

YOKOHAMA BALLADS



ILLUSTRATED BY G. BIGOT.

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YOKOHAMA: A. CULTY, No. 51, MAIN STREET.
TOKYO: Z. P. MARUYA & Co.





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OVER EDUCATED.

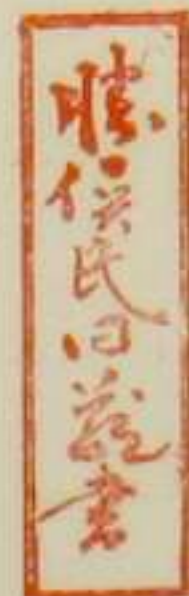
On the Bund a few days ago a Japanese rickshaw-man called an English salt who failed to see the sweet reasonableness of paying him six times his legal fare a "ruddy-tinted fool." A Chinaman thereupon walked up and remonstrated saying that such an expression was "belly rude." *A propos* of this incident Fiasco da Gama, naturalized Britisher, delivers himself thusly:—

I.

I've ran acrost some curious things, I guess;
I've served beneath a score o'diferent banners;
But I've never see'd the world in such a mess
As when Chinks wire in to teach thim folkses manners!
For the Japanee is usually uncommonly perlite,
'Ceptin Yokohama coolies who seem conterary quite;
They cheat you, an' they chouse you, an' they cheek with all their might
When you buck at overchargin' o' the mornin'!

II.

For a 'eathen man to name you names ain't proper,
Though he slangs you in a lingo of his own;
But when his oaths are Hinglish, *then* a stopper
Must be put on stealin' what's for *hus* alone;
For Japanesey cuss-words are puny, weak an' mild;
They've no more bottom in them than a puling, teething child;
It'ud take a lot o'pepperin' to drive a shell-back wild
Should the skipper chuck sich at 'im o' a mornin'!



III.

The wurrust that they can go is call you *baka*;
(The Chelsea sage says most are fools unmixed;)
But I've dropped across a cuss who'd madden Shaka:
He called me fool with somethin' strong prefixed:
An' a Chinaman he up an' says that "bally fool" is bad,
An' that the cove as slings it round is jest a 'owlin' cad;
An' it's really, truly, woefully, unutterably sad
To see Chinks a-teachin' manners of a' mornin'!

IV.

We've taught thim folkses various kinds o' stuff;
We've given 'em trains an' telegraffs an' rifles,
An dynamite an' warships *quantum suff.*;
Pot-hats an' lamps an' other sich-like trifles.
But let us keep our swear-words,—they are our very own;
Of our civilized nation they're the very flower an' crown;
Should the 'eathen get to play wid 'em, Hold Hingland 'ull go down
Like dirt into the dust-bin of a mornin'!



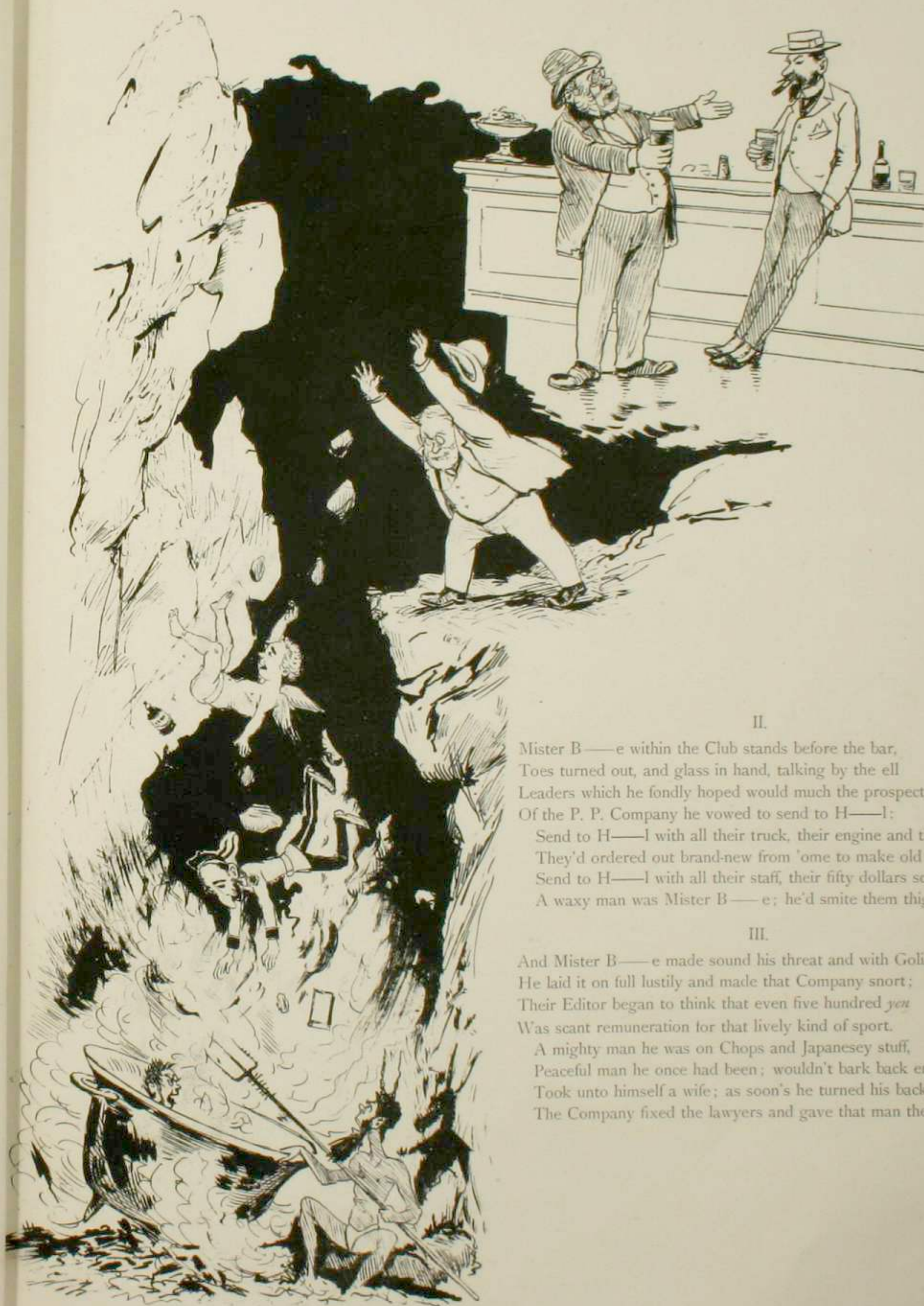
BALLAD OF A COMPANY.

*Half a hundred gentlemen sobered down and sane;
Half a hundred gentlemen in dire financial pain;
Half a hundred gentlemen all rueing sove the day
They tinkered up the old Gazette to pipe their bloomin' lay!*

I.

They got up a Company to slay the piebald *Mail*;
They meant to buy the *Herald*, but their plan they quickly shifted;
B—e's figure for his defaced type made even their keenest quail;
So their shekels into Paddy's pot full credulously drifted:
Angry man was Mister B—e, his passion all aglow;
Twenty years of toilsome strife and to be hoodwinked so!
Twenty years of toilsome strife, mud-pelting with a will,
Ministers and mission-folks jabbing with his quill!





II.

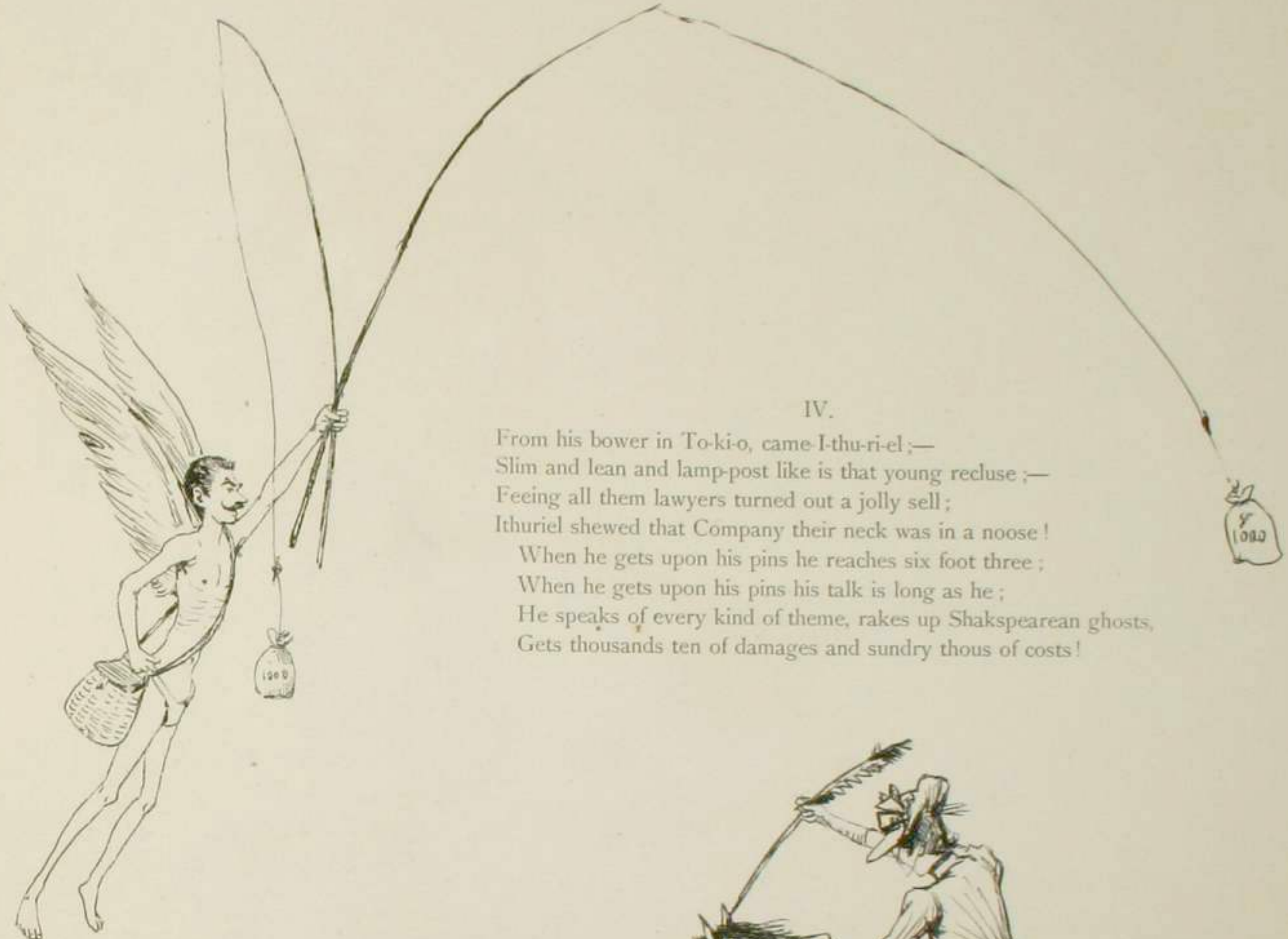
Mister B——e within the Club stands before the bar,
Toes turned out, and glass in hand, talking by the ell
Leaders which he fondly hoped would much the prospects mar
Of the P. P. Company he vowed to send to H——I;

Send to H——I with all their truck, their engine and the plant
They'd ordered out brand-new from 'ome to make old B——y pant;
Send to H——I with all their staff, their fifty dollars scrip:
A waxy man was Mister B——e; he'd smite them thigh and hip!

III.

And Mister B——e made sound his threat and with Goliath's pen
He laid it on full lustily and made that Company snort;
Their Editor began to think that even five hundred *yen*
Was scant remuneration for that lively kind of sport.

A mighty man he was on Chops and Japanesey stuff,
Peaceful man he once had been; wouldn't bark back enough;
Took unto himself a wife; as soon's he turned his back
The Company fixed the lawyers and gave that man the sack.



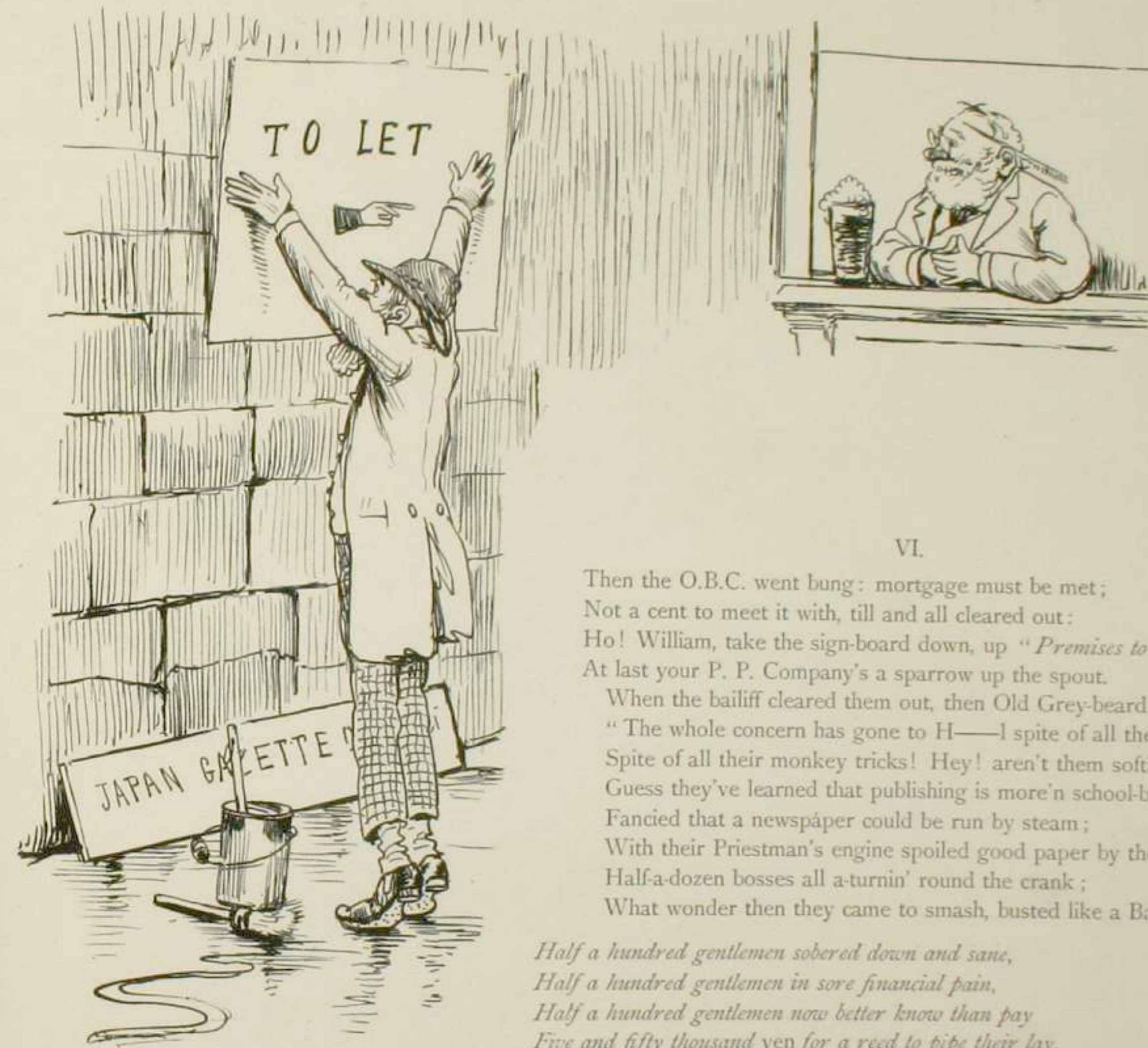
IV.

From his bower in To-ki-o, came I-thu-ri-el;—
Slim and lean and lamp-post like is that young recluse;—
Feeing all them lawyers turned out a jolly sell;
Ithuriel shewed that Company their neck was in a noose!
When he gets upon his pins he reaches six foot three;
When he gets upon his pins his talk is long as he;
He speaks of every kind of theme, rakes up Shakspearean ghosts,
Gets thousands ten of damages and sundry thous of costs!



V.

Then they went upon the cheap; stuffed with petticoats
The chair from which that editor was wrongfully evicted;
Petticoats worked little good; dearth of ten yen notes
Handicapped the foundered moke, for all she whipped and kicked it.
Plucky little woman that, got a level head;
Fought a mighty plucky fight for her daily bread,
Writing on with aching wrist and with a fagged-out brain
Whirring like a racing screw, thudding like a train.

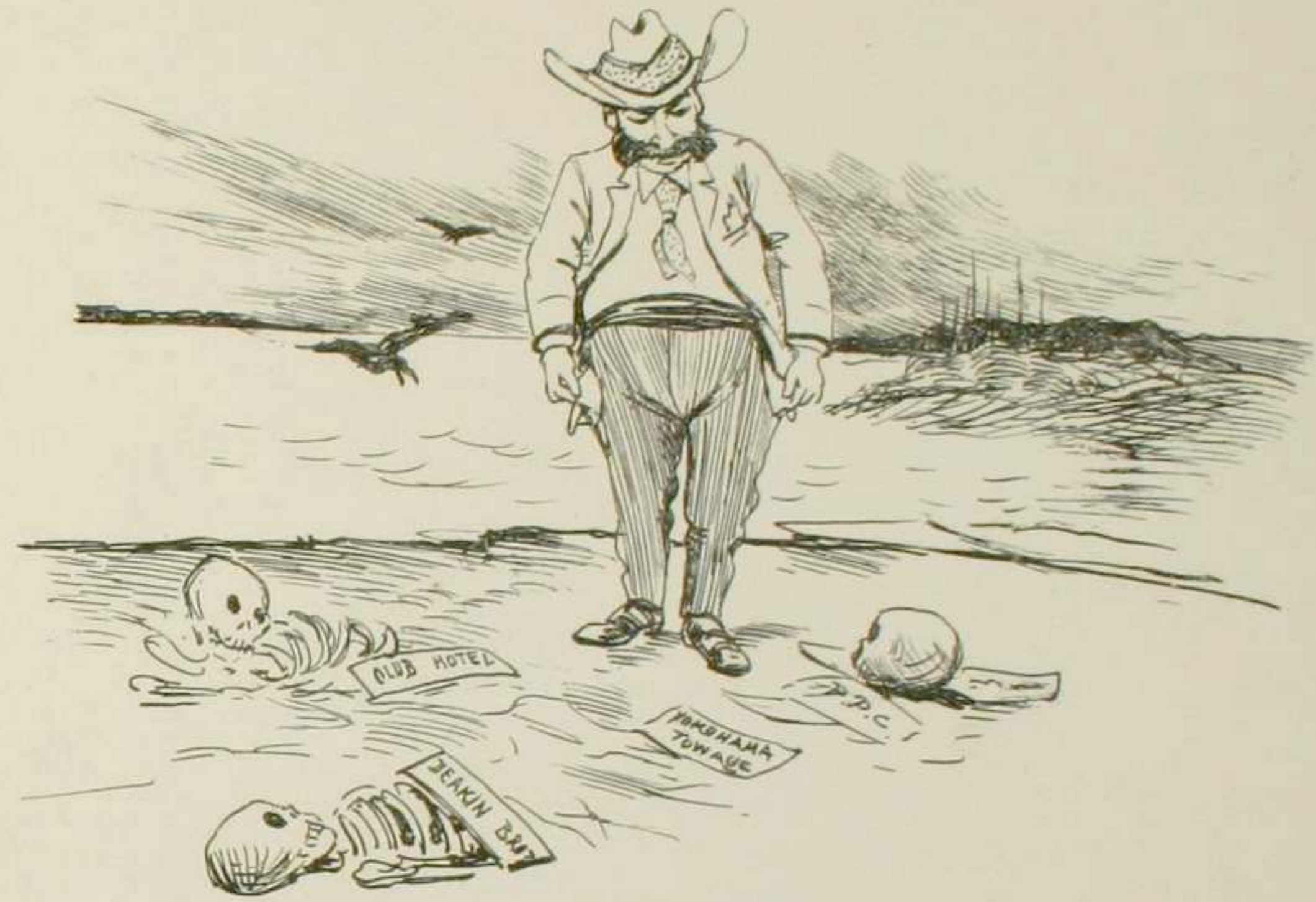


VI.

Then the O.B.C. went bung: mortgage must be met;
 Not a cent to meet it with, till and all cleared out:
 Ho! William, take the sign-board down, up "Premises to let!"
 At last your P. P. Company's a sparrow up the spout.

When the bailiff cleared them out, then Old Grey-beard laughed:
 "The whole concern has gone to H——I spite of all their craft,
 Spite of all their monkey tricks! Hey! aren't them softies gay?
 Guess they've learned that publishing is more'n school-boy's play!
 Fancied that a newspaper could be run by steam;
 With their Priestman's engine spoiled good paper by the ream,
 Half-a-dozen bosses all a-turnin' round the crank;
 What wonder then they came to smash, busted like a Bank!"

*Half a hundred gentlemen sobered down and sane,
 Half a hundred gentlemen in sore financial pain,
 Half a hundred gentlemen now better know than pay
 Five and fifty thousand yen for a reed to pipe their lay.*



THEM COMPANIES!

Loquitur victima quaedam:—

I.

When Companies are bustin', and Banks are goin' bung,
An' share quotations fallen to freezin' point,
An' Exchange is two an' tenpence, an' poor Silver's dirge is sung,
'Tis sure there's something muchly out of joint.

II.

Two years ago them Companies—or maybe it was three—
Like Jonah's gourd o'erspread the Oriënt,
An' Jonah-wise we rested 'neath their shade full trustfully,
An' now they've nailed our every bloomin' cent.

III.

There's Yokohama Towage hat-in-hand at seventy *yen*,
An' Club Hotels right down to fifty-five ;
The Iron Works are up the spout, while not a single *sen*
Have the P. P. folks to save their life alive.

IV.

In Kobe too the sounds of doul sweep up to Maya's fane,
For Kobe's in a mighty ugly fix ;
It wasted all its substance, like a prodigal insane,
On a hó-tel slightly dear at less than nix.

V.

And the only wights that profit by this precious game of pool,
Are vendors and the Devil's own Brigade ;
If again I save a stiver—Well, to play the bloomin' fool
For once is quite enough for man or maid !

Chorus boys !

For they've taken my hard-won dollars, an' I'll never see them more,
They've vanished quite away like Nelly Gray ;
An' about the whole blamed business I feel uncommon sore ;
But never mind! I've had my little say.



EBENEZER EMMANUEL BROADBOTTOM, FROM THE STATE
OF OHIO, ON THE MATTER OF THE TARIFF.

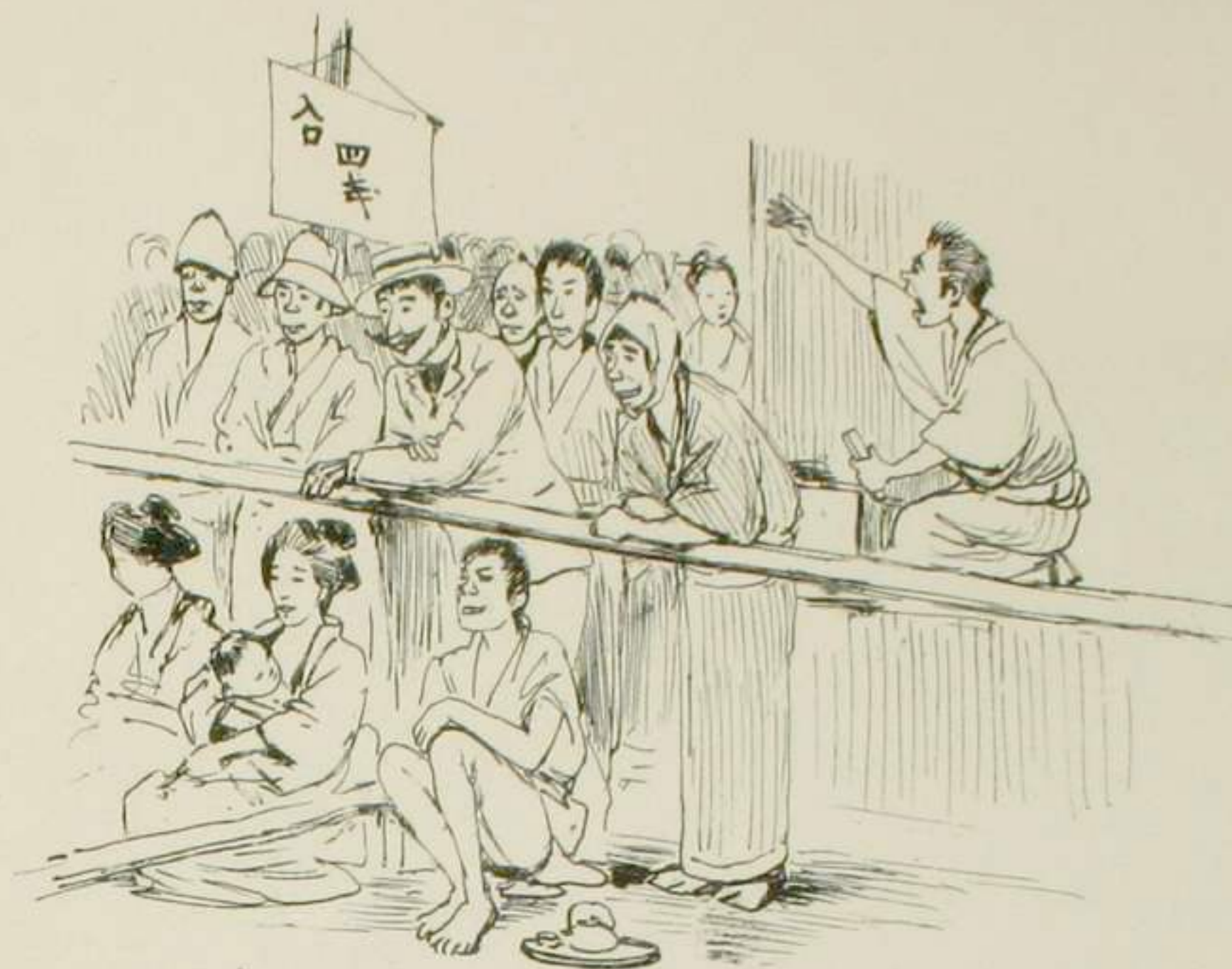
I.

I went and hired a rickshaw man to wheel me to the Bund,
I paid him twice the native fare and straight my ears he stunned
Importunately clamouring, purtestin' it was right
For me to shell out "ten cents more," because my face was white.
For there's duty here on curly hair an' the colour o'yer skin,
There's an impost too on them as speaks a civilized speech,
In this country you begin to think McKinley very thin,
For his tariff doesn't chouse you as thim Haythens overreach.



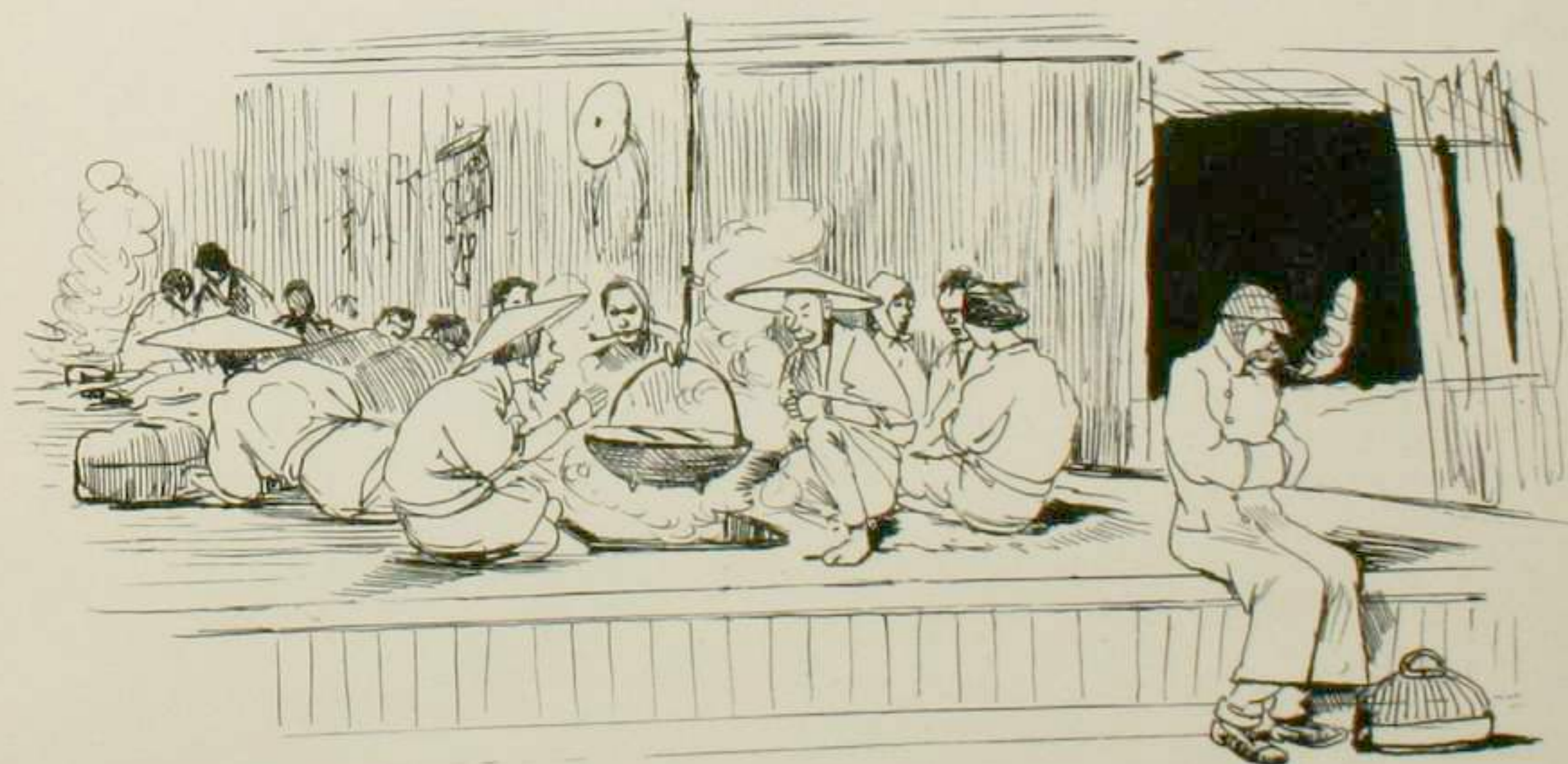
II.

I wished to get out to the Fleet to hear the music play
Where the warships ride at anchor and their lights blink o'er the Bay ;
I proffered *sendo* thrice his fare; he swore he'd make me drown
Or drop me in the weltering waves an' let me swim to town.
An' yet 'tis said that in Japan the tariff's beastly low,
An' yet 'tis said that in Japan Protection's name is scouted,
An' yet 'tis said that in Japan Free Trade is all the go:
From what I've learned from *sendo san*, I really, truly doubt it!



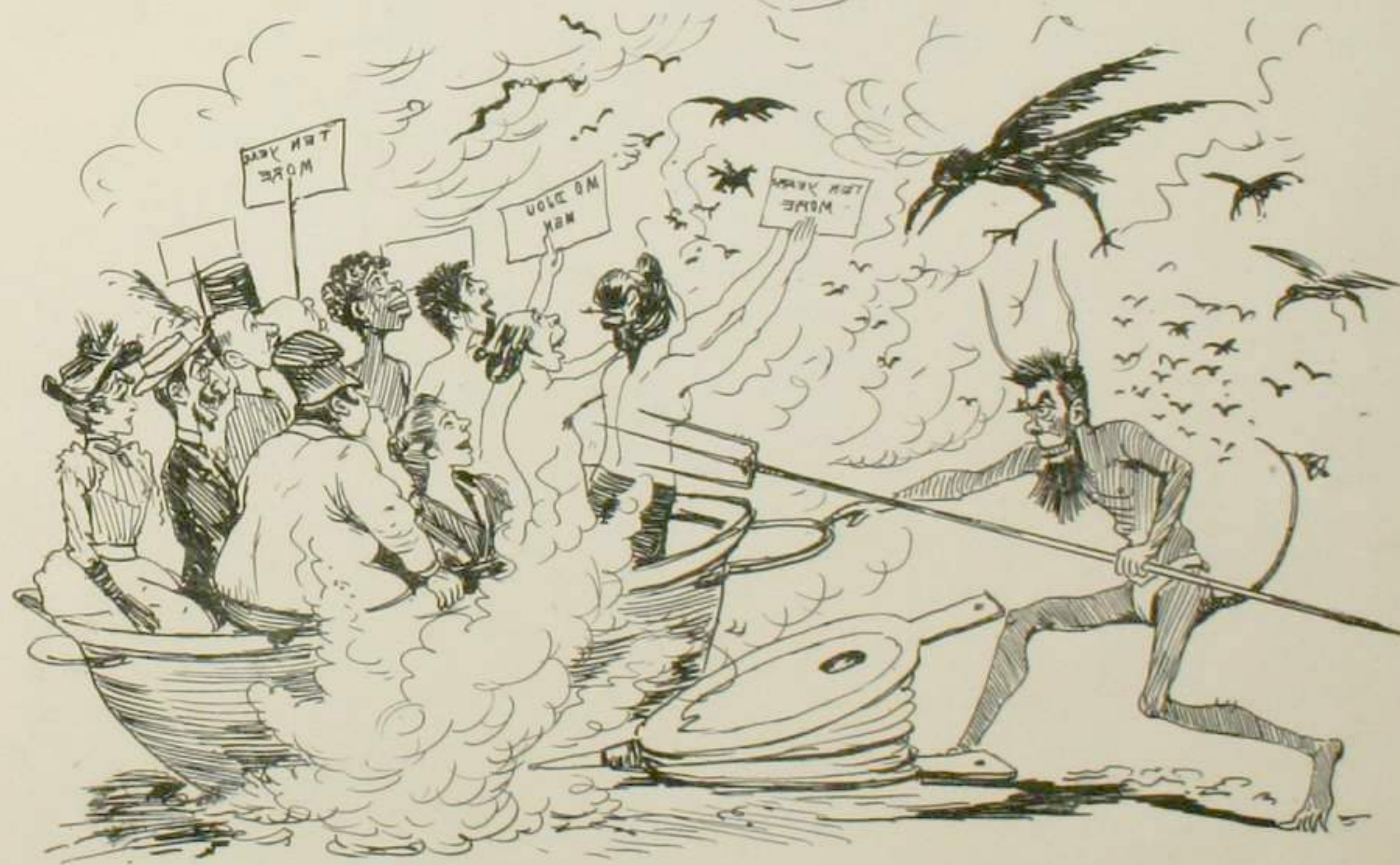
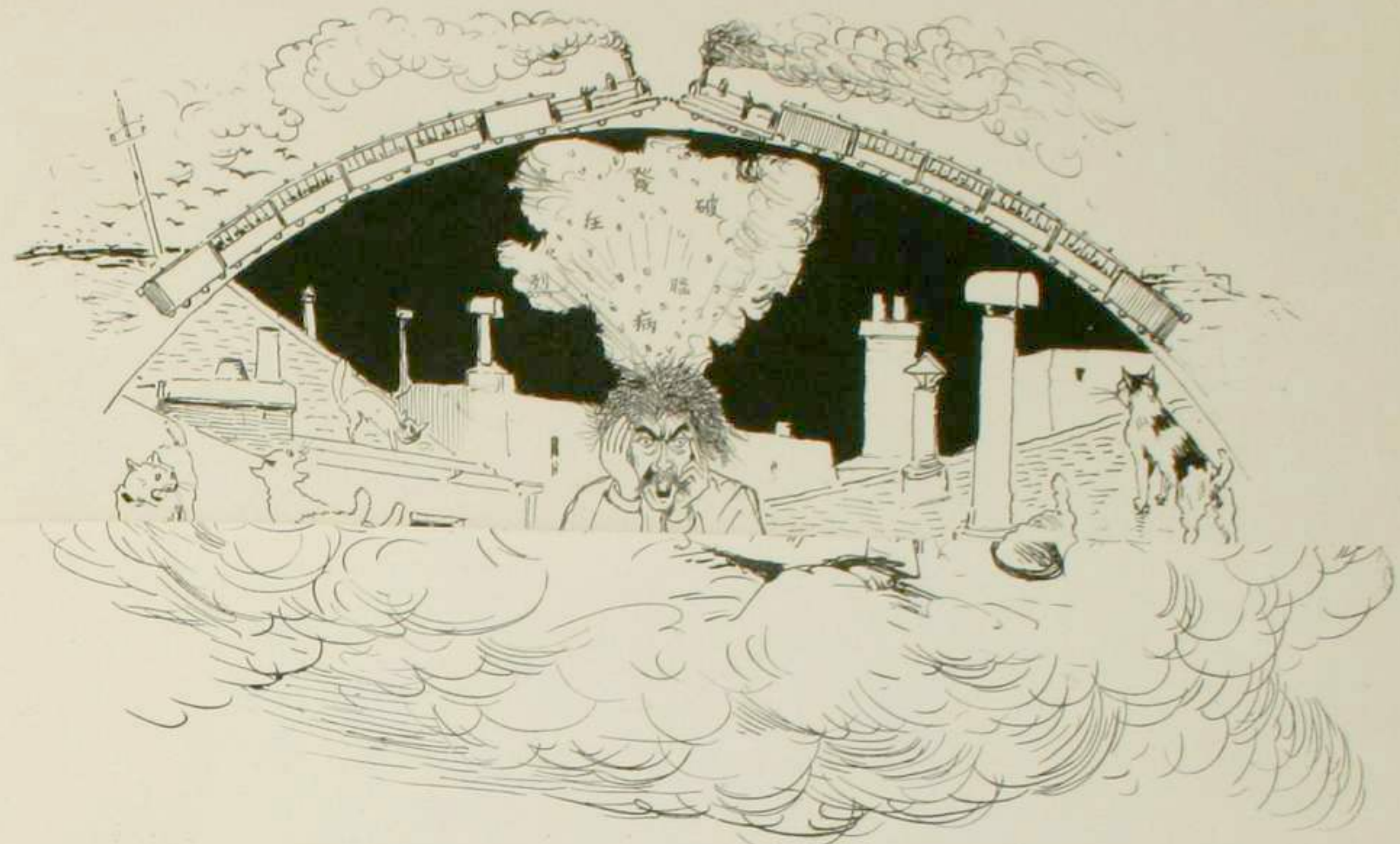
III.

I went into a *shibai* place, admission just four *sen* ;
 Because I was a furriner they up an' axed for ten ;
 That was into a courtyard too, where nothing was to choose
 'Twixt what thim Japanese clogs might spile, and what an *Ijin's* shoes.
 For it's ten *sen* this, an' ten *sen* that, an' ten *sen* all the day ;
 It's aye ten *sen* you're rooked for what just stands them Haythen three ;
 An' *if* that ain't Purtection, just tell me what you say
 Is necessary to Purtect the childlike Japanee !



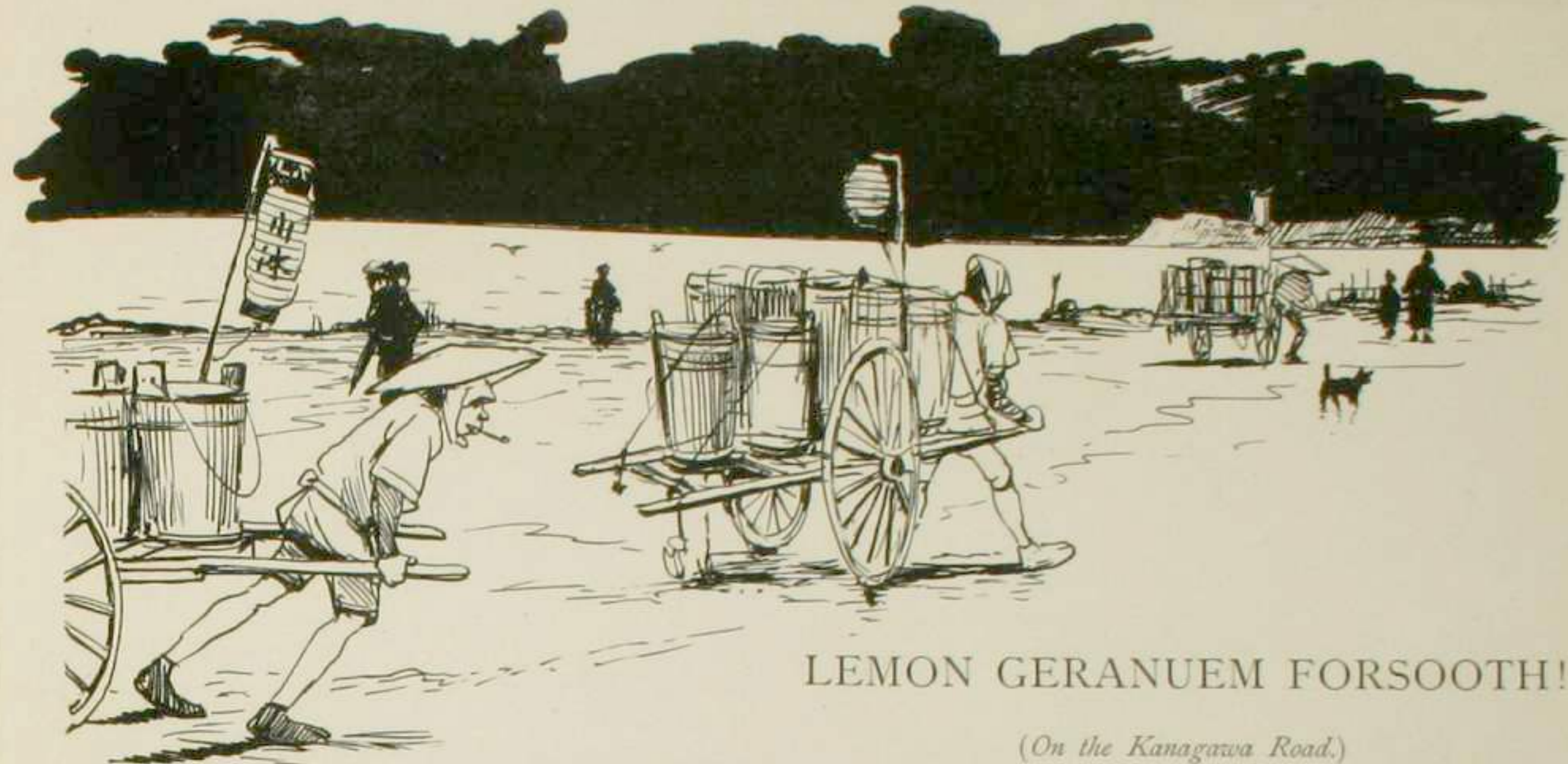
IV.

I once climbed up to Fuji's top ; it's next door to the moon ;
 I once climbed up to Fuji's top ; got caught in a typhoon ;
 For two long days it roared and raged ; I cowered there in a hutch
 With forty reeking pilgrims, surely shelter couldn't cost much.
 And everyone around me got something from the pot,
 And yet I noticed that they paid at most some fifty *sen* :
 And everyone got something, but only I did not ;
 And I'm waiting, vainly waiting, for the change of my five *yen* !



V.

McKinley's name's a stink to sich as doats upon Free Trade;
 An' yet it's daily writ in chops strong effort should be made
 To foster with a Tariff Tall Japan's industeree;
 But if there's one purtected man, 'tis this same Japanee.
 For e'er he quits his mother's suck, as soon's he squeaks a word,
 'Tis "mo jissen" akambo lisp as he rolls upon the floor:
 And at the Judgment Day itself he'll try to chouse the Lord;
 When sentenced to three Æons in H—l, he'll ask for "ten years more!"



LEMON GERANUEM FORSOOTH!

(On the Kanagawa Road.)

I.

Some folks speak o' perfumes an' others o' sweet smells,
 Of the balmy odours of Japan Sir Edwin Arnold tells;
 But Sir Edwin seems peculiar in the matter of a nose,
 Or he's never been on Yoko's strand when the wind from landward blows!
 When the wind from landward blows,
 An' the carts come on in rows,
 Wi' their Jack-o-lanterns bobbin' where the slimy water flows:
 When the wind from landward blows,
 An' you grip tight your nose,
 An' the stench smites worse'n cholera as you sniff the deadly dose.

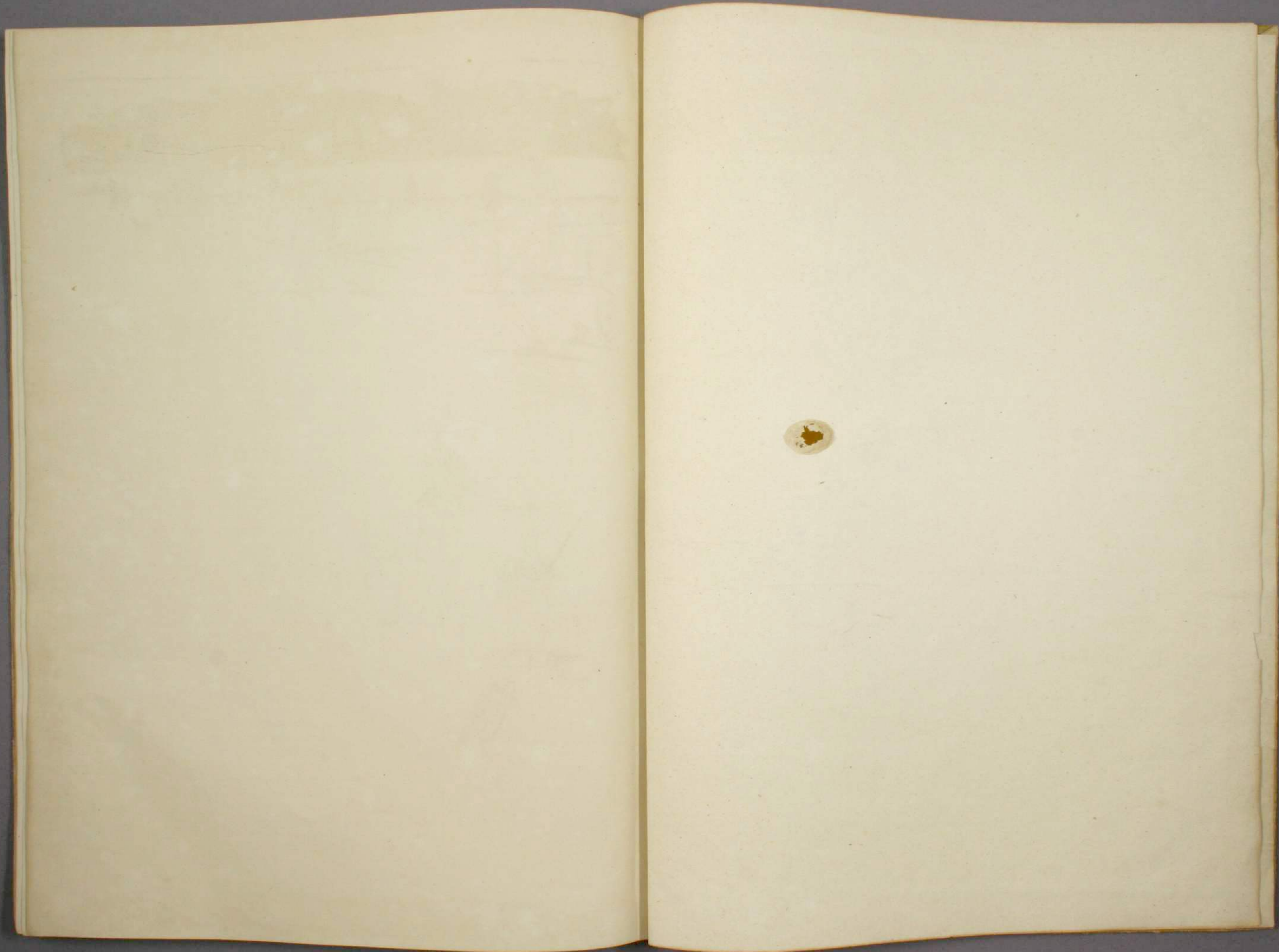
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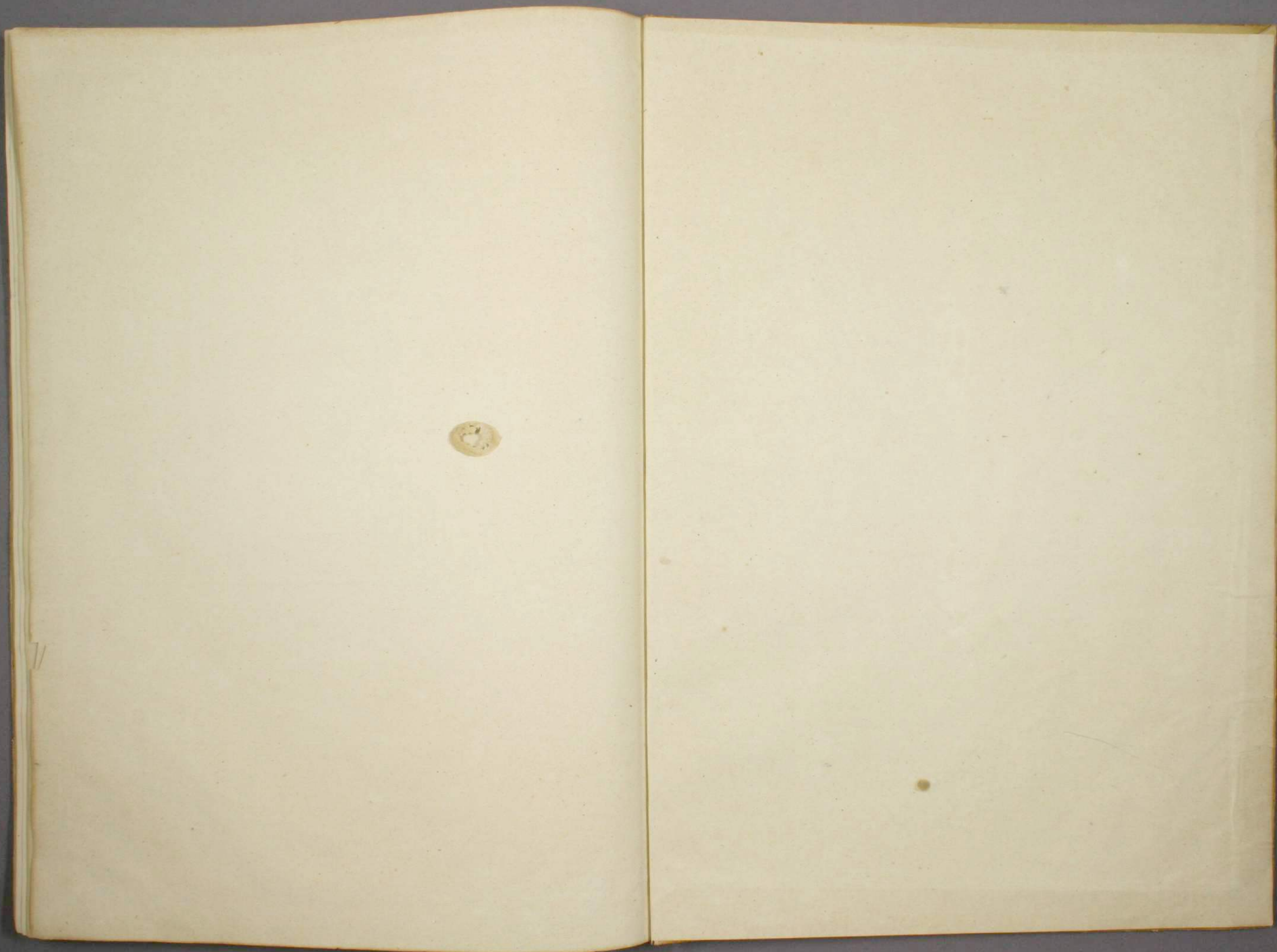
That road to Kanagawa i' the mornin's early prime
 Is jest the road for any chap a-given to slingin' rhyme;
 It's more'n once I've hied me there to see the sun rise up;
 An' in con-se-quence the live-long day I've ta'en nor bite nor sup.
 Stinkin' carts with smelly load
 All along that mornin' road;
 Naked coolies strainin', gruntin' in a hoarse an' piggish mode
 When the wind from landward blows—

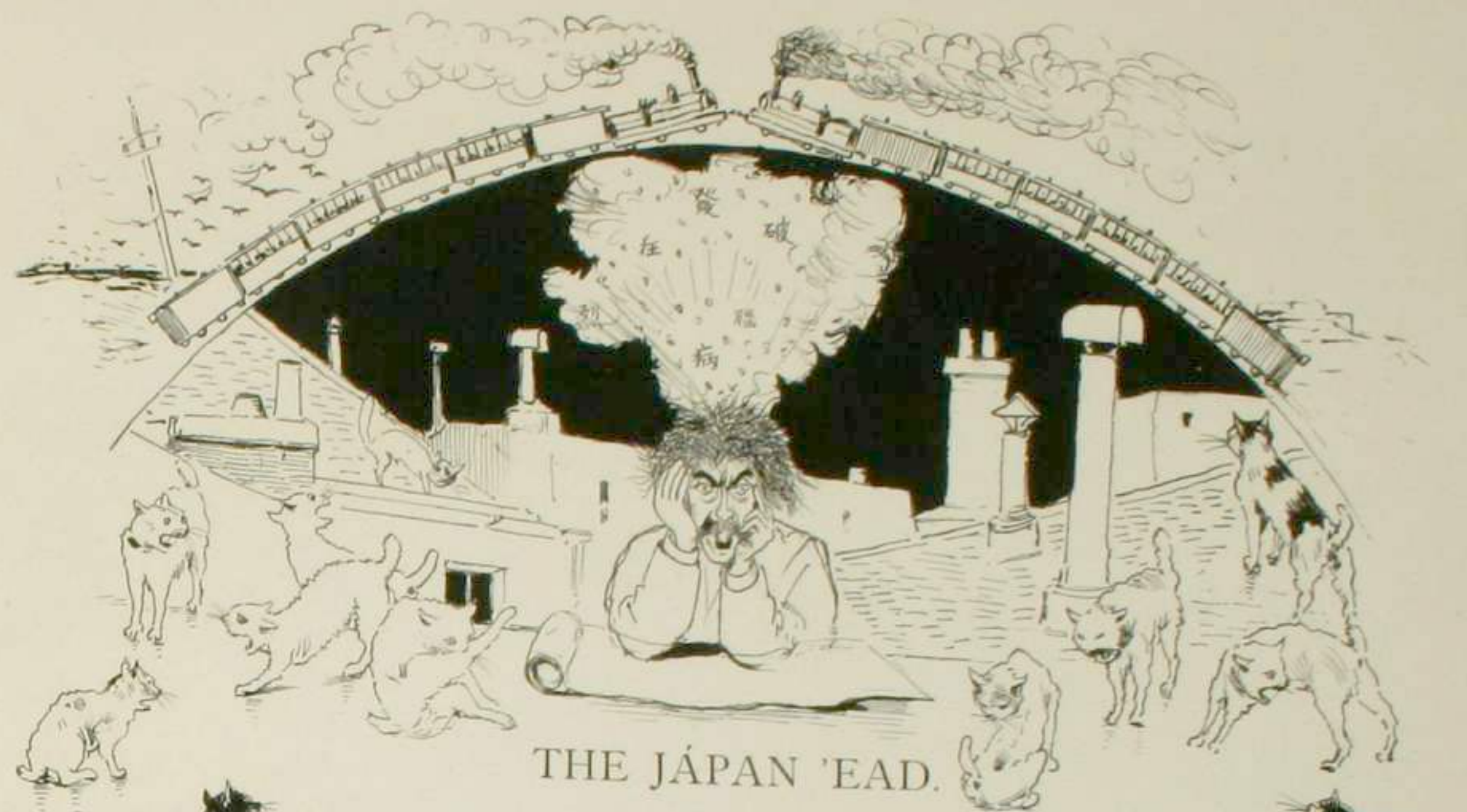
III.

I ain't at all a cove as says simplicity's a sin,
 I really can see nothin' wrong in folkses shewin' their skin:
 I ain't a chap as any one can call o'er sensitive,
 But I'm bound to curse this sewage-plan as too blamed primitive.—
 Too blamed primitive,—
 It goes through you like a sieve,
 An' you curse an' swear like blazes though not o'er sensitive,
 When the wind from landward blows,
 An' the carts come on in rows,
 Wi' their Jack-o-lanterns bobbin' where the slimy water flows;
 When the wind from landward blows
 An' you grip tight your nose
 For the stench is worse'n murder as you sniff that fragrant dose!









THE JAPAN 'EAD.

I.

As soon's a chap begins to see the water kind o' streaky,
 An' the native cat a-chasin' of its tail,
 And o'er trillin' pints of etiquette he gets a sort o' squeaky
 An' his iterated plaints thereon wax stale,
 When he talks o' havin' visions of trains in wild collision
 A-skiddin' down a rainbow on the roof,
 An' swears perpetual motion's a very proper notion,
 An' 'unts you round the club-room with its proof;

II.

When he 'gins to ax you frequent "Whether life is worth the livin'?"
 (Which a certin' bloke as writes did write a book.)
 And in the 'usky hunder-tone of one by shaveling shriven
 Confides the whole blamed thing is on the crook;—
 It ain't a bit of good for to make it hunderstood
 That *Life depends hentirely on the liver*:
 For he's deaf to argyment, and he doesn't care a cent,
 An' he swears to chuck 'is corpse into the river.

III.

When he slinks around a-shiverin' an' talks like Percy Shelley
 Of burglars bold a-layin' for 'is life,
 An' whispers 'ow the night before he 'ad 'is bloomin' belly
 Ripped open with a rough-edged kitchen knife;
 Don't *you* begin to patter that its whiskey that's the matter
 An' give vent to flippant side-remarks like that;
 For it's better to be dead than to 'ave the Jâpan 'Ead
 An' it's Jâpan 'Ead you bet your Sunday 'at!

IV.

The only thing a friend can do is make 'im pack 'is traps
 An' scoot away acrost the briny main;
 For it's nothin' but environment that causes sich mishaps
 As havin' even our pundits go insane:
 Send 'im *hoff* to where you 'ear, only Hinglish crisp and clear,
 An you can hunderstand each word that's said;
 While on the Lawd *we* call, to save us each an' all
 From the whirly-wirly murderin' Jâpan 'Ead!

