that I never saw dirty work more cleanly done. I might have wished to see the hogs stunned before they are caught up by the relentless iron hook on which they are suspended until, after being stabbed, washed, inspected and cut up, they are turned into ham or thrown into the sausage vat, because there is decided cruelty in the process now followed; but with this exception, I saw nothing of what has roused so much

indignation of late. As to accidents, there is no industry in which steam or electric power is used where they are not on the card, but a man or two falling into a "lard vat" would be a much more serious matter for the firm than for the man. The "Giant G. F. Swift" knew this well, and all precautions appear to have been taken. One could easily write quite a long essay on a visit to such an establishment, and the more readily that most visitors, I should think, are not likely to court many chances of doing so; but for me, the smell of the smoke-houses, the squeal of the pigs, the rivers of blood, the cutting up of carcasses, and the sight of the sausages were enough to urge a retreat as soon as convenient, and I do not wish to renew the sensations I experienced by any further remark on the subject.

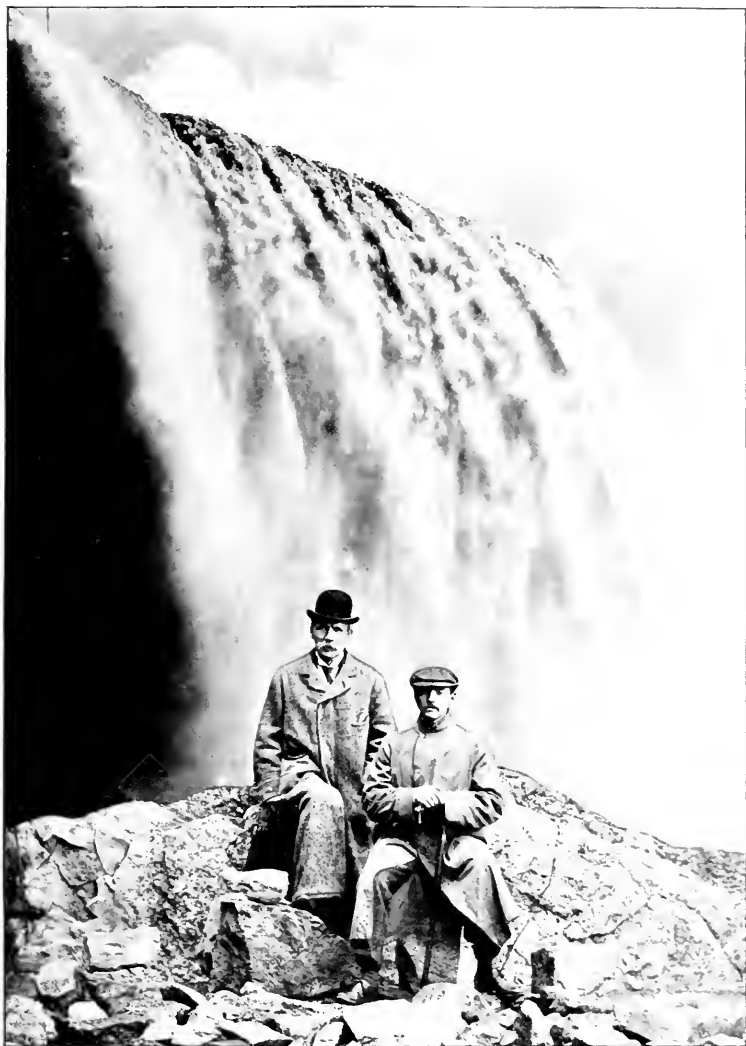
Like Lasalle in 1681, when he landed at Chicago and erected a fort to protect himself against the Indians, we wished to "move on" and erect a barrier against the pigs. We moved on that afternoon.

NIAGARA FALLS, 13 *May*.

Coming from Japan where all is so diminutive, to America where everything is gigantic, one is somewhat apt to hesitate as to the terms which are appropriate to describe the reality. There is no doubt, for instance, that a waterfall discharging eighteen million cubic feet of water per minute is stupendous; but then, on the one hand,

“stupendous” is the adjective which Mr. Winans considers alone suitable to describe the transformation of a pig into a breakfast delicacy at Chicago; and, on the other, I am told that these Niagara Falls are inferior to the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi. The Zambezi Falls, which I have not seen, appear already to have become the glib kind of retort which people, who have never set foot out of Europe, make to those who, being lost in admiration of Niagara, happen to talk of it. Several persons have thrust these African falls at my head in delightful ignorance of their whereabouts, whenever I have ventured to speak of America and the charms of Niagara. I gather, therefore, that nothing new can be said about the latter, and hence that not much further notice should be taken of what has been so long and is still a world’s wonder.

The weather to-day was not at all propitious; but no doubt it was only consistent with our desire to see a great mass of water plunging into an abyss about one thousand feet wide and creating columns of spray as high as its own fall of a hundred and fifty feet, that we should be drenched by waters from the skies falling down from a much greater height and producing less noise and less splash. Though I believe the fall on the American side is higher than that on the Canadian side, it certainly does not present so fine a view as that which can be got from Victoria Park, nor is the bulk of water nearly so imposing



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or so weird ; but the beauty of either spectacle is not now that which most rivets the attention. The possibilities of the Falls as a cheap factor in electrical works are so evident, that people who cannot benefit by their use for private dynamos are crying out that the natural beauties of the place are being interfered with, and raising a multitude of needless and idle objections. I understand that, as Chicago cannot utilize Lake Michigan, it is in duty bound to object to Lake Erie becoming of use to other cities. The answer, however, is that with eighteen million cubic feet of water a minute it would be a sin not to profit by this gift of nature, seeing that no one can suffer from "the diversion of a mere streamlet." Be it so ; but many acts of folly have been committed at Niagara by men, women, and dogs, and the dog was the only creature that came out of a tussle with the waters. His act had been involuntary, which probably was his saving clause. But are there not too many "streamlets" ?

NEW YORK, 14 *May*.

This being the most bewildering city in the world, we put up at the Waldorf Astoria—the most bewildering caravanserai in New York—and at once realized that, being free and independent men, we were expected to behave as such, and might very possibly be lost altogether should we rely on any assistance. Everybody

seemed to be an individual item of nerve and energy in a town of colossal mental, physical, and arithmetical strength. Such defects as blindness, deafness, slowness of apprehension or of computation, and other disabilities of nature or of age, are apparently unknown, and at all events little heeded. Even the lift men are so busy a race that they have no time to inquire which floor a stranger is making for. The Waldorf Astoria has fourteen stories and a garden at the top. I journeyed twice up and down to that garden before I could reach my room on the sixth floor, so rapid were the ascents and descents, and so engrossed was the lift man with his own thoughts. When I mildly remonstrated, he calculated that the fault was mine, and I felt he was right.

The hotel was a beehive, and all the bees have no thought but their own concerns, though they have leisure to look at each other. We were favoured with a single glance from the motley crowd, but that glance was expressive of our own small consequence, and we wondered how they could arrive at such right conclusions in so rapid a flash, but acknowledged they were right. Cabmen took us for Britishers, though we spoke their language, and charged us—I was going to say extortionate, but I ought to call it Protection prices. When we mildly expostulated, they “guessed” they had correctly understood the tariff and they were right. It must be the metropolis of a people who are never in the wrong.

When our American cousins express an opinion, they believe in it. They do not emit it for the purpose of eliciting concurrence. This is a great moral strength. I have heard children lecture their parents, and the parents look as if they ought to have known better.

Years ago, Lord Cowley gave a great ball to Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie in Paris, where he was Ambassador. It was in 1867—the year of the great Exhibition. An American friend of mine asked me on the morrow how the “Exhibition Ball” had gone off. I demurred to the title. He was annoyed, and stuck to his point. “I guess, sir,” he said, “that you will not contradict me if I say this is Exhibition year?” No. “And that there was a ball last night?” No. “Nor if I add that the ball was given in the year of the Exhibition?” No. “Then, sir, it was an Exhibition Ball!” This self-assurance is undoubtedly a great strength. It comes from strength and makes for strength—that strength which depends on energy, purpose, work for success, and which does not admit failure even as a contingency. How will President Roosevelt’s Spelling Committee cause the words success and failure to be written?

Strange are the inconsistencies of men! If there ever was a country that has put on six-league boots to keep abreast of the times and “lick creation” at its own game of fame, splendour, riches, literary, scientific and artistic re-

noun, it is the United States, who alone have hitherto been able to find the adequate boots—though the Japanese have since proved apt pupils at the school of rapid progress—and yet at the very time that marks the success of their efforts in stamping the fine English language with their own originality of thought and conception after nearly a century of study and imitation, some faddists with, it is said, the President of the United States as patron, are endeavouring to belittle, to caricature, to whittle down that language; forgetting that its written form is the result of studied endeavour in the course of ages, to bestow on written words the same grace and force which orators have been able to give to their utterances. What will the Fathers of the Republic—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison—think of such proceedings? Like a late European sovereign, on hearing that one of his noblemen was about to marry beneath his rank, they might exclaim, “*Monsieur, vous biffez vos ancêtres d’un trait de plume.*” And what would Prescott, Emerson, Poe, Longfellow think of so suicidal an attempt? Has the annexation of Honolulu enamoured the Americans of the Hawaiian language, which is susceptible of improvement could it “aspirate more and aspire less”? or has American progress reached its limit, and from the magnificent height upon which it scans the universe does it want to build little steps so as to render its descent more easy? The

Americans may proudly boast that they are self-made men, but their parent is the vigorous English language, and to destroy that parent is to become a parricide. I trust the fad will go the way of fads—"ad Acherontem."

ATLANTIC, 29 *May*.

An exquisite summer's day. Reading out of the question; but some one has just disturbed my peaceful slumber in a cosy corner of one of the four decks of the leviathan Cunarder (the s.s. "Caronia," Captain Barr) to inform me that the log registers a run of 423 miles, and that we are in longitude 12 west. This means that to-night we shall reach Queenstown, and to-morrow afternoon Liverpool, when my journey round the world comes to an end.

I accept the statement with equanimity. The world is really a very small affair, and man's genius seems to be bent on making it even smaller. These huge ships, fitted up with such luxury and offering every comfort, help to shorten time, their speed to shorten space; minimizing is in the air. The Japanese dwarf their plants, the Americans the English language. If time, space, nature, and art are all to be subjected to the whittling process, the shorter my adieux to the pleasures I have so briefly recalled, the more I shall feel to be in the general swim, for—

Vigeo, sum salvus, incolumis.

APPENDIX

No. I

ADMIRAL TOGO'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

By the help of Heaven our united squadron fought with the enemy's Second and Third Squadrons on 27 and 28 May, and succeeded in almost annihilating him.

When the enemy's fleet first appeared in the south seas, our squadrons, in obedience to imperial command, adopted the strategy of awaiting him and striking at him in our home waters. We therefore concentrated our strength at the Korean Straits, and there abode his coming north. After touching for a time on the coast of Annam, he gradually moved northward, and some days before the time when he should arrive in our waters several of our guardships were distributed on watch in a south-easterly direction, according to plan, while the fighting squadrons made ready for battle, each anchoring at its base so as to be ready to set out immediately.

Thus it fell out that on the 27th, at 5 a.m., the southern guardship, "Shinano Maru," reported by wireless telegraphy: "Enemy's fleet sighted in No. 203 section. He seems to be steering for the east channel."

The whole crews of our fleet leaped to their posts; the ships weighed at once, and each squadron, proceeding in order to its appointed place, made its dispositions to receive the enemy. At 7 a.m. the guardship on the left wing of the inner line, the "Izumi," reported:

“The enemy’s ships are in sight. He has already reached a point twenty-five nautical miles to the north-west of Ukujima ; he is advancing north-east.” The Togo (Captain Togo Masamichi) section, the Dewa section, and the cruiser squadron (which was under the direct command of Vice-Admiral Kataoka) came into touch with the enemy from 10 to 11 a.m., between Iki and Tsushima, and thereafter as far as the neighbourhood of Okinoshima, these ships, though fired on from time to time by the enemy, successfully kept in constant touch with him, and conveyed by telegraph accurate and frequent reports of his state. Thus, though a fog covered the sea, making it impossible to observe anything at a distance of over five miles, all the conditions of the enemy were as clear to us, who were thirty or forty miles distant, as though they had been under our very eyes. Long before we came in sight of him we knew that his fighting force comprised the Second and Third Baltic Squadrons, that he had seven special service ships with him, that he was marshalled in two columns line ahead, that his strongest vessels were at the head of the right column, that his special service craft followed in the rear, that his speed was about twelve knots, and that he was still advancing to the north-east.

Therefore, I was enabled to adopt the strategy of directing my main strength, at about 2 p.m., towards Okinoshima with the object of attacking the head of his left column. The main squadron, the armoured cruiser squadron, the Uriu section, and the various destroyer sections, at noon reached a point about ten nautical miles north of Okinoshima, whence, with the object of attacking the enemy’s left column, they steered west, and at about 1.30 p.m. the Dewa section, the cruiser squadron, and the Togo (Captain) section, still keeping touch with the enemy, arrived one after the other and joined forces. At 1.45 p.m. we sighted the

enemy for the first time at a distance of several miles south on our port bow. As had been expected, his right column was headed by four battleships of the "Borodino" type; his left by the "Oslyabya," the "Sissoi Veliky," the "Navarin," and the "Nakimoff," after which came the "Nikolai I" and the three coast defence vessels, forming another squadron. The "Jemchug" and the "Izumrud" were between the two columns, and seemed to be acting as forward scouts. In the rear, obscured by the fog, we indistinctly made out the "Oleg" and the "Aurora," with other second and third-class cruisers, forming a squadron; while the "Dmitri Donskoi," the "Vladimir Monomakh," and the special service steamers were advancing in column line ahead, extending to a distance of several miles.

I now ordered the whole fleet to go into action, and at 1.55 p.m. I ran up this signal for all the ships in sight: "The fate of the Empire depends upon this event. Let every man do his utmost."

Shortly afterwards the main squadron headed southwest, and made as though it would cross the enemy's course at right angles; but at five minutes past two o'clock the squadron suddenly turned east, and bore down on the head of the enemy's column in a diagonal direction. The armoured cruiser squadron followed in the rear of the main squadron, the whole forming single column line ahead. The Dewa section, the Uriu section, the cruiser squadron, and the Togo (Captain) section, in accordance with the previously arranged plan of action, steers south to attack the rear of the enemy's column. Such, at the beginning of the battle, were the dispositions on both sides.

FIGHT OF THE MAIN SQUADRON

The head of the enemy's column, when our main squadron bore down on it, changed its course a little to

starboard, and at eight minutes past two o'clock he opened fire. We did not reply for some time, but when we came within six thousand metres' range we concentrated a heavy fire on two of his battleships. This seemed to force him more than ever to the south-east, and his two columns simultaneously changed their course by degrees to the east, thus falling into irregular columns line ahead, and moving parallel to us. The "Oslyabya," which headed the left column, was soon heavily injured, burst into a strong conflagration, and left the fighting line. The whole of the [Japanese] armoured cruiser squadron was now steaming behind the main squadron in line, and, the fire of both squadrons becoming more and more effective as the range decreased, the flagship, "Kniaz Suvaroff," and the "Imperator Alexander III," which was the second in the line, burst heavily into flames and left the fighting line, so that the enemy's order became more deranged. Several of the ships following also took fire, and the smoke, carried by the westerly wind, quickly swept over the face of the sea, combining with the fog to envelop the enemy's fleet, so that our principal fighting squadrons ceased firing for a time.

On our side also the ships had suffered more or less. The "Asama" had been struck by three shells in the stern near the waterline, her steering-gear had been injured, and she was leaking badly, so that she had to leave the fighting line; but she performed temporary repairs, and was very soon able to resume her place.

Such was the state of the main fighting forces on each side at 2.45 p.m. Already the result of the battle had been decided in this interval.

Thereafter our main squadron, forcing the enemy in a southerly direction, fired on him in a leisurely manner whenever his ships could be discerned through the smoke and fog, and at 3 p.m. we were in front of his line, and shaped a nearly south-easterly course. But

the enemy now suddenly headed north, and seemed about to pass northward by the rear of our line. Therefore our main squadron at once went about to port, and, with the "Nisshin" leading, steered to the north-west. The armoured cruiser squadron also, following in the main squadron's wake, changed front, and thereafter again forced the enemy southward, firing on him heavily. At 3.7 p.m. the "Jemchug" came up to the rear of the armoured cruiser squadron, but was severely injured by our fire. The "Oslyabya" also, which had already been put out of action, sank at ten minutes past three o'clock, and the "Kniaz Suvaroff," which had been isolated, was injured more and more. She lost one of her masts and two smoke-stacks, and the whole ship, being enveloped in flame and smoke, became unmanageable, and her crew fell into confusion. The enemy's other vessels, suffering heavily, changed their course again to the east. The main squadron now altered its direction sixteen points to starboard, and, the armoured cruiser squadron following, they pursued the retreating enemy, pouring a constantly heavier fire on him, and discharging torpedoes also whenever occasion offered. Until 4.45 p.m. there was no special change in the condition of the principal fight. The enemy was constantly pressed south, and the firing continued.

What deserves to be specially recounted here is the conduct of the destroyer "Chihaya" and of the Hirose destroyer section at 3.40 p.m., as well as that of the Suzuki destroyer section at 4.45 p.m. These bravely fired torpedoes at the flagship "Suvaroff." The result was not clear in the case of the first-named boats, but a torpedo discharged by the last-named section hit the "Suvaroff" astern on the port side, and after a time she was seen to list some ten degrees. In those two attacks the "Shiranui," of the Hirose section, and the "Asashio," of the Suzuki

section, being each hit once by shells from ships in the neighbourhood, fell into some danger, but both happily escaped.

At 4.40 p.m. the enemy apparently abandoned the attempt to seek an avenue of escape northward, for he headed south and seemed inclined to fly in that direction. Accordingly our chief fighting force, with the armoured cruiser squadron in advance, went in pursuit, but lost him after a time in the smoke and fog. Steaming south for about eight miles, we fired leisurely on a second-class cruiser of the enemy's and some special service steamers which we passed on our starboard, and at 5.30 p.m. our main squadron turned northward again in search of the enemy's principal force, while the armoured cruiser squadron, proceeding to the south-west, attacked the enemy's cruisers. Thereafter until nightfall these two squadrons followed different routes, and did not again sight each other.

At 5.40 p.m. the main squadron fired once upon the enemy's special service steamer "Ural," which was near by on the port side, and at once sank her. Then, as the squadron was steaming north in search of the enemy, it sighted on the port bow the remaining ships of his principal force—six in number—flying in a cluster to the north-east. Approaching at once, it steamed parallel to these and then renewed the fight, gradually emerging ahead of them and bearing down on their front. The enemy had steered north-east at first, but his course was gradually deflected to the west, and he finally pushed north-west. This fight on parallel lines continued from 6 p.m. to nightfall. The enemy suffered so heavily that his fire was much reduced, whereas our deliberate practice told more and more. A battleship of the "Alexander III" type quickly left the fighting line and fell to the rear, and a vessel like the "Borodino," which led the column, took fire at 6.40 p.m., and at 7.23 suddenly became enveloped in

smoke and sank in an instant, the flames having probably reached her magazine. Further, the ships of the armoured cruiser squadron, which were then in the south pursuing the enemy's cruiser squadron northward, saw at 7.7 p.m. a vessel like the "Borodino," with a heavy list and in an unmanageable condition, come to the side of the "Nakhimoff," where she turned over and went to the bottom. It was subsequently ascertained from the prisoners that this was the "Alexander III," and that the vessel which the main squadron saw sink was the "Borodino."

It was now getting dusk, and our destroyer sections and torpedo sections gradually closed in on the enemy from the east, north, and south, their preparations for attack having been already made. Therefore the main squadron ceased by degrees to press the enemy, and at 7.28 p.m., when the sun was setting, drew off to the east. I then ordered the "Tatsuta" to carry orders to the fleet that it should proceed northward and rendezvous on the following morning at the Ulneung Islands.

This ended the battle during the daylight on the 27th.

FIGHT OF THE DEWA, URIU, AND TOGO (CAPTAIN) SECTIONS AND OF THE CRUISER SQUADRON

At 2 p.m., when the order to open the fight was given, the Dewa, Uriu, and Togo sections and the cruiser squadron, separating from the main squadron, steamed back south, keeping the enemy on the port bow. In pursuance of the strategical plan already laid down, they proceeded to menace the vessels forming the enemy's rear, namely, the special service steamers and the cruisers "Oleg," "Aurora," "Svietlana," "Almaz," "Dmitri Donskoi," and "Vladimir Monomakh." The Dewa and Uriu sections, working together in line, reached the enemy's squadron and, steaming in a direction opposite to his course, engaged him, gradu-

ally passing round his rear and emerging on his starboard, where the attack was renewed on parallel courses. Then, taking advantage of their superior speed, these sections changed front at their own convenience, sometimes engaging the enemy on the port side, sometimes on the starboard. After thirty minutes of this fighting the enemy's rear section gradually fell into disorder, his special service steamers and warships scattering and losing their objective. At a little after 3 p.m. a vessel like the "Aurora" left the enemy's rank and approached our ships, but, being severely injured by our fire, she fell back. Again, at 3.40 p.m., three of the enemy's destroyers sallied out to attack us, but were repulsed without accomplishing anything.

The result of this combined attack by the Dewa and Uriu sections was that by four o'clock there had been a marked development of the situation, the enemy's rear sections being thrown completely into disorder. Ships in this quarter had fallen out of their formation; all seemed to have suffered more or less injury, and some were seen to have become unmanageable.

The Uriu section, at about 4.20 p.m., seeing one of the enemy's special service steamers (probably the "Anjier"), a three-master with two smoke-stacks, which had become isolated, at once bore down on her and sank her. This section also fired heavily on another special service steamer, a four-master with one funnel (probably the "Iltis"), and nearly sank her.

About this time our cruiser squadron and the Togo section arriving on the scene, joined forces with the Dewa and Uriu sections, and, all working together, pursued and attacked the enemy's disordered cruiser squadron and special service steamers. While this was in progress, four of the enemy's warships (perhaps the coast defence vessels), which had been forced back by our main squadrons, came steam-

ing south and joined his cruiser squadron. Thus the Uriu section and our cruiser squadron became heavily engaged with these for a time at short range, and all suffered more or less, but fortunately their injuries were not serious.

Previously to this the "Kasagi," flagship of the Dewa section, had been hit in her port bunker below the waterline. As she made water, it became necessary for her to proceed to a place where the sea was calm in order to effect temporary repairs. Rear-Admiral Dewa himself took away the "Kasagi" and "Chitose" for that purpose, and the remaining ships of his section passed under the command of Rear-Admiral Uriu. At 6 p.m. the "Kasagi" reached Aburaya Bay, and Rear-Admiral Dewa, transferring his flag to the "Chitose," steamed out during the night, but the "Kasagi's" repairs required so much time that she was not able to take part in the pursuit the following day. The flagship "Taniwa," of the Uriu section, also received a shell below the waterline astern, and at about 5.10 p.m. she had to leave the fighting line and effect temporary repairs.

Alike in the north and in the south the enemy's whole fleet was now in disorder, and had fallen into a pitiable broken condition. Therefore at 5.30 p.m. our armoured cruiser squadron separated from the main squadron, and, steaming south, attacked the enemy's cruiser squadron. At the same time the enemy, forming a group, all fled north pursued by the Uriu section, the cruiser squadron, and the Togo section. On the way the enemy's battleship "Kniaz Suvaroff," which had been left behind unmanageable, as well as his repair ship "Kamchatka," were sighted, and the cruiser squadron, with the Togo section, at once proceeded to destroy them. At 7.10 p.m. the "Kamchatka" was sunk, and then the Fujimoto torpedo section, which accompanied the cruiser squadron,

steamed out and attacked the "Suvaroff." She made her last resistance with a small gun astern, but was finally struck by two of our torpedoes and went down. This was at 7.20 p.m. Very shortly afterwards our ships in this part of the field received orders to rendezvous at the Ulneung Islands, and subsequently we ceased fighting, and steamed to the north-east.

FIGHT OF THE DESTROYER AND TORPEDO SECTIONS

The fight during the night of the 27th began immediately after the battle during the day had ceased. It was a vehement and most resolute attack by the various destroyer and torpedo sections.

From the morning of this day a strong south-west wind had raised a sea so high, that the handling of small craft became very difficult. Perceiving this, I caused the torpedo section which accompanied my own squadron to take refuge in Miura Bay before the day fighting commenced. Towards evening the wind lost some of its force, but the sea remained very high, and the state of affairs was very unfavourable for night operations by our torpedo craft. Nevertheless, our destroyer sections and torpedo sections, fearing to lose this unique occasion for combined action, all stood out before sunset, regardless of the state of the weather, and, each vying with the other to take the lead, approached the enemy. The Fujimoto destroyer section steaming north, the Yajima destroyer section and the Kawase torpedo section from the north-east, bore down on the enemy's main squadron, while the rear of the same squadron was approached by the Yoshijima destroyer section from the east and the Hirose destroyer section from the south-east. The Fukuda, Otaki, Aoyama, and Kawada torpedo sections, coming from the south, pursued the detached vessels of the enemy's main squadron as well as the group of cruisers on a parallel line in his left rear. Thus, as night fell, these torpedo craft

closed in on him from three sides. Alarmed apparently by this onset, the enemy at sunset steered off to the south-west, and seems to have then changed his course again to the east. At 8.15 p.m. the night battle was commenced by the Yajima destroyer attacking the head of the enemy's main squadron, whereafter the various sections of torpedo craft swarmed about him from every direction, and until 11 p.m. kept up a continuous attack at close quarters. From nightfall the enemy made a desperate resistance by the aid of search-lights and the flashing of guns, but the onset overcame him, he lost his formation and fell into confusion, his vessels scattering in all directions to avoid our onslaught. The torpedo sections pursuing a pell-mell contest ensued, in the course of which the battleship "Sissoi Veliky" and the armoured cruisers "Admiral Nakhimoff" and "Vladimir Monomakh," three ships at least, were struck by torpedoes, put out of action, and rendered unmanageable. On our side No. 69 of the Fukuda torpedo section, No. 34 of the Aoyama section, and No. 35 of the Kawada section were all sunk by the enemy's shells during the action, while the destroyers "Harusame," "Akatsuki," "Ikazuchi," and "Yugiri," as well as the torpedo boats "Sagi" No. 68 and No. 33, suffered more or less from gun-fire or from collisions being temporarily put out of action. The casualties also were comparatively numerous, especially in the Fukuda, Aoyama, and Kawada sections. The crews of the three torpedo boats which sank were taken off by their consorts, the "Kari," No. 31 and No. 61.

According to statements subsequently made by prisoners, the torpedo attack that night was indescribably fierce. The torpedo craft steamed in so rapidly and so close that it was impossible to deal with them, and they came to such short range that the warships' guns could not be depressed sufficiently to aim at them.

In addition to the above, the Suzuki destroyer section and other torpedo sections proceeded in other directions the same night to search for the enemy. On the 28th, at 2 a.m., the Suzuki section sighted two ships steaming north at a distance of some twenty-seven miles east-north-east of Karasaki. The section immediately gave chase and sank one of the ships. Subsequent statements by prisoners rescued from her showed her to be the battleship "Navarin," and that she was struck by two torpedoes on each side, after which she sank in a few minutes. The other torpedo sections searched in various directions all night, but accomplished nothing.

THE FIGHT ON 28 MAY

At dawn on 28 May the fog which had prevailed since the previous day lifted. The main squadron and the armoured cruiser squadron had already reached a point some twenty miles south of the Ulneung Islands, and the other sections, as well as the various torpedo craft which had been engaged in the attack during the night, gradually and by different routes drew up towards the rendezvous. At 5.20 a.m., when I was about to form the armoured cruiser squadron into a search cordon from east to west for the purpose of cutting the enemy's line of retreat, the cruiser squadron, which was advancing northward, being then about sixty miles astern, signalled that it had sighted the enemy eastward and that several columns of smoke were observable. Shortly afterwards this squadron approached the enemy and reported that his force consisted of four battleships—two of these were subsequently found to be coast defence vessels—and two cruisers, and that it was advancing north. Without further inquiry it became clear that these ships formed the chief body of the enemy's remaining force. Therefore our main squadron and armoured cruiser squadron put about, and, gradu-

ally heading east, barred the enemy's line of advance, while the Togo and Uriu sections, joining the cruiser squadron, contained him in rear, so that by 10.30 a.m., at a point some eighteen miles south of Takeshima (the Liancourt Rocks), the enemy was completely enveloped. His force consisted of the battleships "Orel" and "Nikolai I," the coast defence ships "Admiral Apraxine" and "Admiral Seniavin," and the cruiser "Izumrud," five ships in all. Another cruiser was seen far southward, but she passed out of sight. Not only had these remnants of the enemy's fleet already sustained heavy injuries, but also they were, of course, incapable of resisting our superior force. Therefore, soon after our main squadron and armoured cruiser squadron had opened fire on them, Rear-Admiral Nebogatoff, who commanded the enemy's ships, signalled his desire to surrender with the force under him. I accepted his surrender, and as a special measure allowed the officers to retain their swords. But the cruiser "Izumrud," previously to his surrender, had fled southward at full speed, and, breaking through Togo's section, had then steamed east. Just then the "Chitose," which, on her way back from Aburaya Bay, had sunk one of the enemy's destroyers en route, reached the scene, and, immediately changing her course, gave chase to the "Izumrud," but failed to overtake her, and she escaped north.

Previously to this the Uriu section, while on its way north at 7 a.m., sighted one of the enemy's ships in the west. Thereupon the "Otowa" and the "Niitaka," under the command of Captain Arima, of the former cruiser, were detached to destroy her. At 9 a.m. they drew up to her, and found that she was the "Svietlana," accompanied by a destroyer. Pushing closer they opened fire, and, after about an hour's engagement, sank the "Svietlana" at 11.6 a.m. off Chyukpyong Bay. The "Niitaka," accompanied by the destroyer "Murakumo,"

which had just arrived, continued the pursuit of the enemy's destroyer "Buistri," and at 11.50 a.m. drove it ashore and destroyed it in an unnamed bay some five miles north of Chyukpyong Bay. The survivors of these two vessels were all rescued by our special service steamers, "America Maru" and "Kasuga Maru."

The main part of our combined squadron which had received the enemy's surrender were still near the place of the surrender, and were engaged in dealing with the four captured ships, when, at 3 p.m., the enemy's vessel, "Admiral Oushakoff," was sighted approaching from the south. A detachment consisting of the "Iwate" and the "Yakumo" were immediately sent after her, and at a little after 8 p.m. they overtook her, as she steamed south. They summoned her to surrender, but for reply she opened fire, and there was nothing for it but to attack her. She was finally sunk, and her survivors, over three hundred, were rescued.

At 3.30 p.m., the destroyers "Sazanami" and "Kagero" sighted two destroyers of the enemy escaping east, and then at a point some forty miles southwest of Ulneung Islands. These were pursued at full speed to the north-west, and being overtaken at 4.45 p.m., an action commenced. The rearmost of the two destroyers then ran up a white flag in token of surrender, whereupon the "Sazanami" immediately took possession of her. She was found to be the "Biedvi," with Vice-Admiral Rozhdestvensky and his staff on board. These, with her crew, were made prisoners. The "Kagero," meanwhile, continued the chase of the other destroyer up to half-past six, but she finally escaped north.

At 5 p.m. the Uriu section and the Yajima destroyer section, which were searching for the enemy in a westerly direction, sighted the battleship "Dmitri Donskoi" steaming north, and went in pursuit. Just as the Russian vessel reached a point some thirty miles

south of the Ulneung Islands, the "Otowa" and "Niitaka," with the destroyers "Asagiri," "Shirakumo," and "Fubuki," which were coming back from Chyukpyong Bay, bore down on her from the west and opened fire, so that she was brought between a cross cannonade from these and the Uriu section. This heavy fire from both sides was kept up until after sunset, by which time she was almost shattered, but still afloat. During the night she passed out of sight. So soon as the cruisers had ceased firing on her the "Fubuki" and the Yajima destroyer section attacked her, but the result was uncertain. On the following morning, however, she was seen drifting near the south-east coast of the Ulneung Islands, where she finally sank. Her survivors, who had landed on the islands, were taken off by the "Kasuga" and the "Fubuki."

While the greater part of the combined squadrons were thus busily engaged in the north dealing with the results of the pursuit, there were in the south also some considerable captures of ships remaining at the scene of the action. Thus the special service steamers "Shinano Maru," "Tainan Maru," and "Yawata Maru," which had set out early on the morning of the 28th charged with the duty of searching the place of the engagement, sighted the "Sissoi Veliky" at a point some thirty miles north-east of Karasaki. She had been struck by torpedoes the night before, and was now on the point of sinking. They made preparations for capturing her, and took off her crew. She went down, however, at 11.6 a.m. Again, at 5.30 a.m., the destroyer "Shiranui" and the special service steamer "Sado Maru" found the "Admiral Nakhimoff" in a sinking condition some five miles east of Kotozaki in Tsushima. Thereafter they sighted the "Vladimir Monomakh" approaching the same neighbourhood with a heavy list. The "Sado Maru" took measures for capturing both these ships, but they were so greatly

shattered and were making water so fast, that they sank in succession about 10 a.m., after their crews had been removed. Just then the enemy's destroyer "Gromky" came to the same neighbourhood, and suddenly steamed off northward. The destroyer "Shiranui" went in pursuit, and about 11.30 a.m. attacked her, No. 63, a unit of the torpedo-boat sections, co-operating in the attack. The enemy's fire having been silenced, the destroyer was captured and her crew were made prisoners, but her injuries were so severe that she sank at 12.43 p.m. In addition to the above, the gun-boats and special service steamers of our fleet, searching the coasts in the neighbourhood after the battle, picked up not a few of the crews of the sunken ships. Including the crews of the captured vessels, the prisoners aggregated about six thousand.

The above are the results of the battle, which continued from the afternoon of the 27th till the afternoon of the 28th. Subsequently a part of the fleet conducted a search far southwards, but not a sign was seen of any of the enemy's ships. About thirty-eight of his vessels had attempted to pass the Sea of Japan, and of these the ships that I believe to have escaped destruction or capture at our hands were limited to a few cruisers, destroyers, and special service steamers. Our own losses in the two days' fight were only three torpedo boats. Some others of our vessels sustained more or less injury, but not even one of them is incapacitated for future service. Our casualties throughout the whole fleet were 116 killed and 538 wounded, officers being included, as shown in the detailed list appended.

There was no great difference in the strengths of the opposing forces in this action, and I consider that the enemy's officers and men fought with the utmost energy and intrepidity on behalf of their country. If, nevertheless, our combined squadrons won the victory and achieved the remarkable success recorded above, it was

because of the virtues of His Majesty the Emperor, not owing to any human prowess. It cannot but be believed that the small number of our casualties was due to the protection of the spirits of the Imperial ancestors. Even our officers and men, who fought so valiantly and so stoutly, seeing these results, found no language to express their astonishment.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT—THE ENEMY'S SHIPS AND THEIR FATE

I. Battleships, eight; whereof six were sunk (the "Kniaz Suvaroff," the "Alexander III," the "Borodino," the "Oslyabya," the "Sissoi Veliky," and the "Navarin"), and two were captured (the "Orel" and the "Nikolai I").

II. Cruisers, nine; whereof four were sunk (the "Admiral Nakhimoff," the "Dmitri Donskoi," the "Vladimir Monomakh," and the "Svietlana"); three fled to Manila, and were interned (the "Aurora," the "Oleg," and the "Jemchug"); one escaped to Vladivostock (the "Almaz"), and one became a wreck in Vladimir Bay (the "Izumrud").

III. Coast defence ships, three; whereof one was sunk (the "Admiral Oushakoff") and two were captured (the "Admiral Apraxine" and the "Admiral Seniavin").

Destroyers, nine; whereof four were sunk (the "Buini," the "Buistri," the "Gromky," and one other); one captured (the "Byedovi"); one went down on account of her injuries when attempting to reach Shanghai (the "Blestyaschtchi"); one fled to Shanghai, and was disarmed (the "Bodri"); one escaped to Vladivostock (the "Bravi"), and the fate of one is unknown.

IV. Auxiliary cruiser, one; which was sunk (the "Ural").

V. Special service steamers, six; whereof four were sunk (the "Kamchatka," the "Iltis," the "Anastney," and the "Russi"); and two fled to Shanghai, where they were interned (the "Kovea" and the "Sveri").

VI. Hospital ships, two; which were both seized, one (the "Kastroma") being subsequently released, and the other (the "Orel") made prize of war.

RECAPITULATION—THIRTY-EIGHT SHIPS

Twenty sunk.

Six captured.

Two went to the bottom or were shattered while escaping.

Six disarmed and interned after flight to neutral ports.

One fate unknown.

One released after capture.

Two escaped.

No. II

TREATY OF PEACE OF PORTSMOUTH

SA Majesté l'Empereur de Toutes les Russies, d'une part, et Sa Majesté l'Empereur du Japon, d'autre part, étant animés du désir de rétablir les bienfaits de la paix pour leurs pays et pour leurs peuples, ont décidé de conclure un Traité de Paix et ont nommé à cet effet leurs Plénipotentiaires, savoir :

Sa Majesté l'Empereur de Russie, son Excellence M. Serge Witte, Son Secrétaire d'État et Président du Comité des Ministres de l'Empire de Russie, et son Excellence le Baron Roman Rosen, Maître de la Cour Impériale de Russie et son Ambassadeur Extraordinaire et Plénipotentiaire auprès des États-Unis d'Amérique ; et

Sa Majesté l'Empereur du Japon, son Excellence le Baron Komura Iutaro, Iusammi, Grand Cordon de l'Ordre Impérial du Soleil Levant, son Ministre des Affaires Étrangères ; et son Excellence Mr. Takahira Kogoro, Iusammi, Grand Cordon de l'Ordre Impérial du Trésor Sacré, son Envoyé Extraordinaire et Ministre Plénipotentiaire auprès États-Unis d'Amérique ;

Lesquels, après avoir échangé leurs pleins pouvoirs, trouvés en bonne et due forme, ont conclu les Articles suivants :—

ARTICLE I

Il y aura à l'avenir paix et amitié entre leurs Majestés l'Empereur de Toutes les Russies et l'Empereur du Japon, ainsi qu'entre leurs États et sujets respectifs.

ARTICLE II

Le Gouvernement Impérial de Russie, reconnaissant que le Japon possède en Corée des intérêts prédominants politiques, militaires et économiques, s'engage à ne point intervenir, ni mettre d'obstacles aux mesures de direction, de protection et de contrôle que le Gouvernement Impérial du Japon pourrait considérer nécessaire de prendre en Corée.

Il est entendu que les sujets Russes en Corée seront traités exactement de la même manière que les ressortissants des autres pays étrangers, à savoir, qu'ils seront placés sur le même pied que les ressortissants de la nation la plus favorisée.

Il est de même convenu que pour éviter toute cause de malentendu, les deux Hautes Parties Contractantes s'abstiendront, sur la frontière Russo-Coréenne, de prendre toute mesure militaire qui pourrait menacer la sécurité du territoire Russe ou Coréen.

ARTICLE III

La Russie et le Japon s'engagent mutuellement—

1^{er}. A évacuer complètement et simultanément la Mandchourie, à l'exception du territoire sur lequel s'étend le bail de la presqu'île de Liao-toung, conformément aux dispositions de l'Article Additionnel 1^{er} annexé à ce Traité ; et

2. Restituer entièrement et complètement à l'administration exclusive de la Chine toutes les parties de la Mandchourie qui sont occupées maintenant par les troupes Russes et Japonaises, ou qui sont sous leur contrôle, à l'exception du territoire susmentionné.

Le Gouvernement Impérial de Russie déclare qu'il n'a point en Mandchourie d'avantages territoriaux ou concessions préférentielles ou exclusives de nature à porter atteinte à la souveraineté de la Chine ou incompatibles avec le principe d'opportunité égale.

ARTICLE IV

La Russie et le Japon s'engagent réciproquement à ne mettre aucun obstacle aux mesures générales qui s'appliquent également à toutes les nations et que la Chine pourrait prendre pour le développement du commerce et de l'industrie en Mandchourie.

ARTICLE V

Le Gouvernement Impérial de Russie cède au Gouvernement Impérial du Japon, avec le consentement du Gouvernement de Chine, le bail de Port Arthur, de Talién et des territoires et eaux territoriales adjacents, ainsi que tous les droits, privilèges et concessions se rattachant à ce bail ou en faisant partie, et il cède, de même, au Gouvernement Impérial du Japon tous les travaux et propriétés publics dans le territoire sur lequel s'étend le bail susmentionné.

Les deux Hautes Parties Contractantes s'engagent mutuellement à obtenir du Gouvernement de Chine le consentement mentionné dans la stipulation ci-dessus.

Le Gouvernement Impérial du Japon donne de sa part l'assurance que les droits de propriété des sujets Russes dans le territoire susmentionné seront parfaitement respectés.

ARTICLE VI

Le Gouvernement Impérial de Russie s'engage à céder au Gouvernement Impérial du Japon, sans compensation, avec le consentement du Gouvernement de Chine, le Chemin de Fer Tchan-Tchoun (Kouan-Tchien-Tsy) et Port Arthur et tous ses embranchements avec tous les droits, privilèges, et propriétés y appartenant dans cette région, ainsi que toutes les mines de charbon dans ladite région, appartenant à ce chemin de fer ou en exploitation pour son profit.

Les deux Hautes Parties Contractantes s'engagent mutuellement à obtenir du Gouvernement de Chine le consentement mentionné dans la stipulation ci-dessus.

ARTICLE VII

La Russie et le Japon s'engagent à exploiter leurs chemins de fer respectifs en Mandchourie exclusivement dans un but commercial et industriel, mais nullement dans un but stratégique.

Il est entendu que cette restriction ne s'applique pas aux chemins de fer dans le territoire sur lequel s'étend le bail de la presqu'île de Liao-toung.

ARTICLE VIII

Les Gouvernements Impériaux de Russie et du Japon, en vue de favoriser et de faciliter les relations et le trafic, concluront, aussitôt que possible, une Convention séparée, pour le règlement de leurs services de raccordement de chemins de fer en Mandchourie.

ARTICLE IX

Le Gouvernement Impérial de Russie cède au Gouvernement Impérial du Japon en perpétuité et en pleine souveraineté la partie sud de l'île de Sakhaline et toutes les îles qui y sont adjacentes, ainsi que tous les travaux et propriétés publics qui s'y trouvent. Le cinquantième parallèle de latitude nord est adopté comme la limite du territoire cédé. La ligne-frontière exacte de ce territoire sera déterminée conformément aux dispositions de l'Article Additionnel II annexé à ce Traité.

Le Japon et la Russie conviennent mutuellement de ne construire dans leurs possessions respectives sur l'île de Sakhaline et sur les îles qui y sont adjacentes aucune fortification ni travaux militaires semblables. De même, ils s'engagent respectivement à ne prendre aucune mesure militaire qui pourrait entraver la libre navigation des Détroits de La Pérouse et de Tartarie.

ARTICLE X

Il est réservé aux sujets Russes habitants du territoire cédé au Japon de vendre leurs propriétés immobilières et de se retirer dans leur pays ; mais, s'ils préfèrent rester dans le territoire cédé, ils seront maintenus et protégés dans le plein exercice de leurs industries et droits de propriété, à la condition de se soumettre aux lois et à la juridiction Japonaises. Le Japon aura la pleine liberté de retirer le droit de résidence dans ce territoire à tous les habitants se trouvant dans l'incapacité politique ou administrative, ou de les déporter de ce territoire. Il s'engage toutefois à ce que les droits de propriété de ces habitants soient pleinement respectés.

ARTICLE XI

La Russie s'engage à s'entendre avec le Japon pour concéder aux sujets Japonais des droits de pêche le long des côtes des possessions Russes dans les Mers du Japon, d'Okhotsk et de Behring.

Il est convenu que l'engagement susmentionné ne portera pas atteinte aux droits déjà appartenant aux sujets Russes ou étrangers dans ces régions.

ARTICLE XII

Le Traité de Commerce et de Navigation entre la Russie et le Japon ayant été annulé par la guerre, les Gouvernements Impériaux de Russie et du Japon s'engagent à adopter, comme base de leurs relations commerciales, jusqu'à la conclusion d'un nouveau Traité de Commerce et de Navigation, sur la base du Traité qui était en vigueur antérieurement à la guerre actuelle, le système du traitement réciproque sur le pied de la nation la plus favorisée, y compris les tarifs d'importation et d'exportation, les formalités de douane, les droits de transit et de tonnage, et l'admission et le traitement des agents, des sujets et des vaisseaux d'un pays dans le territoire de l'autre.

ARTICLE XIII

Aussitôt que possible après la mise en vigueur du présent Traité, tous les prisonniers de guerre seront réciproquement restitués. Les Gouvernements Impériaux de Russie et du Japon nommeront, chacun de son côté, un Commissaire Spécial qui se chargera des prisonniers. Tous les prisonniers se trouvant entre les mains de l'un des Gouvernements seront remis au Commissaire de l'autre Gouvernement, ou à son représentant, dûment autorisé, qui les recevra en tel nombre et dans tels ports convenables de l'État remettant que ce dernier aura notifié d'avance au Commissaire de l'État recevant.

Les Gouvernements de Russie et du Japon présenteront l'un à l'autre, le plus tôt possible après que la remise des prisonniers aura été achevée, un compte documenté des dépenses directes faites respectivement par eux pour le soin et l'entretien des prisonniers depuis la date de la capture ou de la reddition jusqu'à celle de la mort ou de la remise. La Russie s'engage à rembourser au Japon, aussitôt que possible après l'échange de ces comptes, comme il est stipulé ci-dessus, la différence entre le montant réel ainsi dépensé par le Japon et le montant réel également déboursé par la Russie.

ARTICLE XIV

Le présent Traité sera ratifié par leurs Majestés l'Empereur de Toutes les Russies et l'Empereur du Japon. Cette ratification sera, dans le plus bref délai possible, et en tous cas pas plus tard que dans cinquante jours à partir de la date de la signature du Traité, notifiée aux Gouvernements Impériaux de Russie et du Japon respectivement, par l'intermédiaire de l'Ambassadeur des États-Unis d'Amérique à Saint-Pétersbourg et du Ministre de France à Tôkiô, et à partir de la date

de la dernière de ces notifications ce Traité entrera, dans toutes ses parties, en pleine vigueur.

L'échange formel des ratifications se fera à Washington aussitôt que possible.

ARTICLE XV

Le présent Traité sera signé en double : en langues Française et Anglaise. Les deux textes sont absolument conformes ; mais, en cas de divergence d'interprétation, le texte Français fera foi.

En foi de quoi les Plénipotentiaires respectifs ont signé et scellé de leurs sceaux le présent Traité de Paix.

Fait à Portsmouth (New Hampshire) le 23 Août (5 Septembre) de l'an 1905, correspondant au 5^e jour du 9^e mois de la 38^e année de Meidji.

(L.S.) (Signé) IUTARO KOMURA.

(L.S.) (Signé) K. TAKAHIRA.

(L.S.) (Signé) SERGE WITTE.

(L.S.) (Signé) ROSEN.

Conformément aux dispositions des Articles III et IX du Traité de Paix entre la Russie et le Japon en date de ce jour, les Plénipotentiaires soussignés ont conclu les Articles additionnels suivants :—

1. Ad Article III.

Les Gouvernements Impériaux de Russie et du Japon s'engagent mutuellement à commencer le retrait de leurs forces militaires du territoire de la Mandchourie simultanément et immédiatement après la mise en vigueur du Traité de Paix ; et dans une période de dix-huit mois à partir de cette date les armées des deux Puissances seront complètement retirées de la Mandchourie, à l'exception du territoire à bail de la presqu'île de Liao-toung.

Les forces des deux Puissances occupant les positions frontales seront retirées les premières.

Les Hautes Parties Contractantes se réservent le droit de maintenir des gardes pour protéger leurs lignes de chemins de fer respectives en Mandchourie.

Le nombre de ces gardes n'excèdera pas quinze hommes par kilomètre ; et, dans la limite de ce nombre maximum, les Commandants des armées Russes et Japonaises fixeront, de commun accord, le nombre des gardes qui seront employés, le plus minime possible, conformément aux exigences réelles.

Les Commandants des forces Russes et Japonaises en Mandchourie s'entendront sur tous les détails relatifs à l'exécution de l'évacuation conformément aux principes ci-dessus énumérés et prendront, de commun accord, les mesures nécessaires pour effectuer l'évacuation aussitôt que possible, et en tout cas pas plus tard que dans la période de dix-huit mois.

2. Ad Article IX.

Aussitôt que possible après la mise en vigueur du présent Traité une Commission de Délimitation, composée de nombre égal de membres qui seront nommés respectivement par les deux Hautes Parties Contractantes, marquera sur les lieux, d'une manière permanente, la ligne exacte entre les possessions Russes et Japonaises de l'île de Sakhaline. La Commission sera tenue, autant que les considérations topographiques le permettront, à suivre le cinquantième parallèle de latitude nord pour la ligne de démarcation, et dans le cas où des déviations de la dite ligne sur quelques points seront trouvées nécessaires, compensation en sera faite par des déviations corrélatives sur d'autres points. Il sera de même le devoir de la dite Commission de préparer une liste et description des îles adjacentes qui seront comprises dans la cession, et finalement la Commission préparera et signera les cartes constatant les

limites du territoire cédé. Les travaux de la Commission seront soumis à l'approbation des Hautes Parties Contractantes.

Les Articles Additionnels mentionnés ci-dessus seront considérés comme ratifiés par la ratification du Traité de Paix, auquel ils sont annexés.

Portsmouth, le 23 Août (5 Septembre), 1905, correspondant au 5^e jour, 9^e mois, 38^e année de Meidji.

(Signé) IUTARO KOMURA.
K. TAKAHIRA.
SERGE WITTE.
ROSEN.

No. III

THE GARTER MISSION

MEMBERS of the Mission carrying the Order of the Garter to the Emperor of Japan :

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, K.G.
Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour, G.C.B., O.M.

General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, G.C.B.

Colonel (now Sir) Arthur Davidson, K.C.V.O.

Captain Wyndham, Equerry to Prince Arthur.

Mr. Miles Lampson, Secretary to the Mission.

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