

## THE LADY OF PONCE DE LEON.

THE mists of the years are about him ;  
No echo rolls out from the past  
To tell did she sorrowing doubt him,  
Or, woman-like, love to the last.  
But long has been whispered the story  
Of eyes that were darkened with pain—  
Forgotten their light in the glory  
Of God, and of Spain.

Did she chide the white arms that had failed her ?  
The beauty that ceased to enthrall ?  
The love that so little availed her  
His faltering love to recall ?  
We know not. She loved him and lost him ;  
He sleeps on that far Cuban isle,  
And she where the hills o'er Granada  
Look seaward the while.

Long years found her watching and waiting  
The lover who never came back,  
In envy of even the sea-gull  
That followed so far in his track.  
Long years, till, her youth and her beauty  
Gone by as a sigh on the breeze,  
Her soul slipped its fetters to traverse  
The infinite seas.

And when in his hunger and heartache  
He yearned for the love that had been,  
Who knows but a breath of her passion  
Had pierced through the distance between ?  
But 'tis past, all the loss and the longing,  
And this is his picture they paint—  
A patriot, pirate, fanatic,  
Half devil, half saint.

Calm he sleeps while that mystical fountain  
Whose waters gave youth to the old,  
Still sings on its way from the mountain  
Its life-giving secret untold.  
Calm he sleeps, of the world little recking  
Whatever its story may be,  
Afar from his love by the pulsing  
Great heart of the sea.

EMILY McMANUS.

## LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

CONTINUED EFFORTS TO STUDY THE NATIVE LIFE OF THE  
PEOPLE, AND WHERE WE LANDED.

ON the third day after our arrival in Tokyo, we went for the third time in search of a genuine Japanese hotel. Since our last attempt, however, we had learned some discouraging and disconcerting facts. Apart from the Europeanized houses already tried, there were no others in the city which could receive foreigners not in Japanese employ. You see, if foreigners won't consent to Treaty Revision, if they won't consent to be judged by Japanese laws in Japanese courts, the Japanese Government is going to keep them locked up in their quiet quarter till they reconsider the matter. And this quiet quarter of Tokyo is called Tsukiji. After wandering about the labyrinth of modest habitations where live the Japanese, Tsukiji presents quite an imposing appearance. The houses which are for the most part large, substantial, European and ugly, all or nearly all stand alone surrounded by very presentable gardens. Here you will find the foreign merchants, and most of the missionaries and mission schools. It was our particular aim to avoid Tsukiji. But how learn a Japanese house since we weren't in Japanese employ? We wondered what pass-ports were for. We decided to go to Her British Majesty's Legation to see.

A pass-port, we were told at the Legation, permitted the holder thereof to travel in the interior for reasons of health and scientific research, but it did not permit a residence in any city outside the foreign quarter, unless, as I have mentioned above, the foreigner could say that he was employed by a Japanese. "But," added our informant, "such employment is very easily obtained. Only get some Japanese to say he has employed you, it is purely nominal, and you have nothing more to do." Our scruples condemned us, but our desire for an intimate knowledge of the native life was greater than our scruples. "Of course," continued the gentleman, "some slight inconvenience might arise should the Japanese object to dismiss you when you wished it." We refused to entertain such a thought. We had just arrived; we were ignorant; we were enthusiastic. We had yet to learn that a Japanese door of paper could shut one out quite as effectually as a portcullis; that a crowd of polite, smiling, bowing little ladies was quite as impossible a barrier as a row of gendarmes.

We left the Legation in high spirits. I need hardly say that the condition of our feelings was not directly traceable to our visit, but rather to the fact that we seemed to have henceforth only to do with Japanese. We would inspect the remaining hotels marked upon our list.

We inspected those hotels as much as two guideless foreigners can, totally ignorant of "the native speakings," that is to say, from the entrance. There was no mistake this time, the houses were intensely Japanese. The first seemed so very grave and silent that we should have felt

quite unwarranted in disturbing its peaceful existence had it not been for the lamp affixed over the door. Our intention was of short duration, however. We drew back the wooden slide which serves as a gate in the high wooden fence one finds before most Japanese private houses and hotels, and stepped upon a little bit of cold ground half covered with the usual consignment of *gheta*. Beyond the pattens and a desert of matted floor we saw nothing. Presently a Japanese young man appeared.

"Hotel?" we enquired. "See, we want stop hotel!" It seemed so simple a question, so natural a request, that the youth's prolonged and complicated answer I thought totally uncalled for.

"Hotel, have got?" Garth repeated. Our ridiculous little phrase-book hadn't the Japanese equivalent of "hotel?"

Another dissertation from the native. The lady of the house and her daughters came upon the scene. A knot of anxious spectators collected outside.

"*Neru*—to sleep; *tabe mono*—food—no have got? *Arimasen!*" continued Garth quite unabashed.

"*Arimasen!*" echoed the native with a vast sigh of relief.

There is no word the Japanese seem to pronounce more readily, at least when foreigners are concerned. They have got rid of him, that stupid, laughing, persistent fellow who never knows what he wants, with their all-comprehensive negative "*Ari masen*."

"The case is clear," I said to Garth, "foreigners are not in demand." And we directed our steps towards the fourth hotel.

The fourth hotel stood on a noisy street of the purest Japanese style. It was far more modest than the other, but proved none the less provokingly indifferent to our demands. A woman with bare feet and a bit of blue cotton about her head met us at the entrance. We were accompanied by our two coolies.

"We wish stop here," said Garth, smiling pleasantly.

The woman smiled, too, but that was all. I looked up to wish and to stop. The phrase-book gave the infinitive of the one and the imperative of the other.

"*Hoshii mate*," I ventured.

The woman laughed, and appealed to the coolies. We had not had the forethought to take the coolies into our confidence. They replied, and the woman made an unpromising step forwards.

"See," said Garth, oblivious of the action, and beginning to unbutton her boots, "see, I go. . . . Wait a minute. Look up *room*, quick, Louis, and to look at."

I was proud to remember *heya*, and then I found *miru*.

"*Miru heya*," said Garth. The woman seemed only to be confirmed in her former opinion.

"If they won't let us learn their native houses we can't force them," I remarked. "But the fact is I feel now as if a Japanese hotel would be a poor reward for all our trouble."

Garth regarded me sternly—"Give me the book." I retired to my *jirikisha*. I waited a quarter of an hour amidst a sympathetic multitude, and then Garth came out nodding, "*Jiki hi Kaette Kimasu*," over her shoulder.

"What's that?"

"That's I will come back soon."

"Well?"

"Well, they understood me perfectly."

"Are they going to let us in?"

"Of course they won't let us in until they are sure we are in the employ of some Japanese, and have a right to live out of the foreign quarter. I'm going now to get Mr. S. to write down what the legation people suggested; that we don't want these people to make one iota of difference between us and their ordinary patrons; but that we wish to eat and sleep exactly like the natives. 'I've said all this already,' added Garth, 'only a letter would have the effect of finally settling the matter.'"

When we returned an hour later with a missive three feet long, I thought mine hostess' manner changed. She and two female friends bent their heads for some time over the formidable sheet while we stood confidently by. They consulted together; then the first, then the second, then the third, then all three exclaimed with one voice—"Arimasen!"

And so we found our way to Tsukiji after all; monetary considerations made a prolonged stay at the Hotel an impossibility. Tsukiji, however, and our temporary home there proved a far more interesting and valuable experience than we could have imagined. Of some of the results of this experience I may speak later, as they bear upon a subject which demands a letter to itself; but of the house in which we lived, or rather of the Japanese portion of it and its inmates, I want to tell you a little here.

There are two women, and it seemed to me only two, whom the ordinary traveller in Japan has any facility to study. The *geisha* and the servant. The students of the former are legion; the latter totters her small life through unhonoured and unsung, and yet she is the most fascinating of creatures in her way. Tomé bore the same relation to our Bridget as an *hibachi* bears to an American stove, or the Coolie's rice-bowl to Western kitchen crockery. She was at once interesting, artistic, and delightful to have about one. Service with her meant a ceremony to be performed, not a degrading task to be got through. Tomé's manners and Tomé's voice any European dame might have envied; Tomé's meekness, under reprimands that our Bible-class-attending servants would have resented in unmistakable language, filled me with admiring pity.

Tomé had served me for about two weeks before I took

any particular notice of her. She said "yes," sometimes, and laughed, and "good night," and laughed, but these I thought were mere echoes, and meant nothing with her. I did not know that in that small brown breast there burned a desire to learn English almost equal to mine to learn Japanese, a desire which would become quite insatiable every time the little maid brought my lamp, or lit my fire, or came into my room under the twenty and one pretexts only a Japanese servant can invent.

I was awakened one morning by a gentle tap. I opened my eyes to find a sweet, round, rather flat, pretty face bending over me. It had small eyes, but such an exquisite mouth, such a dear little nose, such peachy skin. It was Tomé. She rattled off something in Japanese, and then added:

"*Tsukai America?*"

I saw that she held a letter; I put out my hand for it. "*Tsukai America?*" again asked the smiling Tomé.

"No understand. Give letter, *doizo*-please."

Tomé reluctantly consented.

"*Tegami*, letter, America?"

"I hardly see that my correspondence concerns you, my dear Tomé," I said laughing. "No, it is not from America, it is from the city."

"City, *desuka?*" rejoined Tomé, doubtfully.

"Of course, if you know best." . . . I opened my letter and found it required an immediate reply by the messenger, who was waiting. I got up, wrote the reply and handed it to Tomé. Tomé hesitated.

"*Yukimasho Nippon*, America?" she said coaxingly.

I had mislaid my phrase-book. I made a rush at Mr. Chamberlain's Japanese Grammar. Alas! in the vocabulary thereof I could not find *to go*; perhaps he thought it was useless to give it.

"See, Tomé," I said pointing emphatically towards the door, "go, then come back."

"Go," answered Tomé imitating the action admirably "*Nippon Yukimasho desuka?*"

I sighed. Tomé laughed. The sweetly provoking creature! Nobody but a brute could have got angry with her. I was glad, however, it was a Japanese who wanted the immediate reply. He would know what to expect in his own country.

Tomé now pointed to some paper and a pen, and said quite a long Japanese phrase; then she scurried out of the room. I locked my door after her with relief. Five minutes afterwards Tomé was demanding admittance.

"Arimasen!" I shrieked.

"Arimasen!" echoed the incredulous and laughing Tomé, and went on rapping.

"*Yoroshii*—all right!" I cried.

"*Yoroshii!*" said the doubting maiden.

I went to the door and opened it two inches. I found Tomé with my letter still in one hand, and — all her writing paraphernalia in the other!

A week passed and Tomé didn't even say "yes." I was beginning to grow alarmed. I hoped I had not offended her. One evening when she came with my lamp, "*Lamp, America*," I said—"America," I had discovered, was in the Japanese mind an adjective equivalent to English.

"*Ramp desuka*—do you say?" asked Tomé, fired instantly.

"No, lamp."

"R. . . R. . . Ramp," she repeated with pretty effort.

"Light then."

"Right," said Tomé; but she did not wait to be corrected. She flew off and returned once again with the formidable writing materials that had so frightened me before—two brushes and a wooden tray. Down upon her knees she dropped, and as I told her one word after another, the clever thing wrote them by expressing the sounds she heard in wonderful characters which stood for similar sounds in Japanese.

When Tomé could not make me understand what she wanted by speaking, she resorted to pantomime, and it never failed. Once this quaint student wished to learn the Japanese equivalent of *before*.

"Before, America?"

"So."

"Before, Nippon?"

Ah! that I did not know. Tomé put her head on one side with a pretty, bird-like gesture and thought. The result of her cogitations was seen after a few minutes. She took hold of the ink-bottle and my prayer-book. Placing the prayer-book in front of the ink-bottle she exclaimed triumphantly, touching the latter.

"Before, *desuka?*"

The more now I saw of Tomé the more she interested and fascinated me. Whenever she could she would slip into my room after tea, kneel at my feet, and write down the English words I told her in those eccentric Japanese characters. If I showed this antipodal maiden a photograph she always examined it upside down before pronouncing an opinion. If I wished to give her some Japanese jimcrack, bought at a fair, her feigned incomprehension of my intention was as exquisitely delicate as the most refined drawing-room dame could have imagined. When at length she was quite sure I meant her to take my present, her manner of accepting it overpowered me. She raised the trifle to her forehead, bowed very low, and murmured a long, hushed "*ariento!*" And yet Tomé was only a little maid-servant who pattered about the house all day, came when you clapped your hands, trembled if you had the brutality to scold, and whose only amusement from one week's end to the other was a transient flirtation with the *jirikisha* man.

LOUIS LLOYD.