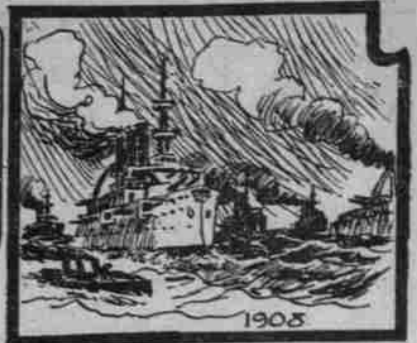




OUR FIRST FLEET TO JAPAN



HOW COMMODORE PERRY AND HIS AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS OPENED THE DOOR FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Portrait of Commodore Perry of the Japan Expedition (from an old print)

BY WALTER B. NORRIS.

THE VISIT of the battleship fleet to Japan recalls the fact that it was only a few miles from its present anchorage off Yokohama that Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, commanding our first fleet to visit Japan, anchored his few sidewheel steamers and sailing frigates on July 8, 1853. In the very harbor where the battleship fleet lies at anchor, Perry persuaded Japan to sign her famous treaty with the United States, the beginning of her development into a powerful modern nation.

At that time Japan would not allow a foreigner on her shores, and even refused to receive representatives of other governments. Many American whalers who had been shipwrecked on her coasts had been imprisoned and harshly treated. The Government at Washington had instructed Perry to force Japan to make a treaty guaranteeing better treatment of our shipwrecked sailors, and also allowing us to trade in a few ports of the coast.

Perry's request was expressed in a courteous letter to the Emperor, but the loaded guns of his ships and his own aggressive attitude showed plainly that he was determined to secure what he was after. Although he did not fire a hostile gun, the Japanese had to yield, and for the first time in history treated a foreign nation as their equal and agreed to negotiate with it.

Trickery and Insult.

In their treatment of foreigners the Japanese had been accustomed to use every kind of trickery and insult at their disposal. They tried the same method on Perry, but soon found that he would not brook insult and was easily their equal in diplomacy. They did, however, manage to deceive him in several matters, all unimportant in the end. For example, the letter he carried never reached the Emperor, and the latter probably did not know the American fleet had arrived. Perry did not know that the Emperor did not live at Tokio, which he thought was the capital, but at Kioto, far away. In fact, the Emperor took little part in the government, for he was regarded as a divine, and as so sacred that he was never seen by his subjects, even conversing with him through a screen.

From Tokio his chief minister and general manager of the government for him, and was so powerful that when Perry arrived with his letter he even decided to play the part of Emperor himself.

Perry's ships had no sooner anchored than they were surrounded by a cordon of guard boats. But Perry respected him all to make the Japanese respect him. Accordingly, the guard boats, when they attempted to make fast to the American vessels were roughly pushed off, and no Japanese was allowed to come aboard

the ships. When an inferior official approached and ordered the ships to leave, the Americans replied that they had a letter from the President of the United States for the Emperor of Japan, and that they would deliver it nowhere else and only to officials of the highest rank.

Dodging a Message.

Finally, the Vice-Governor of the province, Mr. Nakashima Saburoku—in English, Mr. Middle Island, Darling No. 2—arrived and was allowed to come aboard. Perry, however, would not allow him to enter his cabin, but deputed a mere Lieutenant to talk with him. The Vice-Governor insisted that all negotiations must take place at Nagasaki. The Americans not only refused, but also threatened to fire on the guard boats unless there was at once ordered away. The astonished Japanese official did this at once, and then left, promising that a higher official would come the next morning.

Although the Vice-Governor had said that the Governor was forbidden by law to go on board foreign ships, the next morning he arrived, a short, stout man, richly dressed in embroidery, gilt brocade, sword, and lacquered helmet held by a ferocious-looking chin strap. His formidable appearance was lost on Perry, for the American Commander refused to see such an inferior official and appointed three of his Captains to treat with him. The Governor insisted that the Americans must go to Nagasaki, but they again refused, and, as they noticed he used different titles for the President and Emperor, at once protested and demanded that both should be treated alike. This greatly impressed the Governor, and he at once complied.

At last the Governor asked for four days in which to send to Tokio for instructions. But the Americans knew they were almost within sight of the capital, and threatened, if an answer was not received within three days, to weigh anchor and move nearer the city.

Impressed by a Uniform.

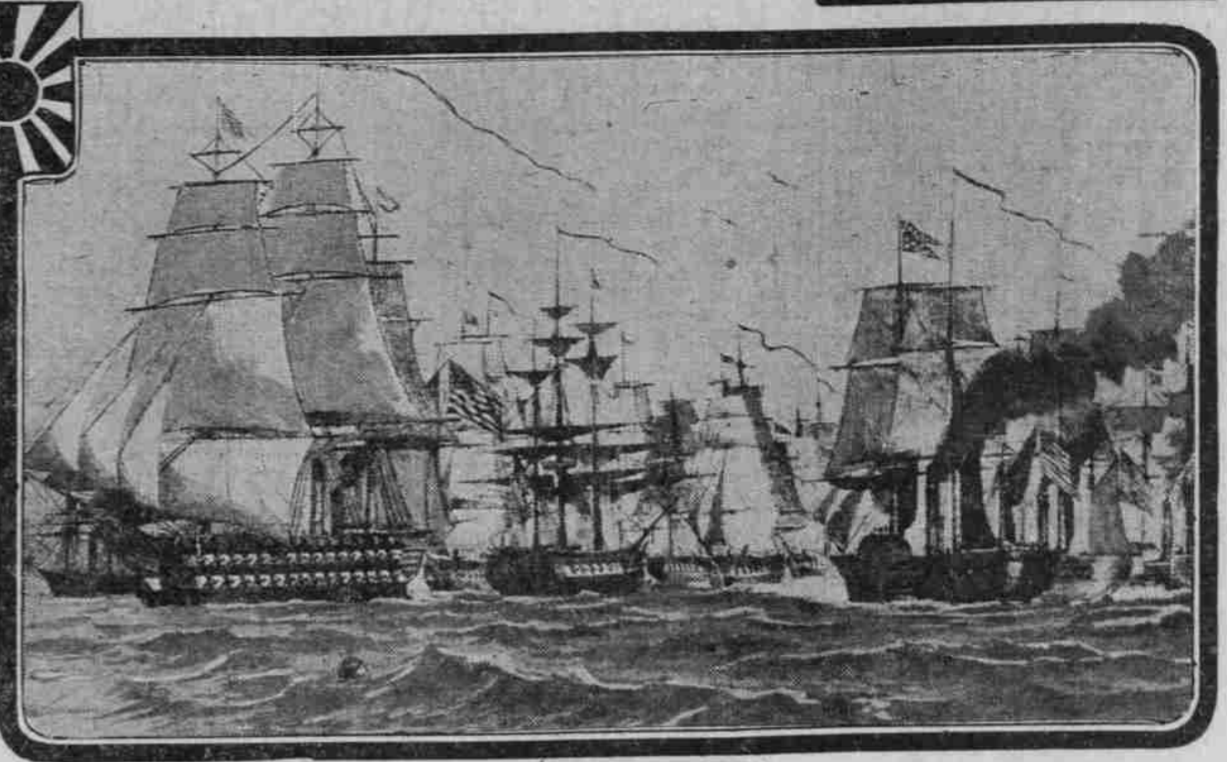
During the days of waiting, Perry, in spite of protests, had his men take soundings of the bay. As one boatload of seamen was approaching the shore where a rude earthwork had been erected, the Japanese soldiers appeared on the beach with spears, lances and a few flint-lock muskets. Just then a Lieutenant in charge of the boat happened to lift his field glasses to his eyes with a quick, sudden movement. In an instant the whole gathering of Japs turned and fled, with garments fluttering and sandals flapping, a mob of frightened Celestials.



The Japanese replies were unsatisfactory, and only after Perry had threatened to land his men and march to Tokio was it agreed that two Princes should receive the letter to a house especially to be erected on the shore nearby. On the day named, July 14, the ships moved along the shore until they were where their batteries could command the place of meeting. Soon there appeared from the various American ships a line of boats loaded with sailors and marines. At length, Commodore Perry, in the full-dress uniform of his rank, stepped to the gangway, and, to a salute of 13 guns from each ship, entered his barge and was rowed ashore. On land 100 marines led the way, followed by 160 seamen. Then came Perry, guarded on each side by a gigantic negro, a race never before seen in Japan. Two boys followed, bearing the President's letter, which was engrossed on vellum and rested in a golden box richly decorated.

The letter was received by the two

Princes, who gave in return a written statement that it had been received, but that no discussion or entertainment could be allowed. They themselves did not address a single word to the Americans. The whole ceremony was of the simplest and most formal character possible.



SHIPS OF PERRY'S JAPAN EXPEDITION, 1853 (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING)



Statue of Commodore M. C. Perry Toyou Park Newport, R.I.

Having accomplished his first object, Perry returned to China and waited for the next Spring, when he was to go for the answer. In the winter, however, he learned that the French and Russians were planning to forestall him in Japan. He at once sailed with all his available vessels,

the steamers *Susquehanna*, *Mississippi* and *Powhatan* and the sailing frigates *Macdonald*, *Southampton*, *Lexington*, *Vandalia*, *Plymouth* and *Saratoga*. Arriving off Yokohama on February 12, he maintained his aggressive attitude. He refused to use his former anchorage, and insisted on one nearer the

capital and just off Yokohama.

The Japanese had wisely decided to concede something, but the negotiations occupied more than a month. At one meeting, when the Japanese proposed that men be allowed to land in one or two cities of the empire, but no women, Commodore Perry suddenly started up, threw off his cap excitedly and exclaimed: "Great heavens! If I agreed to that the women of America would tear all the hair out of my head." The Japanese, not knowing what he was saying, but seeing his manner, were much frightened till it was interpreted to them, when they all laughed heartily.

The Americans also had their share of false alarms. When Captain Adams was inspecting a site for a treaty house the Japanese official with whom he was talking closed his fan with a sudden crack. Instantly suspicious of treachery, the American officers and even trusted Englishmen from a shipwrecked whaler came to the scene, and reported every word he could hear.

During the negotiations and before the fleet sailed away, Perry presented the many gifts he had brought from the United States. A miniature railroad was laid, the electric telegraph explained and operated, sewing machines and guns distributed and the Japanese even tasted American food and grew tipsy on American liquor. Though there were fanatic Japanese who had vowed to kill Perry before the treaty should be signed, the officials grew more friendly, especially after Perry's fleet was increased by the arrival of other ships. By the treaty, signed March 31, 1854, Japan agreed to treat our shipwrecked sailors humanely and to open two ports to foreign trade.

No ships of our first fleet to Japan remain. The sailing frigate *Saratoga*, the last to disappear, was long used as a schoolship at Philadelphia, but a year ago was sold and removed from the Navy lists. Commodore Perry died in 1858, and is buried in Newport, R. I. In Toyou Park, Newport, stands his statue, modeled by J. Q. A. Ward, and presented to the city by Perry's son-in-law, August Belmont.

MANY USEFUL THINGS INVENTED BY WOMEN

Some Would Have Won Fortunes Had Articles Been Patented.

WOMEN are going in for mechanical. Their inventions prove and they are taking out a great number of patents every year. When they first ventured into the inventive field, they devoted their attention almost exclusively to things which had to do with their everyday environment, particularly dress and household matters. It is different nowadays.

More than 6000 patents have been taken out by women up to the present date. These patents cover the widest imaginable field, and not a few of them are of great industrial value. Two recent inventions that mark steps in the progress of civilization. One of these is the *Cosmo Light*—a pyrotechnic contrivance for night-signaling purposes which is in use on board ships and by life-saving patrols all over the world. A Washington woman, after whom it was named, originated it. The other contrivance is the familiar ice cream freezer.

The ice cream freezer may not seem to be of great importance to our civilization, but have you ever got along without it? Nothing else has been devised that would serve the purpose. The machine today is almost exactly the same as the original, which was patented as long ago as 1842 by Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, the widow of a naval officer, residing in Philadelphia. Her model is preserved at the Patent Office, among its most highly prized treasures. Mrs. Johnson sold her invention for \$500. If she had held on to it she might have made \$1,000,000 out of it.

The first woman to whom a patent was granted in this country was Mary Kies, of Connecticut—a state which has more inventors in proportion to population than any other in the Union. Her idea (dated 1809) was for weaving straw with silk threads. The gentler sex had not become creative at that time, and six years elapsed before the second patent was issued to one of its members, named

Mary Brush, for an improvement in corker.

Nearly all of the early patents granted to women were for improvements in articles of clothing or domestic usefulness, such as washing machines, picture frames, etc. But suddenly a Philadelphia woman started the ball rolling in a new direction by inventing a beehive. Another, from the same city, popped up with a railway car heater. A California woman suggested a novelty in the way of a dumping wagon; a Georgia woman offered a plow, and an Ohio woman a car coupler. A Philadelphia woman came forward with a life raft, and a Pittsburg woman with a car wheel. Female ideas had begun to expand and presently a Chicago woman took out a patent on a process for concentrating ores, and another from Buffalo produced a machine for manufacturing omelets.

Let it not be said that women do not have practical ideas; they have proved it by their inventions. Who was it who first lit upon the notion of syllable types, available for printing purposes, instead of letters? Inquire at the Patent Office, and you will find that it was a woman. Who originated the typewriter for the blind—a machine which has proved a godsend to the afflicted? A woman. Who patented a slate for the blind, on which they could write without seeing? Again, a woman.

One of the most valuable of women's inventions up to date is a machine for making comb foundation for bee-hives, patented by Frances A. Dunham. It saves the bees half the labor of construction by turning out wax sheets, which, suspended in the hives, serve as a basis to build the comb upon. But the most remarkable thing about it, perhaps, is that all the cells are made of "worker" size, so that they produce only worker bees, and no drones.

Who is there that has not admired the ingenious method by which eggs as they come to market are packed in neat pasteboard trays, each one occupying a separate compartment? It was a farmer's daughter who hit upon this idea. Then there is the familiar luggage car-

rier that fits on the front of a bicycle. It was a woman who invented this. To whom is to be attributed the kind of paper bag in common use, which is made with a bottom like that of a satchel? Again, a woman—Miss M. E. Knight by name.

It was a woman who invented the pocket sewing machine—an entirely practical contrivance, which may be carried in the pocket and which does very good sewing. Indeed, one may see the original model in the Patent Office in Washington, with the name Sally A. Rosenthal of Dubuque, attached to it. Apparently the reason why it has never come into general use is simply that when women want to sew they usually prefer to sit down to it seriously rather than to do it incidentally to other things.

One woman has filed a long-felt want by devising a window sash that will not stick. Another offers a trunk that may be transformed into a bed. Yet another has patented a trunk that can be folded when empty. These are contrivances of obvious usefulness in flats, as are likewise a bureau that becomes a writing table, a traveling bag that turns into a bathtub and a dressing table which, when pulled out from the wall, reveals a tub and all the other equipments of a bathroom.

Most women are very much afraid of fire, and thus it is not surprising to discover that they have patented a good many fire escapes. Some of these take on queer disguises. One of them masquerades as a window-cleaner, another is a spring bed under ordinary circumstances. A thermometer that gives an alarm of fire when the temperature rises above a certain point is a woman's idea, and so likewise is a scheme for making the doors and shutters of a dwelling fire-proof, so that they may not catch and impede escape, whatever happens to the rest of the house.

It is noticeable that the inventions of women in a large percentage of instances have the comfort of men in view. For instance, it is a woman who has patented a "device for lowering a latch-key to a husband." This ought to be a great help to husbands kept out late

BIG TIM SULLIVAN GIVES A BOWERY PICNIC

15,000 New Yorkers Enjoy River Excursion—Host Wins \$1800.

BIG Tim Sullivan, who is going back to the State Senate next year, has pulled off his annual racket at Donnelly's street where he could lay his hand on his heart and swear he was a friend of Little Tim or Florrie or Christie or Larry Muligan, or of any acion of the reigning house, left his pick in the air, provided himself with a pair of dice and got aboard the *Grand Republic* or the *Pegasus*.

The going along the Bowery has been pretty lumpy these many weeks, since none of the gang has had a chance to pick up change by copping Big Tim's tips at the track, but there is always one event the Sullivan's hold out for—the big picnic at Donnelly's.

What lesser Tammany picnics are to a May party in Central Park the big fellows' blow-out is to other Tammany rackets. Everybody, from Charley Murphy to Joe the Bug, has a hangup, good time, and if the bones roll well and the bank dealer's work isn't too coarse, many a deserving citizen has a chance to gather the makings of a stake.

Long before the rays of the early morning sun lit on the top of Paradise Jimmy Oliver's ancient silk hat and telegraphed excited messages to other little sun alinks that were whirling about Colonel Mike Padden's \$1700 sunburst, 700 husky Bowery boys, who are good for at least one vote any time the big fellow winks, boiled in front of the Sullivan headquarters, calling to Big Tim, Little Tim, Florrie, Johnny White, Paddy Roche—anybody—for tickets; grub tickets, boat tickets, you heard away from the river wall was studded with whitewashed stones, which landed in letters 10 feet long "T. D. Sullivan."

A dozen gentlemen engaged in the healthful occupation of wheeling stone dropped their barrows and cheered lustily.

Tip in the captain's cabin Big Tim, Sheriff Tom Foley and three or four of the royal suite were busy trying to hook up a third queen to a pair of the excellent ladies, or to seduce from the deck the fifth heart to a flush. Big Tim, it may be mentioned, in strict confidence, had better luck than usual. When the *Grand Republic* bumped into Donnelly's Grove, the big fellow was about \$1800 to the good.

Down below on two decks the passengers of the *Grand Republic* and of the *Pegasus*, too, were in groups of ten or a dozen, shooting craps, playing the bank and playing draw at every limit from 30 cents to \$5. Forward of the main saloon you heard the monotonous voice of the bank dealer.

There was a red-hot crap game every five feet of the deck. As for the poker games, you stumbled over one wherever you walked.

At 1:30 in the afternoon the *Grand Republic* and the *Pegasus* had emptied nearly 8000 Sullivan's into Donnelly's Grove. The *Grand Republic*, loaded to within an inch of the law, carried nearly 5000 up the river. Later, of course, trains and ferries brought up at least 7000, making it the biggest picnic Big Tim has ever had.

For a few minutes only the big fellow

yelling all at once, and 50-foot banners on the sides of each boat bearing in high red letters the name of Sullivan. All the way upstream to Donnelly's there was one big noise. The tugboats kowtowed, the little excursion steamboats shrieked hello to the big fellows, every factory whistle for miles along the river let loose stridently. The steam pressure in a big boiler up near Eighty-first street must have gone down 50 pounds in five minutes.

Blackwell's Island was flooded up especially for the occasion. The green lawn stretching away from the river wall was studded with whitewashed stones, which landed in letters 10 feet long "T. D. Sullivan."

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showed himself to tremendous cheers, and then retired for the rest of the day to an anteroom at Donnelly's to see if his luck would hold.

They began to serve the grub at 2 o'clock—hot corn, fried clams, boiled potatoes, roast beef and about 17 other kinds of plain and substantial dishes. Little Tim figured out that about 10,000 managed to crowd into the two big eating halls. And with all the demands for dinner, with all the beer and hard stuff and all the irritability that a big crowd is always liable to generate, there wasn't a fight worth mentioning. The man who was foolish enough to start trouble at Big Jim's outing would have been, in just 33 seconds (the figures have been set by precedent), a fit candidate for the hospital.

They started home about 7:30 o'clock, and at a little before 10 the Bowery and its environs blazed redly. It was also along the Bowery a very wet night; very wet indeed.—North American.

An Insistent African Litigant.

Diamond Fields Advertiser.

A native had fought and lost an action in the magistrate's court in one of the small towns in Griqualand East, the articles in dispute being a slate and an alphabetical primer of the total value of 6 pence. He, immediately after the judgment was given against him, started on a journey on foot to the chief town, about 30 miles distant, in order to instruct an attorney there to appeal from the judgment given. The attorney laughed at the man and told him he should desist, as he would only be wasting his money over a trivial matter, but he tendered the costs of the appeal to the attorney and insisted, otherwise he would consult another lawyer. After a long consultation and endeavor to advise his client to act as was thought best, the attorney complied with the native's wishes. The native won his appeal.