

# The World's Story

## Japan, South Seas

Volume Thirteen

Eva March Tappan

# *The World's Story*

## *A History of the World in Story, Song and Art*

### *Volume 13*
### *Japan*
### *Islands of the Pacific*

*Edited by Eva March Tappan*

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The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 13
Japan
Islands of the Pacific

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Printed in the United States of America

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# JAPAN

## I

## IN ANCIENT TIMES

## HISTORICAL NOTE

THE history of Japan, like that of China, begins with a time of legend and myth, when gods and demigods mingled in the affairs of men. It was probably about fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ when the first bands of Mongolians arrived from the continent of Asia and began the work of wresting the islands from the original inhabitants, the Ainos. But it is not until 660 B.C., with the coming of Jimmu Tenno, leader of a fresh band of invaders, that even legendary history begins. In 552 A.D. Buddhist missionaries arrived from Korea, bringing with them writing, calendars, and methods of computing time; and soon after Buddhism was proclaimed the state religion. By the seventh century the power of the mikado, or emperor, had become subordinated to that of the court officials. During the twelfth century the great families of the Taira and Minamoto contended for the power, and this struggle, known as the wars of "Genji and Heike," has ever since been a favorite subject for the writer and the artist.

# JIMMU TENNO, THE FIRST MIKADO OF JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In the beginning, heaven and earth were not yet separated. Chaos, enveloping all things like an egg, contained a germ. The clear, airy substance expanded and became heaven, the heavy and thick part coagulated and became the earth. Then the young land floated in the water like oil, and drifted about like a jelly-fish. Out of this warm earth sprouted a bush-like object from which were born two deities, Pleasant-Reed-Shoot-Prince-Elder-God, and The Deity-Standing-Eternally-in-Heaven. After these heavenly deities seven generations of gods were born. Their names are The Deity-Standing-Eternally-on-Earth, Luxuriant-Thick-Mud-Master, Mud-Earth-Lord, Mud-Earth-Lady, and others with very long names, usually ending in the word *mikoto*, which we translate "augustness."

These kami or gods, though in pairs called a generation, were each single and had no sex; but the last two of the series were Izanagi and Izanami, and their names mean The-Male-Who-Invites, and The-Female-Who-Invites.

After these seven divine generations had come into existence, all the heavenly gods, granting to Izanagi and Izanami a heavenly jeweled spear, commanded the pair to make, consolidate, and give life to the drifting land. The two gods stood on the Floating Bridge of

Heaven, and Izanagi pushed down the jeweled spear and stirred the soft warm mud and salt water. When the spear was drawn up, the drops that fell from it thickened and formed the Island of the Congealed Drop. In common geography, this island is Awaji, at the entrance of the Inland Sea. Upon this the two gods descended, and, planting the jeweled spear in the ground, they made it the central pillar of a palace. They then separated to walk round the island; when they met, Izanami, the female god, cried out, —

"How lovely to meet a handsome male!"

Izanagi was offended that the female had spoken first, and demanded that the tour round the island be repeated. Meeting the second time, Izanagi, the male god, spoke first, and cried out, —

"How joyful to meet a lovely female!"

Thus began the art of love.

Then followed the creation of the various islands of Japan, and all the gods who live on the earth and are called the earthly deities. These earthly gods married among each other, and from them were born many good things, such as rice, wheat, millet, beans, sorghum, and other articles of food. Gradually the earth was filled with trees and plants and beautiful objects, as gems and shells and waves.

Down below the earth was the Land of Roots, or Home of Darkness. Izanami, when offended at her husband, fled into this place, and died in giving birth to the god of fire. Izanagi had to go after her to win her back. He found it a region of awful foulness, and his wife a mass of worms. Rushing out, he washed himself in the sea, and from the rinsings were born a great many evil

gods. These trouble the good gods, and vex and annoy mankind. But out of his left eye was born a beautiful maiden whose body shone brilliantly.

At this time the heaven and earth were close together, united by a pillar. Going up this pillar into heaven, Izanagi's beautiful daughter became the sun, or the Heaven-illuminating Goddess. Izanagi's son became the moon, and was commanded to rule the blue plane of the sea and multitudinous salt waters. The names of these two are Amatérasŭ and Susanoö.

As the earthly gods and evil deities multiplied, and confusion reigned on the earth, the Sun Goddess, or Heaven-Illuminator, resolved to send her grandson Ninigi down to the earth to rule over it. She gave him three precious treasures, — a mirror, the emblem of her own soul; a sword of divine temper, which her brother had taken from the tail of an eight-headed dragon which he had slain; and a ball of crystal without a flaw.

Great was the day when a mighty company of gods escorting Ninigi marched down out of heaven, and, on the Floating Bridge of Heaven by which the two heavenly gods had first descended, came down to the earth. Reaching the top of the great mountain Kirishima, which lies between Satsuma and Hiuga, they descended into the wild regions of Japan.

Ninigi began at once to reduce the earthly gods in order, and maintain good government. Heaven and earth now grew wider and wider apart, and at last separated, so that communication was no longer possible.

The sons of Ninigi were named Princes Fire Fade and Fire Glow. While fishing, they had a quarrel, and Prince Fire Fade went down beneath the sparkling ocean

waves to Riu Gu, the palace of the Dragon King of the World under the Sea; there he married the King's daughter, the Jewel Princess. After a time spent in the under-sea world, the Dragon King, or Ocean-Possessor, sent Prince Fire Fade back to earth on the back of a crocodile, armed with the jewels of the ebbing and flowing tides. With these he was able to cause or to quell a flood of waters. He raised one that threatened to drown the whole world, and then his brother Prince Fire Glow behaved himself. Prince Fire Glow begged pardon and became the servant of his brother who possessed the wonderful tide jewels.

Prince Fire Fade now built a hut on the seashore, and roofed with it cormorant wings. Here was born the child that became Jimmu Tenno, the great-grandson of the Sun Goddess, and the first Mikado of Japan. Prince Fire Fade, filled with curiosity, ventured to peep into the hut roofed with cormorant wings. There he saw only a crocodile eight fathoms long, which crawled into the sea, and plunged down to the Dragon King's palace far below.

The child thus born of a sea monster grew up to be a great warrior, and after many years' conquest made himself master of the island now called Kiushiu. One day, on coming to the edge of the sea, he saw a tiny little earth-god riding towards him in the shell of a tortoise, raising his wings as he came. Knowing the sea-path, he became Jimmu's guide to Naniwa, near the place now called Osaka. On landing with his army and fighting the enemy, the brother of Jimmu was mortally wounded in the hand by an arrow.

Ascribing this calamity to the fact that they had

marched against or in the face of the sun, they turned and made their way round the southern side, with their back to the sun. Meanwhile the heavenly gods came to Jimmu's aid, and dropped a sword of divine temper through the roof of a storehouse owned by a native of the region. He brought and presented it to Jimmu. Before this sword the enemy fell down. The heavenly gods also sent a crow eight feet long to guide the army. Many earthly gods, ancestors of tribes, now submitted themselves to Jimmu. At a great cave eighty earth-spiders were hiding, which he attacked and killed. So, having thus subdued the savage deities, and extirpated the rebellious people, Jimmu built a palace at Kashiwabara, the oak moor in Yamato. There he married the princess Ahira. Jimmu died when one hundred and thirty-seven years old.

Thus began the dynasty of the emperors of Everlasting Great Japan, "unbroken from ages eternal."

# THE JAPANESE STORY-TELLER

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THE *Hanashika*, or story-teller of Japan, is a highly popular personage in town and country, who, possessing a good voice and tuneful ear, and being primed full of the legends and records which best suit native taste, gives his primitive, but very alluring, entertainments in one spot after another, as he trudges along the Tokiado, or any other main road of the empire. The general place for the performances is a large upper room over the principal shop of the village street. In front of the entrance will be planted bamboo flagstaffs, with dark-blue banners laced vertically to them, bearing the name of the performer, and perhaps the titles of some of the tales or songs which he proposes to offer. During the day an assistant will perambulate the village beating a drum and blowing a horn, after which he proclaims at every corner the eminent gifts of his *sensei*, and invites the public to be present. At evening you go with the crowd, dropping off shoes or slippers at the foot of the polished ladder leading to the *yose*, as the hall of entertainment is called. You may enter for the modest price of four *sen*, or twopence; after which, if desirous to be ranked with the "quality," an additional payment of ten *sen*, or fivepence, will give you a right to the very best situation upon the mats, and to a cushion on the floor, as well as a tobacco-box and teapot, with perhaps a fan. The narrator sits cross-legged before a low desk, *tsukue*, holding in his left hand

a fan, or bamboo paper-knife, with which he beats energetically upon his desk at the critical passages of his story. The company listen, with the admirable patience and politeness of the race; and, if at all bored, smoke extra pipes and drink incessant tea. Generally they are very much amused, and that too by the simplest stories, for the reciter intersperses his prose with vivid gestures, snatches of singing, and ejaculations that wake up the sleepiest; while, if there be many children present, he will perhaps narrate one of the old fairy-tales of Japan, which everybody loves, like this, which Mrs. James so well translated, of the fisher-boy who married the princess.

### THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA

Long ago there lived, on the coast of the Sea of Japan, a young fisherman named Urashima, a kindly lad and clever with his net and line. One day he went out in his boat to fish. But instead of catching any fish, he caught a big tortoise, with a hard shell, a wrinkled ugly face, and a foolish tail. Tortoises always live a thousand years — at least Japanese tortoises do. So Urashima thought to himself: "A fish would do for my dinner just as well as this tortoise; in point of fact, better. Why should I kill the poor thing, and prevent it from enjoying itself for another 999 years? No, no! I won't be so cruel." And with these words, he threw the tortoise back into the sea. The next incident that happened was that Urashima went to sleep in his boat, for it was one of those hot summer days when the sea rocks its children to slumber. And, as he slept, there came up from beneath the waves a beautiful girl, who

climbed into the boat and said, "I am the daughter of the Sea-God, and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. It was not a tortoise that you caught just now, and so kindly threw back into the water instead of killing it. It was myself. My father, the Sea-God, had sent me to see whether you were good or bad in your inmost heart. We now know that you are good and kind, and do not like to do cruel things; and so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, if you please; and we will live happily together for a thousand years in the Dragon Palace beyond the deep blue sea." So Urashima took one oar, and the Sea-God's daughter took the other, and they rowed till at last they came to the Dragon Palace where the Sea-God lived, and ruled as king over all the dragons and tortoises and crabs and fishes. The walls of the palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the dragons' tails of solid gold. All the most beautiful glittering things that have ever been seen met together there, and the liveliest imagination will never picture what this palace looked like. It all belonged to Urashima. Here they lived very happily for countless years, wandering about every day among the beautiful trees with emerald leaves and ruby berries. But one morning Urashima said to his wife, "I am quite happy with you, delightful one! Still I want to go home and see my father and mother and brothers and sisters. Permit me to depart for a short time, and, by the truth of my love, I will soon be back again." "I don't like you to go," said she; "I am very much afraid that something dreadful will happen. However if you will go, there is no help for it;

only you must take this box, which will protect you, on condition that you are very careful not to open it. When you open it you will never be able to come back here." So Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not to open it on any account; and, then, getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country.

But much had happened while he had been away. Whither had his father's cottage gone? What had become of the village where he used to live? The mountains, indeed, were there as before, but the trees on them had been cut down. The little brook that ran close by his father's cottage was still running; but there were no women washing clothes in it any more. It seemed very strange that everything should have changed so much in three short years. Just then two men chanced to pass along the beach, and Urashima went up to them and said, "Can you tell me, if you please, to what spot Urashima's cottage, which used to stand here, has been moved?" "Urashima?" said they; "why, it is four hundred years ago since he was drowned, out fishing. His parents, and his brothers, and their great-great-grandchildren are all dead long ago. It is an old, very old story. How can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then it suddenly flashed across Urashima's mind that the Sea-God's palace beyond the waves, with its coral walls, and its ruby fruits and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be part of fairyland, and that one day in that land was probably as long as a year in this world, so that his swift years in the Sea-God's palace had really endured for hundreds of years. Of course,

there was no use in staying at home, now that all his friends were dead and buried, and even the village had passed away. So Urashima was in a great hurry to get back to his wife, the Dragon Princess, beyond the sea. But which was the way? He could not find it without any one to show it to him. "Perhaps," thought he, "if I open the box which she gave me I shall be able to learn the road." So he disobeyed her orders not to open the box — or, possibly, he forgot them. Anyhow, he opened the box, and out of it came — what?

Here the fan of our story-teller would furiously beat the desk.

Nothing but a white cloud which floated away over the sea! Urashima shouted to the cloud to stop, rushed about and screamed with sorrow; for he remembered now what his wife had told him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the Sea-God's palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more. Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped short, and he fell down dead on the beach! Ah, *Zannen! Zannen!* Woe for Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told, he might have lived another thousand years. If we could only go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves, where the Sea-God lives and rules as king over the dragons and the tortoises and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, where the fishes' tails are of silver and the dragons' tails all of solid gold — never would we open that stupid box. No!

## THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA

'T is spring, and the mists come stealing
  O'er Suminóye's shore,
And I stand by the seaside musing
  On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
  As the boats glide to and fro,
Of the fisher-boy Urashima,
  Who a-fishing lov'd to go;

How he came not back to the village
  Though sev'n suns had risen and set,
But row'd on past the bounds of ocean,
  And the Sea-God's daughter met;

How they pledged their faith to each other,
  And came to the Evergreen Land,
And enter'd the Sea-God's palace
  So lovingly hand in hand;

To dwell for aye in that country,
  The ocean-maiden and he, —
The country where youth and beauty
  Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said, "To-morrow
  I'll come back with thee to dwell;
But I have a word to my father,
  A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answered, "A casket
I give into thine hand;
And if that thou hopest truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee!
Open it not, I beseech!"
So the boy row'd home o'er the billows
To Suminóye's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
Strange hamlets line the strand.
Where is his mother's cottage?
Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What, in three short years since I left it,"
He cries in his wonder sore,
"Has the home of my childhood vanished?
Is the bamboo fence no more?

"Perchance if I open the casket
Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
Will come back as they used to be."

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
A fleecy, silvery cloud,
That floats off to the Evergreen Country: —
And the fisher-boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
He rolls over on the ground,

## THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA

He dances with fury and horror,
  Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
  That bleaches his raven hair,
And furrows with hoary wrinkles
  The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
  Till at last he sinks dead on the shore;
And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
  Once stood, but now stands no more.

[Of this legend of Urashima, Basil Hall Chamberlain says: "Urashima's tomb, together with his fishing-line, the casket given him by the maiden, and two stones said to be precious, are still shown at one of the temples in Kanagaha near Yokohama; and by most of even the educated Japanese, the story, thus historically and topographically certified, is accepted as literally true." According to the official annals, the boy was absent from 477 A.D. to 825 A.D.

*The Editor.*]

# SOCIAL LIFE IN KIOTO

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

SOCIAL life in Kioto was the standard for that in good society everywhere throughout the empire. Etiquette was cultivated with almost painful earnestness, and the laws about costume were equally rigid. Tea was introduced into Japan by a Buddhist priest in the year 805, and soon became a common drink. The oldest tea plantations and the most luscious leaves are at Uji, near Kioto. The preparation and serving of the beverage were matters upon which much attention was bestowed. The making of cups, dishes, and all facilities for drinking was greatly stimulated by the use of the hot drink, and when the potter's wheel was brought over from Corea the ceramic art entered upon a new era of development.

Flowers and gardens were much enjoyed, and visits of ceremony were many and prolonged. The invention of the fan was not at first thought to be an aid to good manners, but it soon won its way to favor. As early as the seventh century it came into use for personal comfort. In course of time the fan developed into many varieties. The *kugé*, or court nobles, had one kind, and the court ladies, with their long hair sweeping down their back to their feet and arrayed in white and crimson silk, had another. In art, we see that the Dragon Queen of the Underworld holds a flat fan with double wings. The long-nosed King of the Tengus, or mountain sprites, who is said to have taught Yoshitsuné his wisdom and

secrets of power, holds a fan exactly like the old pulpit feather fans which it once was thought proper for clergymen to make use of. The judges at wrestling matches flourish a peculiar sort, while in war the wight who received a thwack over the noddle with the huge iron-boned fan might lie in gore. The firemen of Kioto, and the men in the procession in honor of the Sun Goddess at Isé, carry fans that would cool the face of a giant.

The earliest fans were all of the flat kind, but in the seventh century it is said that a man of Tamba, seeing that bats could fold their wings, imagined that the motion and effect could be imitated. Accordingly he made the *ogi*, or fan that opens and shuts. This was a great advantage, securing economy in space and ease of use. Another story declares that when the widow of a young Taira noble, slain in the civil wars, retired to a temple to hide her grief, she cured the abbot of a fever by fanning him. Folding a piece of paper in plaits and then opening it out, muttering incantations the while, the lady brought great prosperity to the temple, for thereafter the priests excelled in making folding fans. From the sale of these novelties a steady revenue flowed into the temple. In time the name of this temple was adopted by fan-makers all over the country. As a shelter of the face or bare head from the sun, — for hats and bonnets were not fashionable in Old Japan, — for use as trays or salvers to hand flowers, letters, or presents to friends or to one's master, as thoughtful defenses against one's breath while talking to superiors, and for a thousand polite uses, to say nothing of its value as an article of dress, the folding fan is a distinctly Japanese gift to civilization. It had many centuries of history and honor in Japan before the Chi-

nese borrowed the invention. In the caste of fashion the flat fan, which too often sank to the level of a dustpan, grain-winnower, or fire-blower, is in the lowest grade.

The chief food, as well as the ceremonial drink, came from rice. This grain was imported from Corea, and very early became the standard article of diet among the upper classes. The Japanese have never yet learned to like bread, nor is rice usually the food of the poorer people. The best rice is raised in Higo. It is cooked, served, and flavored in a great variety of ways, and many extracts and preparations, such as gluten, *mochi*, or pastry flour, and alcohol, are made from it. The making of saké, by which we mean beer, wine, or brandy made from rice, is as old as the first commerce with Corea. It was the favorite drink of Japanese men and gods. The festivals in celebration of the planting, reaping, and offering of rice in the sheaf, or hulled and cleaned, and of the fermentation or presentation of the liquor to the gods, form a notable feature in the Shinto religion.

This saké or brewed rice was the drink enjoyed at feasts, poetry parties, picnics, and evening gatherings. Like tea, it was heated and drunk when hot. Besides the pleasures of music, poetry, and literature, cards, checkers, games of skill and chance, of many kinds, even to the sniffing of perfumes, helped the hours of leisure to pass pleasantly.

Outdoor sports were also diligently cultivated by these elegantly dressed lords and ladies of the capital. The ladies amused themselves by catching fireflies and various brilliantly colored or singing insects, by feeding the goldfish in the garden ponds, or viewing the moon and the landscape. The delights of the young men were in

horsemanship, archery, foot-ball, and falconry. The art of training falcons to hunt and kill the smaller or defenseless birds was copied from Corea, and has been practiced in Japan somewhat over a thousand years. Cockfights, dog-matches, and fishing by means of cormorants were also common. A method of racing and shooting from horseback at dogs, with blunt arrows, was cultivated for the sake of skill in riding. Polo is said to have come from Persia into China and thence to Japan, where it is called ball-striking, or *da-kiu*. A polo outfit with elegant costume and the liveliest of ponies was costly, so that polo, like hawking, was always an aristocratic game. The Warrior's Dance had been described as a "giant quadrille in armor." The more robust and exciting exercise of hunting the boar, deer, bear, and other wild animals was often indulged in by the military men in time of peace, in order to keep up their vigor and discipline. In hunting, the bold riders and footmen could have something like the excitement of war with only a small amount of its danger.

This curious social life in old Kioto is quite fully shown in Japanese art, in books and pictures, and the theater, and is a favorite subject for the poets, novelists, and artists. On fans, paper napkins, lacquer ware, carved ivories, bronzes, sword-hilts, and all the rich and strange art-works of Old Japan, this court life can be pleasantly studied. It was a state of things which existed before feudalism came in completely to alter the face of the mikado's empire, and before Chinese learning, pedantry, and literary composition cramped the native genius. He who understands the method and meaning of the artist has a great fund of enjoyment. The painter and

carver, or even the decorator on a five-cent fan, tells his tale well, and one who knows Japanese life from its ancient and mediæval literature, as well as by modern travel and study, needs no interpreter.

Best of all, however, life in the mikado's capital is reflected in the classic fiction written in the Middle Ages, and mostly by ladies of the court. From a literary point of view, the women of Japan did more to preserve and develop their native language than the men. The masculine scholars used Chinese, and composed their books in what was as Latin to the mass of the people. The lady writers employed their own beautiful speech, and such famous *monogatari*, or novels, as the Sagoromo, Genji, Isé, and others, besides hundreds of volumes of poetry in pure classical Japanese, are from their pens. A number of famous novels, the oldest of which is the Old Bamboo-Cutter's Story, which dates from the tenth century, picture the life and work, the loves and adventures, of the lads and lasses, priests and warriors, lords and ladies, in this extremely refined, highly polished, and very licentious society of Kioto a thousand years or less ago. Those who would study it carefully must read Mr. Chamberlain's "Classical Poetry of the Japanese," or Mr. Suyématsŭ's "Genji Monogatari." Miss Harris's "Log of a Japanese Journey" is a rendering in English of the Tosa Niki, or diary of the voyage from Tosa to Kioto of the famous poet Tsurayuki.

The Tosa Niki book is a great favorite with native students on account of its beauty of style. Tsurayuki was appointed by the mikado to be governor of Tosa. After serving four years he starts homeward for Kioto by ship and carriage, or rather by junk and bullock-cart.

He left Tosa in January, A.D. 935, and the diary of his voyage is written in woman's style of writing, that is, in pure Japanese. He calls himself "a certain person," and is a jolly good-natured fellow; always, when opportunity serves, writing poetry and enjoying the saké-cup. As Japanese junks usually wait for the wind, sail only in the daytime, or at least not all night, and keep out of storms if possible, he stopped at many places, where official friends called upon him, and presents were exchanged, cups of saké drunk, and poems written. Most of the presents had verses tied to them, but the pheasants had a flowering branch of the plum tree attached. We translate a stanza: —

> "As o'er the waves we urge,
> While roars the whit'ning surge,
> Louder shall rise my cry
> That left behind am I, —"

whereat the traveler notes in his diary that the poet must have a pretty loud voice. He tells of the storks and the fir trees which have been comrades for a thousand years; how the passengers went ashore at one place to take a hot bath; how a sailor caught a *tai*, or splendid red fish, for his dinner; jests at the bush of the man in the moon; throws his metal mirror into the sea to quiet the storm raised by the god of Sumi-Yoshi; escapes the pirates, with whom he had as governor dealt very severely; and completes his sea journey, not at Osaka which did not then exist, but at Yamazaki, near the capital. There he waits for a bullock-car to come from Kioto, which he must of course enter in state as becomes a *kugé*, or noble.

This charming little book shows first that human

nature in Japan a thousand years ago was wonderfully like that of to-day in Japan, or anywhere else; that good style will make a book live as long as the rocks; and that in those days the spoken idiom differed very little from the language employed in literature. Brave Tsurayuki! He wrote in "woman's style" really because he loved his native tongue, and did not want to see it overlaid by the Chinese. In our days not a few Japanese are heartily ashamed that their own beautiful language has not been more developed by scholars. So much dependence on China has paralyzed originality and weakened intellect. After fifteen hundred years, the patriotic Japanese feels ashamed that the literary and intellectual product of his country is so small, and that the best work in his native tongue has been done by women. No wonder he does not always take kindly to the fulsome flatteries of Europeans who tell him what a wonderful fellow he is, and how much superior Japanese civilization is to that of Europe. How he really feels about the matter is shown in his eager desire, on the one hand, to absorb all the ideas and adopt all the inventions of the foreigners, and, on the other, to bridge the gulf between the spoken and the written forms of his own vernacular.

# THE STORY OF YOSHITSUNE

BY YEI THEODORA OZAKI

In Old Japan more than seven hundred years ago a fierce war was raging between the two great clans, the Taira and the Minamoto, also called the Heike and the Genji. These two famous clans were always contesting together for political power and military supremacy, and the country was torn in two with the many bitter battles that were fought. Indeed, it may be said that the history of Japan for many years was the history of these two mighty martial families; sometimes the Minamoto and sometimes the Taira gaining the victory, or being beaten, as the case might be; but their swords knew no rest for a period of many years. At last a strong and valiant general arose in the House of Minamoto. His name was Yoshitomo. At this time there were two aspirants for the imperial throne and civil war was raging in the capital. One imperial candidate was supported by the Taira, the other by the Minamoto. Yoshitomo, though a Minamoto, sided at first with the Taira against the reigning emperor; but when he saw how cruel and relentless their chief, Kiyomori, was, he turned against him and called all his followers to rally round the Minamoto standard and fight to put down the Taira.

But fate was against the gallant and doughty warrior Yoshitomo, and he suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Taira. He and his men, while fleeing from the vigilance of their enemies, were overtaken within

the city gates, and ruthlessly slaughtered by Kiyomori and his soldiers.

Yoshitomo left behind him his beautiful young wife, Tokiwa Gozen, and eight children, to mourn his untimely death. Five of the elder children were by a first wife. The third of these became Yoritomo, the great first Shogun of Japan, while the eighth and youngest child was Ushiwaka, about whom this story is written. Ushiwaka and the hero of Yoshitsune were one and the same person. Ushiwaka (Young Ox — he was so called because of his wonderful strength) was his name as a boy, and Yoshitsune was the name he took when he became of age.

At the time of his father's death, Ushiwaka was a babe in the arms of his mother, Tokiwa Gozen, but his tender age would not have saved his life had he been found by his father's enemies.

After the defeat they had inflicted on the rival clan, the Taira were all-powerful for a time. The Minamoto clan were in dire straits and in danger of being exterminated now, for so fierce was Kiyomori's hatred against his enemies that when a Minamoto fell into his cruel hands he immediately put the captive to death.

Realizing the great peril of the situation, Tokiwa Gozen, the widow of Yoshitomo, full of fear and anxiety for the safety of her little ones, quietly hid herself in the country, taking with her Ushiwaka and her two other children. So successful was Tokiwa Gozen in concealing her hiding-place that, though the Taira clan either killed or banished to a far-away island all the elder sons, relations, and partisans of the Minamoto chief, they could not discover the whereabouts of the mother and her

children, notwithstanding the strict search Kiyomori had made.

Determined to have his will, and angry at being thwarted by a woman, Kiyomori at last hit on a plan which he felt sure would not fail to draw the wife of Yoshitomo from her hiding-place. He gave orders that Sekiya, the mother of the fair Tokiwa, should be seized and brought before him. He told her sternly that if she would reveal her daughter's hiding-place she should be well treated, but if she refused to do as she was told she would be tortured and put to death. When the old lady declared that she did not know where Tokiwa was, as in truth she did not, Kiyomori thrust her into prison and had her treated cruelly day after day.

Now the reason why Kiyomori was so set on finding Tokiwa and her sons was that while Yoshitomo's heirs lived he and his family could know no safety, for the strongest moral law in every Japanese heart was the old command, "A man may not live under the same heaven with the murderer of his father," and the Japanese warrior recked nothing of life or death, of home or love in obeying this — as he deemed — supreme commandment. Women too burned with the same zeal in avenging the wrongs of their fathers and husbands.

Tokiwa Gozen, though hiding in the country, heard of what had befallen her mother, and great was her sorrow and distress. She sat down on the mats and moaned aloud: "It is wrong of me to let my poor innocent mother suffer to save myself and my children, but if I give myself up, Kiyomori will surely take my lord's sons and kill them. — What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

Poor Tokiwa! Her heart was torn between her love

for her mother and her love for her children. Her anxiety and distraction were pitiful to see. Finally she decided that it was impossible for her to remain still and silent under the circumstances; she could not endure the thought that her mother was suffering persecution while she had the power of preventing it; so holding the infant Ushiwaka in her bosom under her kimono, she took his two elder brothers (one seven and the other five years of age) by the hand and started for the capital.

There were no trains in those days, and all traveling by ordinary people had to be done on foot. Daimios and great and important personages were carried in palanquins, and they only could travel in comfort and in state. Tokiwa could not hope to meet with kindness or hospitality on the way, for she was a Minamoto, and the Taira being all-powerful it was death to any one to harbor a Minamoto fugitive. So the obstacles that beset Tokiwa were great; but she was a samurai woman, and she quailed not at duty, however hard or stern that duty was. The greater the difficulties, the higher her courage rose to meet them. At last she set out on her momentous and celebrated journey.

It was winter-time and snow lay on the ground, and the wind blew piercingly cold and the roads were bad. What Tokiwa, a delicately nurtured woman, suffered from cold and fatigue, from loneliness and fear, from anxiety for her little children, from dread lest she should reach the capital too late to save her old mother, who might die under the cruel treatment to which she was being subjected, or be put to death by Kiyomori in his wrath, or finally lest she herself should be seized by the Taira, and her filial plan be frustrated before she could

reach the capital — all this must have been greater than any words can tell.

Sometimes poor distressed Tokiwa sat down by the wayside to hush the wailing babe she carried in her bosom, or to rest the two little boys, who, tired and faint and famished, clung to her robes, crying for their usual rice. On and on she went, soothing and consoling them as best she could, till at last she reached Kyoto, weary, footsore, and almost heart-broken. But though she was well-nigh overcome with physical exhaustion, yet her purpose never flagged. She went at once to the enemy's camp and asked to be admitted to the presence of General Kiyomori.

When she was shown into the dread man's presence, she prostrated herself at his feet and said that she had come to give herself up and to release her mother.

"I am Tokiwa — the widow of Yoshitomo. I have come with my three children to beseech you to spare my mother's life and to set her free. My poor old mother has done nothing wrong. I am guilty of hiding myself and the little ones, yet I pray humbly for your august forgiveness."

She pleaded in such an agonizing way that Kiyomori, the Tairi chieftain, was struck with admiration for her filial piety, a virtue more highly esteemed than any other in Japan. He felt sincerely sorry for Tokiwa in her woe, and her beauty and her tears melted his hard heart, and he promised her that if she would become his wife he would spare not only her mother's life, but her three children also.

For the sake of saving her children's lives the sad-hearted woman consented to Kiyomori's proposal. It

must have been terrible to her to wed with her lord's enemy, the very man who had caused his death; but the thought that by so doing she saved the lives of his sons, who would one day surely arise to avenge their father's cruel death, must have been her consolation and her recompense for the sacrifice.

Kiyomori showed himself kinder to Tokiwa than he had ever shown himself to any one, for he allowed her to keep the babe Ushiwaka by her side. The two elder boys he sent to a temple to be trained as acolytes under the tutelage of priests.

By placing them out of the world in the seclusion of priesthood, Kiyomori felt that he would have little to fear from them when they attained manhood. How terribly and bitterly he was mistaken we learn from history, for two of Yoshitomo's sons, banished though they had been for years and years, arose like a rushing, mighty whirlwind from the obscurity of the monastery to avenge their father, and they wiped the Taira from off the face of the earth.

Time passed by, and when the little babe Ushiwaka at last reached the age of seven, Kiyomori likewise took him from his mother and sent him to the priests. The sorrow of Tokiwa, bereft of the last child of her beloved lord Yoshitomo, can better be imagined than described. But in her golden captivity even Kiyomori had not been able to deprive her of one iota of the incomparable power of motherhood, that of influencing the life of her child to the end of his days. As the little fellow had lain in her arms night and day, as she crooned him to sleep and taught him to walk, she forever whispered the name of Minamoto Yoshitomo in his ear.

At last one day her patience was rewarded and Ushiwaka lisped his father's name correctly. Then Tokiwa clasped him proudly to her breast, and wept tears of thankfulness and joy and of sorrowing remembrance, for she never could even for a day banish Yoshitomo from her mind. As Ushiwaka grew older and could understand better what she said, Tokiwa would daily whisper, "Remember thy father, Minamoto Yoshitomo! Grow strong and avenge his death, for he died at the hands of the Taira!" And day by day she told him stories of his great and good father — of his martial prowess in battle, and of his great strength and wonderful wielding of the sword, and she bade her little son remember and be like his father. And the mother's words and tears, sown in long years of patience and bitter endurance, bore fruit beyond all she had ever hoped or dreamed.

So Ushiwaka was taken from his mother at the age of seven, and was sent to the Tokobo Monastery, at Kuramayama, to be trained as a monk. Even at that early age he showed great intelligence, read the Sacred Books with avidity, and surprised the priests by his diligence and quickness of memory. He was naturally a very high-spirited youth, and could brook no control and hated to yield to others in anything whatsoever. As the years passed by and he grew older, he came to hear from his teachers and school friends of how his father Yoshitomo and his clan the Minamoto had been overthrown by the Taira, and this filled him with such intense sorrow and bitterness that sleeping or waking he could never banish the subject from his mind. As he listened daily to these things the words of his mother, which she had whispered in his ear as a child, now came

throbbing back to his mind, and he understood their full meaning for the first time. In the lonely nights he felt again her hot tears falling on his face, and heard her repeat as clearly as a bell in the silence of the darkness: "Remember thy father, Minamoto Yoshitomo! Avenge his death, for he died at the hands of the Taira!"

At last one night the lad dreamed that his mother, beautiful and sad as he remembered her in the days of his childhood, came to his bedside and said to him, while the tears streamed down her face: "Avenge thy father, Yoshitomo! Unless thou remember my last words, I cannot rest in my grave. I am dying, Ushiwaka, remember!"

And Ushiwaka awoke as he cried aloud in his agony: "I will! Honorable mother, I will!"

From that night his heart burned within him and the fire and love of clan-race stirred his soul. Continual brooding over the wrongs of his clan generated in his heart a fierce desire for revenge, and he finally resolved to abandon the priesthood, become a great general like his father, and punish the Taira. And as his ambition was fired and exalted and his mind thrilled back to the days when his poor unhappy mother Tokiwa prayed and wept over him, daily whispering in his ear the name of his father, his will grew to purpose strong. Tokiwa had not suffered in vain. From this time on, Ushiwaka bided his time every night till all in the temple were fast asleep. When he heard the priests snoring, and knew himself safe from observation, he would steal out from the temple, and, making his way down the hillside into the valley, he would draw his wooden sword and practice fencing by himself, and, striking the trees and the stones, imagine

that they were his Taira foes. As he worked in this way night after night, he felt his muscles grow strong, and this practice taught him how to wield his sword with skill.

One night as usual Ushiwaka had gone out to the valley and was diligently brandishing about his wooden sword. His mind fully bent upon his self-taught lesson, he was marching up and down, chanting snatches of war-songs and striking the trees and the rocks, when suddenly a great cloud spread over the heavens, the rain fell, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and a great noise went through the valley, as if all the trees were being torn up by the roots and their trunks were splitting.

While Ushiwaka wondered what this could mean, a great giant over ten feet in height stood before him. He had large round glaring eyes that glinted like metal mirrors; his nose was bright red, and it must have been about a foot long; his hands were like the claws of a bird, and to each there were only two fingers. The feathers of long wings at each side peeped from under the creature's robes, and he looked like a gigantic goblin. Fearful indeed was this apparition. But Ushiwaka was a brave and spirited youth and the son of a soldier, and he was not to be daunted by anything. Without moving a muscle of his face he gripped his sword more tightly and simply asked: "Who are you, sirrah?"

The goblin laughed aloud and said: "I am the King of the Tengu,[1] the elves of the mountains, and I have made this valley my home for many a long year. I have

[1] The Tengu are strange creatures with very long noses; sometimes they have the head of a hawk and the body of a man.

admired your perseverance in coming to this place night after night for the purpose of practicing fencing all by yourself, and I have come to meet you, with the intention of teaching you all I know of the art of the sword."

Ushiwaka was delighted when he heard this, for the Tengu have supernatural powers, and fortunate, indeed, are those whom they favor. He thanked the giant elf and expressed his readiness to begin at once. He then whirled up his sword and began to attack the Tengu, but the elf shifted his position with the quickness of lightning, and taking from his belt a fan made of seven feathers parried the showering blows right and left so cleverly that the young knight's interest became thoroughly aroused. Every night he came out for the lesson. He never missed once, summer or winter, and in this way he learned all the secrets of the art which the Tengu could teach him.

The Tengu was a great master and Ushiwaka an apt pupil. He became so proficient in fencing that he could overcome ten or twenty small Tengu in the twinkling of an eye, and he acquired extraordinary skill and dexterity in the use of the sword; and the Tengu also imparted to him the wonderful adroitness and agility which made him so famous in after-life.

Now Ushiwaka was about fifteen years old, a comely youth, and tall for his age. At this time there lived on Mount Hiei, just outside the capital, a wild bonze named Musashi Bo Benkei, who was such a lawless and turbulent fellow that he had become notorious for his deeds of violence. The city rang with the stories of his misdeeds, and so well known had he become that people could not hear his name without fear and trembling.

Benkei suddenly made up his mind that it would be good sport to steal a thousand swords from various knights.

No sooner did the wild idea enter his head than he began to put it into practice. Every night he sauntered forth to the Gojo Bridge of Kyoto, and when a knight or any man carrying a sword passed by, Benkei would snatch the weapon from his girdle. If the owners yielded up their blades quietly, Benkei allowed them to pass unhurt, but if not, he would strike them dead with a single blow of the huge halberd he carried. So great was Benkei's strength that he always overcame his victim, — resistance was useless, — and night by night one and sometimes two men met death at his hands on the Gojo Bridge. In this way Benkei gained such a terrible reputation that everybody far and near feared to meet him, and after dark no one dared to pass near the bridge he was known to haunt, so fearful were the tales told of the dreaded robber of swords.

At last this story reached the ears of Ushiwaka, and he said to himself: "What an interesting man this must be! If it is true that he is a bonze, he must be a strange one, indeed; but as he only robs people of their swords, he cannot be a common highwayman. If I could make such a strong man a retainer of mine, he would be of great assistance to me when I punish my enemies, the Taira clan. Good! To-night I will go to the Gojo Bridge and try the mettle of this Benkei!"

Ushiwaka, being a youth of great courage, had no sooner made up his mind to meet Benkei than he proceeded to put his plan into execution. He started out that same evening. It was a beautiful moonlight night,

and taking with him his favorite flute he strolled forth through the streets of the sleeping city till he came to the Gojo Bridge. Then from the opposite direction came a tall figure which appeared to touch the clouds, so gigantic was its stature. The stranger was clad in a suit of coal-black armor and carried an immense halberd.

"This must be the sword-robber! He is, indeed, strong!" said Ushiwaka to himself, but he was not in the least daunted, and went on playing his flute quite calmly.

Presently the armed giant halted and gazed at Ushiwaka, but evidently thought him a mere youth, and decided to let him go unmolested, for he was about to pass him by without lifting a hand. This indifference on the part of Benkei not only disappointed but angered Ushiwaka. Having waited in vain for the stranger to offer violence, our hero approached Benkei, and, with the intention of picking a quarrel, suddenly kicked the latter's halberd out of his hand.

Benkei, who had first thought to spare Ushiwaka on account of his youth, became very angry when he found himself insulted by a lad to whom he had been intentionally kind. In a fury he exclaimed, "Miserable stripling!" and raising his halberd struck sideways at Ushiwaka, thinking to slice him in two at the waist and to see his body fall asunder. But the young knight nimbly avoided the blow which would have killed him, and springing back a few paces he flung his fan[1] at Benkei's head and uttered a loud cry of defiance. The

[1] The fighter's fan was always made of metal and was often used as a weapon.

fan struck Benkei on the forehead right between the eyes, making him mad with pain. In a transport of rage Benkei aimed a fearful blow at Ushiwaka, as if he were splitting a log of wood with an axe. This time Ushiwaka sprang up to the parapet of the bridge, clapped his hands, and laughed in derision, saying: —

"Here I am! Don't you see? Here I am!" And Benkei was again thwarted thus.

Benkei, who had never known his strokes miss before, had now failed twice in catching this nimble opponent. Frantic with chagrin and baffled rage, he now rushed furiously to the attack, whirling his great halberd round in alldirections till it looked like a water-wheel in motion, striking wildly and blindly at Ushiwaka. But the young knight had been taught tricks innumerable by the giant Tengu of Kuramayama, and he had profited so well by his lessons that the King Tengu had at last said that even he could teach him nothing more, and now, as it may well be imagined, he was too quick for the heavy Benkei. When Benkei struck in front, Ushiwaka was behind, and when Benkei aimed a blow behind, Ushiwaka darted in front. Nimble as a monkey and swift as a swallow, Ushiwaka avoided all the blows aimed at him, and, finding himself outmatched, even the redoubtable Benkei grew tired.

Ushiwaka saw that Benkei was played out. He kept up the game a little longer and then changed his tactics. Seizing his opportunity, he knocked Benkei's halberd out of his hand. When the giant stooped to pick his weapon up, Ushiwaka ran behind him and with a quick movement tripped him up. There lay the big man on all fours, while Ushiwaka nimbly strode across

his back and pressing him down asked him how he liked this kind of play.

All this time Benkei had wondered at the courage of the youth in attacking and challenging a man so much larger than himself, but now he was filled with amazement at Ushiwaka's wonderful strength and adroitness.

"I am, indeed, astonished at what you have done," said Benkei. "Who in the world can you be? I have fought with many men on this bridge, but you are the first of my antagonists who has displayed such strength. Are you a god or a tengu? You certainly cannot be an ordinary human being!"

Ushiwaka laughed and said: "Are you afraid for the first time, then?"

"I am," answered Benkei.

"Will you from henceforth be my retainer?" demanded Ushiwaka.

"I will in very truth be your retainer, but may I know who you are?" asked Benkei meekly.

Ushiwaka now felt sure that Benkei was in earnest. He therefore allowed him to get up from the ground, and then said: "I have nothing to hide from you. I am the youngest son of Minamoto Yoshitomo and my name is Ushiwaka."

Benkei started with surprise when he heard these words and said: "What is this I hear? Are you in truth a son of the Lord Yoshitomo of the Minamoto clan? That is the reason I felt from the first moment of our encounter that your deeds were not those of a common person. No wonder that I thought this! I am only too happy to become the retainer of such a distinguished and spirited young knight. I will follow you as my lord and

master from this very moment, if you will allow me. I can wish for no greater honor."

So there and then, on the Gojo Bridge in the silver moonlight, the bonze Benkei vowed to be the true and faithful vassal of the young knight Ushiwaka and to serve him loyally till death, and thus was the compact between lord and vassal made. From that time on, Benkei gave up his wild and lawless ways and devoted his life to the service of Ushiwaka, who was highly pleased at having won such a strong liegeman to his side.

Although Ushiwaka had now secured Benkei, it was impossible for only two men, however strong, to think of fighting the Taira clan, so they both decided that the cherished plan must wait till the Minamoto were stronger. While thus waiting they heard a report to the effect that a descendant of Tawara Toda Hidesato named Hidehira was now a famous general in Kaiwai of the Ashu Province, and that he was so powerful that no one dared oppose him. Hearing this, Ushiwaka thought that it would be a good plan to pay the general a visit and try to interest him, if possible, in the fortunes of the House of Minamoto. He consulted with Benkei, who encouraged the young knight in his scheme of enlisting the General Hidehira as a partisan, and the two therefore left Kyoto secretly and journeyed as quickly as possible to Oshu on this errand.

On the way there, Ushiwaka and Benkei came to the Temple of Atsuta, and as they considered it important that the young knight should look older now, Ushiwaka performed the ceremony of Gembuku at the shrine. This was a rite performed in olden times when youths reached the age of manhood. They then had to shave

off the front part of their hair and to change their names as a sign that they had left childhood behind. Ushiwaka now took the name of Yoshitsune. As he was the eighth son, it would have been more correct for him to have assumed the name of Hachiro, but as his uncle Tametomo the Archer was named Hachiro, he purposely did not take this name. From this time forth our hero is known as Yoshitsune, and this name he has glorified forever by his wonderful bravery and many heroic exploits. In Japanese history he is the knight without fear and without reproach, the darling of the people, to them almost an incarnation of Hachiman, the popular God of War. And as for Benkei, never can you find in all history a vassal who was more true or loyal to his master than Benkei. He was Yoshitsune's right hand in everything, and his strength and wisdom carried them successfully through many a dire emergency.

From Kyoto to Oshu is a long journey of about three hundred miles, but at length Yoshitsune (as we must now call him) and Benkei reached their destination and craved the General Hidehira's assistance. They found that Hidehira was a warm adherent of the Minamoto cause, and under the late Lord Yoshitomo he and his family had enjoyed great favor. When the general learned, therefore, that Yoshitsune was the son of the illustrious Minamoto chief, his joy knew no bounds, and he made Yoshitsune and Benkei heartily welcome and treated them both as guests of honor and importance.

Just at this time Yoshitsune's eldest brother, Yoritomo, who had been banished to an island in Idzu, collected a great army and raised his standard against the Taira. When the news about Yoritomo reached

Yoshitsune, he rejoiced, for he felt that the hour had at last come when the Minamoto would be revenged on the Taira for all the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the latter.

With the help of Hidehira and the faithful Benkei, he collected a small army of warriors and at once marched over to his brother's camp in Idzu. He sent a messenger ahead to inform Yoritomo that his youngest brother, now named Yoshitsune, was coming to aid him in his fight against the Taira.

Yoritomo was exceedingly glad at this unexpected good news, for all that helped to swell his forces now brought nearer the day when he would be able to strike his long-planned blow at the power of the hated Taira. As soon as Yoshitsune reached Idzu, Yoritomo arranged for an immediate meeting. Although the two men were brothers, it must be remembered that their father had been killed, and the family utterly scattered, when they were mere children, Yoshitsune being at that time but an infant in his mother's arms. As this was therefore the first time they had met, Yoritomo knew nothing of his young brother's character.

One of Yoshitsune's elder brothers had come with him, and Yoritomo being a shrewd general wished to test them both to see of what mettle they were made. He ordered his retainers to bring a brass basin full of boiling water. When it was brought, Yoritomo ordered Noriyori, the elder of the two, to carry it to him first. Now brass being a good conductor of heat, the basin was very hot and Noriyori stupidly let it fall. Yoritomo ordered it to be filled again and bade Yoshitsune bring it to him. Without moving a muscle of his handsome face

Yoshitsune took hold of the almost unbearably hot vessel and carried it with due ceremony slowly across the room. This exhibition of nerve and endurance filled Yoritomo with admiration, and he was favorably struck with Yoshitsune's character. As for Noriyori, who had been unable to hold a hot basin for a few moments, he had no use for him at all, except as a common soldier.

Yoritomo begged Yoshitsune to become his right-hand man and zealously to espouse his cause. Yoshitsune declared that this had been his lifelong ambition ever since he could remember, — as they both were sons of the same father, so was their cause and destiny one. Yoritomo made Yoshitsune a general of part of his army and ordered him in the name of his father Yoshitomo to chastise the Taira.

Delighted beyond all words at the wonderfully auspicious turn events were taking, Yoshitsune hastened his preparations for the march. The longed-for hour had come to which through his whole childhood and youth he had looked forward, and for which his whole being had thirsted for many years. He could now fulfill the last words of his unhappy mother, and punish the Taira for all the evil they had wrought against the Minamoto. All the wild restlessness of his youth, which had driven him forth to wield his wooden sword against the rocks in the Kuramayama Valley and to try his strength against Benkei on the Gojo Bridge, now found vent in action most dear to a born warrior's heart. With several thousands of troops under him, Yoshitsune marched up to Kyoto and waged war against the Taira, and defeated them in a series of brilliant engagements.

The stricken Taira multitudes fled before the avenger

like autumn leaves before the blast, and Yoshitsune pursued them to the sea. At Dan-no Ura the Taira made a last stand, but all in vain. Their lion leader, Kiyomori, was dead, and there was no great chieftain to rally them in the disordered retreat that now ensued. Yoshitsune came sweeping down upon them, and they and their fleet and their infant emperor likewise, with their women and children, sank beneath the waves. Only a scattered few lived to tell the tale of the terrible destruction that overtook them on the sea.

Thus did Yoshitsune become a great warrior and general. Thus did he fulfill the ambitions of his youth and avenge his father Yoshitomo's death. He was without a rival in the whole country for his marvelous bravery and successive victories. He was adored by the people as their most popular hero and darling, and throughout the length and breadth of the land his praise was sung by every one.

## THREE JAPANESE POEMS

TRANSLATED BY FREDERICK VICTOR DICKINS

### THE PINE TREE

*By Chiu-nagon Yuki-hira*

INOBA'S lofty range is crowned
By many a tall pine tree;
Ah, quickly were I homewards bound
If thou shouldst pine for me!

### THE FADED FLOWER

*By Kino Tomo-nori*

'T IS a pleasant day of merry spring,
No bitter frosts are threatening,
No stormwinds blow, no rain clouds lower,
The sun shines bright on high.
Yet thou, poor little trembling flower,
Dost wither away and die.

### FAITHFULNESS

*By Dai-ni no Sammi*

MORE fickle thou than th' winds that pour
Down Arima o'er Ina's moor,
And still my love for thee as yet
I have forgotten to forget.



The Great Buddha of Kamakura

## THE GREAT BUDDHA OF KAMAKURA

"THE gentleness, the dreamy passionlessness of those features, — the immense repose of the whole figure, — are full of beauty and charm. And, contrary to all expectation, the nearer you approach the giant Buddha, the greater this charm becomes. You look up into the solemnly beautiful face, — into the closed eyes that seem to watch you through their eyelids of bronze as gently as those of a child, — and you feel that the image typifies all that is tender and calm in the Soul of the East. Yet you feel that only Japanese thought could have created it. Its beauty, its dignity, its perfect repose, reflect the higher life of the race that imagined it; and, though doubtless inspired by some Indian model, as the treatment of the hair and various symbolic marks reveal, the art is Japanese.

"So mighty and beautiful the work is, that you will not for some time notice the magnificent lotus-plants of bronze, fully fifteen feet high, planted before the figure, on either side of the great tripod in which incense-rods are burning.

"Through an orifice in the right side of the enormous lotus-blossom on which the Buddha is seated, you can enter into the statue. The interior contains a little shrine of Kwannon, and a statue of the priest Yuten, and a stone tablet bearing in Chinese characters the sacred formula, *Namu Amida Butsu*.

"A ladder enables the pilgrim to ascend into the interior of the colossus as high as the shoulders, in which are two little windows commanding a wide prospect of the grounds; while a priest, who acts as guide, states the age of the statue to be six hundred and thirty years, and asks for some small contribution to aid in the erection of a new temple to shelter it from the weather.

"For this Buddha once had a temple. A tidal wave following an earthquake swept walls and roof away, but left the mighty Amida unmoved, still meditating upon his lotus."

So Lafcadio Hearn describes the great Buddha of Kamakura.

# II
# THE RULE OF THE SHOGUNS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

By the thirteenth century the supreme power had been largely taken over by the shogun or commander-in-chief, and the mikado was little more than a figurehead. Toward the end of the century, the Mongols under Kublai Khan attempted several invasions of Japan, but were repulsed. In the sixteenth century, Hideyoshi, the shogun of the time, succeeded in getting complete control of the realm and permitted the mikado no share in the government. His power became supreme, owing chiefly to his wisdom in dividing the fiefs of the daimios, or nobility, into holdings so small that the owners were powerless against him.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, some Portuguese sailors were wrecked on the Japanese coast; and a little later Mendez Pinto was driven upon the shores of the Island Kingdom. Japan had no wish for commercial or other intercourse with foreign nations, but now that Portugal had found the way, this could hardly be avoided, and trade with both Portuguese and Dutch followed, though with numerous restrictions. Christianity had been preached in Japan and many converts had been made. These converts had been so bitterly persecuted that they had joined the Portuguese in a plot to overthrow the government. As a result, the Portuguese were expelled from the country.

# THE GREAT KHAN KUBLAI INVADES JAPAN

BY MARCO POLO

ZIPANGU [Japan] is an island in the eastern ocean, situated at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles from the mainland, or coast of Manji. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their own kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible; but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other parts. To this circumstance we are to attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold of considerable thickness; and the windows also have golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace that it is impossible to convey an idea of them. In this island there are pearls also, in large quantities, of a red (pink) color, round in shape, and of great size, equal in value to, or even exceeding that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the

inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them. The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

Of so great a celebrity was the wealth of this island that a desire was excited in the breast of the Grand Khan Kublai, now reigning, to make the conquest of it and to annex it to his dominions. In order to effect this, he fitted out a numerous fleet, and embarked a large body of troops under the command of two of his principal officers, one of whom was named Abbacatan, and the other Vonsancin. The expedition sailed from the ports of Zai-tun and Kin-sai and, crossing the intermediate sea, reached the island in safety; but in consequence of a jealousy that arose between the two commanders, one of whom treated the plans of the other with contempt and resisted the execution of his orders, they were unable to gain possession of any city or fortified place, with the exception of one only, which was carried by assault, the garrison having refused to surrender. Directions were given for putting the whole to the sword, and in obedience thereto the heads were of all cut off, excepting of eight persons, who, by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from the effects of iron, either to kill or wound. Upon this discovery being made, they were beaten with a heavy wooden club, and presently died.

It happened after some time that a north wind began to blow with great force, and the ships of the Tartars, which lay near the shore of the island, were driven foul of each other. It was determined thereupon in a council

of the officers on board that they ought to disengage themselves from the land; and accordingly, as soon as the troops were reëmbarked, they stood out to sea. The gale, however, increased to so violent a degree that a number of the vessels foundered. The people belonging to them, by floating upon pieces of the wreck, saved themselves upon an island lying about four miles from the coast of Zipangu. The other ships, which, not being so near to the land, did not suffer from the storm, and in which the two chiefs were embarked, together with the principal officers, or those whose rank entitled them to command a hundred thousand or ten thousand men, directed their course homewards, and returned to the Grand Khan.

Those of the Tartars who remained upon the island where they were wrecked, and who amounted to about thirty thousand men, finding themselves left without shipping, abandoned by their leaders, and having neither arms nor provisions, expected nothing less than to become captives or perish; especially as the island afforded no habitations where they could take shelter and refresh themselves. As soon as the gale ceased and the sea became smooth and calm, the people from the main island of Zipangu came over with a large force, in numerous boats, in order to make prisoners of these shipwrecked Tartars, and having landed, proceeded in search of them, but in a straggling, disorderly manner. The Tartars, on their part, acted with prudent circumspection, and, being concealed from view by some high land in the center of the island, whilst the enemy were hurrying in pursuit of them by one road, made a circuit of the coast by another, which brought them to the place where

the fleet of boats was at anchor. Finding these all abandoned, but with their colors flying, they instantly seized them, and pushing off from the island, stood for the principal city of Zipangu, into which, from the appearance of the colors, they were suffered to enter unmolested. Here they found few of the inhabitants besides women.

When the king was apprised of what had taken place, he was much afflicted, and immediately gave directions for a strict blockade of the city, which was so effectual that not any person was suffered to enter or to escape from it during the six months that the siege continued. At the expiration of this time, the Tartars, despairing of succor, surrendered upon the condition of their lives being spared. These events took place in the course of the year 1264.

The Grand Khan having learned some years after that the unfortunate issue of the expedition was to be attributed to the dissension between the two commanders, caused the head of one of them to be cut off; the other he sent to the savage island of Zorza, where it is the custom to execute criminals in the following manner. They are wrapped round both arms in the hide of a buffalo fresh taken from the beast, which is sewed tight. As this dries, it compresses the body to such a degree that the sufferer is incapable of moving or in any manner helping himself, and thus miserably perishes.

# THE COMING OF WILL ADAMS TO JAPAN

[WILL ADAMS was the first Englishman to make his home in Japan. His knowledge of shipbuilding made him so useful to the emperor that, although he was treated with honors and liberality, he was not allowed to leave the country. The Japanese of the street in Yedo which was named for him still hold an annual celebration in his memory.

The letter from which the following extracts are taken — with modernized spelling — was written in 1611. It begins with his departure from the coast of Peru.

*The Editor.*]

IT was agreed that we should leave the coast of Peru and direct our course for Japan, having understood that cloth was good merchandise there and also how upon that coast of Peru the king's ships were out seeking us, having knowledge of our being there, understanding that we were weak of men, which was certain, for one of our fleet for hunger was forced to seek relief at the enemies' hands in Saint Ago. So we stood away directly for Japan, and passed the equinoctial line together, until we came in twenty-eight degrees to the northward of the line, in which latitude we were about the twenty-third of February, 1600. We had a wondrous storm of wind as ever I was in, with much rain, in which storm we lost our consort, whereof we were very sorry. Nevertheless with hope that in Japan we should meet the one the other, we proceeded on our former intention for Japan, and in the height of thirty degrees sought the northernmost cape of the forenamed island, but found it not by reason that it lieth false in all cards and maps and

globes; for the cape lieth in thirty-five degrees and one half, which is a great difference. In the end, in thirty-two degrees and one half we came in sight of the land, being the nineteenth day of April. So that between the Cape of St. Maria and Japan we were four months and twenty-two days; at which time there were no more than six besides myself that could stand upon his feet.

So we in safety let fall our anchor about a league from a place called Bungo. At which time came to us many boats, and we suffered them to come aboard, being not able to resist them, which people did us no harm, neither of us understanding the one the other. The king of Bungo showed us great friendship, for he gave us an house and land, where we landed our sick men, and had all refreshing that was needful. We had when we came to anchor in Bungo, sick and whole, four and twenty men, of which number the next day three died. The rest for the most part recovered, saving three, which lay a long time sick, and in the end also died.

In the which time of our being here, the emperor hearing of us sent presently five galleys, or frigates, to us to bring me to the court where His Highness was, which was distant from Bungo about an eighty English leagues. So that as soon as I came before him, he demanded of me of what country we were. So I answered him in all points, for there was nothing that he demanded not, both concerning war and peace between country and country; so that the particulars here to write would be too tedious. And for that time I was commanded to prison, being well used, with one of our mariners that came with me to serve me.

A two days after, the emperor called me again, de-

manding the reason of our coming so far. I answered: We are a people that sought all friendship with all nations, and to have trade in all countries, bringing such merchandise as our country did afford into strange lands in the way of traffic. He demanded also as concerning the wars between the Spaniards or Portugal and our country and the reasons; the which I gave him to understand of all things, which he was glad to hear, as it seemed to me.

In the end I was commanded to prison again, but my lodging was bettered in another place. So that thirty-nine days I was in prison, hearing no more news, neither of our ship nor captain, whether he were recovered of his sickness or not, nor of the rest of the company; in which time I looked every day to die, to be crossed [crucified] as the custom of justice is in Japan, as hanging in our land. In which long time of imprisonment, the Jesuits and the Portuguese gave many evidences against me and the rest to the emperor that we were thieves and robbers of all nations, and, were we suffered to live, it should be against the profit of His Highness and the land; for no nation should come there without robbing; His Highness's justice being executed, the rest of our nation without doubt should fear and not come here any more: thus daily making access to the emperor and procuring friends to hasten my death. But God, that is always merciful at need, showed mercy unto us and would not suffer them to have their wills of us. In the end, the emperor gave them answer that we as yet had not done to him nor to none of his land any harm or damage; therefore against reason and justice to put us to death. If our countries had war the one with the

other, that was no cause that he should put us to death; with which they were out of heart that their cruel pretense failed them. For which God be forevermore praised.

Now in this time that I was in prison the ship was commanded to be brought so near to the city where the emperor was as she might be (for grounding her); the which was done. Forty-one days being expired, the emperor caused me to be brought before him again, demanding of me many questions more, which were too long to write. In conclusion he asked me whether I were desirous to go to the ship to see my countrymen. I answered very gladly, the which he bade me do. So I departed and was free from imprisonment. And this was the first news that I had that the ship and company were come to the city. So that with a rejoicing heart I took a boat and went to our ship, where I found the captain and the rest recovered of their sickness; and when I came aboard with weeping eyes was received, for it was given them to understand that I was executed long since. Thus, God be praised, all we that were left alive came together again.

From the ship all things were taken out, so that the clothes which I took with me on my back I only had. All my instruments and books were taken. Not only I lost what I had in the ship, but from the captain and the company generally what was good or worth the taking was carried away; all which was done unknown to the emperor. So in process of time having knowledge of it, he commanded that they which had taken our goods should restore it to us back again; but it was here and there so taken that we could not get it again, saving

50,000 R[s] in ready money was commanded to be given us and in his presence brought and delivered in the hands of one that was made our governor, who kept them in his hands to distribute them unto us as we had need for the buying of victuals for our men with other particular charges. In the end the money was divided according to every man's place; but this was about two years that we had been in Japan, and when we had a denial that we should not have our ship, but to abide in Japan. So that the part of every one being divided, every one took his way where he thought best. In the end, the emperor gave every man, much as was worth eleven or twelve ducats a year, namely, myself, the captain, and mariners all alike.

So in process of four or five years the emperor called me, as divers times he had done before. So one time above the rest he would have me to make him a small ship. I answered that I was no carpenter and had no knowledge thereof. "Well, do your endeavor," saith he; "if it be not good, it is no matter." Wherefore at his command I built him a ship of the burden of eighty tons or thereabout; which ship being made in all respects as our manner is, he coming aboard to see it, liked it very well; by which means I came in favor with him, so that I came often in his presence, who from time to time gave me presents, and at length a yearly stipend to live upon, much about seventy ducats by the year with two pounds of rice a day daily. Now being in such grace and favor by reason I learned him some points of geometry and understanding of the art of mathematics with other things, I pleased him so that what I said he would not contrary. At which my former enemies did wonder,

and at this time must entreat me to do them a friendship, which to both Spaniards and Portuguese have I done, recompensing them good for evil. So to pass my time to get my living, it hath cost me great labor and trouble at the first; but God hath blessed my labor.

In the end of five years I made supplication to the king to go out of this land, desiring to see my poor wife and children according to conscience and nature. With the which request the emperor was not well pleased, and would not let me go any more for my country, but to bide in his land. Yet in process of time, being in great favor with the emperor, I made supplication again, by reason we had news that the Hollanders were in Shian and Patania; which rejoiced us much with hope that God should bring us to our country again by one means or other. So I made supplication again, and boldly spoke myself with him, at which he gave me no answer. I told him if he would permit me to depart, I would be a means that both the English and Hollanders should come and traffic there. But by no means he would let me go. I asked him leave for the captain, the which he presently granted me. So by that means my captain got leave, and in a Japan junk sailed to Pattan; and in a year's space came no Hollanders. In the end, he went from Patane to Ior, where he found a fleet of nine sail, of which fleet Matleef was general, and in this fleet he was made master again, which fleet sailed to Malacca and fought with an armado of Portugal; in which battle he was shot and presently died; so that, as I think, no certain news is known whether I be living or dead. Therefore I do pray and entreat you in the name of Jesus Christ to do so much as to make my being here

in Japan known to my poor wife, in a manner a widow and my two children fatherless; which thing only is my greatest grief of heart and conscience. I am a man not unknown in Ratcliffe and Limehouse, by name to my good Master Nicholas Diggines and M. Thomas Best and M. Nicholas Isaac and William Isaac, brothers, with many others; also to M. William Jones and M. Becket. Therefore may this letter come to any of their hands or the copy, I do know that compassion and mercy is so that my friends and kindred shall have news that I do as yet live in this vale of my sorrowful pilgrimage; the which thing again and again I do desire for Jesus Christ his sake.

# LONG SPEARS OR SHORT SPEARS

BY WALTER DENING

[THE "Tokichi" of this story is the famous Japanese general Hideyoshi.

*The Editor.*]

ONCE it happened that Nobunaga gave a feast to his chief retainers and in the course of conversation spoke as follows: "Weapons of war have changed from age to age. In very ancient times bows and arrows were all the fashion; then spears and swords came into use; and recently guns are all the rage. These weapons all have their advantages, but I intend to make the spear the weapon on which to rely in battle. Now, as you know, there are some who advocate the use of long spears and others who prefer short ones. I should like to hear what you, Mr. Mondo, have to say on this point."

Mondo in a most pompous manner commenced thus to state his opinion: "To me it seems there can be no difference of opinion as to short spears being preferable to long ones. When thrust into an opponent's body they enter with great strength; when flourished about in self-defense they can be moved rapidly; and when an enemy comes to close quarters, whereas nothing can be done with a long spear, a short one can be wielded at will. That weapon which can be moved about with the greatest freedom to suit the exigencies of the occasion is surely the best. In my idea, therefore, no spear should be longer than eight feet."

## LONG SPEARS OR SHORT SPEARS

Nobunaga, being in the habit of using a spear about eighteen feet long, felt disconcerted as he listened to these remarks; but since they proceeded from the lips of a professor of the art of spear exercise in his own employ, he did not care to reply to them in person. Looking around, he saw Tokichi [Hideyoshi] coming in, and, without telling him what had happened, turned to him and said: "Ah! Tokichi, come here. Which is to be preferred, a long spear or a short one?"

"Why ask me such a question?" replied Tokichi. Then, pointing to Mondo, he continued: "Here is a man who is versed in these matters; consult him."

"No, no," replied Nobunaga, "to-day every one is to give his opinion on the subject, so just say what you think, will you?"

"Well, then," replied Tokichi, "I will. Long spears are the better, of course."

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Mondo, burning with rage. "Am I not employed by Lord Oda [Nobunaga] for the special purpose of giving instruction in spear exercise? And have I not decided that short spears are the better? You have the audacity to assert the opposite! I don't suppose you know anything about the matter; but if you do, I should like to know your reasons for the assertion you have made."

"I do not pretend to be versed in the matter," replied Tokichi, "but as I was commanded by the baron to say what I think, and since I am decidedly of the opinion that long spears are the better, surely I am not to be blamed for saying so."

Without waiting for him to finish his reply, Mondo, who was growing more and more angry, came close to

him, and pushing him as he spoke, again asked, "What is your reason for saying that long spears are the better?"

"All I know is that a long spear reaches a long way, and therefore is better than a short one," replied Tokichi.

"You cannot decide the matter in this summary manner," replied Mondo. "You should not talk such nonsense in the presence of the baron. Please in future be more careful what you say."

"Was I not commanded by Lord Oda to speak my mind on the subject?" asked Tokichi. "You cannot have every one thinking alike on such matters. You hold that short spears are the best, but other persons are evidently of a different opinion or there would be no long spears used in the country. For a man that professes to be a teacher of spear exercise to take such a narrow view of things is extremely absurd."

"Having had experience in the matter," replied Mondo, "I speak as one that knows, and am not theorizing like you."

Here Nobunaga interposed: "You two may go on forever like this without settling anything. Suppose we put the matter to a practical test. Do you each take command of fifty soldiers, and for three days let them be instructed in the use of your respective spears, after which you shall all meet and fence, and we will see who gets the best of it."

The leaders agreed. But none of the soldiers wished to belong to Tokichi's side. "What does he know about spear exercise?" said they. "Of course he will be beaten." Nobunaga, seeing this, commanded that lots

be drawn, and that the men on whom the lots fell should fence on Tokichi's side.

Mondo was much pleased with the arrangement made. "We shall soon see what this fellow's theories are worth," said he.

He instructed his fifty men day by day, telling them how to turn aside the thrusts of their foes and how to get into close quarters with them and render their long spears useless. But they, being novices at the art, made little progress. Mondo, seeing this, grew very angry with them, and mingling blows with abuse, tried to frighten them into acquiring the art; but all to no purpose. They became utterly sick of the whole thing, and did nothing but complain of their ill luck in being chosen to fight on Mondo's side.

Tokichi gathered his men together and addressed them as follows: "We have been commanded by our lord to try whether long spears are not better than short ones by fencing with Mondo and his men. As Nobunaga is of opinion that long spears are the better and I think so, too, of course we shall conquer. If you do not know already, it is impossible that in the space of three days you can learn how to use a spear. So what you would better do is to make up your minds that you will fight together. Provided you obey orders and keep together, you may use your spears any way you please. Dash at Mondo's men and hit them about anyhow and they will give in. As to-day is the first day of our preparation for war, we should better propitiate Hachiman by making some offerings to him."

Here Tokichi caused food and saké to be presented to Hachiman. These he afterwards took and handed

around to his men, who, after having thoroughly regaled themselves, went home thinking that their leader was a very jolly fellow.

The next day Tokichi divided his men into three bands, consisting of two bands of sixteen men each, which were to approach the enemy from the right, and another of eighteen men, which was to advance from the center. "I will give the word of command," said he, "do you all obey orders promptly." He then feasted them again and, after praising them for the attention which they had paid to what he had said, sent them home.

The next day he spent a short time in ordering them about; they obeyed his commands with great promptness. So, after giving them another good meal, he said: "To-morrow is the day of trial; remember you are to make up your minds not to be beaten."

"No fear," they replied, "those fellows won't stand a chance before us!"

While on their way home at sunset, they fell in with Mondo's men. "Well, how are you getting on?" they inquired.

Mondo's men all began to grumble. "We have only just finished our drill," said they. "From morning to night, every day we have been at it. Mondo hardly gives us time to get our lunch. We are utterly worn out with fatigue and hunger, and our limbs are stiff with using the spear; how it will fare with us to-morrow, goodness knows; we are in no condition to fight. A hard life of it we warriors have to pass, sure enough!"

The next day Tokichi reported to Nobunaga that his men had been duly trained, and he was prepared to meet

Mondo and his party. Nobunaga had great confidence in Tokichi's superior intelligence and felt sure that by some means or other he would outwit Mondo, so he gave orders for the preparation of a large fencing ring, and decided that the match should take place that same day.

The contest commenced in the customary way, the sound of the drum being the signal for the onset to begin. At the command of Tokichi the eighteen men appointed to face the central part of the enemy's force advanced with spirit and all together. Mondo's men had not been drilled to combined effort, and so when they were suddenly set upon by these eighteen men, they lost their heads, and while they were in a state of confusion, Tokichi commanded the right and left wings to advance to the attack; which being done, all Mondo's men were driven from the position they had occupied. While this was going on, Mondo was engaged in giving orders to individual men as to how they were to ward off the blows of their opponents; but, as they knew nothing of the art of fencing and were bewildered by the combined attack of their foes, his commands were not obeyed. While he was considering what to do, the drum sounded for the fight to cease.

Mondo, overcome with remorse, begged Nobunaga to allow him to try a second time.

Tokichi, on being consulted as to this, said: "Certainly; there is no saying how many times one may have to fight an enemy. I am ready to fight any number of times."

On the renewal of the contest, Mondo encountered another defeat; and this time Tokichi by a stratagem

surrounded all his opponent's men so that they could not move forward or back.

Nobunaga, seeing the skill with which Tokichi gave orders, determined to employ him as one of his generals.

The fencing being over, Nobunaga called Mundo and Tokichi and addressed them as follows: "The contest you have had to-day has been no real test as to which spear is the better, the long or the short one. As Tokichi is skillful in maneuvering troops, he has come off victorious. If the contest had depended on Mondo's use of the spear, of course it would have been otherwise. All that has happened has been a fight between a number of unskillful men. So you two have no reason for bearing any ill will to each other."

Here they returned to their homes. Mondo's angry feelings had been somewhat appeased by Nobunaga's remarks, but he still thought that Tokichi ought to be humbled in some way or other; so, knowing that Sakuma and Shibata, two of Nobunaga's chief vassals, looked with envious eyes on Tokichi's rapid promotion, he determined to unite with them in concocting something that would tend to lower Tokichi in the eyes of his master.

In the mean while Tokichi's suspicions in reference to Mondo began to be aroused. He bore in mind Mondo's assertion that he had come from Chugoku, but to Tokichi his language and manners appeared unlike those of a man who had come from a distant province. Might he not be a spy from some neighboring enemy of Nobunaga? In order to find out who he was, Tokichi summoned from his native village of Nakamura a man called Yasuke. Him he ordered to become Mondo's servant and to watch his movements closely.

While this was taking place, Mondo, Sakuma, and Shibata were consulting together as to how they should get rid of Tokichi. Mondo suggested that, as there had been a controversy about the spears and subsequently a match to test their merits, he should ask Nobunaga to allow him and Tokichi to have a fencing match. "And then," said he, "during the match I will kill him." This plan met with the approval of the other two.

Nobunaga, being asked to allow the match to be held, called Tokichi and consulted him about it. Tokichi immediately accepted Mondo's challenge. Before the fencing commenced, they each agreed that whoever was defeated should become the servant of the victor.

Mondo, though confident of victory, was no match for Tokichi, who was extremely proficient in all the military arts of those days. Overcome with shame, Mondo bowed his head and offered to become his adversary's servant.

"According to the agreement made, Mondo," interposed Nobunaga, "you are to become Tokichi's follower, and see to it that you bear no malice in your heart on this account."

Tokichi bade Mondo come to his house that evening, saying that he had something he wished to say to him. On his arrival Tokichi spoke to him as follows: "My getting the best of the contest to-day is something that I never expected. I hope that you will not on this account harbor any ill feelings toward me. Although an ignorant man, I have intelligence enough to see that in most matters you are extremely shrewd and that your skill in the art you profess is very considerable. I am anxious that your powers should be employed in effect-

ing what is good and not what is bad. My saying today that you should become my servant was not said in pride. My object in making you a servant was that I might have an opportunity of correcting what is wrong in you. As I am thus dealing honestly with you and telling you the real truth, I trust that you will hide nothing from me. You are not from Chugoku, but are no other than a spy of Saito, sent here to watch for an opportunity of killing Nobunaga."

Tokichi now produced a letter, which Yasuke had seized, that contained a clear reference to the plot, and then continued: "And this you deem acting faithfully to your master, do you? You may call it loyalty, but it is a loyalty which should not be practiced. Without asking whether a master is virtuous or not, a fool or a wise man, obedient to the laws or not, to expend effort in furthering this course is the height of folly. You may get a kind of reputation by doing this, but what is it worth?"

Mondo was utterly taken aback by these revelations and did not know what to say in reply. After thinking over the matter a little, "This man is too much for me," he said to himself. "He outwits me in everything; even my plot against Nobunaga has not escaped his notice." Then, turning to Tokichi, he exclaimed: "You astound me by your sharpness. It is as you say; and as my contemplated crime is discovered, please to cut off my head and take it to Nobunaga."

"Nobunaga has no wish to kill you, or he would have done it before," replied Tokichi. "You are serving a wicked master — a man who has been guilty of parenticide; and this being so, in serving him you are offending

against Heaven. Your life Nobunaga does not seek, but your reform he does. If you will give up serving this wicked man and enlist in the service of Lord Oda, then I have orders from him to deal leniently with you."

Mondo, still more impressed by this treatment, agreed to follow Tokichi the rest of his days. Whereupon Tokichi took Mondo to Nobunaga and told him what had happened; and Mondo swore fealty to his new master. Being thoroughly acquainted with Saito's affairs, subsequently, when Nobunaga made war on that baron, he rendered him great assistance.

Here again Tokichi displayed that magnanimity which distinguished his whole career. And the testing of the spears proved to be the means of revealing the respective characters of the two men that wielded them.

# HOW A MAN BECAME A GOD

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

BEFORE telling the story of Hamaguchi Gohei, I must say a few words about certain laws — or, more correctly speaking, customs having all the force of laws — by which many village communities were ruled in pre-Meiji times. These customs were based upon the social experience of ages; and though they differed in minor details according to province or district, their main signification was everywhere about the same. Some were ethical, some industrial, some religious; and all matters were regulated by them, — even individual behavior. They preserved peace, and they compelled mutual help and mutual kindness. Sometimes there might be serious fighting between different villages, — little peasant wars about questions of water supply or boundaries; but quarreling between men of the same community could not be tolerated in an age of vendetta, and the whole village would resent any needless disturbance of the internal peace. To some degree this state of things still exists in the more old-fashioned provinces: the people know how to live without quarreling, not to say fighting. Anywhere, as a general rule, Japanese fight only to kill; and when a sober man goes so far as to strike a blow, he virtually rejects communal protection, and takes his life into his own hands with every probability of losing it.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obliga-

tions. In case of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

A curious fact is that this obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters: everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick or the unfortunate, whenever asked to do so. For example, the village might be ordered to make a *sendo-mairi* [1] on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the Kumi-chō (each Kumi-chō was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house crying, "Such and such a one is very sick: kindly hasten all to make a sendo-mairi!" Thereupon, however occupied at the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple, — taking care not to trip or stumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a sendo-mairi was believed to mean misfortune for the sick. . . .

Now concerning Hamaguchi.

From immemorial time the shores of Japan have been swept, at irregular intervals of centuries, by enormous tidal waves, — tidal waves caused by earthquakes or by

[1] To perform a *sendo-mairi* means to make one thousand visits to a temple, and to repeat one thousand invocations to the deity. But it is considered necessary only to go from the gate or the torii of the temple court to the place of prayer, and back, one thousand times, repeating the invocation each time; and the task may be divided among any number of persons, — ten visits by one hundred persons, for instance, being quite as efficacious as a thousand visits by a single person.

submarine volcanic action. These awful sudden risings of the sea are called by the Japanese *tsunami*. The last one occurred on the evening of June 17, 1896, when a wave nearly two hundred miles long struck the north-eastern provinces of Miyagi, Iwaté, and Aomori, wrecking scores of towns and villages, ruining whole districts, and destroying nearly thirty thousand human lives. The story of Hamaguchi Gohei is the story of a like calamity which happened long before the era of Meiji, on another part of the Japanese coast.

He was an old man at the time of the occurrence that made him famous. He was the most influential resident of the village to which he belonged: he had been for many years its *muraosa*, or head man; and he was not less liked than respected. The people usually called him *Ojiisan*, which means Grandfather; but, being the richest member of the community, he was sometimes officially referred to as the Chōja. He used to advise the smaller farmers about their interests, to arbitrate their disputes, to advance them money at need, and to dispose of their rice for them on the best terms possible.

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the verge of a small plateau overlooking a bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits. From its outer verge the land sloped down in a huge green concavity, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water; and the whole of this slope, some three quarters of a mile long, was so terraced as to look, when viewed from the open sea, like an enormous flight of green steps, divided in the center by a narrow white zigzag, — a streak of mountain road. Ninety thatched dwellings and a Shintō temple, com-

posing the village proper, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed straggling up the slope for some distance on either side of the narrow road leading to the Chōja's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merry-making in the village below. There had been a very fine rice-crop, and the peasants were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the *ujigami*.[1] The old man could see the festival banners (*nobori*) fluttering above the roofs of the solitary street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the shrine, and the brightly colored gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten; the rest of the household having gone early to the village. He would have accompanied them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

The day had been oppressive; and in spite of a rising breeze there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, according to the experience of the Japanese peasant, at certain seasons precedes an earthquake. And presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody; but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer, — a long, slow, spongy motion. Probably it was but the after-tremor of some immense seismic action very far away. The house crackled and rocked gently several times; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased Hamaguchi's keen old eyes

[1] Shintō parish temple.

were anxiously turned toward the village. It often happens that the attention of a person gazing fixedly at a particular spot or object is suddenly diverted by the sense of something not knowingly seen at all, — by a mere vague feeling of the unfamiliar in that dim outer circle of unconscious perception which lies beyond the field of clear vision. Thus it chanced that Hamaguchi became aware of something unusual in the offing. He rose to his feet, and looked at the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. *It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed the phenomenon. Apparently no one had felt the previous motion of the ground, but all were evidently astounded by the movement of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. No such ebb had been witnessed on that coast within the memory of living man. Things never seen before were making apparition; unfamiliar spaces of ribbed sand and reaches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed. And none of the people below appeared to guess what that monstrous ebb signified.

Hamaguchi Gohei himself had never seen such a thing before; but he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the traditions of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do. Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of the Buddhist temple on the hill to sound their big bell. . . . But it would take very much longer to tell what he might have

thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson: —

"Tada! — quick, — very quick! . . . Light me a torch."

*Taimatsu*, or pine torches, are kept in many coast dwellings for use on stormy nights, and also for use at certain Shintō festivals. The child kindled a torch at once; and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks, representing most of his invested capital, stood awaiting transportation. Approaching those nearest the verge of the slope, he began to apply the torch to them, — hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder; the strengthening sea-breeze blew the blaze landward; and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame, sending skyward columns of smoke that met and mingled into one enormous cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying, —

"Ojiisan! why? Ojiisan! why? — why?"

But Hamaguchi did not answer: he had no time to explain; he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child stared wildly at the blazing rice; then burst into tears, and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad. Hamaguchi went on firing stack after stack, till he had reached the limit of his field; then he threw down his torch, and waited. The acolyte of the hill-temple, observing the blaze, set the big bell booming; and the people responded to the double appeal. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarming of ants, and, to his anxious

eyes, scarcely faster; for the moments seemed terribly long to him. The sun was going down; the wrinkled bed of the bay, and a vast sallow speckled expanse beyond it, lay naked to the last orange glow; and still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon.

Really, however, Hamaguchi did not have very long to wait before the first party of succor arrived, — a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once. But the Chōja, holding out both arms, stopped them.

"Let it burn, lads!" he commanded, — "let it be! I want the whole *mura* here. There is a great danger, — *taihen da!*"

The whole village was coming; and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and not a few of the more active women and girls; then came most of the older folk, and mothers with babies at their backs, and even children, — for children could help to pass water; and the elders too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on their way up the steep ascent. The growing multitude, still knowing nothing, looked alternately, in sorrowful wonder, at the flaming fields and at the impassive face of their Chōja. And the sun went down.

"Grandfather is mad, — I am afraid of him!" sobbed Tada, in answer to a number of questions. "He is mad. He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!"

"As for the rice," cried Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to the rice. . . . Are all the people here?"

The Kumi-chō and the heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and made reply: "All are here,

or very soon will be. . . . We cannot understand this thing."

"*Kita!*" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say now if I be mad!"

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadowing of a coast where no coast ever was, — a line that thickened as they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

"*Tsunami!*" shrieked the people, and then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills, and with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud; and the people scattered back in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raving over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels of the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbed, but each time with lesser surges: then it returned to its ancient bed and stayed, — still raging, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath, — the ghastliness of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of scooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The

village was not; the greater part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently, —

"*That was why I set fire to the rice.*"

He, their Chōja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone — but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice. Little Tada ran to him, and caught his hand, and asked forgiveness for having said naughty things. Whereupon the people woke up to the knowledge of why they were alive, and began to wonder at the simple, unselfish foresight that had saved them; and the head men prostrated themselves in the dust before Hamaguchi Gohei, and the people after them.

Then the old man wept a little, partly because he was happy, and partly because he was aged and weak and had been sorely tried.

"My house remains," he said, as soon as he could find words, automatically caressing Tada's brown cheeks; "and there is room for many. Also the temple on the hill stands; and there is shelter there for the others."

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there were no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent

from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohei. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts could never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi DAIMYŌJIN, thinking they could give him no greater honor; — and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed about the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshiped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say; — I know only that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanly and simply as before, while his soul was being worshiped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

## RIBS AND SKIN

[BETWEEN the classical dramas in meter it is the custom of the Japanese to introduce a little prose comedy like the following.

*The Editor.*]

### *Dramatis Personæ*

THE RECTOR OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE. HIS CURATE.
THREE OF THE PARISHIONERS

SCENE. — *The Temple*

*Rector.* I am rector of this temple. I have to call my curate, to make a communication to him. Curate! are you there? are you there? halloo!

*Curate.* Here am I! What is your reason for being pleased to call me?

*Rector.* My reason for calling you is just simply this: I, unworthy priest, am already stricken in years, and the duties of the temple service weigh heavily upon me. So, do you please to understand that, from to-day, I resign this benefice in your favor.

*Curate.* I feel deeply indebted [to your reverence]. But as I am still deficient in learning, and as, moreover, no time, however late, would seem too late to me, I beg of you to be so kind as to delay this change.

*Rector.* Nothing could please me more than your most charming answer. But [you must know that], though retiring from the rectorship, I do not intend to leave the temple. I shall simply take up my abode in the back

apartment; so, if there should be any business of any kind, please to let me know.

*Curate.* Well, if it must be so, I will act in accordance with your august desire.

*Rector.* And mind (though it will scarcely be necessary for me to say so) that you do everything in such a manner as to please the parishioners, and make the temple prosperous.

*Curate.* Pray feel no uneasiness [on that head]! I will do things in such a way as to please the parishioners right well.

*Rector.* Well, then, I retire without further delay. So, if there should be anything you want to ask, come and call me.

*Curate.* Your commands are laid to heart.

*Rector.* And if any parishioner should call, please to let me know.

*Curate.* Your injunctions shall be kept in mind. — Ha! ha! this *is* delightful! To think of the joy of his ceding the benefice to me to-day, just as I was saying to myself, "When will the rector resign in my favor? when will he resign in my favor?" The parishioners, when they hear of it, are sure to be charmed; so I mean to manage in such a way as to give them all satisfaction.

*First Parishioner.* I am a resident in this neighborhood. I am on my way to a certain place on business; but, as it has suddenly begun to threaten rain, I think I will look in at the parish temple, and borrow an umbrella. Ah, here it is! Hoy! admittance!

*Curate.* Oh! there is some one hallooing at the gate! Who is that asking for admittance? Who is that hallooing?

*First Par.* It is I.

*Curate.* Oh! you are, indeed, welcome!

*First Par.* It is long since I last had the honor of coming to inquire after you; but I trust that the worthy rector and yourself are still in the enjoyment of good health.

*Curate.* Oh, yes! we both continue well. But I must tell you that, moved by some impulse or other, my master has deigned to resign the benefice in my favor. So I pray that you will continue as heretofore to honor our temple with your visits.

*First Par.* That is an auspicious event; and if I have not been [before] to offer my congratulations, it is because I was not apprised of it. Well! my present reason for calling is just simply this: I am off to-day to a certain place; but as it has suddenly begun to threaten rain, I should feel much obliged if you would kindly condescend to lend me an umbrella.

*Curate.* Certainly! Nothing easier! I will have the honor to lend it to you. Please wait here an instant.

*First Par.* Oh! very many thanks.

*Curate.* Here, then! I will have the honor to lend you this one.

*First Par.* Oh! I owe you very many thanks.

*Curate.* Please always tell me if there is anything of any kind that I can do for you.

*First Par.* Certainly! I will call in your assistance. [But] now I will be off.

*Curate.* Are you going?

*First Par.* Yes. Good-bye!

*Curate.* Good-bye!

*First Par.* I am much indebted to you.

*Curate.* Thanks for your visit.

*First Par.* Ah! well! that is all right! I will hasten on.

*Curate.* As he said I was to let him know if any of the parishioners came, I will go and tell him what has passed. Pray! are you in?

*Rector.* Oh! that is you!

*Curate.* How dull your reverence must be feeling!

*Rector.* No, I am not dull.

*Curate.* Somebody has just been here.

*Rector.* Did he come to worship, or was it that he had business with us?

*Curate.* He came to borrow an umbrella; so I lent him one.

*Rector.* Quite right of you to lend it. But tell me, which umbrella did you lend?

*Curate.* I lent the one that came home new the other day.

*Rector.* What a thoughtless fellow you are! Would anybody ever dream of lending an umbrella like thatone, that had not even been once used yet? The case will present itself again. When you do not want to lend it, you can make an excuse.

*Curate.* How would you say?

*Rector.* You should say: "The request with which you honor me is a slight one. But a day or two ago my master went out with it, and meeting with a gust of wind at a place where four roads met, the ribs flew off on one side, and the skin on another. So we have tied both skin and ribs by the middle, and hung them up to the ceiling. This being so, it would hardly be able to answer your purpose." Something like that, something with an air of truth about it, is what you should say.

*Curate.* Your injunctions shall be kept in mind, and I will make that answer another time. — Now I will be going.

*Rector.* Are you off?

*Curate.* Yes.

*Rector.* } Good-bye! good-bye!
*Curate.* }

*Curate.* What *can* this mean? Let my master say what he likes, it *does* seem strange to refuse to lend a thing when you have it by you.

*Second Parishioner.* I am a resident in this neighborhood. As I am going on a long journey to-day, I mean to go to the parish temple and borrow a horse. — I will go quickly. Ah! here it is! Hoy! admittance!

*Curate.* There is some one hallooing at the gate again! Who is that asking for admittance? Who is that hallooing?

*Second Par.* It is I.

*Curate.* Oh! you are, indeed, most welcome!

*Second Par.* My present reason for calling is just simply this: I am off to-day on a long journey, and (though it is a bold request to make) I should feel much obliged if you would condescend to lend me a horse.

*Curate.* Nothing could be slighter than the request with which you honor me. But a day or two ago my master went out with it, and meeting with a gust of wind at a place where four roads met, the ribs flew off on one side, and the skin on another. So we have tied both skin and ribs by the middle, and hung them up to the ceiling. This being so, it would hardly be able to answer your purpose.

*Second Par.* Why! it is a horse that I am asking for!

*Curate.* Yes, certainly! a horse.

*Second Par.* Oh, well! then there is no help for it. I will be off.

*Curate.* Are you going?

*Second Par.* Yes. Good-bye!

*Curate.* Good-bye! Thanks for your visit.

*Second Par.* Well! I never! He says things that I cannot in the least make out.

*Curate.* I spoke as my master had instructed me; so doubtless he will be pleased. Pray! Are you in?

*Rector.* Oh! that is you! Is it on business that you come?

*Curate.* Somebody has just been here to borrow our horse.

*Rector.* And you lent him, as he fortunately happened to be disengaged?

*Curate.* Oh, no! I did not lend it, but replied in the manner you had taught me.

*Rector.* What! I do not remember saying anything about the horse! What was it you answered?

*Curate.* I said that you had been out with it a day or two ago, and that, meeting with a gust of wind at a place where four roads met, the ribs had flown off on one side, and the skin on the other, which being the case, it would hardly be able to answer his purpose.

*Rector.* What *do* you mean? It was if they came to ask for an umbrella that I told you to reply like that! [But] would anybody ever dream of saying such a thing to a person who should come to borrow a horse? Another time, when you do not want to lend it, you can make a [fitting] excuse.

*Curate.* How would you say?

*Rector.* You should say: "We lately turned him out to grass; and, becoming frolicsome, he dislocated his thigh, and is lying down covered with straw in a corner of the stable. This being so, he will hardly be able to answer your purpose." Something like that, something with an air of truth about it, is what you should say.

*Curate.* Your injunctions shall be kept in mind, and I will make use of them next time.

*Rector.* Be sure you do not say something stupid!

*Curate.* What *can* this mean? To say a thing because he tells me to say it, and then, forsooth, to get a scolding for it! For all I am now my own master, I see no way out of these perplexities.

*Third Parishioner.* I am a resident in this neighborhood, and am on my way to the parish temple, where I have some business. Well, I will make haste. Ah! here I am! Hoy! admittance!

*Curate.* There is some one hallooing at the gate again! Who is that asking for admittance? Who is that hallooing?

*Third Par.* It is I.

*Curate.* Oh! a hearty welcome to you!

*Third Par.* It is long since I last had the honor of coming to inquire after you; but I trust that the worthy rector and yourself are still in the enjoyment of good health.

*Curate.* Oh, yes! we both continue well. But by the way, my master, moved by some impulse or other, has designed to resign the benefice in my favor. So I pray that you will continue to honor our temple with your visits.

*Third Par.* That is an auspicious event; and if I have

not been already to offer my congratulations, it is because I was not apprised of it. To-morrow being a religious anniversary [in my family], I should feel greatly obliged if our worthy rector and yourself would condescend to come [to my house].

*Curate.* For myself I will come, but my master will scarcely be able to do so.

*Third Par.* What! has he any other business on hand?

*Curate.* No, he has no particular business on hand; but we lately turned him out to grass, and, becoming frolicsome, he dislocated his thigh, and is lying down covered with straw in a corner of the stable. This being so, he will scarcely be able to come.

*Third Par.* Why! it is the rector that I am talking about!

*Curate.* Yes, certainly! the rector.

*Third Par.* Well! I am very sorry such a thing should have occurred. At any rate, do you, please, be so kind as to come.

*Curate.* Most certainly, I will come.

*Third Par.* Now I will be off.

*Curate.* Are you going?

*Third Par.* Yes. Good-bye!

*Curate.* Good-bye! Thanks for your visit.

*Third Par.* Well! I never! He says things that I cannot in the least make out.

*Curate.* This time, at all events, he will be pleased. Pray! are you in?

*Rector.* Oh! that is you! Is it on business that you come?

*Curate.* Somebody has just been here to ask both your reverence and myself to go to him to-morrow, when

there is a religious anniversary [in his family]. So I said that I would go, but that you would scarcely be able to do so.

*Rector.* What a pity! I should have liked tohavegone, as I just happen to be at leisure to-morrow.

*Curate.* Oh! but I said what you had instructed me to say.

*Rector.* I do not remember. What was it, then, that you answered?

*Curate.* I said that we had lately turned you out to grass, and that, becoming frolicsome, you had dislocated your thigh, and were lying down covered with straw in a corner of the stable, so that you would scarcely be able to go.

*Rector.* You really and truly went and said that?

*Curate.* Yes! really and truly.

*Rector.* Well, I never! You *are* an idiot! Speak as I may, over and over again, nothing seems to be able to make you understand. It was if they came to borrow a horse, that I told you to make that answer! The end of all this is, that it will never do for you to become rector. Get along with you!

*Curate.* Oh!

*Rector.* Won't you get along? Won't you get along? Won't you get along?

*Curate.* Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! But, reverend sir, for all you are my master, it is an unheard-of shame for you to beat me thus. And for all you are the man you are, you cannot be said to have been without your frolics, either, — that you cannot.

*Rector.* When was I ever frolicsome? If I ever was, out with it, quick! out with it, quick!

*Curate.* If I were to tell it, you would be put to shame.

*Rector.* I am conscious of nothing that could put me to shame. If anything there be, out with it, quick! out with it, quick!

*Curate.* Well, then, I'll tell it, I will.

*Rector.* Out with it, quick!

*Curate.* Well, then! [The curate here whispers a bit of scandal.]

*Rector.* Insolent rascal, inventing things that I never did, and bringing shame on your superior! After this, by the God of War with his Bow and Arrows, I shall not let you escape me!

*Curate.* For all you are my master, I do not intend to let myself get the worst of it.

*Both.* Ah! ah! ah! (*fighting*).

*Curate.* Has the old fool learnt a lesson? Oh! oh! I *am* glad! I *am* glad! I've beat! I've beat!

*Rector.* Deary, deary me! where is he off to after having put his master in such a plight? Is there nobody there? Catch him! I won't let him escape! I won't let him escape!

# HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO BE A SHINTŌ GOD

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

Of whatever dimension, the temples or shrines of pure Shintō are all built in the same archaic style. The typical shrine is a windowless oblong building of unpainted timber, with a very steep overhanging roof; the front is the gable end; and the upper part of the perpetually closed doors is wooden lattice-work, — usually a grating of bars closely set and crossing each other at right angles. In most cases the structure is raised slightly above the ground on wooden pillars; and the queer peaked façade, with its visor-like apertures and the fantastic projections of beam-work above its gable-angle, might remind the European traveler of certain old Gothic forms of dormer. There is no artificial color. The plain wood soon turns, under the action of rain and sun, to a natural gray, varying according to surface exposure from the silvery tone of birch bark to the somber gray of basalt. So shaped and so tinted, the isolated country *yashiro* may seem less like a work of joinery than a feature of the scenery, — a rural form related to nature as closely as rocks and trees, — a something that came into existence only as a manifestation of Ohotsuchi-no-Kami, the Earth-god, the primeval divinity of the land.

Why certain architectural forms produce in the beholder a feeling of weirdness is a question about which I should like to theorize some day: at present I shall venture only to say that Shintō shrines evoke such a feeling.

It grows with familiarity instead of weakening; and a knowledge of popular beliefs is apt to intensify it. We have no English words by which these queer shapes can be sufficiently described, — much less any language able to communicate the peculiar impression which they make. Those Shintō terms which we loosely render by the words "temple" and "shrine" are really untranslatable; — I mean that the Japanese ideas attaching to them cannot be conveyed by translation. The so-called "august house" of the Kami is not so much a temple, in the classic meaning of the term, as it is a haunted room, a spirit-chamber, a ghost-house; many of the lesser divinities being veritably ghosts, — ghosts of great warriors and heroes and rulers and teachers, who lived and loved and died hundreds or thousands of years ago. I fancy that to the Western mind the word "ghost-house" will convey, better than such terms as "shrine" and "temple," some vague notion of the strange character of the Shintō *miya* or *yashiro*, — containing in its perpetual dusk nothing more substantial than symbols or tokens, the latter probably of paper. Now the emptiness behind the visored front is more suggestive than anything material could possibly be; and when you remember that millions of people during thousands of years have worshiped their great dead before such *yashiro*, — that a whole race still believes those buildings tenanted by viewless conscious personalities, — you are apt also to reflect how difficult it would be to prove the faith absurd. Nay! in spite of Occidental reluctances, — in spite of whatever you may think it expedient to say or not to say at a later time about the experience, — you may very likely find yourself for a moment forced into

the attitude of respect toward possibilities. Mere cold reasoning will not help you far in the opposite direction. The evidence of the senses counts for little: you know there are ever so many realities which can neither be seen nor heard nor felt, but which exist as forces, — tremendous forces. Then again you cannot mock the conviction of forty millions of people while that conviction thrills all about you like the air, — while conscious that it is pressing upon your psychical being just as the atmosphere presses upon your physical being. As for myself, whenever I am alone in the presence of a Shintō shrine, I have the sensation of being haunted; and I cannot help thinking about the possible apperceptions of the haunter. And this tempts me to fancy how I should feel if I myself were a god, — dwelling in some old Izumo shrine on the summit of a hill, guarded by stone lions and shadowed by a holy grove.

Elfishly small my habitation might be, but never too small, because I should have neither size nor form. I should be only a vibration, — a motion invisible as of ether or of magnetism; though able sometimes to shape me a shadow-body, in the likeness of my former visible self, when I should wish to make apparition.

As air to the bird, as water to the fish, so would all substance be permeable to the essence of me. I should pass at will through the walls of my dwelling to swim in the long gold bath of a sunbeam, to thrill in the heart of a flower, to ride on the neck of a dragon fly.

Power above life and power over death would be mine, — and the power of self-extension, and the power of self-multiplication, and the power of being in all places at one and the same moment. Simultaneously in

a hundred homes I should hear myself worshiped, I should inhale the vapor of a hundred offerings: each evening, from my place within a hundred household shrines, I should see the holy lights lighted for me in lamplets of red clay, in lamplets of brass, — the lights of the Kami, kindled with purest fire and fed with purest oil.

But in my yashiro upon the hill I should have greatest honor: there betimes I should gather the multitude of my selves together; there should I unify my powers to answer supplication.

From the dusk of my ghost-house I should look for the coming of sandaled feet, and watch brown supple fingers weaving to my bars the knotted papers which are records of vows, and observe the motion of the lips of my worshipers making prayer: —

—"*Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé!* . . . We have beaten drums, we have lighted fires; yet the land thirsts and the rice fails. Deign out of thy divine pity to give us rain, O Daimyōjin!"

—"*Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé!* . . . I am dark, too dark, because I have toiled in the field, because the sun hath looked upon me. Deign thou augustly to make me white, very white, — white like the women of the city, O Daimyōjin!"

— "*Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé!* . . . For Tsukamoto Motokichi our son, a soldier of twenty-nine: that he may conquer and come back quickly to us, — soon, very soon, — we humbly supplicate, O Daimyōjin!"

Sometimes a girl would whisper all her heart to me: "Maiden of eighteen years, I am loved by a youth of twenty. He is good; he is true; but poverty is with us, and the path of our love is dark. Aid us with thy great divine pity! — help us that we may become united, O Daimyōjin!" Then to the bars of my shrine she would hang a thick soft tress of hair, — her own hair, glossy and black as the wing of the crow, and bound with a cord of mulberry-paper. And in the fragrance of that offering, — the simple fragrance of her peasant youth, — I, the ghost and god, should find again the feelings of the years when I was man and lover.

Mothers would bring their children to my threshold, and teach them to revere me, saying, "Bow down before the great bright God; make homage to the Daimyōjin." Then I should hear the fresh soft clapping of little hands, and remember that I, the ghost and god, had been a father.

Daily I should hear the plash of pure cool water poured out for me, and the tinkle of thrown coin, and the pattering of dry rice into my wooden box, like a pattering of rain; and I should be refreshed by the spirit of the water, and strengthened by the spirit of the rice.

Festivals would be held to honor me. Priests, black-coiffed and linen-vestured, would bring me offerings of fruits and fish and seaweed and rice-cakes and rice-wine, — masking their faces with sheets of white paper, so as not to breathe upon my food. And the *miko* their daughters, fair girls in crimson *hakama* and robes of snowy white, would come to dance with tinkling of little bells, with waving of silken fans, that I might be gladdened by the bloom of their youth, that I might delight in the

charm of their grace. And there would be music of many thousand years ago, — weird music of drums and flutes, — and songs in a tongue no longer spoken; while the miko, the darlings of the gods, would poise and pose before me: —

. . . "*Whose virgins are these, — the virgins who stand like flowers before the Deity? They are the virgins of the august Deity.*

"*The august music, the dancing of the virgins, — the Deity will be pleased to hear, the Deity will rejoice to see.*

"*Before the great bright God the virgins dance, — the virgins all like flowers newly opened.*" . . .

Votive gifts of many kinds I should be given: painted paper lanterns bearing my sacred name, and towels of divers colors printed with the number of the years of the giver, and pictures commemorating the fulfillment of prayers for the healing of sickness, the saving of ships, the quenching of fire, the birth of sons.

Also my Karashishi, my guardian lions, would be honored. I should see my pilgrims tying sandals of straw to their necks and to their paws, with prayer to the Karashishi-Sama for strength of foot.

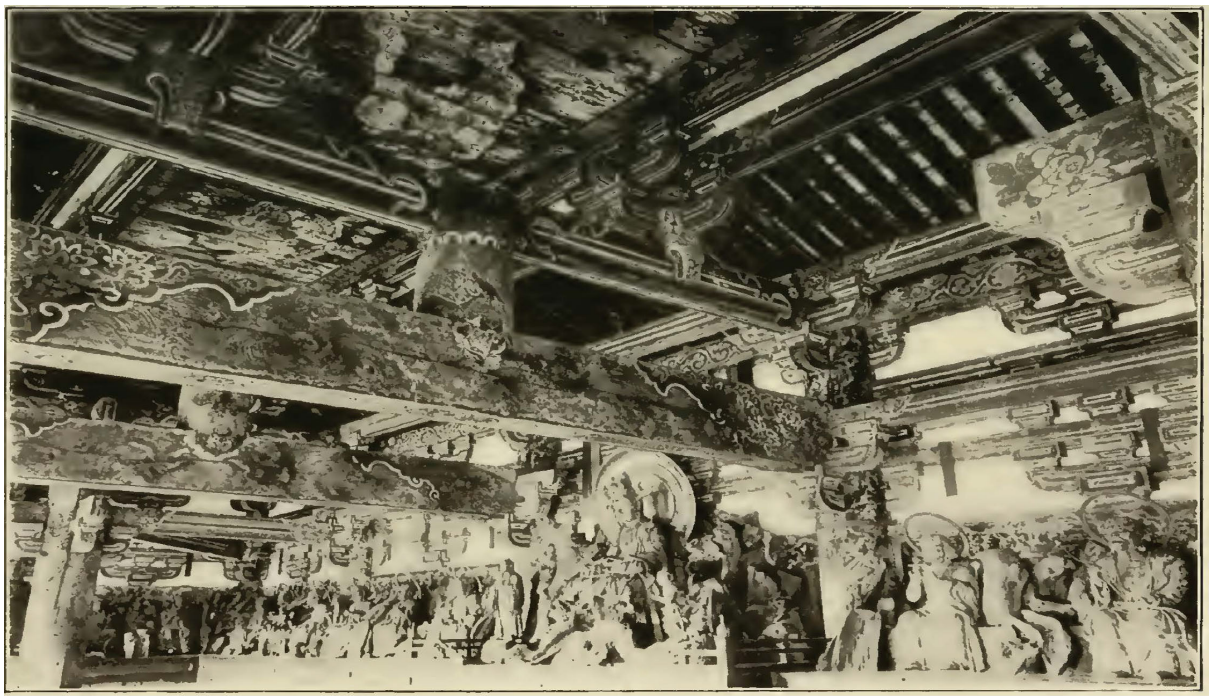
I should see fine moss, like emerald fur, growing slowly, slowly, upon the backs of those lions; — I should see the sprouting of lichens upon their flanks and upon their shoulders, in specklings of dead-silver, in patches of dead-gold; — I should watch, through years of generations, the gradual sideward sinking of their pedestals undermined by frost and rain, until at last my lions would lose their balance, and fall, and break their mossy

heads off. After which the people would give me new lions of another form, — lions of granite or of bronze, with gilded teeth and gilded eyes, and tails like a torment of fire.

Between the trunks of the cedars and pines, between the jointed columns of the bamboos, I should observe, season after season, the changes of the colors of the valley: the falling of the snow of winter and the falling of the snow of cherry-flowers; the lilac spread of the *miyakobana;* the blazing yellow of the *natané;* the sky-blue mirrored in flooded levels, — levels dotted with the moon-shaped hats of the toiling people who would love me; and at last the pure and tender green of the growing rice.

The *muku*-birds and the *uguisu* would fill the shadows of my grove with ripplings and purlings of melody; — the bell-insects, the crickets, and the seven marvelous cicadæ of summer would make all the wood of my ghost-house thrill to their musical storms. Betimes I should enter, like an ecstasy, into the tiny lives of them, to quicken the joy of their clamor, to magnify the sonority of their song.

But I never can become a god, — for this is the nineteenth century; and nobody can be really aware of the nature of the sensations of a god — unless there be gods in the flesh. Are there? Perhaps — in very remote districts — one or two.



Interior of a Japanese Temple

## INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE TEMPLE

THE Buddhist temples of Japan are thus described by Sadakichi Hartmann: —

"It is in detail that the Japanese architect most excels, for if he conceives like a giant, he invariably finishes like a jeweler. Every detail, to the very nails, which are not dull surfaces, but rendered exquisite ornaments, is a work of art. Everywhere we encounter friezes and carvings in relief, representing, in quaint color harmonies, flowers and birds, or heavenly spirits playing upon flutes and stringed instruments. The pavement is executed in colored slabs, and the pillars are gilded from top to bottom. Even the stairs of some temples are fashioned of gold-lacquer. Gold is the neutral color of Japanese decoration.

"Some of the temple interiors are like visions of the Thousand and One Nights. Imagine a sanctuary where the ceiling is as magnificent as painting, sculpture, lacquer, and precious metals can make it, representing a dark-blue sea in which golden dragons are sporting, pierced at intervals by gorgeous columns, gold-lacquered and capped with embossed bronze, and where walls and ceiling are reflected, as in a forest pool, in the black floor of polished lacquer.

"Colossal structures are common enough in Japan. The porch of the great Temple of Todaji rests on pillars one hundred feet in height by twelve feet in circumference; and this porch simply furnishes access to another porch of equal size, behind which stands the temple itself, of whose size we may form some idea from the fact, that within, it contains a colossal image of the Buddha, fifty-three feet in height, with a nimbus surrounding the head eighty-three feet in diameter. Not less vast are the proportions of the great sanctuary at Nara, where each column, a hundred feet in height, consists of a single stem. It is astonishing to learn that these structures, vast in size and splendid in decoration, blazing with gold and colors, as gorgeous now after a lapse of a thousand years as they were at first, belong to an age compared to whose remoteness the European cathedrals must almost be called modern."

# TADASUKE, THE JAPANESE SOLOMON

BY WALTER DENING

[TADASUKE lived in the first half of the eighteenth century. In those days few people besides the officials knew what the laws were, and each judge was practically free to extract evidence, reward, and punish as he thought best. The following stories illustrate the sense of justice and the quickness of wit of Tadasuke, the most famous of these judges.

*The Editor.*]

## AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY JUDGE

IT happened that a woman who was acting as a servant in the house of a certain baron had a little girl born to her, whom she found it difficult to attend to properly while in service; so she put it out to nurse in a neighboring village, and paid a fixed sum a month for her maintenance.

When the child reached the age of ten, the mother, having finished her term of service, left the baron's mansion. Being now her own mistress, and naturally wishing to have her child with her, she informed the woman who was taking charge of it of her wish. The woman was reluctant to part with the child. She was a very intelligent little girl, and the foster mother thought that she might get some money by hiring her out to work. So she informed the mother that she did not wish to part with her. This of course soon led to a quarrel. The disputants went to law about it and the case came up before Tadasuke.

The woman to whom the child had been entrusted actually asserted that it was her own offspring, and that the child's mother had no right to it whatever. Tada-

suke saw at once that the dispute was one which could be settled in no ordinary way; so he commanded the two women to place the child between them and one to take hold of its right hand and the other of its left, and each to pull with all her might. "The one who conquers," said he, "shall be declared the mother of the child."

The real mother disliked immensely this mode of settling the dispute; therefore, though she took hold of the child's hand, as she was bidden, fearing that the girl would be hurt by pulling violent on both sides, she slackened her hold as soon as the foster mother began to pull, and allowed the latter to get an easy victory.

"There!" said the foster mother, "the child, you see, is mine."

Then Tadasuke with a loud voice interposed: "You are a deceiver. The real mother of the child, fearing that it would be hurt by the dragging, intentionally relaxed her grasp on its hand. But you, who are in no way attached to the child by nature, thought only of overcoming your adversary, and cared nothing for the feelings of the girl." Tadasuke then commanded the foster mother to be bound. She, thinking that she would be tortured if she remained silent, immediately confessed that she had been attempting to deceive them and asked for pardon.

It is on account of this story that Tadasuke has been called "The Japanese Solomon."

### TADASUKE AND THE SMELL OF PICKLES

When Tadasuke was one of the mayors of Edo, a man called Hachibei kept a shop in one of the back streets, where he sold all kinds of old metal pots.

Hachibei by dint of much effort had realized the sum of fifty *ryo* by his trade. Not knowing of any better place in which to put this money, he concealed it in his pickle-jar. He was living in what is called a *nagaya*, which consists of one long building divided up into different parts to suit the convenience of the poor tenants who inhabit it. As a large number of people were residing in this building, some one soon discovered that the money was concealed in the pickle-jar. And the discovery was no sooner made than the money was stolen.

One day, when Hachibei went to see whether his money was all right, what was his astonishment to find it gone! The poor man was in the greatest distress. This blow seemed to break his heart. He went to the owner of the building and told him what had happened. The landlord was very sorry, but said he did not know what to do. He advised Hachibei to have another look for the money, as it might be in the jar after all. Hachibei said that further search would be useless, and that he thought the matter ought to be carried into court at once.

"Of course the matter should be reported," said the landlord, "but how it can be carried into court I do not know. What case can be made out of it? Whom are you going to accuse?" Hachibei pleaded hard, saying that if this money were not recovered, he would not know how to go on with his business. So, to satisfy him, the landlord requested Tadasuke to institute an inquiry into the matter.

After hearing the case, Tadasuke said to Hachibei: "Your idea of putting the money into the pickle-jar was

a good one, and had you not kept going to the jar to see if it was safe, doubtless no one would have discovered it was there. But your constantly going to the jar created suspicion and led to its being stolen. Have you any remembrance of anybody's seeing you take it out of the jar?"

"I have no remembrance of anyone's seeing me do it," replied Hachibei. "But I think that the person who stole it must be someone who resides in the same building with me, for it is not likely that a stranger would look for anything valuable in a pickle-jar."

"There you are right," said the magistrate, "and it is very annoying that a person like yourself who has after much trouble succeeded in making fifty *ryo* should lose it in this way."

Here the landlord stepped forward and said: "If you please, my lord, this man is in a very distressed state owing to the loss of his money. He talks about killing himself. What to do with him I do not know. I humbly and respectfully beg that your Excellency will do him the favor of looking into the matter."

"You may go for the present. I shall send for you again," replied Tadasuke.

Two or three days after, a letter reached Hachibei commanding him to appear before Tadasuke. It was also added that every person in the *nagaya* in which Hachibei lived, man, woman, or child, was to appear at court.

On the day appointed, the people who occupied the same building, one and all, made their appearance. Tadasuke opened the inquiry by stating what had occurred. "Hachibei," said he, "a seller of old metal,

some little time ago took some money which belonged to him and, putting it into a linen bag, concealed it in a pickle-jar. This money has been removed from the jar by some one or other. Although people might be inclined to call this a theft, I have little doubt that its removal was not a premeditated act, but that somebody who was going to the pickle-jar came across the money accidentally; and suddenly, before he knew what he was about, was overcome by a desire to carry it off. Very likely the man or woman who took it went to the jar intending to take a few pickles, and seeing the money, carried it off. Anyhow, the person who took the money must have put his or her hand into the pickle-jar. And doubtless the smell of pickles, associated as it is in this case with the removal of the money, will still remain on that person's hand. By going round to each one of you and smelling your hands, then, I shall discover who has taken the money. But before I do this, there is one thing I wish to say, which is this: — If the person who has taken the money waits till I come and discover him or her, that person's crime will be considered to be a great one; but if the guilty party comes forward and confesses at once what he or she has done, I shall deal leniently with that person."

Here Tadasuke put on a severe and somewhat angry face, and prepared to rise. Just at this juncture a man in one of the back seats smelt his fingers. Whereupon Tadasuke exclaimed: — "How wonderful it is that a man who is conscious of having done wrong should carry the smell of his misdemeanor in his fingers! Though some days have elapsed since the deed which defiled the heart was perpetrated, that smell evidently

adheres to the hand of him who committed it. There is no need to inquire into the matter any further."

Here, pointing to the man who had smelt his fingers, "You," said the magistrate, "have taken the money."

The man, feeling that after his unconscious act had revealed the truth, it was useless to seek to hide it any longer, confessed that he was the offender and begged for forgiveness.

### TADASUKE AND THE WOMAN IN THE BOX

It happened once that a robber who would not confess his guilt was brought before Tadasuke. He was asked to try and devise some means of inducing him to confess. Tadasuke had a large box brought into the court-house, and gave orders that the thief's wife should be placed in the box before his eyes. Then he had the box removed to an adjoining room, and caused an officer to be put into it in the wife's stead.

When the arrangements were complete, the box was again brought into the courthouse and Tadasuke addressed the robber as follows: — "As you refuse without punishment of some sort to confess the crime that we are sure you have committed, instead of administering to you the usual torture, I decree that you carry your wife once around the town." The man put the box on his back and set off around the town. When he reached an unfrequented spot, where he thought that no one would hear him, he exclaimed: — "I say, wife, crime is a thing that ought not to be committed. What trouble it brings us into!"

Here the officer sprang out of the box, and uttering the words, "Go Joi," as is usual in the case of an arrest,

took the man into custody. Having thus committed himself, the thief was no longer able to conceal his crime.

### TADASUKE AND THE MAN WHOSE THUMBS WERE TIED

[A woman named Chiko lent three hundred *ryo* to one Hachirobei. He denied that he had borrowed the money, and in her indignation she set fire to his house. The case came before Tadasuke.

*The Editor.*]

As Hachirobei obstinately refused to confess his guilt, Tadasuke addressed him as follows: "When I was a child, we used to have a charm against forgetfulness. It consisted in tying up the thumbs with paper, which infallibly brought the matter to one's recollection. Practice that charm upon Hachirobei." So they took his right and left thumbs, placing them one on the top of the other, wrapped paper round them, and put on the official seal, after which his lordship said: "Now, Hachirobei, try hard to recollect! And I warn you that if you tear the paper in the very least you will be committed to jail. You will be examined every other day, and mind you do not fail to appear!" Thereupon both parties were dismissed.

My lord had quickly seen to the bottom of Hachirobei's heart, divining that, though not a particularly wicked man, he had been led by greed to refuse payment of the woman's money. The thumb-tying which ensued prevented Hachirobei from sleeping at night and from feeding himself at meal times; above all, it interfered with his taking pen in hand to balance his accounts, and made everything more uncomfortable for

him than can be imagined. He was really at his wit's end, when, after the lapse of seven or eight days, he was again summoned to attend and was addressed as follows: —

"How goes it, Hachirobei? Has the loan of the three hundred *ryo* come to your recollection? No doubt you never repaid it, though you thought you had. Seeing that it was that money that led Chiko to commit arson, she cannot be executed until the matter is cleared up. So make haste with your pondering."

Hachirobei could endure no longer. "My lord," said he, "careful investigation of my ledgers has brought to light an entry of 'Borrowed three hundred *ryo*'; and though no name is attached, I make no doubt that the item referred to is the sum borrowed from Chiko."

"Then you admit that you borrowed it from Chiko?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, my lord, with all due respect, I admit it."

"You borrowed the three hundred *ryo* seven years ago; so the sum will now amount to over five hundred *ryo*, allowing interest at the rate of three *ryo* a month. You must refund the whole of this. However, as it may inconvenience you to produce the entire sum at once, you shall pay it back at the rate of twenty *ryo* a year in four installments of five *ryo* each."

Having thus charged Hachirobei, his lordship was pleased to inquire Chiko's age, and on being informed she was sixty-three, he said: "Well, you will receive the five hundred *ryo*, principal and interest, in the manner I have just directed Hachirobei — year by year. When the whole debt shall have been settled, you will be executed."

To the proprietor of the house where she lived he said, "Give notice at once if Chiko dies, but no coroner need be sent for."

This sentence brought the whole matter to a close. The reasons underlying it were that at the rate of twenty *ryo* a year, it would take twenty-five years for the whole sum of five hundred *ryo* to be received back by Chiko, who was then already sixty-three years of age while, furthermore, the order simply to report her death without holding a coroner's inquest was dictated by the desire to save her from the capital punishment due to arson. The result of the judgment was to impress not only the policemen and constables, but the whole city with admiration for my lord's mercy and wisdom, and it became very famous.

# THE SWORD OF JAPAN

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

A GREAT shogun of Japan, the famous Iyeyasu, left it written in his testament that "the girded sword is the life of the samurai." The sword was, indeed, even more than this in ancient Japan. It became the central point in the morals and customs of the land; the badge of honor and the token of chivalry; a special and sacred weapon around which grew up the grave, punctilious manners of the lords and knights of Dai Nippon, whose politeness — exquisite, but rigid as the steel they bore — had to be imitated, and was imitated, by the lesser people. The civilization of a country always crystallizes round a few fundamental habits of that country. The manners and morals of Japan may all be traced to the sword, the tea-cup, and the paper house. The first has made the people serious, fearless, punctilious in mutual demeanor; the second has created their identical habits, their sobriety and sociability; while those perfectly transparent abodes of paper and panel, common throughout Japan, where "no secrets are hid," have forced upon them a Greek simplicity of domestic behavior, with a modesty, naturalness, and absence of *mauvaise honte* unparalleled elsewhere. The sword has been now forever laid aside in public by the gentlemen of Japan — obeying in this, with wonderful good sense, a sudden and difficult edict. But the signs of its ancient cult linger deep to this hour in the minds and ways of

the people, and it may be worth while to speak a little of the bygone importance of the Japanese sword.

The sword-maker who forged the finer blades for the samurai and daimio — the barons and knights — was no mere blacksmith. He ranked, indeed, first of all craftsmen in the land, and was often appointed lord or vice-lord of a province. He did not enter on his grave duties lightly. When he had a blade to make for a great Japanese gentleman, the Katanya abstained for a whole week from all animal food and strong drink; he slept alone, and poured cold water every morning over his head. When the forge was ready (and no woman might so much as enter its precincts), and when the steel bars were duly selected, he repaired to the temple and prayed there devoutly. Then he came back to his anvil and furnace, and hung above them the consecrated straw-rope (*shime-nawa*) and the clippings of paper (*gohei*) which kept away evil spirits. He put on the dress of a court noble, with the *e-ḅoshi* and *kami-shimo*, tying back his long sleeves with a silk cord. Only after many ceremonies, when the five elements — fire, water, wood, metal, and earth — were well conciliated, would that pious artisan take his hammer in hand.

The blade was beaten out of steel alone — *muku-gitai*, the "pure make" — or of steel blended with iron. Great heed was taken to have good and well-smelted material. Each time, before the smith placed his bar in the bed of glowing charcoal, which an apprentice blew to white heat, he coated it with a paste of clay and straw ashes, so as not to burn the naked metal; and never touched it with the hand — hot or cold — since sweat would spoil the weld, and leave a blur on the steel. When he had

beaten out his bar eight inches long, two and one half inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, he bent it midway, beat it out again to the same dimensions, thus folding and rehammering it some fifteen or twenty times. As the original bar was in four flakes, Dr. Lyman, in his admirable treatise on the subject, calculates that at the fifteenth hammering there would be 131,072 layers, increased by five following bendings to 4,194,304 layers. This careful repetition gave the metal a texture like ivory or satin-wood. They had names for the different "watering" so produced, as "bean-grain," "pear-grain," "pine-bark grain," and "vein-grain." Afterwards the blade was forged down to its full length, the imperfect ends cut off, the point drawn out, and the tang fitted on, upon which came the tempering. But these last processes were very serious, and the sword-forger sat alone, and solemnly sang to himself while he gave to the weapon its final fashionings. They say that the difference between the swords of Masamune and of Muramasa, two famous craftsmen, was due to their singing. A Masamune blade brought victory and luck everywhere. A Muramasa sword was always leading its owner into quarrels, though it carried him through them well; and it would cause accidents, and cut the fingers of friendly folks inspecting it, being never willing to go back to its scabbard without drinking blood. The real reason was, so runs the legend, that Muramasa, while he sat at his work in the forge, was ever singing a song, which had the chorus of "*tenka tairan! tenka tairan*," which means "trouble in the world, trouble in the world," whereas Masamune, the gentle and lucky sword-maker, always chanted while he worked "*tenka*

*taihei, taihei*," which signifies "peace be on earth — peace!" Japanese people of the old days firmly believed that both the kindly words and the unkindly got somehow welded into the very spirit of the steel, so that Masamune's blades prevented quarrels or brought to their wielders a quick victory, while Muramasa's had in them a lurking instinct for doing mischief — a sort of itch to hurt and wound. All sorts of tales were told to illustrate this. There was a splendid sword of Muramasa, which had killed by *hara-kiri* four of its possessors in succession. Once, too, when the Shogun was handling a spear-head embedded in a helmet of one of his warriors, the point wounded his august hand. "See quickly," he said, "what is the mark upon this accursed iron, for it must be Muramasa's!" And when they came to look at the maker's mark, it was indeed a spear-head from the grim sword-maker's, who had chanted the thirst for blood into all his *yari* and *katana*.

Some of the very famous sword-forgers would never write their names or make any sign at all upon their productions. "It is enough to try a blade of mine," said Toshiro Moshimitsu; "it will tell you of itself who made it." Many of the inferior craftsmen engraved dragons, gods, and flowers upon their blades, but the best work does not bear such ornaments, which might hide an imperfection in the metal. All, however, except such men as Toshiro and Masamune, would cut into the tang the name and date of the sword and the owner's and maker's name. Swords had appellations, and might be christened with such titles as *Osoraku*, "the terrible," or *Hiru*, "the blood-sucker." On a long sword noted by Dr. Lyman the inscription ran "*Motte shisubeshi, Motte*

*ikubeshi*," "Defend yourself with me — die with me." But when the blade had been forged and shaped — whether it were the straight *tsuragi* or the *tachi* and *katana* carved into the lines of "the falcon's wing," or the "cormorant's neck" — it had to be very carefully and skillfully tempered. The Japanese swordsmiths effected at one operation what European craftsmen do in two, namely, the high annealing of the edge and the low tempering of the body of the blade. They covered it with *sabi-doro*, a paste of red earth and charcoal, and then, before this hardened, they drew the paste away from a narrow streak along the edge, afterwards putting it into the fiercest part of the fire. Very heedfully did the smith move the precious sword up and down in the pine-coals till he saw the proper color come near the tang, which would be in a few minutes. Then it was plunged in water of a certain temperature, which thing in itself was a great secret. Katate, the "One-handed," a renowned swordsmith, bought the knowledge of that precious mystery dear. His master taught him everything else except this matter of the right heat of the tempering bath, so, watching his opportunity, he broke into the forge one day, and plunged his hand into the water just as the master was dipping a reddened blade into it. The master smote the audacious member off there and then with the unfinished sword, but Katate knew his last trade secret.

The fire, which burned the bared edge violet, left the *mune*, or body of the blade, blue or straw-color; and being plunged into the water, the sudden chill turned the former very hard, but brittle, making the latter tough, elastic, and "mild." The edge so obtained was

called *yakiba*, "baked-leaf" — but there must not be too much breadth of it, as it would necessarily be brittle. Then was the cold blade carefully cleaned and rough-ground, and at this stage the smith could know whether his work must be wasted or not. If the smallest fault manifested itself, the true craftsman flung the failure aside — the false one cut a dragon or a Sanskrit letter or two over the blemish. The grooves were now chiseled into the sword, especially the *chi-nagashi* or blood-channel, which in the case of spear-heads would be afterwards filled up with vermilion lacquer. A hole was drilled in the tang to receive the *mekugi*, or bamboo peg holding the handle on; and then followed the real and final grinding. This was performed by a special handicrafts-man. Holding the blade horizontally wrapped in cloths, and with a small part only bare, he rubbed it up and down upon whetstones of varying grit, finishing upon a fifteenth stone of very fine grain, and afterwards polish-ing with stone powder and oil. It would be at this stage that the beauty and value of the sword came forth. There used to be very many Japanese gentlemen, and even to-day there are some, who could tell instantly, upon inspection, by the look of a blade in this stage, who had wrought it. Official personages existed who gave governmental certificates of blades, written on special paper and stamped. The boundary between the hard, sharp, whitish edge and the gray-blue of the back must not be harsh. It must be clouded by *nioi*, misty spots and flecks, not regular like drop-marks, but fleecy and broken apart like clouds. In good steel, where the clay covering had slightly come away, there would ap-pear *tobi-yaki*, "flying burns," isolated specks of soft

white. The visible grain would look "as though the steel were water, and it were rippling." Where the tempering had been perfect there would come little points of bright silver along the edge — called *nie*, only to be seen by the educated eye. Masamune's swords were very full of such. It must be an excellent blade if, inside and underneath, as it were, the dark body of it, there flickered the *utsuri*, the "reflection," a glimmer along the dividing line of edge and breast, faintly prismatic, and resembling the "mist round the moon." Only a consummate judge could note and estimate the *chikei*, small films of white; the *niadzuma*, or "lightning flashes," fine shining lines in the *nioi;* the *sunagashi*, resembling specks of sand in a row; and the *uchi-yoke*, or narrow forge-marks. The blade which combined these virtues was fit to sit in the girdle of a daimio, and would be worth from two to three hundred pounds; twelve to fifteen hundred of the old *yen*.

Such a sword was often mounted very splendidly indeed; the finest artists lavishing their skill upon the scabbard, *tsuka*, the *me-nukî*, or studs upon the handle, and, above all, on the *tsuba*, or hilt, which was often enriched with lovely work in gold, silver, and bronze. The scabbard was generally of magnolia wood, and ended in a richly adorned *kojiri*, or ferrule. It held, at its upper end, two small daggers or skewers with pretty handles called *kogai*. These were used in thick of fight to stick through the ear of a slain enemy as a sort of visiting-card. With such a weapon you could cut through five sheets of copper and not notch the steel, and the edge put on it might be so fine that if you held it in a river's current a stalk of grass floating down would

divide upon contact with it. Masamune's blades could sever a bar of iron, or cut a falling hair in two. Muramasa's would slice bronze armor "like a melon." The point was not much used, but Iyeyasu once, for trial, put a *katana* of Yoshimitsu's clean through the iron mortar of his physician.

Immense punctilio attached to the wearing, the carriage, and the etiquettes of these precious weapons. The higher-born you were, the more you might stick up the hilts of your two swords; but soldiers of lesser degree wore them horizontally. Dr. Lyman says correctly: "To draw a sword from its scabbard without begging leave of the others present was not thought polite; to clash the scabbard of your sword against another was a great rudeness; to turn the sword or the scabbard, as if about to draw, was tantamount to a challenge; and to lay your weapon on the floor and kick the guard towards another was an intolerable insult, that generally resulted in a combat to the death."

Pfoundes says that "the rules of observances connected with the wearing of the long and short sword or the single sword were very minute, but have fallen into disuse. . . . In former days the most trivial breach of these elaborate observances was often the cause of murderous brawls and dreadful reprisals. . . . To express a wish to see a sword was not usual, unless when a blade of great value was in question; and then a request to be shown it would be a compliment appreciated by the happy possessor. The sword would then be handed with the back towards the guest, the edge turned towards the owner, and the hilt to the left, the guest wrapping the hilt either in the little silk napkin always carried by

gentlemen in their girdle-books, or in a sheet of clean paper. The weapon was drawn from the scabbard and admired inch by inch, but not to the full length, unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, and then, with much apology, the sword was entirely drawn and held away from the other persons present. After being admired it would, if apparently necessary, be carefully wiped with a special cloth, sheathed, and returned to the owner as before."

A guest, on entering a friend's house, if the host was an older man or of higher rank, would take off his longer sword and either lay it down at the entrance or hand it to the servant who admitted him, who would thereupon place it on the sword-rack in the position of honor in the apartment. If on somewhat familiar or equal terms with the host, the guest might carry the long sword into the house, but detached with its scabbard from the belt, and lay it on the floor at his right hand, where it could not be drawn. The shorter sword was retained in the girdle; but in a prolonged visit both host and guest laid that also aside.

These high manners of the steel bred that Japanese courtliness and chivalry which have survived it. The cult of the *katana* is now forever at an end in Dai Nippon — the samurai and lords of the land have laid aside their proudly cherished weapons, and go abroad as peacefully as the *akindo*, the merchant. Yet there are fine swordsmen still to be found among the quietest of the Emperor's senators and lieges, and I have myself seen wonderful things done by some of them with ancient blades. Moreover, the measured speech, the deep and heedful reverence, the silent dignity, the instincts of

manhood which clustered round the steel, are still characteristic of the race; and the swords, though no longer worn, are proudly and carefully preserved in many a mansion, castle, and temple. Thucydides says that "the nation which carries iron is barbarous," and under that remark the United States, where almost everybody seems to possess and carry a revolver, would stand condemned. But Japan, by a wonderful effort of abnegation on the part of her upper classes, altogether laid aside, twenty years ago, the old and perilous habit of going abroad with a girdle full of swords and daggers. It was a noble submission to new ideas—yet to this day a Japanese gentleman raises your sword to his forehead and bows deeply before he examines it. Nor will he uncover a single inch of the shining and sacred steel without gravely obtaining your permission and that of the company present.

# III
# SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

THE remarkable rise of Japan to the position of a great world-power is attributable to five qualities that are united in her people: — frugality, endurance, obedience, altruism, and a genius for detail. Among the most noticeable traits of the Japanese character are gayety, politeness, and a serenity that is proof against the misfortunes of ordinary life. The samurai (the knight of old Japan) learned first of all that he must never display emotion. Pain or pleasure must find him equally unperturbed, and if it was impossible for him to live with honor he must perform *hara-kiri* (suicide by falling upon a sword) with placid mien.

# A JAPANESE DINNER PARTY

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

A BANQUET here, properly arranged, served, and located, furnishes, in my humble judgment, as graceful and delightful a meal as can be shared in all the world; and casts into the shade the classic memories of the *triclinia* of ancient times, the too solid and lavish dishes of Turkey and Syria, the cloying sweetmeats of an Indian *burra Khana*, and even in many respects the festal triumphs of a Parisian or London *cordon bleu*. The act of eating is, in truth, somewhat gross, and of the animal; albeit, decidedly necessary. Japanese taste and fancy have, however, known how to elevate this somewhat humiliating daily need from a process of mere nourishment into a fine art and a delicate *divertissement*, where every sense is in turn softly pleased and soothed, and food and drink fall in like pleasant interludes without ever assuming the chief importance of the occasion. None the less may you fare abundantly, luxuriously, and to repletion, if you will, from the Japanese *menu;* but the fare is all the more agreeable and digestible because you eat what you like, when you like, as you like, and in what order you like during three or four placid hours, converted into a dream of pleasure by accomplished dancing and singing, and by the most perfect and most charming service. It was our good fortune lately to be invited to a typical native dinner at the Japanese Club in this capital, of which I will offer a sketch in the very lightest outline.

The club, situated in the heart of the city, is a building entirely of the indigenous style as to design and decoration, frequented chiefly by the higher officials and noblemen of Tokio. Imagine, if you can, endless platforms of polished wood, stairway apartment ladders of shining cedar and pine, apartment after apartment carpeted with spotless matting, and walled by the delicate joinery of the *shoji* — everywhere a scrupulous neatness, an exquisite elegance, a dainty æsthetic reserve; nothing too much anywhere of ornament. Except the faultless carpentry of the framework and the tender color of the walls and paneled ceilings, you will see only a stork or two in silk embroidery here, a dream in sepia of Fuji-San there, a purple chrysanthemum plant yonder, in its pot of green and gray porcelain, and the snow-white floors with their little square cushions.

Our dinner was one of about twenty cushions, and we were received at the entrance by about as many *musumës* — the servants of the establishment — having their *okusama* at their head, who, upon our approach, prostrate themselves on the outer edge of the matted hall, uttering musical little murmurs of welcome and honor. Our footgear is laid aside below the dark polished margin of the hall, and we step upon the soft yielding *tatamis*, and are each then led by the hand of some graceful, small tripping *musumë* to the broad ladder, up which we must ascend to the dining-room, enlarged for the occasion by the simple method of running back the shutters of papered framework. The guests comprise European ladies as well as gentlemen, and all are in their stocking-feet, for the loveliest satin slipper ever worn could not venture to pass from the street pavement to these immaculate

mats. While you chat with friends, you turn suddenly to find one of the damsels in the flowered kimono and the dazzling obi kneeling at your feet with a cup of pale tea in her tiny hands. Each guest receives this preliminary attention; then the square cushions are ranged round three sides of the room, and we tuck our legs under us — those, at least, who can manage it — and sit on our heels, the guest of honor occupying the center position at the top. To each convive then enters a pretty, bright, well-dressed Japanese waitress, with hair decked "to the nines," stuck full of flowers and jeweled pins, and shining like polished black marble. She never speaks or settles to any serious duty of the entertainment without falling on her little knees, smoothing her skirt over them, and knocking her nice little flat nose on the floor; and will either demurely watch you use your *hashi* — your chopsticks — in respectful silence, or prettily converse, and even offer her advice as to the most succulent morsels of the feast, and the best order in which to do them justice. Before each guest is first placed a cake of sugared confectionery and some gayly-colored leaf-biscuits, with a tiny transparent cup of hot tea. Then comes the first "honorable" table, a small lacquered tray with lacquered bowls upon it, containing a covered basin of tsuyu-soup — the "honorable dew" — a little pot of soy, a gilded platter with various sweet and aromatic condiments upon it, and some wonderful vegetables, environing some fairy cutlets of salmon. You disengage your chopsticks from their silken sheath and prepare for action — nor is it so very difficult to wield those simple knives and forks of Eastern Asia, if once the secret of the guiding fingers between them be learned. Otherwise you

will drop the very first mouthful from the soup-bowl upon your shirt-front, to the gentle but never satirical laughter of your *musumë*. Amid the talk which buzzes around, you will have inquired of her already in Japanese, "What is your honorable name?" and "How many are your honorable years?" and she will have informed you that she is *O Hoshi, O Shika, O Tsubaki* — that is to say, "Miss Star," "Miss Camellia," or "Miss Antelope" — and that she was eighteen years of age, or otherwise, on her last birthday. Respectfully you consult *O Shika San* as to what you should do with the fragrant and appetizing museum of delicacies before you. She counsels you to seize the tiny lump of yellow condiment with your chopsticks, to drop it in the soy, to stir up and flavor therewith the pink flakes of salmon; and you get on very famously, watched by her almond eyes with the warmest personal interest. Now and again she shuffles forward on her small knees to fill your sake-cup, or to re-arrange the confusion into which your little bowls and platters have somehow fallen; always with a consummate grace, modesty, and good breeding. And now, while you were talking with your neighbor, she has glided off and reappeared with another tray, on which is disclosed a yet more miscellaneous second service. Her brown, tiny, well-formed hands insinuate deftly within reach, as you kneel on your cushion, numerous saucers clustered round a fresh red lacquer basin of vegetable soup, wherein swim unknown but attractive comestibles. The combinations of these are startling, if you venture upon questioning the delighted *O Shika San*, but you must be possessed of a courageous appetite or you will subsequently disappoint the just expectations

of "Miss Antelope." Here are shrimps, it seems, pickled with *anzu* (apricots), snipe subtly laid in beds of colored rice and *kuri* (chestnuts); wild goose with radish cakes, and hare (*usagi*), seasoned with preserved cherries amid little squares of perfumed almond paste, and biscuits of persimmon. The *pièce de résistance* is a pretty slab of fluted glass, whereon repose artistic fragments of fish, mostly raw — so grouped that the hues and outlines of the collection charm like a water-color drawing. You play with your chopstick points among shreds of *tako* (the cuttle-fish), *kani* (crab paste), *saba* and *hirame*, resembling our mackerel and soles; and are led by the earnest advice of your kneeling *musumë* to try, perhaps, the uncooked trout *yamame*. With the condiments her little fingers have mixed, it is so good that you cease presently to feel like a voracious seal, and wonder if it be not wrong, after all, to boil and fry anything. Environed with all these in tiny dishes, and lightly fluttering from one to another — with no bread or biscuit, it is true, but the warm, strong sake to wash all down (for the glossy-haired *musumë* keeps a little flask at her side for your especial use) — you are beginning at last to be conscious of having dined extraordinarily well, and also, perchance, of "pins and needles" in your legs. So you say *Mo yoroshii* — "It is enough!" — and now the service relapses a little for music and dancing.

The *shoji* are pushed back at the far end of the room, and three musicians are discovered playing the *samisen*, the thirteen-stringed *koto*, and a kind of violin. Before them sit the best *Geishas* from Kioto, and we are pleasantly weaned from our desultory dinner by a dramatic *pas de deux* founded on the subjoined ideas: Hidari

Jingoro was one of the most celebrated wood-carvers of Japan. He flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. Specimens of his work are to be seen in the great temples at Nikko and in Kioto. The tradition represented in this dance is the Japanese "Pygmalion and Galatea." Hidari Jingoro having employed all the resources of his art to carve the image of a Kioto beauty to whom he is said to have been attached, succeeds so admirably that, one day, he suddenly finds the figure endowed with life and movement. But although the girl is there in the flesh, her soul is the soul of Jingoro — she thinks with his thoughts, and moves with his movements. Jingoro would fain alter this and convert the wooden image into Umegaye herself—as well in the mind as in appearance. He considers that the object upon which all the feminine instincts of the fair sex are concentrated is a mirror. Accordingly he places a mirror in the girl's hand, and she, seeing her own face, immediately becomes Umegaye, and ceases to be a female replica of Jingoro. Deprived of the mirror, however, she loses individuality, and is once more a living automaton. The little *musumës* withdraw to the side walls that we may better watch every step. Absolutely impossible is it to describe with how much eloquence of pace and gesture the little girl in gold and blue dances and glances round the motionless girl in gold and scarlet, until she has charmed that black-eyed statue into life. And then the rapture; the illusion; the disillusion; the anguish of watching the imitativeness of that brown Galatea; the joy when the mirror renders her individual; the grief when without it she relapses into a living shadow of her dark-skinned Pygmalion; the artistic graces developed and the dainty

passages of emotion tripped to the simple but passionate music with the gilded silken kimono floating and fluttering about those small bare feet, those slender banded knees! The dance was a real piece of choregraphic genius, and the applause sincere when the sculptor and his lovely image bent themselves to the earth, and demurely resumed their cushions.

Meantime, obeying Japanese etiquette, each guest in turn comes to the "guest of honor," asks leave to drink from his sake-cup, and obtaining it, raises the vessel to his forehead, drinks, rinses it from the water-bowl, and fills it for his friend. When this is done, the "guest of honor" must go round and pledge his associates in the same way, while the three sides of the convivial square now for a time break up into chatty groups, wherein the *musumës* mingle like living flowers scattered about. But dinner is not nearly finished yet. Before each cushion there is again laid a lacquered tray — none of the others being yet removed — and this contains the choicest fish which can be procured — a whole one — with his tail curled up in a garland of flower-buds, together with cakes, scented spice-balls, and sugar-sticks, which you are to eat if you can. If not able to cope with these new dainties, they will be put into pretty boxes and deposited in your carriage or jinrikisha — indeed, it is necessary to be careful in leaving one of these entertainments, or you may sit on a boiled mullet, or a stuffed woodcock, or some cream-tartlets.

While we dally with the third service the *Geishas* dance again and again — the last performance being full of comic grace. It was called the "Arashi-yama." Arashi-yama is one of the most celebrated spots in Kioto. Its

cherry blossoms in spring and its maples in autumn attract thousands of visitors. Among the cherry trees there was a little theater called Mibu-do, where wordless plays used to be acted when the flowers were in full bloom. Here the Palace ladies were in the habit of coming every season, and their attendants enjoyed a picnic and extemporized plays for the ladies' amusement. The dance represented such a picnic. During the carouse a female enters, beautifully dressed, but wearing the mask of "Okame" (the colloquial term for a particularly fat homely wench). The convives, persuaded that this disguise is intended to conceal uncommon charms, press her to drink; and she, after receiving their attentions, suddenly removes her mask, exhibiting the face, not of a lovely damsel, but of the veritable Okame herself, the patron goddess of plain women. With wonderful spirit and charm the gay little *danseuses* performed this comedy, ending our long but never tedious dinner of five hours with a special figure called *Sentakuya*, or the "Washermen's Trio." After this each *musumë* led her guest by the hand to the hall. Shoes were resumed, carriages entered, and "honorable exits" made, in a dazzling forest tempest of *Sayonâras* ("Farewell!") and *Mata irrashais* ("Come soon again!").

# HOW JAPANESE LADIES GO SHOPPING

BY ALICE M. BACON

THERE are in Japan a few great merchants whose word may be trusted, and whose obligations will be fulfilled with absolute honesty; but a large part of the buying and selling is still in the hands of mercantile freebooters, who will take an advantage wherever it is possible to get one, in whose morality honesty has no place, and who have not yet discovered the efficacy of that virtue simply as a matter of policy. Their trade, conducted in a small way upon small means, is more of the nature of a game, in which one person is the winner and the other the loser, than a fair exchange, in which both parties obtain what they want. It is the mediæval, not the modern idea of business, that is still held among Japanese merchants. With them, trade is a warfare between buyer and seller, in which every man must take all possible advantage for himself, and it is the lookout of the other party if he is cheated.

In Tōkyō, the greatest and most modernized of the cities of the empire, the shops are not the large city stores that one sees in European and American cities, but little open-fronted rooms, on the edge of which one sits to make one's purchases, while the proprietor smiles and bows and dickers; setting his price by the style of his customer's dress, or her apparent ignorance of the value of the desired article. Some few large dry-goods stores there are, where prices are set and dickering is

unnecessary; and in the *kwankoba*, or bazaars, one may buy almost anything needed by Japanese of all classes, from house furnishings to foreign hats, at prices plainly marked upon them, and from which there is no variation. But one's impression of the state of trade in Japan is, that it is still in a very primitive and undeveloped condition, and is surprisingly behind the other parts of Japanese civilization.

The shopping of the ladies of the large *yashikis* and of wealthy families is done mostly in the home; for all the stores are willing at any time, on receiving an order, to send up a clerk with a bale of crêpes, silks, and cottons tied to his back, and frequently towering high above his head as he walks, making him look like the proverbial ant with a grain of wheat. He sets his great bundle carefully down on the floor, opens the enormous *furushiki*, or bundle handkerchief, in which it is enveloped, and takes out roll after roll of silk or chintz, neatly done up in paper or yellow cotton. With infinite patience, he waits while the merits of each piece are examined and discussed, and if none of his stock proves satisfactory, he is willing to come again with a new set of wares, knowing that in the end purchases will be made sufficient to cover all his trouble.

The less aristocratic people are content to go to the stores themselves; and the business streets of a Japanese city, such as the Ginza in Tōkyō, are full of women, young and old, as well as merry children, who enjoy the life and bustle of the stores. Like all things else in Japan, shopping takes plenty of time. At Mitsui's, the largest silk store in Tōkyō, one will see crowds of clerks sitting upon the matted floors, each with his *soroban*, or adding

machine, by his side; and innumerable small boys, who rush to and fro, carrying armfuls of fabrics to the different clerks, or picking up the same fabrics after the customer who has called for them has departed. The store appears, to the foreign eye, to be simply a roofed and matted platform upon which both clerks and customers sit. This platform is screened from the street by dark blue cotton curtains or awnings hung from the low projecting eaves of the heavy roof. As the customers take their seats, either on the edge of the platform, or, if they have come on an extended shopping bout, upon the straw mat of the platform itself, a small boy appears with tea for the party; an obsequious clerk greets them with the customary salutations of welcome, pushes the charcoal brazier toward them, that they may smoke, or warm their hands, before proceeding to business, and then waits expectantly for the name of the goods that his customers desire to see. When this is given, the work begins; the little boys are summoned, and are soon sent off to the great fireproof warehouse, which stands with heavy doors thrown open, on the other side of the platform, away from the street. Through the doorway one can see endless piles of costly stuffs stored safely away, and from these piles the boys select the required fabric, loading themselves down with them so that they can barely stagger under the weights that they carry. As the right goods are not always brought the first time, and as, moreover, there is an endless variety in the colors and patterns in even one kind of silk, there is always plenty of time for watching the busy scene, — for sipping tea, or smoking a few whiffs from the tiny pipes that so many Japanese, both men and women, carry

always with them. When the purchase is at last made, there is still some time to be spent by the customer in waiting until the clerk has made an abstruse calculation upon his *soroban*, the transaction has been entered in the books of the firm, and a long bill has been written and stamped, and handed to her with the bundle. During her stay in the store, the foreign customer, making her first visit to the place, is frequently startled by loud shouts from the whole staff of clerks and small boys, — outcries so sudden, so simultaneous, and so stentorian, that she cannot rid herself of the idea that something terrible is happening every time that they occur. She soon learns, however, that these manifestations of energy are but the way in which the Japanese merchant speeds the departing purchaser, and that the apparently inarticulate shouts are but the formal phrase, "Thanks for your continued favors," which is repeated in a loud tone by every employee in the store whenever a customer departs. When she herself is at last ready to leave, a chorus of yells arises, this time for her benefit; and as she skips into the jinrikisha and is whirled away, she hears continued the busy hum of voices, the clattering of *sorobans*, the thumping of the bare feet of the heavily laden boys, and the loud shouts of thanks with which departing guests are honored.

There is less pomp and circumstance about the smaller stores, for all the goods are within easy reach, and the shops for household utensils and chinaware seem to have nearly the whole stock in trade piled up in front, or even in the street itself. Many such little places are the homes of the people who keep them. And at the back are rooms which serve for dwelling-rooms, opening upon well-kept

gardens. The whole work of the store is often attended to by the proprietor, assisted by his wife and family, and perhaps one or two apprentices. Each of the workers, in turn, takes an occasional holiday, for there is no day in the Japanese calendar when the shops are all closed; and even New Year's Day, the great festival of the year, finds most of the stores open. Yet the dwellers in these little homes, living almost in the street, and in the midst of the bustle and crowd and dust of Tōkyō, have still time to enjoy their holidays and their little gardens, and have more pleasure and less hard work than those under similar circumstances in our own country.

The stranger visiting any of the great Japanese cities is surprised by the lack of large stores and manufactories, and often wonders where the beautiful lacquer work and porcelains are made, and where the gay silks and crêpes are woven. There are no large establishments where such things are turned out by wholesale. The delicate vases, the bronzes, and the silks are often made in humblest homes, the work of one or two laborers with rudest tools. There are no great manufactories to be seen, and the bane of so many cities, the polluting factory smoke, never rises over the cities of Japan. The hard, confining factory life, with its never ceasing roar of machinery, bewildering the minds and intellects of the men who come under its deadening influences, until they become scarcely more than machines themselves, is a thing as yet almost unknown in Japan. The life of the jinrikisha man even, hard and comfortless as it may seem to run all day like a horse through the crowded city streets, is one that keeps him in the fresh air, under the open sky, and quickens his powers both of body and mind. To the

poor in Japanese cities is never denied the fresh air and sunshine, green trees and grass; and the beautiful parks and gardens are found everywhere, for the enjoyment of even the meanest and lowest.

On certain days in the month, in different sections of the city, are held night festivals near temples, and many shopkeepers take the opportunity to erect temporary booths, in which they so arrange their wares as to tempt the passers-by as they go to and fro. Very often there is a magnificent display of young trees, potted plants, and flowers, brought in from the country and ranged on both sides of the street. Here the gardeners make lively sales, as the displays are often fine in themselves, and show to a special advantage in the flaring torchlight. The eager venders, who do all they can to call the attention of the crowd to their wares, make many good bargains. The purchase requires skill on both sides, for flower men are proverbial in their high charges, asking often five and ten times the real value of a plant, but coming down in price almost immediately on remonstrance. You ask the price of a dwarf wistaria growing in a pot. The man answers at once, "Two dollars." "Two dollars!" you answer in surprise; "it is not worth more than thirty or forty cents." "Seventy-five, then," he will respond; and thus the buyer and seller approach nearer in price, until the bargain is struck somewhere near the first price offered. Price another plant and there would be the same process to go over again; but as the evening passes, prices go lower and lower, for the distances that the plants have been brought are great, and the labor of loading up and carrying back the heavy pots is a weary one, and when the last customer has departed the merchants must

work late into the night to get their wares safely home again.

But besides the flower shows, there are long rows of booths, which, with the many visitors who throng the streets, make a gay and lively scene. So dense is the crowd that it is with difficulty one can push through on foot or in jinrikisha. The darkness is illuminated by torches, whose weird flames flare and smoke in the wind, and shine down upon the little sheds which line both sides of the road, and contain so tempting a display of cheap toys and trinkets that not only the children, but their elders, are attracted by them. Some of the booths are devoted to dolls; others to toys of various kinds; still others to birds in cages, goldfish in globes, queer chirping insects in wicker baskets, pretty ornaments for the hair, fans, candies, and cakes of all sorts, roasted beans and peanuts, and other things too numerous to mention. The long line of stalls ends with booths, or tents, in which shows of dancing, jugglery, educated animals, and monstrosities, natural or artificial, may be seen for the moderate admission fee of two sen. Each of these shows is well advertised by the beating of drums, by the shouting of doorkeepers, by wonderful pictures on the outside to entice the passer-by, or even by an occasional brief lifting of the curtains which veil the scene from the crowd without, just long enough to afford a tantalizing glimpse of the wonders within. Great is the fascination to the children in all these things, and the little feet are never weary until the last booth is passed, and the quiet of neighboring streets, lighted only by wandering lanterns, strikes the home-returning party by its contrast with the light and noise of the festival. The supposed object of

the expedition, the visit to the temple, has occupied but a small share of time and attention, and the little hands are filled with the amusing toys and trifles bought, and the little minds with the merry sights seen. Nor are those who remain at home forgotten, but the pleasure-seekers who visit the fair carry away with them little gifts for each member of the family, and the *O miagé*, or present given on the return, is a regular institution of Japanese home life.

By ten o'clock, when the crowds have dispersed and the purchasers have all gone home and gone to bed, the busy booth-keepers take down their stalls, pack up their wares, and disappear, leaving no trace of the night's gayeties to greet the morning sun.

# AN INCENSE PARTY

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THERE is a pretty and refined form of social amusement in Japan which has never been mentioned on this side, so far as I have seen, in connection with the domestic life of that country. It well deserves description, nevertheless, being so characteristic of the highly cultured tastes of the Japanese, and because it opens the gate into quite a new realm of sense-pleasure, and might, indeed, be very well introduced among people of education and fine sensibilities in England. It is founded upon the Eastern love of sweet odors — a province of rare delight, far too much neglected among ourselves, as may be seen indeed by our lack of words with which to define different fragrances, and the foolish fashion which has surrendered the beautiful world of perfume almost entirely to the female sex. Englishmen, it is true, wear buttonholes of violets, or gardenias, or rosebuds; and some of them are bold enough to bedew a pocket-handkerchief with a little frangipani or eau de Cologne; but the habit is regarded as rather effeminate, and even ladies are a little blamed if they indulge in the stronger fragrances of the fashionable perfumers. All this is deplorable, and due, it seems to me, to a deficient olfactory gift rather than to any reasonable prejudice; for why should we not take delight in the infinite range and exquisite variation of those mysterious odors which, not content with scattering

freely among her flowers, Nature bestows upon us in many a strange and subtle corner of the animal and vegetable world? We have, by reason of our dullness, very few satisfactory titles in the dictionary with which to name these wonderful essences; and the nose — that most important feature — not only boasts no classic passages of its own to compare with the literature of the eye, the ear, and the lips, or even the hair, but is scarcely ever mentioned, even in poetry. Martial can find nothing better to say of that organ in his mistress except that it is "not too great," and all that Ariosto permits himself to observe about the same part of the lovely countenance of one of his chief heroines is that "it stood in the middle of her face."

They do not so disregard the nose in Japan, or neglect the delicious kingdom of sensations of which it is the well-provided and happy channel. Less fortunate than we are in the variety and delicacy of manufactured perfumes, they appreciate intensely those which they possess, and give lovely and appropriate names to distinguish one odor from the other. For the most part, Japanese perfumes are prepared not in the liquid form, as with us, but in powder or solid shape, necessitating the use of incense burners to develop the aroma of each. The Japanese word for an incense burner is *koro*, and upon this omnipresent article of Japanese domestic and religious life the artists of the land have lavished their finest skill. The most divinely graceful utensils exist in bronze, iron, silver, gold, and pottery, entirely devoted as *kogo* in which to keep the little tablets of incense, or as *koro*, and *chojiburo* in which to burn them. Some are quaintly fashioned in the forms of fish,

birds, or animals, and richly gilded; but the majority are of bronze, the fragrant smoke issuing from perforations in the lid of the little vessel.

Imagine yourself, then, — oh, gentle English guest! seeking in vain for some new social pastime — imagine yourself in Tokyo receiving the distinction of *O maneki* — the honorable invitation — to a *josshuko*, or incense party. I must call it a distinction, because these entertainments are only given in the upper circles of Japanese life, and would never be addressed to any one who was not known as a person of quiet ways and cultivated tastes. On the highly ornamental document inviting you, or in a letter accompanying it, will be conveyed in graceful words the request that, if it be "honorably convenient," you will not smoke, or drink tea or *saki*, or eat scented sweetmeats for a day or so previous to the reception. It will also be in good form that you should not make any employment of pomade or oil for the hair, nor use any ordinary perfume. On repairing to the house of your hostess — for a lady always presides over this most dainty amusement — it will be polite and proper to enter with much caution the apartment reserved, taking care to open and shut the paper shutters, *shoji*, very quietly, in order not to disturb the tranquil air of the room. Like all Japanese rooms, that chamber will be celestially clean and sweet; but the probability is that you are entering a *yashiki*, or superior abode, where, beside the cream-white *tatami* and the silvery *shoji*, the woodwork around will be of finished workmanship, and the supporting columns of natural timber, the most valuable that the mountain forests can yield. With your feet bare or in socks you have knelt

down in your place within a half-circle of pleasant friends, male and female, who salute you with soft words of welcome and polished compliments. Your dress will be new, or at least unsoiled; all upper garments being left outside that no smell of the street may enter this paradise of perfume. Opposite to the half-circle of happy guests kneels the fair hostess, in front of her being ranged a row of ten small packets of perfume, folded and tied in precisely an identical fashion, and their contents known to her alone, either by their arrangement or some private mark. Two or more incense burners will be near her with a metal bowl of lighted charcoal and various little implements with which to handle the incense. In *joss-huko* there will be ten packets, but only four different scents, and a specimen of each of these four is placed, distinctively colored or packed, at the left hand of the lady of the house. Let us say that they are the sorts called *tamatsumi*, in English, pile of jewels; *shibafune*, ships of grass; *mumei*, the unspeakable; and a fourth fragrance, which is not named or experimented with. In the row of ten, all looking identical, there will be three of number one, three of number two, three of number three, and one of the mysterious compound. The guests receive ten little tickets, bearing names corresponding to this division — three of number one, three of number two, three of number three, and one for the *kyaksama*, or unknown perfume. In a box near at hand there is a division for the tickets of each of those present; — and now the graceful pastime is ready to commence.

The lady of the house burns one of the extra parcels of number one, and all in turn sniff at the aroma, the

name and character of which she indicates. Then, gently wafting aside the fragrant cloud, she gives her guests the flavor of number two, and afterwards, in due turn, that of number three, naming them all. But *kyakuko* is, as I say, not burned. Now then the delicate ordeal commences. The lady host opens one of the ten indistinguishable parcels and places it on the glowing scarlet ashes of the *koro*. The blue vapor issues from the perforated lid, each guest in turn of precedence savors the smoke decorously three times, and then, making up his or her mind, secretly drops the ticket which is thought to agree with that particular odor. One after the other the guests thus vote in silent ballot, not being allowed to give any hint as to their persuasion, but softly conversing of other things as the incense burner goes round. Another and another packet is selected and consumed, and again and again those present cast their votes, each dropping the tickets into his own division of the ballot-box. Somewhere or other in the course of the play the secret scent will come in, but it is remarkable how often it fails to be recognized, the eager guests expecting it before it has arrived. Moreover, in spite of the frequent use of the fan, each of the fragrances intermixes with each, and it is quite astonishing how keen the nostril needs to be to analyze and separate the fine differences of the various essences. At the close of the round, when all ten perfumes have been consumed in the *koro*, a scrutiny is held of the voting, and he or she who has made the highest number of happy guesses receives a little *hobi*, a prize of some pretty and useful kind.

A great collection of elaborate articles is needed to carry out this graceful entertainment in perfection. The

incense burner ought naturally to be very artistic, whether of porcelain, bronze, copper, or iron. The incense box should be of fine lacquer, and of beautiful shape and finish. It will generally have been constructed in three divisions — the first containing the incense cakes, the second some aloes-wood, and the third a receptacle for the incense ashes. Little plates of mica must be ready, on which to lay the pieces of incense when put over the burner. The card-box ought to be charming, and the cards are sometimes little lacquered wooden blocks, with a number on one side and on the other the picture of some tree or flower — the name of which each guest will, for the time being, assume. Every person, it will be understood, receives ten tickets, with the same picture on the back, representing unmistakably the owner.

It would take me too far to go into the varieties of incense and other fragrant materials which are manufactured by the Japanese perfumer, and to quote all the playful and fanciful names given to them. There is, for example, *kokon* — "the breath of twilight" — and there is *yama-ji-no-tsuyu* — "the dew on the mountain path." The first is compounded of aloes-wood, sandal-wood, and *kakko*, in certain proportions. The second has clover-blossom in it, and musk or *jako* — of which the ladies of Dai Nippon are very fond. Some of them have the custom of sewing a tiny bag of musk-dust inside a velvet fillet, and fastening it under their sleeve upon the upper arm. The ingredients of these perfumes are mixed in powder and then kneaded into consistency with white honey. There are many other forms of this delicate entertainment besides *josshuko* — such as

*kogusa-ko*, *keiba-ko*, *kagetsu-ko*, *meisho-ko*, all of them having some amusing or imaginative significance. But enough has been said to show the refinement, the charm, and the entertaining character of this Japanese form of indoor pastime, which might, I think, be happily introduced into those fortunate abodes in our own land where there reigns something like Japanese tranquillity and something like the Japanese artistic instinct which can find true joy in the curve of a line, in the contrast of supplementary colors, or in the subtle difference of one sweet odor from another closely resembling it.

# A JAPANESE HOUSE

BY BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN

THE ordinary Japanese house is a light framework structure, whose thatched, shingled, or tiled roof, very heavy in proportion, is supported on stones with slightly hollowed tops, resting on the surface of the soil. There is no foundation, as that word is understood by our architects. The house stands *on* the ground, not partly *in* it. Singularity number two: there are no walls — at least no continuous walls. The side of the house, composed at night of wooden sliding doors, called *amado*, is stowed away in boxes during the daytime. In summer, everything is thus open to the outside air. In winter, semi-transparent paper slides, called *shoji*, replace the wooden sliding doors during the daytime. The rooms are divided from each other by opaque paper screens, called *fusuma* or *karakami*, which run in grooves at the top and bottom. By taking out these sliding screens several rooms can be turned into one. The floor of all the living-rooms is covered with thick mats, made of rushes and perfectly fitted together, so as to leave no interstices. As these mats are always of the same size — six feet by three — it is usual to compute the area of a room by the number of its mats. Thus you speak of a six-mat room, ten-mat room, etc. In the dwellings of the middle classes, rooms of eight, of six, and of four and a half mats are those oftenest met with. The kitchen and passages are not matted, but have a wooden floor, which is kept brightly

polished. But the passages are few in a Japanese house, each room opening as a rule into the others on either side.

When a house has a second story, this generally covers but a portion of the ground floor. The steps leading up to it resemble a ladder rather than a staircase. The best rooms in a Japanese house are almost invariably at the back, where also is the garden; and they face south, so as to escape the northern blast in winter and to get the benefit of the breeze in summer, which then always blows from the south. They generally have a recess or alcove ornamented with a painted or written scroll (*kakemono*) and a vase of flowers. Furniture is conspicuous by its absence. There are no tables, no chairs, no wash-hand stands, no pianoforte, — none of all those thousand and one things which we cannot do without. The necessity for bedsteads is obviated by quilts, which are brought in at night and laid down wherever may happen to be most convenient. No mahogany dining-table is required in a family where each member is served separately on a little lacquer tray. Cupboards are, for the most part, openings in the wall, screened in by small paper slides — not separate, movable entities. Whatever treasures the family may possess are mostly stowed away in an adjacent building, known in the local English dialect as a "godown," that is, a fireproof storehouse with walls of mud or clay.

These details will probably suggest a very uncomfortable sum total; and Japanese houses *are* supremely uncomfortable to ninety-nine Europeans out of a hundred. Nothing to sit on, no fire but a brazier to warm one's self by, and yet abundant danger of fire to be

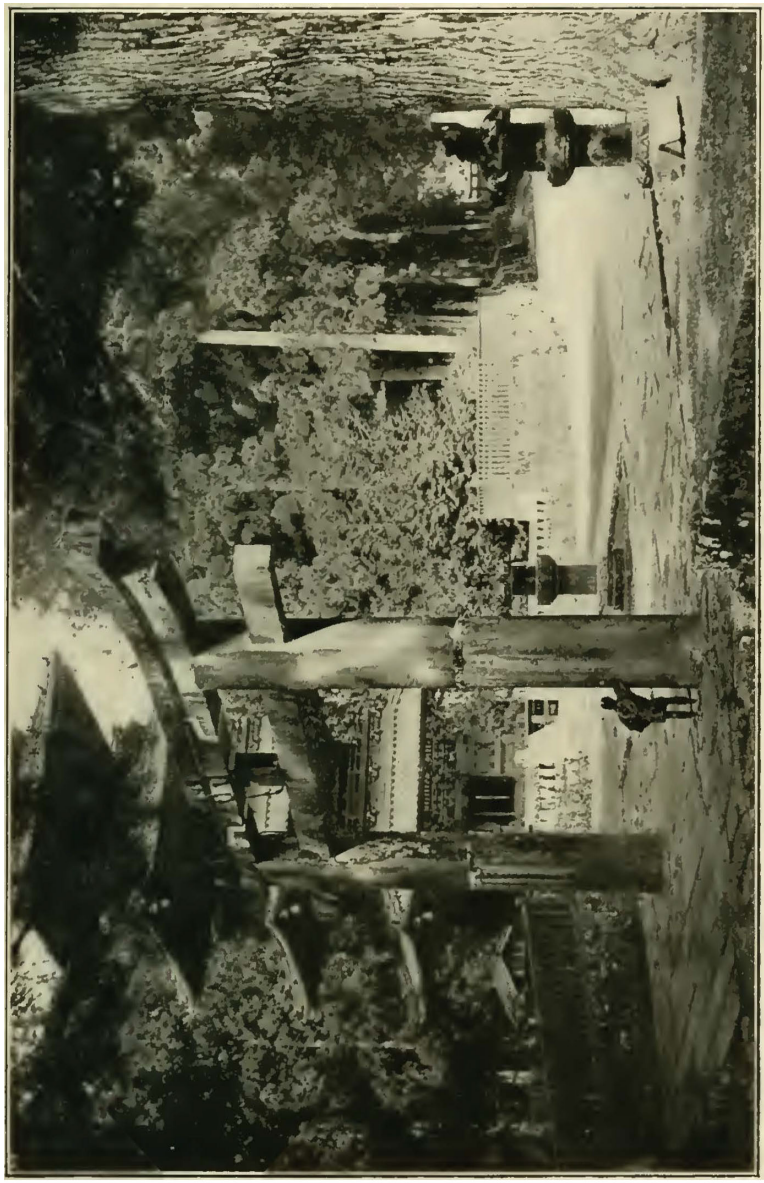
burnt out by, no solidity, no privacy, the deafening clatter twice daily of the opening and shutting of the outer wooden slides, drafts insidiously pouring in through innumerable chinks and crannies, darkness whenever heavy rain makes it necessary to shut up one or more sides of the house — to these and to various other enormities Japanese houses must plead guilty. Two things, chiefly, are to be said on the other side. First, these houses are cheap — an essential point in a poor country. Secondly, the people who live in them do not share our European ideas with regard to comfort and discomfort. They do not miss fireplaces or stoves, never having realized the possibility of such elaborate arrangements for heating. They do not mind drafts, having been inured to them from infancy. In fact an elderly diplomat, who, during his sojourn in a Japanese hotel, spent well-nigh his whole time in the vain endeavor to keep doors shut and chinks patched up, used to exclaim to us, "Mais les japonais ADORENT les courants d'air!" Furthermore the physicians who have studied Japanese dwelling-houses from the point of view of hygiene give them a clean bill of health.

# THINKING OUT A GARDEN

BY MORTIMER MENPES

A JAPANESE gardener spends his whole life in studying his trade, and just as earnestly and just as comprehensively as a doctor would study medicine. I was once struck by seeing a little man sitting on a box outside a silk-store on a bald spot of ground. For three consecutive days I saw this little man sitting on the same little box, forever smiling and knocking out the ash from his miniature pipe. All day long he sat there, never moving, never talking — he seemed to be doing nothing but smoking and dreaming. On the third day I pointed this little man out to the merchant who owned the store, and asked what the little man was doing and why he sat there. "He's thinking," said the merchant. "Yes; but why must he think on that bald spot of ground? What is he going to do?" I asked, perplexed. The merchant gazed at me in astonishment, mingled with pity. "Don't you know?" he said; "he is one of our greatest landscape gardeners, and for three days he has been thinking out a garden for me. — If you care to come here in a few days," he added, "I will show you the drawings for that garden all completed." I came in a few days, and I was shown the most exquisite set of drawings it has ever been my good fortune to behold. What a garden it would be! There were full-grown trees, stepping-stones, miniature bridges, ponds of goldfish — all presenting an appearance of vastness, yet in reality occupying an area

the size of a small room. And not only was the garden itself planned out and designed, but it was also arranged to form a pattern in relation to the trees and the houses and the surrounding hills. This little old man, without stirring from his box or making a single note, had in those three days created this garden in his mind's eye, and on returning home had sketched out the final arrangement. The merchant told me that his garden would be completed in a few weeks, with full-grown trees flourishing in it, and everything planted — all but one stone, which in all probability would be there in a few weeks, while, on the other hand, it might not be placed there for years. On inquiring as to the reason of this strange delay, I was told that that one particular stone, though insignificant and unnoticeable in our eyes, occupies a very prominent position, and that upon the proper placing and quality of it the beauty and perfection of a Japanese garden depend almost entirely. Sometimes hundreds and even thousands of dollars are paid for a large stone that happens to be rightly proportioned and of the correct texture of ruggedness to occupy a certain position in a Japanese garden.



A Stone Gateway

## A STONE GATEWAY

THE Shinto shrines are exceedingly simple. They are built of wood, roofed with thatch, and are not made gorgeous by brilliant coloring. Before each shrine stands a gateway or archway, made by laying a projecting horizontal bar on top of two upright posts. The bar was originally used as a resting-place for fowls which were offered to the gods to give warning of the coming of day. Gradually this form of archway became a symbol of the religion, and countless numbers of them were erected.

# AN ARTIST IN FLOWERS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

I FEEL that I must give a slight description of some of the marvelous creations in purple irises, lilies, and pines that the greatest master in Tokio once arranged for me at my hotel. He arrived early one morning, and in great good humor, evidently feeling that I being an artist, his work would be appreciated and understood. He carried with him his flowers, tenderly wrapped in a damp cloth under one arm, and his vases under another. One of his most promising pupils, a girl of nineteen, accompanied him, acting almost as a servant and evidently worshiping him as her master. He began at once to show us a decoration of lilies and reeds. With the utmost rapidity he took out a bunch of slim reeds, pulled them to different lengths, the large ones at the back, the small ones in front, and caressed the whole into a wooden prong looking like a clothes-peg, and arranged it in a kind of vase made out of a circular section of bamboo. An immense amount of care was taken with the handling of these reeds, the master drawing back now and then in a stooping position with his hands on his knees and his eyes bolting out to view his handiwork critically. Next he took some lilies with their leaves, and arranged them in a metal stand composed of a number of divisions looking like cartridge-cases cut off. Every leaf was twisted and bent and cut to improve its form. The half-open lilies were made to look as though they were grow-

ing, and were a great favorite with this master because of the scope for beautiful curves and lines that they allowed. Time after time he would take out a leaf or a flower, putting another in its place, thereby showing that he had absolute command over his subject, and a fixed picture in his mind that he was determined to produce at any cost. The ultimate result of the decoration was perfect naturalness. I never saw lilies growing on the hillside look more natural than they did here; yet each had been twisted and bent into a set design laid down by the artist. Both reeds and lilies were placed in a wooden tray partially lacquered, the unlacquered portion representing old worm-eaten wood; pebbles were placed in the bottom of the tray, and the whole was flooded with water. Then he began his decoration of irises. He took a bundle of iris leaves, cut and trimmed them, washing and drying each leaf separately, and sticking them together in groups of twos and threes. With his finger and thumb he gently pressed each one down the center, rendering it as pliable as wire. The leaves were cut to a point at the base and placed in a metal stand with consecutive circles. Then an iris bud, with the purple just bursting, was placed in position and caressed into bloom. The whole was syringed with water and carefully placed in a corner of the room.

I have described these few flower arrangements in detail in order to show the exactitude of the work and the immense amount of care taken by professors in flower arrangement. On this particular occasion I had invited some friends to enjoy the professor's masterpieces with me, and he had just completed a most exquisite production, by far the best and finest he had

achieved that day. It was an arrangement of pine with one great jutting bough, perfectly balanced — in fact, a veritable work of art. The professor was a true artist; he loved his work, and it was all the world to him.

For once he was content, and had just leaned back to view his work through half-closed eyes when in a flash an Oxford straw hat was clapped down right on top of it. It was the husband of one of my friends just returned from a walk, full of spirits and boisterously happy. It was a cruel thing to do; but he did not realize the horror of his act. He saw a bough sticking right out of a pot, and it seemed to him a suitable place to hang his hat on: so he hung his there -- that was all. The little assistant gave one frightened look at her master, and began to pack up the utensils at once; the professor drew himself up in a very dignified way, bowed profoundly, and left the hotel. I never saw him again, and I knew that I never should — for he went away crushed.

# HOW A JAPANESE PAINTS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

[KIYOSAI is the greatest of all living Japanese artists.
*The Editor.*]

KIYOSAI next began to discuss drawing, and, as he was speaking to an Englishman, English drawing in particular. "I hear that when artists in England are painting," he said, "if they are painting a bird, they stand that bird up in their back garden, or in their studio, and begin to paint it at once, then and there, never quite deciding what they are going to paint, never thinking of the particular pose and action of the bird that is to be represented on the canvas. Now, suppose that bird suddenly moves one leg up — what does the English artist do then?" He could not understand how an English painter could paint with the model before him. I naturally told him that they copied what they saw; that they got over the difficulty as best they could. "I do not understand that," he said. "In my own practice I look at the bird; I want to paint him as he is. He has got a pose. Good! Then he suddenly puts down his head, and there is another pose. The bare fact of the bird being there in an altered pose would compel me to alter my idea; and so on, until at last I could paint nothing at all." I asked him what, then, was his method. "I watch my bird," he replied, "and the particular pose I wish to copy, before I attempt to represent it. I observe that very closely until he moves and the attitude is altered. Then I go

away and record as much of that particular pose as I can remember. Perhaps I may be able to put down only three or four lines; but directly I have lost the impression I stop. Then I go back again and study that bird until it takes the same position as before. And then I again try and retain as much as I can of it. In this way I began by spending a whole day in a garden watching a bird and its particular attitude, and in the end I have remembered the pose so well by continually trying to represent it, that I am able to repeat it entirely from my impression — but not from the bird. It is a hindrance to have the model before me when I have a mental note of the pose. What I do is a painting from memory, and it is a true impression. I have filled hundreds of sketch-books," he continued, "of different sorts of birds and fish and other things, and have at last got a facility, and have trained my memory to such an extent, that by observing the rapid action of a bird I can nearly always retain and produce it. By a lifelong training I have made my memory so keen that I think I may say I can reproduce anything I have once seen."

# HOW TO TALK POLITELY IN JAPAN

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL

YOU are, we will suppose, at a tea-house, and you wish for sugar. The following almost stereotyped conversation is pretty sure to take place. I translate it literally, simply prefacing that every tea-house girl, usually in the first blush of youth, is generically addressed as "elder sister," — another honorific, at least so considered in Japan.

You clap your hands. (*Enter tea-house maiden.*)

*You.* Hai, elder sister, augustly exists there sugar?

*The T. H. M.* The honorable sugar, augustly is it?

*You.* So, augustly.

*The T.H.M.* Hè (indescribable expression of assent).

(*Exit tea-house maiden to fetch the sugar.*)

Now the "augustlies" go almost without saying, but why is the sugar honorable? Simply because it is eventually going to be offered to you. But she would have spoken of it by precisely the same respectful title, if she had been obliged to inform you that there was none, in which case it never could have become yours. Such is politeness. We may note, in passing, that all her remarks and all yours, barring your initial question, meant absolutely nothing. She understood you perfectly from the first, and you knew she did; but then, if all of us were to say only what were necessary, the delightful art of conversation would soon be nothing but a science.

# IV
# THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN

## HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1852 it was learned that some American seamen wrecked on the Japanese coast had been harshly treated. Commodore M. C. Perry was sent to protest and demand protection in such cases. He succeeded not only in this, but also in the making of a treaty opening the country to commerce. Trade with other countries was soon allowed. The office of shogun was abolished in 1868, full power was restored to the mikado, and the old order of feudalism came to an end. Teachers, army officers, and engineers were invited from Europe and America to assist in the rebirth of Japan. Western laws were introduced, the nobility reorganized, a constitution granted, and in 1891 the first parliament met. These tremendous changes were not made without protest, however, and when the wearing of swords was forbidden, the samurai or military class of the province of Satsuma rose in an insurrection that cost 20,000 lives before it was subdued.

In 1894 war with China broke out in regard to Korea. The result was the total defeat of China, the surrender of the island of Formosa to Japan, the payment of a large indemnity, and the independence of Korea. After the Boxer uprising of 1899 in China, the Russians continued to occupy Manchuria, contrary to agreement. This, added to earlier causes of annoyance, led in 1904 to the Russo-Japanese War. Japan by an unbroken series of victories swept back the forces of Russia and destroyed her navy. By the treaty of peace signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905, Japan obtained half of the island of Sakhalin, Port Arthur and adjacent territory, and control of Korea.

# WHEN COMMODORE PERRY LANDED IN JAPAN

COMPILED BY FRANCIS L. HAWKS FROM THE NOTES AND JOURNALS OF COMMODORE PERRY AND HIS OFFICERS

[THE expedition to Japan, which resulted in a treaty of peace between that country and the United States in 1854, was organized and commanded by Commodore Perry.

*The Editor.*]

AS the atmosphere cleared and the shores were disclosed to view, the steady labors of the Japanese during the night were revealed in the showy effect on the Uraga shore. Ornamental screens of cloth had been so arranged as to give a more distinct prominence, as well as the appearance of greater size to the bastions and forts; and two tents had been spread among the trees. The screens were stretched tightly in the usual way upon posts of wood, and each interval between the hosts was thus distinctly marked, and had, in the distance, the appearance of paneling. Upon these seeming panels were emblazoned the imperial arms, alternating with the device of a scarlet flower bearing large heart-shaped leaves. Flags and streamers, upon which were various designs represented in gay colors, hung from the several angles of the screens, while behind them thronged crowds of soldiers, arrayed in a costume which had not been before observed, and which was supposed to belong to high occasions only. The main portion of the dress was a species of frock of a dark color, with short skirts,

the waists of which were gathered in with a sash, and which was without sleeves, the arms of the wearers being bare.

All on board the ships were alert from the earliest hour, making the necessary preparations. Steam was got up and the anchors were weighed that the ships might be moved to a position where their guns would command the place of reception. The sailing-vessels, however, because of a calm, were unable to get into position. The officers, seamen, and marines who were to accompany the Commodore were selected, and as large a number of them mustered as could possibly be spared from the whole squadron. All, of course, were eager to bear a part in the ceremonies of the day, but all could not possibly go, as a sufficient number must be left to do ships' duty. Many of the officers and men were selected by lot, and when the full complement, which amounted to nearly three hundred, was filled up, each one busied himself in getting his person ready for the occasion. The officers, as had been ordered, were in full official dress, while the sailors and marines were in their naval and military uniforms of blue and white.

Before eight bells in the morning watch had struck, the Susquehanna and Mississippi moved slowly down the bay. Simultaneously with this movement of our ships, six Japanese boats were observed to sail in the same direction, but more within the land. The government striped flag distinguished two of them, showing the presence on board of some high officials, while the others carried red banners, and were supposed to have on board a retinue or guard of soldiers. On doubling the headland which separated the former anchorage

from the bay below, the preparations of the Japanese on the shore came suddenly into view. The land bordering the head of the bay was gay with a long stretch of painted screens of cloth, upon which was emblazoned the arms of the Emperor. Nine tall standards stood in the center of an immense number of banners of divers lively colors, which were arranged on either side, until the whole formed a crescent of variously tinted flags, which fluttered brightly in the rays of the morning sun. From the tall standards were suspended broad pennons of rich scarlet which swept the ground with their flowing length. On the beach in front of this display were ranged regiments of soldiers, who stood in fixed order, evidently arrayed to give an appearance of martial force, that the Americans might be duly impressed with the military power of the Japanese.

As the beholder faced the bay, he saw on the left of the village of Gori-Hama a straggling group of peaked-roofed houses, built between the beach and the base of the high ground which ran in green acclivities behind, and ascended from height to height to the distant mountains. A luxuriant valley or gorge, walled in with richly wooded hills, opened at the head of the bay, and breaking the uniformity of the curve of the shore gave a beautiful variety to the landscape. On the right some hundred Japanese boats, or more, were arranged in parallel lines along the margin of the shore, with a red flag flying at the stern of each. The whole effect, though not startling, was novel and cheerful, and everything combined to give a pleasing aspect to the picture. The day was bright, with a clear sunlight which seemed to give fresh vitality alike to the verdant hillsides, and the gay

banners, and the glittering soldiery. Back from the beach, opposite the center of the curved shore of the bay, the building, just constructed for the reception, rose in three pyramidal-shaped roofs, high above the surrounding houses. It was covered in front by striped cloth, which was extended in screens to either side. It had a new, fresh look, indicative of its recent erection, and with its peaked summits was not unlike, in the distance, a group of very large ricks of grain.

Two boats approached as the steamers entered the opening of the bay, and when the anchors were dropped they came alongside the Susquehanna. Kayama Yezaiman, with his two interpreters, came on board, followed immediately by Nagazima Saboroske and an officer in attendance, who had come in the second boat. They were duly received at the gangway and conducted to seats on the quarter-deck. All were dressed in full official costume, somewhat different from their ordinary garments. Their gowns, though of the usual shape, were much more elaborately adorned. The material was of very rich silk brocade of gay colors, turned up with yellow velvet, and the whole dress was highly embroidered with gold lace in various figures, upon which was conspicuously displayed on the back, sleeves, and breast the arms of the wearer. . . .

A signal was now hoisted from the Susquehanna as a summons for the boats from the other ships, and in the course of half an hour they had all pulled alongside with their various officers, sailors, and marines, detailed for the day's ceremonies. The launches and cutters numbered no less than fifteen, and presented quite an imposing array; and with all on board them, in proper

uniform, a picturesque effect was not wanting. Captain Buchanan, having taken his place in his barge, led the way, flanked on either side by the two Japanese boats containing the governor and vice-governor of Uraga with their respective suites; and these dignitaries acted as masters of ceremony and pointed out the course to the American flotilla. The rest of the ships' boats followed after in order, with the cutters containing the two bands of the steamers, who enlivened the occasion with their cheerful music.

The boats skimmed briskly over the smooth waters; for such was the skill and consequent rapidity of the Japanese scullers that our sturdy oarsmen were put to their mettle to keep up with their guides. When the boats had reached halfway to the shore, the thirteen guns of the Susquehanna began to boom away and re-echo among the hills. This announced the departure of the Commodore, who, stepping into his barge, was rowed off to the land.

The guides in the Japanese boats pointed to the landing-place toward the center of the curved shore, where a temporary wharf had been built out from the beach by means of bags of sand and straw. The advance boat soon touched the spot, and Captain Buchanan, who commanded the party, sprang ashore, being the first of the Americans who landed in the Kingdom of Japan. He was immediately followed by Major Zeilin, of the marines. The rest of the boats now pulled in and disembarked their respective loads. The marines (one hundred) marched up the wharf and formed into line on either side, facing the sea; then came the hundred sailors, who were also ranged in rank and file as they

advanced, while the two bands brought up the rear. The whole number of Americans, including sailors, marines, musicians, and officers, amounted to nearly three hundred; no very formidable array, but still quite enough for a peaceful occasion, and composed of very vigorous, able-bodied men, who contrasted strongly with the smaller and more effeminate-looking Japanese. These latter had mustered in great force, the amount of which the Governor of Uraga stated to be five thousand; but, seemingly, they far outnumbered that. Their line extended around the whole circuit of the beach, from the farther extremity of the village to the abrupt acclivity of the hill which bounded the bay on the northern side; while an immense number of the soldiers thronged in behind and under cover of the cloth screens which stretched along the rear. The loose order of this Japanese army did not betoken any very great degree of discipline. The soldiers were tolerably well armed and equipped. Their uniform was very much like the ordinary Japanese dress. Their arms were swords, spears, and matchlocks. These in front were all infantry, archers, and lancers; but large bodies of cavalry were seen behind somewhat in the distance, as if held in reserve. The horses of these seemed of a fine breed, hardy, of good bottom, and brisk in action; and these troopers, with their rich caparisons, presented at least a showy cavalcade. Along the base of the rising ground which ascended behind the village, and entirely in the rear of the soldiers, was a large number of the inhabitants, among whom there was quite an assemblage of women, who gazed with intense curiosity, through the openings in the line of the military, upon the stranger visitors from another hemisphere.

On the arrival of the Commodore, his suite of officers formed a double line along the landing-place, and as he passed up between, they fell into order behind him. The procession was then formed and took up its march toward the house of reception, the route to which was pointed out by Kayama Yezaiman and his interpreter, who preceded the party. The marines led the way, and the sailors following, the Commodore was duly escorted up the beach. The United States flag and the broad pennant were borne by two athletic seamen, who had been selected from the crews of the squadron on account of their stalwart proportions. Two boys, dressed for the ceremony, preceded the Commodore, bearing in an envelope of scarlet cloth the boxes which contained his credentials and the President's letter. These documents, of folio size, were beautifully written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached by cords of interwoven gold and silk with pendent gold tassels, was encased in a circular box six inches in diameter and three in depth, wrought of pure gold. Each of the documents, together with its seal, was placed in a box of rosewood about a foot long, with lock, hinges, and mountings all of gold. On either side of the Commodore marched a tall, well-formed Negro, who, armed to the teeth, acted as his personal guard. These blacks, selected for the occasion, were two of the best-looking fellows of their color that the squadron could furnish. All this, of course, was but for effect.

The procession was obliged to make a somewhat circular movement to reach the entrance of the house of reception. This gave a good opportunity for the display of the escort. The building, which was but a short dis-

tance from the landing, was soon reached. In front of the entrance were two small brass cannon which were old and apparently of European manufacture; on either side were grouped a rather straggling company of Japanese guards, whose costume was different from that of the other soldiers. Those on the right were dressed in tunics, gathered in at the waist with broad sashes, and in full trousers of a gray color, the capacious width of which was drawn in at the knees, while their heads were bound with a white cloth in the form of a turban. They were armed with muskets upon which bayonets and flint-locks were observed. The guards on the left were dressed in a rather dingy, brown-colored uniform turned up with yellow, and carried old-fashioned matchlocks.

The Commodore having been escorted to the door of the house of reception, entered with his suite. The building showed marks of hasty erection, and the timbers and boards of pine wood were numbered, as if they had been fashioned previously and brought to the spot all ready to be put together. The first portion of the structure entered was a kind of tent, principally constructed of painted canvas, upon which in various places the imperial arms were painted. Its area inclosed a space of nearly forty feet square. Beyond this entrance hall was an inner apartment to which a carpeted path led. The floor of the outer room was generally covered with white cloth, but through its center passed a slip of red-colored carpet, which showed the direction to the interior chamber. This latter was entirely carpeted with red cloth, and was the state apartment of the building where the reception was to take place. Its floor was somewhat raised, like a dais,

above the general level, and was handsomely adorned for the occasion. Violet-colored hangings of silk and fine cotton, with the imperial coat of arms embroidered in white, hung from the walls which inclosed the inner room, on three sides, while the front was left open to the antechamber or outer room.

As the Commodore and his suite ascended to the reception room, the two dignitaries who were seated on the left arose and bowed, and the Commodore and suite were conducted to the armchairs which had been provided for them on the right. The interpreters announced the names and titles of the high Japanese functionaries as Toda-Idzu-no-kami, Toda, Prince of Idzu, and Ido-Owami-no-kami, Ido, Prince of Iwami. They were both men of advanced years, the former apparently about fifty, and the latter some ten or fifteen years older. Prince Toda was the better-looking man of the two, and the intellectual expression of his large forehead and amiable look of his regular features contrasted very favorably with the more wrinkled and contracted and less intelligent face of his associate, the Prince of Iwami. They were both very richly dressed, their garments being of heavy silk brocade interwoven with elaborately wrought figures in gold and silver.

From the beginning the two princes had assumed an air of statuesque formality, which they preserved during the whole interview, as they never spoke a word, and rose from their seats only at the entrance and exit of the Commodore, when they made a grave and formal bow. Yezaiman and his interpreters acted as masters of ceremony during the occasion. On entering, they took their positions at the upper end of the room, kneel-

ing down beside a large lacquered box of scarlet color, supported by feet, gilt or brass.

For some time after the Commodore and his suite had taken their seats there was a pause of some minutes, not a word being uttered on either side. Tatznoske, the principal interpreter, was the first to break silence, which he did by asking Mr. Portman, the Dutch interpreter, whether the letters were ready for delivery, and stating that the Prince Toda was prepared to receive them; and that the scarlet box at the upper end of the room was prepared as the receptacle for them. The Commodore, upon this being communicated to him, beckoned to the boys who stood in the lower hall to advance, when they immediately obeyed his summons and came forward, bearing the handsome boxes which contained the President's letter and other documents. The two stalwart Negroes followed immediately in rear of the boys, and marching up to the scarlet receptacle received the boxes from the hands of the bearers, opened them, took out the letters, and, displaying the writing and seals, laid them upon the lid of the Japanese box, all in perfect silence.

[The letter of the President, Millard Fillmore, expressed the kindly feelings of the United States toward Japan and his desire that there should be friendship and trade between the two countries. The documents were laid upon the scarlet box and a formal receipt was given for them.]

Yezaiman and Tatznoske now bowed, and, rising from their knees, drew the fastenings around the scarlet box, and informing the Commodore's interpreter that there was nothing more to be done, passed out of the

apartment, bowing to those on either side as they went. The Commodore now rose to take leave, and, as he departed, the two princes, still preserving absolute silence, also arose and stood until the strangers had passed from their presence.

The Commodore and his suite were detained a short time at the entrance of the building waiting for their barge, whereupon Yezaiman and his interpreter returned and asked some of the party what they were waiting for; to which they received the reply, "For the Commodore's boat." Nothing further was said. The whole interview had not occupied more than from twenty to thirty minutes, and had been conducted with the greatest formality, though with the most perfect courtesy in every respect.

The procession re-formed as before, and the Commodore was escorted to his barge, and, embarking, was rowed off toward his ship, followed by the other American and the two Japanese boats which contained the Governor of Uraga and his attendants, the bands meanwhile playing our national airs with great spirit as the boats pulled off to the ships.

## THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

BY TOWNSEND HARRIS, FIRST AMERICAN ENVOY TO JAPAN

I STARTED for my audience about ten o'clock with the same escort as on my visit to the Minister, but my guards all wore *kami-shimos* and breeches which only covered half the thigh, leaving all the rest of the leg bare. My dress was a coat embroidered with gold after the pattern furnished by the State Department, blue pantaloons with a broad gold band running down each leg, cocked hat with gold tassels, and a pearl-handled dress-sword.

Mr. Heusken's dress was the undress navy uniform, regulation sword and cocked hat. We crossed the moat by a bridge that was about half a mile from my house. On arriving at the second moat, all were required to leave their *norimonos* except the Prince of Shinano and myself. When we arrived within about three hundred yards of the last bridge Shinano also left his *norimono;* and our horses, his spears, etc., etc., with the ordinary attendants, all remained. I was carried up to the bridge itself; and, as they say, farther than a Japanese was ever carried before, and here I dismounted, giving the President's letter, which I had brought in my *norimono*, to Mr. Heusken to carry. We crossed this bridge, and at some one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the gate I entered the audience hall. Before entering here, however, I put on the new shoes I had worn on my

visit to the Minister, and the Japanese did not even ask me to go in my stocking-feet.

As I entered the vestibule I was met by two officers of the household. We stopped, faced each other, and then bowed; they then led me along a hall to a room where, on entering, I found the two chairs and a comfortable brazier. I should here note that tobacco is not served among the refreshments of the palace. I again drank the "tea gruel."

The breeches are the great feature of the dress; they are made of yellow silk, and the legs are some six to seven feet long! Consequently, when the wearer walks, they stream out behind him, and give him the appearance of walking on his knees, an illusion which is helped out by the short stature of the Japanese and the great width, over the shoulders, of their *kami-shimos*.

The cap is also a great curiosity, and defies description; it is made of a black varnished material, and looks like a Scotch Kilmarnock cap, which has been opened only some three inches wide, and is fantastically perched on the very apex of the head; the front comes just to the top edge of the forehead, but the back projects some distance behind the head. This extraordinary affair is kept in place by a light-colored silk cord which, passing over the top of the "Coronet," passes down over the temples and is tied under the chin. A lashing runs horizontally across the forehead, and being attached to the perpendicular cord, passes behind the head, where it is tied.

My friend Shinano was very anxious to have me enter the audience chamber and rehearse my part. This I declined as gently as I could, telling him that the general customs of all courts were so similar that I had no fear

of making any mistakes, particularly as he had kindly explained their part of the ceremony, while my part was to be done after our Western fashion. I really believe he was anxious that I should perform my part in such a manner as to make a favorable impression on those who would see me for the first time. I discovered also that I had purposely been brought to the palace a good hour before the time, so that he might get through his rehearsal before the time for my actual audience. Finding I declined the rehearsal, I was again taken to the room that I first entered, which was comfortably warm and had chairs to sit on. Tea was again served to me.

At last I was informed that the time had arrived for my audience, and I passed down by the poor daimios, who were still seated like so many statues in the same place; but when I had got as far as their front rank, I passed in front of their line and halted on their right flank, toward which I faced. Shinano here threw himself on his hands and knees. I stood behind him, and Mr. Heusken was just behind me.

The audience chamber faced in the same manner as the room in which the great audience was seated, but separated from it by the usual sliding doors; so that although they could see me pass and hear all that was said at the audience, they could not see into the chamber. At length, on a signal being made, the Prince of Shinano began to crawl along on his hands and knees, and when I half turned to the right and entered the audience chamber, a chamberlain called out in a loud voice "Embassador Merican!" I halted about six feet from the door and bowed, then proceeded nearly to the middle of the room, where I again halted and bowed. Again pro-

ceeding, I stopped about ten feet from the end of the room, exactly opposite to the Prince of Bitchiu on my right hand, where he and the other five members of the Great Council were prostrate on their faces. On my left hand were three brothers of the Tai-kun prostrated in the same manner, and all of them being "end on" towards me. After a pause of a few seconds I addressed the Tai-kun as follows: —

"May it please your Majesty: In presenting my letters of credence from the President of the United States, I am directed to express to your Majesty the sincere wishes of the President for your health and happiness and for the prosperity of your dominions. I consider it a great honor that I have been selected to fill the high and important place of Plenipotentiary of the United States at the court of your Majesty, and as my earnest wishes are to unite the two countries more closely in the ties of enduring friendship, my constant exertions shall be directed to the attainment of that happy end."

Here I stopped and bowed.

After a short silence the Tai-kun began to jerk his head backward over his left shoulder, at the same time stamping with his right foot. This was repeated three or four times. After this, he spoke audibly and in a pleasant and firm voice what was interpreted as follows:

"Pleased with the letter sent with the Ambassador from a far-distant country, and likewise pleased with his discourse. Intercourse shall be continued forever."

Mr. Heusken, who had been standing at the door of the audience chamber, now advanced with the President's letter, bowing three times. As he approached, the Minister for Foreign Affairs rose to his feet and stood

by me. I removed the silk cover over the box, opened it, and also raised the cover of the letter so that the Minister could see the writing. I then closed the box, replaced the silk covering (made of red and white stripes, six and seven), and handed the same to the Minister, who received it with both hands, and placed it on a handsome lacquered stand which was placed a little above him. He then lay down again, and I turned towards the Tai-kun, who gave me to understand my audience was at an end by making me a courteous bow. I bowed, retreated backward, halted, bowed again and for the last time.

So ended my audience, when I was reconducted to my original room, and served with more tea gruel. A good deal of negotiation had been used by the Japanese to get me to eat a dinner at the palace, alone, or with Mr. Heusken only. This I declined doing. I offered to partake of it, provided one of the royal family or the Prime Minister would eat with me. I was told that their customs forbade either from doing so. I replied that the customs of my country forbade any one to eat in a house where the host, or his representative, did not sit down to table with him. At last the matter was arranged by ordering the dinner to be sent to my lodgings.

# THE SCHOOLS OF OLD JAPAN

BY FRANCIS OTTIWELL ADAMS, SECRETARY OF THE LEGATION AT YEDO

THE Japanese lad began his education at the age of six or seven years. There were three grades of schools, *Sho*, *Chiu*, and *Dai Gakko* [Small, Middle, and Great School]. In many of the daimios' capitals the latter was wanting; the one in Yedo might with some show of propriety be called a university.

The Japanese pupil took his first steps in learning by mastering the *hiragana* and *katakana* [alphabet or syllabary]. He must know how to read and write both styles before he began the study of Chinese characters. The average boy spent five years in the *Sho*, or Primary School. During the first year he began the study of the Chinese classics. The method of learning these books was to go through each one, studying the sound only of each character. A Japanese lad must therefore know the sound of every character in the book before he had an idea of what a single one of them meant. This is as if an English boy attacking Homer or the Hebrew Bible were to learn to read the book through, pronouncing every word carefully, but knowing nothing of its meaning or the construction of the language. But in the case of the Japanese lad, he must learn nearly two thousand characters and several hundred sounds, before receiving an explanation of their meaning. The books mastered as to sense and meaning during the years spent in the Primary School were the "Small Learning," the "Moral

Duties of Man," Confucius's "Four Books of Morals," the "Three Character Book of Morals," the "Book of Filial Duties," the "Book of Great Lineage," "Ancestry of the Mikado," and the "Entrance to Knowledge," "Duties of Cleanliness, Obedience," etc.

The scholar's work during the first year was with *kana* and the sound of the Chinese characters. In the second year the writing of Chinese characters was begun, and continued thenceforward as a never-ending part of his education. He learned to write the names of all the emperors, of all the large cities, provinces, and the geographical divisions of Japan, his own name and that of his family, the names of streets, familiar objects, the characters for points of the compass; the seasons, names of countries, of years, chronological era, etc., and to read and copy proclamations and edicts on the notice-boards.

During the third year, the Japanese lad learned the four rudimental rules of arithmetic and the use of the abacus, a point at which the mathematical education of the vast majority of Japanese ended. He also read the "Book of Heroes" — a book containing biographies of model men and women, moral anecdotes, accounts of virtuous and noble actions, etc. The study of the Chinese classics was continued. Much time was spent in writing Chinese characters, and several hours a week were given to the practical study of etiquette, how to walk, to bow, to visit, to talk, etc. Examinations were held twice a year, at which the daimio or high officials were present and delivered prizes to the most diligent and successful, who were then graduated into the *Chiu*, or Middle School.

Hitherto the education was moral and intellectual. In the Middle School the physical education began.

The course comprised three years, during which daily lessons in either fencing, wrestling, or spear exercise, and a monthly practice on horseback under expert instructors, were parts of the curriculum. It would be tedious to detail all the studies of the Middle School, but in substance they were simply an advance on the line of studies of the Small School. The lads read the "History of China," the "Book of Rhetoric," a brief "History of Japan," and a large book of Japanese strategy, containing remarkable feats in war, narratives of heroes, etc. They learned the various styles of Chinese learning, how to write official and private letters, both original and after models. In arithmetic they learned to count large numerical quantities, and to solve problems by the four fundamental rules. They studied the topography of Japan with considerable thoroughness, and read an epitome of universal geography.

In the *Dai*, or High School, the students spent more time in the gymnasium and on the riding-course, becoming proficient in riding, wrestling, archery, fencing, long and short spear exercise, and in the various arts by which an unarmed man may defend his life and injure his enemy. Their reading now took a higher range, embracing well-known historical classics. In arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, the rule of three, involution, evolution, and progression were taught. A little algebra was introduced into some of the schools, but only a small minority of students reached the maximum of mathematical studies presented above.

In the *Sei Do*, or old Chinese college in Yedo, the course of literary study ranged somewhat higher, and original composition in Chinese was made a specialty.

The usual time allotted for study in all the schools was six hours a day: from 6 to 12 A.M. in summer, from 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. in the spring and autumn, and from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. in winter. No long vacation was given in summer, but the regular holidays throughout the year were numerous, and at the beginning of the year the schools were closed for several weeks.

In general the disciplinary rules of the schools were strictly observed. Each scholar must wear the *hakama*, or trousers formerly distinguishing the samurai. If late, he could not enter the school for that day. When once in, he was not allowed to leave till school was out. The rewards at the end of the year were pieces of silk, ink-stones, brush-pens, paper, silver coin; and the highest, at the Chinese college in Yedo, was a robe on which the crest of the shogun was embroidered, with the privilege of always wearing the garment in public. The most common punishments were confinement to the room or house, whipping on the front of the leg or on the back, walking up and down for several hours with one of the small writing-tables on the head, having the moxa burned on the forefinger, etc. Of the teachers, some taught only the sound of the characters, others the meaning of the separate characters, others were expounders or exegetes. Writing, arithmetic, and each athletic exercise were taught by special instructors. Few of the teachers made teaching their permanent work, and of the scholars, probably not more than a third completed the full course of studies. It was absolutely necessary, however, that a samurai should have been at least through the Small School. Without this rudimentary education he could not become a householder.

# HOW TO LEARN JAPANESE

BY REV. M. L. GORDON, M.D.

THE young missionary starts to his field filled with enthusiasm, and elated by the thought of preaching Christ's salvation to those who have never heard the good news of God. He may not actually entertain the idea, so commonly heard at home, that his first work on landing will be to repeat the "old, old story" to the astonished but receptive natives as they kneel in homage at his feet. He may think of his lack of knowledge of the language as an obstacle to immediate preaching. But he has doubtless been encouraged to regard this obstacle as of a very temporary character, and he indulges the pleasing hope that a few weeks, or a few months at the farthest, will find him "speaking like a native."

When he reaches his destination, however, his complacency receives a terrible shock. Geographically speaking, he is now near the people whom he hopes to teach; but as far as actual teaching is concerned, a broader ocean than the Pacific still rolls between him and them. As he listens to the shouts of the boatmen who crowd around his ship, or the chattering of the jinrikisha men while they draw lots for the privilege of carrying him to his hotel, he understands, as never before, why the Russians call foreigners "the dumb," "the speechless," and say even of modern English travelers, "Look at these people! they make a noise but

cannot speak"; and he is ready, without further investigation, to call the Japanese "barbarians," in the sense that the Greeks used the word *barbaros*, that is, as designating all who spoke a language unintelligible to themselves. The language, the language, — what an Alpine barrier to all communication with the people he would teach!

There are, it is true, a few — a gradually increasing number — who understand English, and, eager for immediate results, he may confine himself to these; or he may use one of these English-speaking Japanese as an "interpreter" in preaching to others. With the American theological student who felt that he had "a special call to labor among educated young ladies" as a precedent, why should he not choose some such restricted work? Or he may imitate the example of Scotland's most famous missionary to the Chinese, who, even before he reached his destination, attempted to teach the doctrine of the atonement to the boatmen who came alongside the ship by going through the motions of washing a garment. But, if he be too wise to depend upon such imperfect methods, — unless he has gone there for some special work, such as the teaching of English — determine that even the Alps shall not keep him out of Italy; and so, procuring the best books on the subject and engaging the best available living teacher, he will tackle the language in real earnest.

And this will seem but the beginning of his troubles. If he secure a teacher who understands English, he will find himself talking in English *about* the Japanese language; learning something of the science of the language, perhaps, but making little or no progress in the art of

speaking it. Most probably he will be teaching ten times as much English to his "teacher" as he learns Japanese from him. On the other hand, if he employ a teacher who knows no English, the result will be two persons together in a room with no knowledge of each other's language, and no means of communication except signs and a Japanese-English dictionary, striving to see which can the sooner tire out and disgust the other.

Our friend begins in a concrete way by inquiring the names of the most familiar things about the house, using the one sentence given him by an older missionary, *Kore wa nani to moshimasu ka* ("What is this?") In answer to this question he is told that the rice on the table is called *meshi*. (All vowels, it should be remarked, have the Continental pronunciation.) Rejoicing in this knowledge, he begins making sentences: "I eat *meshi*." "The little child likes *meshi*." "No," says his mentor; "in speaking of a child's rice, it is better to use the word *mama;* the child likes *mama*." Undiscouraged, the student tries again: "Do you eat *meshi?*" when his teacher stops him, and tells him that it is polite, in speaking to another of his having or eating rice, to call it *gozen*. Having taken this in, he goes on with his sentence-building: "The merchant sells *gozen*," when the teacher again calls a halt, and tells him that *meshi* and *gozen* are used for cooked rice only, and that for unboiled rice *kome* is the proper word. Feeling that he is now getting into the secrets of the language, he says, "*Kome* grows in the fields," when he is again stopped with the information that growing rice is called *ine!*

He next picks up a carpenter's rule, and is told that the foot measure is called *shaku*. He is glad to find that

it is just about twelve inches in length, but is nonplussed when he learns that the tailor's *shaku* measures fifteen inches. His perplexity increases on finding that when he sends for a *kin* (pound) of beef he gets five sixths of an avoirdupois pound; if he send for a *kin* of flour, he gets one and one third pounds; while, if he purchase a *kin* of sugar, it is within a small fraction of two pounds. In starting on a journey he is told that one *ri* is equal to two and one half English miles; but if in passing through certain districts, he be puzzled because of the unexpectedly long distances, he may be told that there it takes three and a half miles to make a *ri*. On the other hand, in ascending Fuji and other mountains, the traveler often finds that the real distance is only about one half of that marked on the milestones, because, as he is gravely told, the ascent requires a double amount of exertion. He finds all of the provinces and some cities with two names each, and the country now divided into prefectures, with still different names; while, till very recently, the main island of Japan had no name whatever!

Filled with dismay and despair at the confusion into which his teacher has introduced him, he turns for relief to the books on the language prepared by European scholars, and reads for his encouragement, from the latest authority upon the subject, such sentences as these: "Japanese nouns have no gender or number; Japanese adjectives, no degrees of comparison; Japanese verbs no persons." "Strictly speaking, there are but two parts of speech." "The prepositions are postpositions." "Most sentences are subjectless; it is not that the subjects are dropped, but still 'understood,' as in other languages; they do not exist in the mind of the

speaker." "The Japanese language abhors pronouns." "The verb is often omitted." "The normal Japanese sentence is a paragraph." The order of the words is often the exact reverse of that in English; thus, "To give rice to a beggar" would in Japanese be *Kojiki ni meshi wo yaru*, "Beggar to rice give." Still further, "The Japanese do not write as they speak, but use an antiquated and partly artificial dialect whenever they put pen to paper."

# THE ATTACK UPON PORT ARTHUR

BY LIEUTENANT TADAYOSHI SAKURAI, OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

As soon as we were gathered together the colonel rose and gave us a final word of exhortation, saying: "This battle is our great chance of serving our country. To-night we must strike at the vitals of Port Arthur. Our brave assaulting column must be not simply a forlorn-hope ('resolved-to-die'), but a 'sure-death' detachment. I as your father am more grateful than I can express for your gallant fighting. Do your best, all of you."

Yes, we were all ready for death when leaving Japan. Men going to battle of course cannot expect to come back alive. But in this particular battle to be ready for death was not enough; what was required of us was a determination not to fail to die. Indeed, we were "sure-death" men, and this new appellation gave us a great stimulus. Also a telegram that had come from the Minister of War in Tokyo, was read by the aide-de-camp, which said, "I pray for your success." This increased the exaltation of our spirits.

Let me now recount the sublimity and horror of this general assault. I was a mere lieutenant and everything passed through my mind as in a dream, so my story must be something like picking out things from the dark. I can't give you any systematic account, but must limit myself to fragmentary recollections. If this story sounds like a vainglorious account of my own

achievements, it is not because I am conscious of my merit when I have so little to boast of, but because the things concerning me and near me are what I can tell you with authority. If this partial account prove a clue from which the whole story of this terrible assault may be inferred, my work will not have been in vain.

The men of the "sure-death" detachment rose to their part. Fearlessly they stepped forward to the place of death. They went over Panlung-shan and made their way through the piled-up bodies of the dead, groups of five or six soldiers reaching the barricaded slope one after another.

I said to the colonel, "Good-bye, then!"

With this farewell I started, and my first step was on the head of a corpse. Our objective points were the Northern Fortress and Wang-tai Hill.

There was a fight with bombs at the enemy's skirmish-trenches. The bombs sent from our side exploded finely, and the place became at once a conflagration, boards were flung about, sand-bags burst, heads flew around, legs were torn off. The flames mingled with the smoke, lighted up our faces weirdly, with a red glare, and all at once the battle-line became confused. Then the enemy, thinking it hopeless, left the place and began to flee. "Forward! forward! Now is the time to go forward! Forward! Pursue! Capture it with one bound!" And, proud of our victory, we went forward courageously.

Captain Kawakami, raising his sword, cried, "Forward!" and then I, standing close by him, cried, "Sakurai's company, forward!"

Thus shouting I left the captain's side, and, in order

to see the road we were to follow, went behind the rampart. What is that black object which obstructs our view? It is the ramparts of the Northern Fortress. Looking back, I did not see a soldier. Alack, had the line been cut? In trepidation, keeping my body to the left for safety, I called the Twelfth Company.

"Lieutenant Sakurai!" a voice called out repeatedly in answer. Returning in the direction of the sound, I found Corporal Ito weeping loudly.

"What are you crying for? What has happened?"

The corporal, weeping bitterly, gripped my arm tightly.

"Lieutenant Sakurai, you have become an important person."

"What is there to weep about? I say, what is the matter?"

He whispered in my ear, "Our captain is dead."

Hearing this, I too wept. Was it not only a moment ago that he had given the order "Forward"? Was it not even now that I had separated from him? And yet our captain was one of the dead. In one moment our tender, pitying Captain Kawakami and I had become beings of two separate worlds. Was it a dream or a reality, I wondered?

Corporal Ito pointed out the captain's body, which had fallen inside the rampart only a few rods away. I hastened thither and raised him in my arms.

"Captain!" I could not say a word more.

But as matters could not remain thus, I took the secret map which the captain had, and, rising up boldly, called out, "From henceforward I command the Twelfth Company." And I ordered that some one of

the wounded should carry back the captain's corpse. A wounded soldier was just about to raise it up when he was struck on a vital spot and died leaning on the captain. One after another of the soldiers who took his place was struck and fell.

I called Sub-Lieutenant Ninomiya and asked him if the sections were together.

He answered in the affirmative. I ordered Corporal Ito not to let the line be cut, and told him that I would be in the center of the skirmishers. In the darkness of the night we could not distinguish the features of the country, nor in which direction we were to march. Standing up abruptly against the dark sky were the Northern Fortress and Wang-tai Hill. In front of us lay a natural stronghold, and we were in a caldron-shaped hollow. But still we marched on side by side.

"The Twelfth Company forward!"

I turned to the right and went forward as in a dream. I remember nothing clearly of the time.

"Keep the line together!"

This was my one command. Presently I ceased to hear the voice of Corporal Ito, who had been at my right hand. The bayonets gleaming in the darkness became fewer. The black masses of soldiers who had pushed their way on now became a handful. All at once, as if struck by a club, I fell down sprawling on the ground. I was wounded, struck in my right hand. The splendid magnesium light of the enemy flashed out, showing the piled-up bodies of the dead, and I raised my wounded hand and looked at it. It was broken at the wrist; the hand hung down and was bleeding profusely. I took out the already loosened bundle of band-

ages,[1] tied up my wound with the triangular piece, and then wrapping a handkerchief over it, I slung it from my neck with the sunrise flag, which I had sworn to plant on the enemy's fortress.

Looking up, I saw that only a valley lay between me and Wang-tai Hill, which almost touched the sky. I wished to drink and sought at my waist, but the canteen was gone; its leather strap alone was entangled in my feet. The voices of the soldiers were lessening one by one. In contrast, the glare of the rockets of the hated enemy and the frightful noise of the cannonading increased. I slowly rubbed my legs, and, seeing that they were unhurt, I again rose. Throwing aside the sheath of my sword, I carried the bare blade in my left hand as a staff, went down the slope as in a dream, and climbed Wang-tai Hill.

The long and enormously heavy guns were towering before me, and how few of my men were left alive now! I shouted and told the survivors to follow me, but few answered my call. When I thought that the other detachments must also have been reduced to a similar condition, my heart began to fail me. No reinforcement was to be hoped for, so I ordered a soldier to climb the rampart and plant the sun flag overhead, but alas! he was shot and killed, without even a sound or cry.

All of a sudden a stupendous sound as from another world rose around about me.

"Counter-assault!"

A detachment of the enemy appeared on the rampart, looking like a dark wooden barricade. They surrounded

[1] The "first aid" bandages, prepared by the Red Cross Society, issued to every soldier as part of his equipment.

us in the twinkling of an eye and raised a cry of triumph. Our disadvantageous position would not allow us to offer any resistance, and our party was too small to fight them. We had to fall back down the steep hill. Looking back, I saw the Russians shooting at us as they pursued. When we reached the earthworks before mentioned, we made a stand and faced the enemy. Great confusion and infernal butchery followed. Bayonets clashed against bayonets; the enemy brought out machine-guns and poured shot upon us pell-mell; the men on both sides fell like grass. But I cannot give you a detailed account of the scene, because I was then in a dazed condition. I only remember that I was brandishing my sword in fury. I also felt myself occasionally cutting down the enemy. I remember a confused fight of white blade against white blade, the rain and hail of shell, a desperate fight here and a confused scuffle there. At last I grew so hoarse that I could not shout any more. Suddenly my sword broke with a clash, my left arm was pierced. I fell, and before I could rise a shell came and shattered my right leg. I gathered all my strength and tried to stand up, but I felt as if I were crumbling and fell to the ground perfectly powerless. A soldier who saw me fall cried, "Lieutenant Sakurai, let us die together."

I embraced him with my left arm and, gnashing my teeth with regret and sorrow, I could only watch the hand-to-hand fight going on about me. My mind worked like that of a madman, but my body would not move an inch.

# V
# LITTLE STORIES OF JAPAN

## HISTORICAL NOTE

THE art and literature of Japan date from about the fifth century A.D. Books on history, philosophy, and kindred subjects were written in the Chinese language; poetry, plays, and fiction in Japanese.

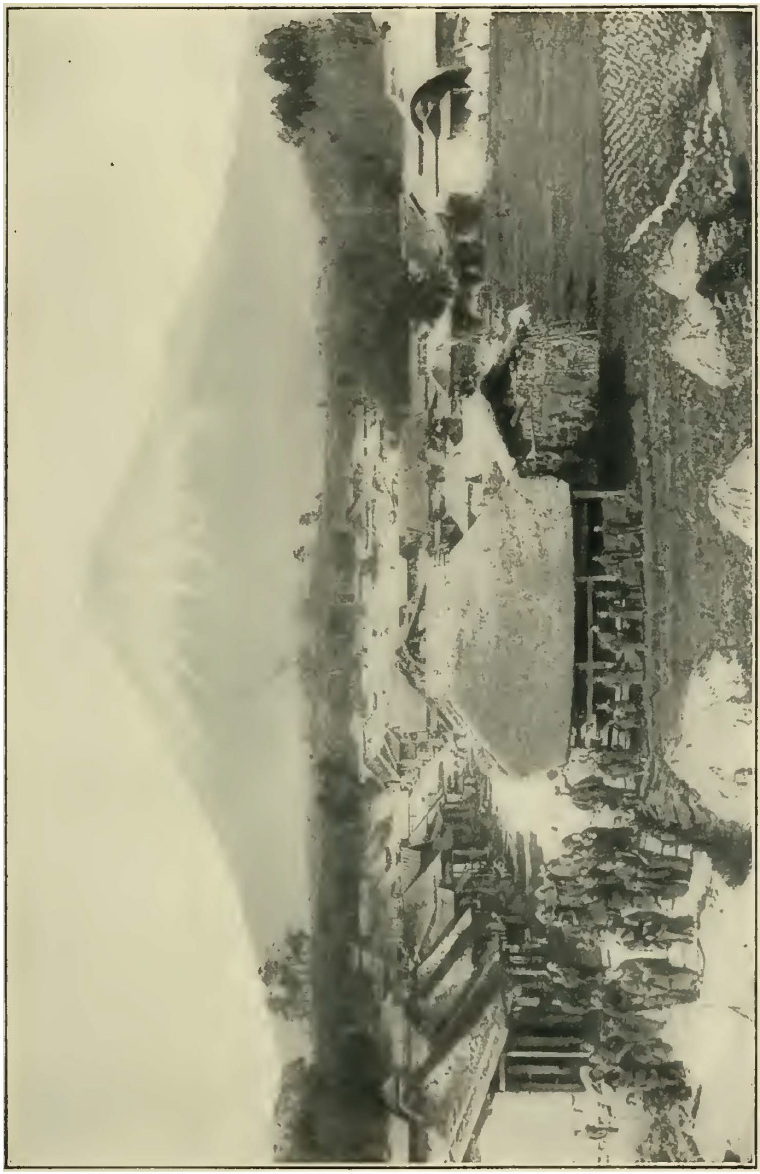
Daily newspapers were unknown in Japan until 1871. At first they suffered much inconvenience from the government's habit of imprisoning editors whose views did not meet with its approval, but this difficulty was finally overcome by hiring dummy editors whose sole duties were to go to jail.

In the realm of decorative art the Japanese are unsurpassed. Unlike the artists of the Western world, the Japanese do not attempt to copy the object painted, but to set down their impression of it.

# JAPANESE POLITENESS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of the native politeness that I have ever witnessed was in Tokio. A man pulling along a cart loaded high up with boughs of trees chanced to catch the roof of a coolie's house in one of his pieces of timber, tearing away a large portion of it (for a roof is a very slim affair in Japan). The owner of the house rushed out thoroughly upset and began to expostulate, and to explain how very distressing it was to have one's roof torn off in this manner. No doubt if he had been a Britisher he would have used quaint language: but there are no "swear words" in the Japanese language — they are too polite a people. The abused one stood calmly, with arms folded, listening to the harangue, and saying nothing. Only, when the enraged man had finished, he pointed to the towel which in his haste the coolie had forgotten to take off his head. At once the coolie realized the enormity of his offense. Both hands flew to the towel, and tore it off in confusion, the coolie bowing to the ground and offering humble apologies for having presumed to appear without uncovering his head. For in Japan one must always uncover, whether to a sweep or to a mikado. The two parted the best of friends. One had been impolite enough to forget to uncover; the other had torn away a roof. The rudeness of the one balanced the injury of the other. Thus are offenses weighed in Japan.



Fuji-Yama

## FUJI-YAMA

THE sacred mountain of Japan is thus described by Mrs. Hugh Fraser: —

"There is one more name besides those which I have enumerated, and to my mind it is the most poetic of all the titles of Fuji San: the Buddhists call it the Peak of the White Lotus. To them the snow-crowned mountain, rising in unsullied purity from the low hills around it, was the symbol of the white lotus, whose foot grows green under its wide leaves in the stagnant water, while its cup of breathless white holds up its golden heart, its jewel, to the sky; and the wonderful symmetry of the mountain, with its eight-sided crater, reminded them of the eight-petaled lotus which forms the seat of the glorified Buddha. In the more learned odes, the mountain is called Fuyo Ho, the Lotus Peak; and the Buddhists say that the great teacher, Buddha himself, gave it this perfect shape, the symbol of Nirvana's perfect peace.

"So the queen of mountains hangs between the stars of heaven and the mists of earth, dear to every heart that can be still and understand. As I said once before, Fuji dominates life here by its silent beauty; sorrow is hushed, longing quieted, strife forgotten in its presence, and broad rivers of peace seem to flow down from that changeless home of peace, the Peak of the White Lotus."

## HOW THE SHOPKEEPER LOST HIS QUEUE

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

An old shopkeeper who sells us lacquer ware had a queue, — like not a few other old shopkeepers in Kumamoto. He professed to detest all Western manners, dress, ideas; and praised the *tempora antiqua* without stint. Whereby he offended young Japan, and his business diminished. It continued to diminish. His young wife lamented, and begged him to cut off his queue. He replied that he would suffer any torment rather than that. Business became slacker. Landlord came round for rent. All three were samurai. Husband was out. Landlord said, "If your husband would cut off his queue, he might be able to pay his rent!" "That is just what I tell him," said she, "but he won't listen to me." "Let me talk to him!" said the landlord. Queue comes in, out of breath, and salutes landlord. Landlord frowns and asks for rent. Usual apologies. "Then you get out of my house," says the landlord, — "get out at once." Queue cannot understand old friend's sudden harshness, becomes humble in vain, — makes offer of his stock in payment. Landlord says, "Hm! what?" "Anything you like in the shop." "Hm, word of honor?" "Yes." Landlord joyfully to wife. "Bring me a scissors, quick!" Scissors is brought. Dismay and protests checked by the terrible word, "Yakusoku." Off goes the queue. Owner mourns. Landlord laughs, and says, "Old friend, I make you now a present of the three months' rent; you owe me nothing." Business begins to improve.

# THE CHERRY TREE OF THE SIXTEENTH DAY

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

In Wakegori, a district of the Province of Iyo, there is a very ancient and famous cherry tree, called *Jiu-roku-zakura*, or "The Cherry Tree of the Sixteenth Day," because it blooms every year upon the sixteenth day of the first month (by the old lunar calendar), — and only upon that day. Thus the time of its flowering is the Period of Great Cold, — though the natural habit of a cherry tree is to wait for the spring season before venturing to blossom. But the *Jiu-roku-zakura* blossoms with a life that is not — or, at least, was not originally — its own. There is the ghost of a man in that tree.

He was a samurai of Iyo; and the tree grew in his garden; and it used to flower at the usual time, — that is to say, about the end of March or the beginning of April. He had played under that tree when he was a child; and his parents and grandparents and ancestors had hung to its blossoming branches, season after season, for more than a hundred years, bright strips of colored paper inscribed with poems of praise. He himself became very old, — outliving all his children; and there was nothing in the world left for him to love except that tree. And lo! in the summer of a certain year, the tree withered and died!

Exceedingly the old man sorrowed for his tree. Then kind neighbors found for him a young and beautiful

cherry tree, and planted it in his garden, — hoping thus to comfort him. And he thanked them, and pretended to be glad. But really his heart was full of pain; for he had loved the old tree so well that nothing could have consoled him for the loss of it.

At last there came to him a happy thought: he remembered a way by which the perishing tree might be saved. (It was the sixteenth of the first month.) Alone he went into his garden, and bowed down before the withered tree, and spoke to it, saying: "Now, deign, I beseech you, once more to bloom, — because I am going to die in your stead." (For it is believed that one can really give away one's life to another person, or to a creature, or even to a tree, by the favor of the gods; — and thus to transfer one's life is expressed by the term *migawari ni tatsu*, "to act as a substitute.") Then under that tree he spread a white cloth, and divers coverings, and sat down upon the coverings, and performed *hara-kiri* after the fashion of a samurai. And the ghost of him went into the tree, and made it blossom in that same hour.

And every year it still blooms on the sixteenth day of the first month, in the season of snow.

# JAPANESE CHILDREN AND THEIR GAMES

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THE children of Japan charm everybody who visits the country. From the highest to the lowest ranks, and almost without exception, they are the best-behaved, least mischievous, most sedate, demure, correct, amusing, and unobnoxious specimens of minute humanity to be found on the globe. The average American boy, especially if born in well-to-do homes, is an egotistic, noisy, restless little tyrant, who makes a railway saloon or a drawing-room a place of torture to his elders. The average English boy, more shy and silent, is yet by nature full of mischief and suppressed devilry, and is too often capable of the most fiendish cruelty. As for girls, they are everywhere, of course, more docile and gentle than their brothers, and seldom provoke the sensitive mind to thoughts of infanticide. But the Japanese babies and children — boys and girls alike — delight and comfort the foreign visitor by their ideal propriety. The streets, the houses, the temples, the gardens, the railway lines are free and open to them, for their playground is "all out-of-doors"; yet they never seem to be in the way, or to damage anything, or to forget their good manners, or break flowers and shrubs, or put stones on the track. They are so preternaturally and prematurely reasonable! This does not imply that they are dull, or indifferent, or lifeless. On the contrary, nowhere is youth so joyous as with "young Japan";

these little ones chirp like sparrows at every corner, and flit from pleasure to pleasure like butterflies in a flower-garden. I think such a pretty state of things is due, first of all, to their gentle, tender, dutiful mothers. Nowhere in this world have small boys and girls more affectionate, patient, devoted bringing-up than the little Japs get on the breasts and at the knees of their *okkâsan*. And this, in after years, they richly return, the reverence for father and mother being the very keystone of the national arch. Filial piety is, next to loyalty, the cardinal virtue of the land, even carrying the people occasionally to extravagant or even criminal lengths. The classic picture of a good son in the Japanese print-shops represents a certain young man who, in the season of mosquitoes, stripped himself bare at bedtime, and so lay down near his parents in order that the mosquitoes might feed on him, and let the honored elders alone. And lately there was a dreadful case in Tôkyô, where a man actually killed his wife because he had been told that nothing short of that would bring back to health his sick mother. Such a deed, of course, shocked public opinion nearly as much in Japan as it would do in England, but it illustrates the force and prevalence of parental and filial dutifulness in the Empire.

Another reason why the Japanese children grow up so good, so charming, so candid, so amenable, is, I think, because they never heard of such a thing as "original sin," and are never treated on the system which belongs to it. By Buddhist belief, no doubt, every little Jap comes into the world with the mistakes of a previous existence to atone for and to cancel — it is the doctrine of *Karma* or *Ingwa*. But parents, friends, neighbors,

and teachers leave all that to Destiny and to the *Kami-Sama;* their part is to treat the small being as a new-come guest into the garden of life, to be received with grace, kindliness, and consideration as a stranger, and not to be bullied and browbeaten into correctness. "Go and see, Jane, what Master Reginald is doing, and tell him not to do it!" — such was the legend of one of Mr. Du Maurier's child-pictures in "Punch" — but a Japanese mother and a Japanese child could never even have comprehended the joke. They do not slap, or thwart, or forbid and constrain the little ones in Japan, although they very strictly train them to make bows, and to be silent and submissive and respectful; and it is a great recommendation of what may be called the anti-Solomonic plan that the children repay courtesy with courtesy, and consideration by consideration. Moreover they see so much of their own world in very early days that they do not break forth, like those of Europe, into its wonders and excitements fresh and frisky from the nursery. At five or six weeks of age the Japanese baby goes out into the open air, lashed on the back of its mother, sister, aunt, or nurse, and there it rides all day long, except at necessary intervals of refreshment, taking its slumber in this peripatetic cradle, and, when awake, seeing everything which goes on in the streets with its little slant-lidded, beady, black eyes, so that, when it comes to the point of being able to toddle for itself, nothing is strange to the observant babe. It owes, also, to that early life in the open air and perpetual motion on the back of some relation or other, a large part of the generally robust health enjoyed by its kind. Japan is of all countries, except England, that wherein the

fewest children die between birth and the age of five years, albeit another point in favor of Japanese babies is that they are nursed at the breast until they are two, or even three years old. In every way their world is made very pleasant to them at starting. The towns and villages are full of toy-shops, where the most grotesque and ingenious playthings are sold for their benefit, at the lowest possible cost. When there happens a temple feast — a *matsuri* or *ennichi* — the precincts of the holy shrine are crowded with toy-stalls and the portable shops of the *ame-ya*, blowing, out of bean-paste, all sorts of "sweeties," shaped into dragons, snakes, birds, demons, and the like. Nobody is too proud or grand to carry a baby, or to be seen bearing home through the streets ridiculous creations of fluffy tigers, feathery cocks and hens, or balls of wool and tinsel. At the great wrestling-match this year in Ekoin I watched a huge *sumotori*, the champion of his class, overthrow his opponent after a tremendous struggle, amid the delighted plaudits of some three thousand spectators, who flung a hundred hats and caps into the ring. Ten minutes afterwards I met the same gigantic hero, outside the wrestling theater in the street, carrying a bit of a baby on his back, by the side of his little glossy-haired wife, and feeding it over his brawny shoulder with salted plums.

The Japanese children have, by the way, a vocabulary quite their own — just as the jinrikisha-men talk their own *patois*, and the Court people use a special form of speech; while even Japanese women employ many words and phrases never heard from the lips of men. One distinguishing feature of the children of Japan is their sleeves. After much observation and meditation

in the streets and roadways of the country, one arrives at last at an explanation of the extreme dignity which the little ones exhibit under almost all circumstances. It is due, you perceive, to the long flowing sleeves which they wear. Nothing in respect of dress gives so much importance and presence to the human figure, grown or ungrown, as wide and hanging sleeves; and all the little Japanese, when habited at all, go about in tiny gowns very much resembling those worn by Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge. If ladies only knew how much that is graceful and imposing depends upon deep, long, flowing sleeves, they would abandon the tight fashions of the present time, and go back in this regard to the beautiful costumes which English dames wore in the days of the Edwards and Henries, and which have been universal in Japan for two thousand years. A whole book might be written about the æsthetic and social value and dignity of long sleeves.

Special days are set apart in the Japanese year for the boys' and girls' festivals. The great day of the girls is March 3, when all the doll-shops in Tôkyô, Kyôtô, and the other large towns, are full of what are called *o hina sama* — models on a tiny scale of the Emperor and Empress, with their court and domestic belongings. These toy establishments are handed down from mother to daughter, and I have seen high-born children playing with *hina sama* three hundred years old and more. The special day for the boys falls on May 5 every year, when the air is full everywhere of great, hollow, floating fish made out of colored and gilded paper (which the wind inflates), hoisted high upon a tall bamboo pole

in front of each abode where a male child has been born. The fish is the carp (*koi*) the universal emblem of courage and perseverance, because he swims so stoutly against the stream, and hardly consents to die when he is cut into thin slices for *sashimi*.

In early years, and, indeed, until the age of eighteen or nineteen, nothing can be too gay and brilliant for a Japanese damsel to wear. The little Nippon maids go about far outvying in splendor the great butterflies of crimson and gold, or of saffron and silver, which flit around their heads in the gardens and bamboo-groves. Parental affection seems to exhaust itself in devising gorgeous colors and attractive patterns for their little *obi* and *kimono*, while the *jiban*, or underskirt, cannot possibly be too magnificent. If these garments be only of cotton, the mother and father will have them gay; but even the poor children generally manage to wear fabrics half of silk and half of cotton, and the well-to-do always have their clothes composed of silk, or the beautiful silk-crape known as *chirimen*. This last takes the most brilliant dyes quite perfectly, and admits of very lovely decorative effects, in obtaining which nothing is feared except inharmonious combinations. You see young maidens in the streets and the temple-gardens literally glittering with gold, silver, vermilion, sea-green, sky-blue, rose-red, and orange; some wearing an upper dress covered with fans, birds, waving woods, bamboo boughs, or fish; and at a garden-party given by the Princess Mori at Takanawa, I was presented to a young lady — the lineal descendant of the great house of Tokonawa Shoguns — whose *jiban* of azure silk was an embroidered pool of lotus-blossoms, while her *kimono* of

tender, creamy *chirimen* had on it Japanese landscapes of rising moons, rice-fields, Fuji-yama, with the snow upon its crest, and such-like. When the mature age of twenty or twenty-one is reached, these dazzling glories of the toilet are exchanged for sober-hued dresses, gray, dove-color, tea-color, fawn, and brown; but even then the *jiban* may always be as glorious in color and patterns as fancy dictates, and the *obi* a splendid piece of figured satin. The attire of the boys is in every case quieter and more restrained, and elderly people cannot be clad too soberly.

Japanese girls grow up to be Japanese women without change in their gentleness, docility, or good manners; and Japanese boys continue to appear attractive, candid, free from *mauvaise honte*, and altogether delightful, until they reach the awkward and gawky age, which for a time spoils most lads. The Japanese boy is delightful; the Japanese man is generally intelligent, polite, and, in his degree, worthy; but the Japanese youth, especially in the middle classes, is wont to prove a hobbledehoy and a social nuisance. As scholars and students they are almost faultless. There are no rules of discipline or punishment in the schools and colleges, because none are needed. The pupils are only too anxious to learn, and are always in their places before the master is ready, and keen to continue work when he is tired. They are too apt to think they know a subject when they have only commenced to understand its rudiments; and although always deferential to their *sensei*, the teacher, they will dictate to him, if he permits, the course of study. But a certain number of them, mingling very imperfect modern education with very

crude political theories, leave their schools and colleges full of ambitions and desires which are beyond their range, and instead of accepting humble and useful walks in life, turn into detestable and dangerous agitators, whose want of sense would be contemptible if their inherited disregard of personal risk and their passionate *entêtement* did not render them evils to be reckoned with. These are the *soshi.* Like our own young "baboos" of Bengal, and "reformers" from the Indian Government College, they have got the wind of personal and political conceit in their heads; but, unlike the "baboos," they are not in the least timid. For want of other and better employ, they hire themselves out to unscrupulous politicians as boyish "swashbucklers," to break up public meetings, intimidate nervous statesmen, dominate the voting places with noise and menace, and sometimes even to commit assault or murder. It was one of these unlovely youths who, brooding fanatically over a supposed offense against the *religio loci* of a temple at Ise, assassinated my enlightened and illustrious friend Viscount Mori; and another such threw the bomb which deprived Count Okuma, the Japanese Prime Minister, of a limb. The worst of them are well known to the Government and the police, and when any rather exciting time is coming forward in Tôkyô, and popular disturbance has to be feared, it is not unusual for the Administration to clear them out of the capital by scores or hundreds, obliging them to spend a little of their ill-used leisure at Yokohama or elsewhere, until the temporary excitement has died away in the seat of Government.

The outdoor games of the Japanese children are much

like those of other small folk in various parts of the world; though the ingenuity of the race refines upon them. The *tako*, or kite; the *koma*, or top; the playing-ball, *tama;* the stilts, *take-uma;* the hoop, *taga;* the swing, *bu-ranko;* the skipping-rope, *nawa-koguli;* prisoner's base, *o nigoko;* and *oyama-no-taisho*, king of the castle, are just as popular, with many other familiar pastimes, in Tôkyô as in London. But the natural skill and adroitness of the people improve upon the Western forms of these sports. The kites are much more scientific than ours, with long streamers at the lower corners, and strange little contrivances to produce sounds, explosions, and illuminations in the sky. Japanese tops, which will spin ever so long on a string or a knife-edge, are well known; and as for Japanese ball-play, there is not a little maid of five or six years in the streets who cannot keep two or three of them in the air at once with one hand, while the other holds the umbrella over the bald pate of the rocking baby. Some of their indoor games might be very well introduced among English children, being graceful and merry, yet free from boisterousness. For example, there is the pretty sport of *tsuri-kitsune*, or "fox-catching," at which many may play at once. Somebody unwinds his or her silken sash, and ties it in a half-hitch, or a reefer's knot, so as to make a running-noose, of which two players hold the opposite ends, balancing the noose vertically on the floor. Then any little prize — a sweetmeat or what-not — is laid on the floor on the far-side of the noose, and one by one the outsiders try to snatch the object safely through the trap, the two players seeking to catch the fox's paw just as it goes into the

noose. Great fun is elicited from this, and when a fox is caught, he surrenders all his prizes and takes one end of the snare. Or this is sometimes coupled with our English game of forfeits. Again, there is a quiet and amusing Japanese form of blind-man's buff, *me-gakushi*, where the fun is had with a large soft ball, not hard enough to break anything or to hurt; and the blind man — after turning round three times — throws this very suddenly in a direction as unexpected as possible, any person struck being obliged to take his place. Another form of *me-gakushi* is where the blind man sits in the center of a large circle made around him by the other players, after he has had his eyes covered, and he is then allowed to talk, make jokes, say anything he can to provoke a giggle or an ejaculation, so that he may specify the exact position in the circle of somebody, and oblige that one to take his place. This is called *ocha-boji*, and admits of the most charming developments.

# ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

## HISTORICAL NOTE

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Australia was visited by the Dutch and Spanish, and toward the end of the eighteenth century, it was explored to some extent by Captain Cook. At this time England was in search of a place to which her criminals might be sent. New South Wales was chosen, and a penal settlement was formed. Great abuses were followed by reforms, and explorations of the country continued. In 1837 transportation to New South Wales was abolished, and convicts were sent to Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania. This, too, was given up in 1853. Two years earlier, gold was discovered in Australia, and within a year 200,000 seekers for the precious metal had flocked into the country. In 1901 the "Commonwealth of Australia" was formed by the union of Australia and Tasmania.

Australia and New Zealand are noteworthy for the wide scope of state activity. In both commonwealths the government owns and operates railways (both steam and electric), highways, telegraph and telephone lines, savings banks and loan agencies, and has a system of old-age pensions.

# THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN COLONISTS

BY W. H. LANG

[IN 1768, Captain James Cook was sent to the South Seas in command of an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. After this work had been accomplished, he sailed about and visited the "Great South Land," or Australia. He touched at Botany Bay and tried to win the hearts of the savages; he almost lost his ship, and ran into the stream which is still called Endeavor River to repair the damage. After many other adventures, he reached England in safety. The result of this voyage was the colonizing of Australia. The following account explains how this came to pass.

*The Editor.*]

THIS mighty work [the colonization of Australia] began in a very humble way. Until 1775, you must know that the convicted prisoners in England were transported to North America, where they were employed as laborers by the colonists there. In this year, however, the American War broke out, and in 1783 the treaty was signed granting independence. America could no longer be a dumping-ground for our criminals, and the Government was looking out for some place to which they could transport this undesirable population. Cook's report of Botany Bay suggested possibilities in this direction, and it was finally agreed to make the experiment on a large scale. Anything was better than a return to the old indiscriminate executions, when a string of prisoners would be hanged before thousands of spectators, every Monday morning in London alone. So an expedition was

prepared which was to convey a little army of felons across almost unknown seas, to the land at the very other side of the world. If you come to think of it, it was rather a grisly undertaking. There were six ship-loads of convicts, three vessels full of stores for their use, an armed tender, and His Majesty's frigate Sirius. The whole expedition was under the command of Governor Arthur Phillip, a sailor, while the Sirius herself had for her captain one John Hunter.

There were in all six hundred and twenty male and two hundred and fifty female convicts. A detachment of two hundred and eight marines was also to be shipped, to keep the convicts in order, and with them forty of their wives and a few children.

What a motley crew they must have been! Some so old that they could not work, some very young. Take them as a whole, no doubt they were a shockingly bad lot. Most of them were both born and educated to crime, a few, perhaps — and God help them! — innocent.

With this strange company around him, Governor Phillip, as commander of the fleet, hoisted his flag on the Sirius, and on the 13th of May, 1787, in the early morning, they weighed anchor from the Mother Bank in the Isle of Wight. Even as they sailed a free pardon arrived for two of the prisoners, and you can imagine their feelings as they stepped on shore into England on a fine May morning, instead of sailing away across the barren seas, hopeless of any return, to a sterile, and, in their eyes, a hideous land, at the very ends of the earth, to be eaten, perhaps, by black savages. You may be sure every horrible possibility was magnified many times in

the thoughts and talk of those first unwilling passengers to these lands.

I have often, in imagination, stood on one of the ships as the fleet sailed away that morning. A fresh breeze was blowing down the Channel, and although it was summer time, it was cold and bracing. There was a clear, cold horizon with sails gleaming white in the morning sun, but no smoke, as we see it now, from steamers plying to and fro. Watt was only just evolving the steam engine at that time. You can hear the bos'n's whistle, the clank of the capstan as the anchor was weighed, the "chanty" of the men as they hauled on the topsail halyards. Then each ship fluttered her white wings, the water whitened in foam at the bows, the land began to drop astern, and many had said good-bye to Old England for ever and a day. You can see, too, what was going on below. Before you reach the hatchway you know that there is a seething mass of humanity in the ship's carcass — over two hundred men, criminals, many with a life sentence, a collection of the greatest blackguards unhung. The ship is beginning to toss and to feel the uneasiness of a brisk passage in the Channel. Most of these passengers have never been to sea before, and some are cursing, while others are groaning; the timbers are creaking, and the water is thumping and splashing at the bows. As I think of it all, somehow I can always see the figure of one man. He is in convict's dress, and is holding on by a hammock, peering through the little slit which serves as the only porthole to light and ventilate the space occupied by two hundred men. Here the hammocks are slung with only a foot and an half between. He has a bad face. The

black hair is close-cropped, the chin clean-shaven, but the mustache, beard, and whiskers are showing blue against his sallow skin. He has gray eyes set wide apart, a straight nose with delicate nostrils, upper lip long and the lower undershot, and his teeth are white and strong. The hand that steadies him is the hand of a gentleman. As he looks at the shore slipping away behind, the eyes for one moment soften and gleam with tears, and then with an oath and a hard laugh they relapse into the cruel, devil-may-care look, tinged with cunning when a warder or parson appears. I always see this fellow, and wonder who he is. One who has had opportunities and passed them by, no doubt. The mother who bore him would not know him now. Let us hope that she may never know his fate. As the mind travels ahead, I can see him with a dull, sulky, dazed face, taking his place beneath a beam from which a rope is hanging down, in the new land to which they are all traveling, and soon it is all over. A horrid subject, but true.

So away sailed the first settlers, and the breeze grew to a favorable gale, and they made fair weather of it, until in three days they were on the broad Atlantic, and their escort, the Hyena, left them, and returned to Portsmouth with the news that all was well. But so boisterous was it that Governor Phillip could write no dispatches to take home. Nor could they have been transshipped if he had written. The only ill news that the Hyena brought was that a mutiny had broken out in the Scarborough among the convicts, but it had been quelled, and the ringleaders (the chief of whom was the man whom I have described to you) punished. They made a comparatively uneventful voyage of it, calling

at Rio and the Cape. We should think the voyage an insufferably long one now. From May 13 to June 3 they were between the Isle of Wight and Teneriffe. At this island they remained a week, watering and laying in fresh food, and here a miserable man, a convict, escaped in a small boat, but was quickly captured. Poor devil! His back smarted, you may be sure, for this last throw for liberty. Up to this time twenty-one convicts and three children had died, and we wonder from what cause. From June 10 to August 6 the fleet were sailing between Teneriffe and Rio. During a similar period we could now almost accomplish the voyage from London to Melbourne *and back*. They again weighed anchor on September 4, and had a prosperous and quite rapid passage to the Cape of Good Hope, which was reached on October 13. After laying in a stock of provisions and five hundred head of live stock, on November 12 they once more set sail. For thirteen days they made such little headway — only two hundred and forty miles — that Governor Phillip transshipped from the frigate Sirius into the tender Supply, in order that he might push ahead and make preparations for landing. But from this date favorable breezes blew with such force that in forty days the land of New South Wales was sighted, and on the 10th of January, 1788, the Supply cast anchor in Botany Bay. Before three days had passed, the remainder of the fleet had arrived and had all anchored within the bay. Since embarkation at Spithead they had lost by death on board the fleet one marine, one marine's wife and child, thirty-six male, four female convicts, and five children. On landing, an epidemic of dysentery broke out, and by June 20 the

total deaths among the convicts had run up to eighty-one since leaving England, and there were fifty-two unfit for labor on account of old age and infirmities. One wonders how on earth old men like that were sent so far away to found a colony. But such as they were, here they are at last, every ship of the fleet all anchored in Botany Bay, with a wonderfully clean bill of health, two hundred and fifty-two days from Spithead. It was a fine accomplishment in those days, and Governor Phillip doubtless slept sound that night, when the last cable had rattled out, and the last anchor had fallen with a splash into the shallow waters of Botany Bay.

Botany Bay proved a disappointing place to land at. What was a fine harbor for Cook's little ship was but a poor refuge for a dozen. The country round was very bare and barren, and looked swampy and unhealthy, while the water-supply was limited. Phillip, however, was not a man to sit still. The last of his transports had arrived on January 20, and by the 22d he was off with three boats, northward, to find some better landing-place. He had not far to go. Three leagues along the coast was a "boat harbor," so marked by Captain Cook, but which the great explorer had not had time to visit. He had only seen its entrance from the Endeavor's deck whilst sailing past. Through the narrow heads, with their steep rocks on either hand, Phillip and his three boats glided on the forenoon of January 24. And you know now what he saw. A deep winding harbor and innumerable coves, all with water enough to hold quite easily the fleet awaiting it in Botany Bay. Well-wooded shores there were, and water for the drawing, birds innumerable, herbage and flowers. It was very

beautiful, and to one particular cove where the water was deepest, and where a little brook ran down, Phillip determined to fetch his fleet and disembark his crews. For two days he explored the windings of the harbor and found no spot more favorable than this his first love. So he named it Sydney Cove, after the minister, Viscount Sydney, and in his dispatch he remarked that "here a thousand ships could ride at anchor with ease."

So was founded and named the town of Sydney, the eighth largest city of the Empire.

# GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!

BY W. H. LANG

AUSTRALIA had been having a bad time of it in the forties. What with droughts, the low price of stock, the slow growth of population, and the fact that the market for her produce lay so very, very far away from the thickly populated countries of the Old World, things were not looking very bright.

And in 1849, by the merest chance, gold was found in California, and found, too, by a New South Wales man. He was deepening a mill-race, when he saw in the water glowing particles large enough to pick up with his fingers. He knew that it was gold, but he did not know how to win it, and had not an old Georgian miner been there, the discovery might even have lapsed into obscurity.

Before 1849 there were only a few thousand inhabitants in the great State of California. Then all the riff-raff of the old countries turned their faces to the west, and a great crowd streamed away, their eyes burning and glowing in the desire for the wealth which they believed would lie at their feet when they reached the new land. From Australia, too, a crowd rushed away to the east to join that which was rolling to the west from Europe, and our population became even thinner than it had been before.

And amongst those emigrants from Sydney was one man called Edward Hammond Hargraves. He shipped with many others in a vessel called the Elizabeth Archer,

and arrived in San Francisco to find the whole of the great bay beside the town a forest of masts. The whole world seemed to be flocking there, and Hargraves joined the crowd. But if for twenty years fortune had not smiled upon him in New South Wales, neither yet did she seem to be any more kind in California. Yet although he won no more gold than was sufficient to keep him going, he was an observant fellow, a practical geologist in a rough way, and a man of character, industrious and determined. As he worked away in the California gullies and saw the nature of the country, it began to take possession of his mind that he had seen exactly like formations in the land which he had just left, the same geological strata, and the same combination of deposits which led the experienced to say, "Here is gold."

His companions laughed at his theories, but he was deeply in earnest, and he hankered day and night to be at home again. He had arrived in San Francisco in 1849. He sailed in the barque Emma in January, 1851, and, like all true Australians, who think there is no country in the world like their own, was glad to be at home again. Hargraves made no secret of his theories either on the voyage or on his arrival in Sydney, but he was laughed at as a crank. "Gold in Australia! Pooh, pooh!" The man was mad. And yet gold had already been won there. Away far back in the time of Governor Phillip a convict had produced a piece of gold which he said he had found. He could discover no more, and got a flogging for his pains, as an impostor and a liar.

Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, had written papers showing that in geological formation portions of

Australia resembled the diggings in the Urals. Count Strezlecki, who pioneered Gippsland, had found an auriferous iron ore, but not likely to be payable, and it was known that a man had picked up a nugget several ounces in weight on the Fish River in 1830.

Then there were all sorts of rumors of how convict shepherds had made themselves rich by selling gold to the Jews in Sydney, and there was no doubt that one old fellow called McGregor from time to time took parcels of gold to the city and sold them there.

Hargraves knew all these things, and he could not rest for a moment after landing in Sydney. He hired a horse and set out early in February across the Blue Mountains. It was a lonesome, desolate ride through a barren, sterile country; but after being lost once he arrived on the fourth day at a little inn, kept by a widow woman named Lister, at Guyong. He was nearly in the country now which he had had in his mind's eye all through his California wanderings, and he was in a high state of excitement, you may be sure. He took Mrs. Lister into his confidence, and she, as most women would have been, was fairly bitten by the scheme and the prospects that Hargraves held out to her. When asked to find a black boy as a guide, she at once offered the services of her own son, who knew every inch of the country all round for many miles.

They started away from the inn on the 12th of February, in bright, early autumn weather, after a dry summer, and in a very few miles Hargraves recognized the old spots on the banks of a creek. It was here that his mind had always pictured for him the discovery of untold treasures of gold. But the creek was dry at the place,

and, while his guide searched for water, Hargraves unwillingly sat down to take a hasty meal. Then the boy returned with the news that he had found a water-hole in the creek-bed. The horses were hobbled and allowed to stray away, and the grand experiment was begun.

Hargraves scratched the gravel off a schistose dike which ran across the creek at right angles, and then with a trowel he dug a panful of the earth which lay upon the rock, and ran with it to the water so as to wash it in his dish.

You have never washed a dishful of earth, I suppose. It is a most exciting sport, I assure you. You have a tin dish with a little rim looking inwards, and there are two or three rings running round the body of the basin. You put your spadeful of earth into this, and then, sitting on your haunches by the water side, you dip the earth and the dish into the water and quickly wash away all the light soil. Then there is left, after some time, only the gravel. And this you gradually get rid of by swaying the basin backwards and forwards, causing the water contained in it to go round and round like a little maelstrom, until there is left only the larger, heavier portions, and some heavy mineralized sand. Then you pick out the big pieces of quartzy gravel, making them to rasp pleasantly on the tin, and you throw them to one side. And as you wash, the water grows clearer and clearer, and the sand leaves a tail behind it as the water sweeps it round your dish. And then in the tail you see gleaming, dull and warm, not glittering, but glowing rather, the unmistakable, unspeakable, soul-stirring virgin gold.

So it was with Hargraves.

Down there in the lonely gullies by the creek-side he washed dish after dish of soil, and in each lay the little particles, those treasures which had been hidden from the eyes of man ever since the beginning of time. It was enough to make a man lose his head, and for a moment, indeed, as he tells us himself, he did go mad.

"I shall be made a baronet," he called out to his guide. "You will be knighted, and the old horse stuffed and put in the British Museum." And his innocent companion believed him. It is curious that Hargraves's mind did not seem to run on acquiring untold wealth by his discovery. I think I should have liked to go and dig and wash, and wash and dig, until I had acquired enough of the stuff to buy a principality, and *then* have gone and told the authorities all about it. What do you think you would have done? But Hargraves wished to be made a baronet, of all things, and have his horse stuffed!

And so what did he do? He proved about seventy miles of country to be gold bearing, he saw £10,000 raised in a week to the surface, and he called the place Ophir. Then he hastened back to Sydney and bargained that Government should give him £10,000 down as a reward for his great discovery. This was agreed to, and they also made him commissioner on the goldfields, a not very lucrative post. And with this he was contented. But, as he himself tells, had he asked for ten shillings from every hundred pounds' worth of gold won for the first three years, it would not have been considered excessive. But by the bargain he would have become the possessor of several hundred thousand of pounds.

And that is the story of how gold was first found in Australia.

The Australian diggings became the magnet which seemed to be attracting the whole earth. Even her own towns were deserted. Servants were not to be had at any wage. Doctors, lawyers, shoeblacks, coachbuilders, butchers and bakers — everybody — rushed away to the diggings, eager to be rich. The newspapers were full of nothing else but gold, news-sheets, and advertisements. Parramatta, a suburb of Sydney, was absolutely depopulated. It was a mad time. When Hargraves had completed his bargain with Government, he again started out on horseback for the fields. He found a stream of people going both ways, out to the diggings and back again. Those going out were full of hope and fire, their faces shining like those travelers in the "Pilgrim's Progress" who were going up to the Golden City. Those coming back were moving along slowly, sullen and sulky — beaten. It was like the two streams of fighters which eye-witnesses described as going up and down Spion Kop in the Boer War. Those disappointed ones were vowing a terrible vengeance on him who had deceived them, as they called it. Hargraves did not tell them who he was. But at a ferry, where numbers had to wait their turn to be taken over, having first mounted his horse, he made a speech to the discontented, pointing out how and why they had failed. It was as well that he had been wise enough to mount his horse before he disclosed his name. The crowd would have lynched him. They were a motley crew, both coming and going. There was even a blind man being led by a lame one. The

cripple extended his hand over his crutch, and the blind one held it, and so they went off with the best of them, all athirst for gold.

There was no difficulty in finding your way. The roads were full of passengers of every kind, on foot, on horseback, in drays and wagons — all sorts. And when you at length reached the land of promise, it was a picturesque sight.

As you topped the last hill in the ranges, the mining township lay at your feet, all made of canvas tents or of wood huts. The creek, on which the gold was being won, wound at the feet of thickly timbered hills, and every here and there was joined by a gully from the mountains. The smoke was rising blue in the distance, and from far down beneath you arose a constant rumble and hum like distant thunder. It was the noise of the "cradles." Then as evening fell, the lights of innumerable fires began to twinkle through the darkness, the rumble of the cradles ceased, and after a while the township slept.

All over the country towns like this sprang up, and not only at the site of the first rush, but away down in Victoria, where the wealth of gold soon eclipsed that found in New South Wales. In a few months there were collected at Ballarat and Mount Alexander alone between twenty and thirty thousand men. And the total population of the colony only came to a scant two hundred thousand, and it took months before the news reached the Old World and the thronging thousands began to arrive by the shipload. One writer at this time, in reference to this distance from home, says: "The clipper Phænacian, one of the most beautiful ships I ever saw, reached Plymouth on the 3d, having made the

unprecedentedly quick passage of eighty-three days." There was no cable girdling the earth in forty seconds then, and letters took eighty-three days, at the quickest, in transit. Now they are delivered punctually to the hour in thirty; and the wickets, as they fall in an international cricket match in London, are printed in the next morning's "Argus" in Melbourne, twelve thousand miles away.

And then the gold came pouring into the great towns on the seaboard for shipment home. There were tons of it. And I mean it, literally, when I write "tons of it."

Hargraves had washed his little spadefuls of earth in February. The "rush" had begun in April. From November the 2d to the 30th of that month the gold carried from Ballarat to Melbourne and Geelong by the Government escort alone weighed two tons and a half, and this was believed to be only about one third of the whole amount raised in this district alone. In one month, from one locality, seven tons of pure virgin native gold! It was worth at the lowest three pounds ten an ounce.

When you look at it in this way you can have but little wonder that the whole country went mad. And in those days it was so easily found. In many places the precious stuff simply lay on the surface in what are called nuggets. There are plenty of these yet, if we had eyes to see, and knew where to look for them, but fifty years ago these nuggets were comparatively common. Here, for instance, is the story of one particularly big find.

It was a few months after the first discovery had taken place at Ophir, in the Bathurst district. The first tre-

mendous excitement had died out, and then there appeared one morning in the Bathurst newspaper the big headlines of —

"BATHURST GONE MAD AGAIN!"

And it was little wonder.

A Dr. Ker had a station at a place called Wallawaugh. He and his wife had been very kind to the blacks, and they had several of them employed as shepherds and workers on the run. One afternoon a black fellow who had been shepherding sheep came in and told the Doctor that he had found a big lump of gold far out on the place. Gold was of no use to him, but he had heard much talk about it, and knew how the white men valued the dross. The Doctor mounted his horse and took a hammer and a saddlebag. There it lay, open to the view of any man who might pass that way. No wonder if the sheep's teeth that had nibbled round it had been "filled" with gold. At his feet the Doctor saw a mass of gold and quartz which weighed over a hundredweight. Four thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds' worth was his for the trouble of the day's ride.

It is told that on the journey home the Doctor had to stop at some outlying house, and he had no wish that the nature of the packet in his saddlebag should be known. He flung it carelessly down beside the fence as he dismounted from his horse.

"That's heavy," said the owner of the house.

"Ah! my word," replied the Doctor, "it might be gold." And the curious part of this discovery was that nowhere near the spot where the hundredweight had lain could any more gold be found. Even the earth from

the vicinity, when washed, yielded not one grain, not a tiny speck.

But with gold to be won by the ton, and with hundredweights lying on the surface, so that you might make them your pillow as you lay back and smoked your after-dinner pipe whilst you were watching the sheep, it is no wonder that the gold-fever spread like the measles or influenza, and that the whole community lost their heads. As ship after ship came sailing in and discharged its load of immigrants, the sailors used to bolt away as the anchor fell, leaving their officers in despair to work their vessels as they might.

What wild, strange times they were!

# THE MISSIONARY AND THE CANNIBALS

BY REGINALD HORSLEY

[NEW ZEALAND was visited by the navigators Tasman and Cook. The island is one of the British colonial possessions, and in 1907 it took the name of the Dominion of New Zealand.
*The Editor.*]

THE taste which the Maori had acquired for wandering outside their own country at length brought about a remarkable conjunction, destined to bear most importantly upon the future of New Zealand. It was nothing else than the formation of a friendship between a Christian Englishman of singular nobility of character and a Maori of sanguinary disposition, a warrior notable among a race of warriors and, withal, a cannibal of cannibals.

In the first decade of the years when George III was king, there was born in Yorkshire a boy who was brought up as a blacksmith. For some time he followed his trade; but, having a strong inclination towards a missionary life, he was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and in due time found himself senior chaplain of the colony of New South Wales. This man, whose name must ever be honored in the history of New Zealand, was Samuel Marsden, who was the first to desire to bring, and who did actually bring, the tidings of the Gospel to the land of the Maori.

There were missionaries at work in Tahiti, in the Marquesas, and in Tonga; but New Zealand, the land of the

ferocious warrior and savage cannibal, had been esteemed an impossible country, or at all events, as not yet prepared for the sowing. So it was left to itself.

Then came a day when Samuel Marsden, walking through the narrow streets of Sydney, stopped to gaze at a novel sight. Not far from him stalked proudly three splendid-looking men, types of a race with which he was unfamiliar. They were not Australian aboriginals. That was instantly evident. Their faces were strangely scarred, their heads, held high, were plumed with rare feathers, and the outer garment they wore, of some soft buff material, suggested the Roman toga. There was, indeed, something Roman about their appearance, with their fine features, strong noses, and sternly compressed lips.

Mr. Marsden was from the first strongly attracted to these men, and being informed that they were New Zealand chiefs, come on a visit to Sydney, the good man grew sad. That such noble-looking men should be heathen and cannibals inexpressibly shocked him, and he determined then and there that what one of God's servants might do for the salvation of that proud, intellectual race, that, by the grace of God, he would do.

A man so deeply religious as Samuel Marsden was not likely to waste time over a matter in his judgment so supremely important. The chiefs readily admitted the anarchy induced by the constant friction between brown men and white, though it was not to be expected that they should realize at once their own spiritual darkness. Mr. Marsden was not discouraged, and set in train a scheme whereby a number of missionaries were to be

sent out immediately by the Church Missionary Society, to attempt the conversion of the Maori to Christianity.

Twenty-five of these reached Sydney, where men's ears were tingling with the awful details of the massacre of the Boyd, and judged the risk too great. So they stayed where they were, and the conversion of New Zealand was delayed for a season.

The residence of meek and peaceable men among such intractable savages was deemed to be outside the bounds of possibility; but Marsden firmly believed that the way would be opened in God's good time, and waited and watched and prayed, possessing his soul in patience. The opportunity which he so confidently expected arrived in 1814.

Some ten years after the birth of Samuel Marsden another boy was born on the other side of the world. Hongi Ika was his name, a chief and a chief's son of the great tribe of the Nga-Puhi in the north. Marsden had swung his hammer over the glowing iron and beaten out horseshoes and plough-shares. Hongi, too, swung his hammer; but it was the Hammer of Thor. And every time that Hongi's hammer fell, it beat out brains and broke men's bones, until none could be found to stand against him. Yet Hongi had a hard knock or two now and then, and, being as yet untraveled, gladly assented when his friend Ruatara — who had seen King George of England — suggested a visit to Sydney.

Hongi found plenty to interest him, and also took a philosopher's delight in arguing the great questions of religion with Mr. Marsden, in whose house he and Ruatara abode. Marsden knew the man for what he was, a warrior and a cannibal; but so tactful and persuasive

was he that, before his visit ended, Hongi agreed to allow the establishment of a missionary settlement at the Bay of Islands, and promised it his protection.

So the first great step was taken, and Marsden planted his vineyard. He was a wise man and, knowing by report the shortcomings of the land he desired to christianize, took with him a good supply of animal food, and provision for future needs as well, in the shape of sheep and oxen. With a view to the requirements of his lieutenants, he also introduced a horse or two.

What impression the sight of a man on horseback made upon the Maori may be gathered from the experience of Mr. Edward Wakefield twenty-seven years later at Whanganui. In this district, which is on the opposite side of the island to that on which Mr. Marsden landed, and considerably farther south, the natives had never seen a horse. Result — "They fled," writes Mr. Wakefield, "in all directions, and, as I galloped past those who were running, they fairly lay down on their faces and gave themselves up for lost. I dismounted, and they plucked up courage to come and take a look at the *kuri nui*, or 'large dog.' 'Can he talk?' said one. 'Does he like boiled potatoes?' said another. And a third, 'Must n't he have a blanket to lie down on at night?' This unbounded respect and adoration lasted all the time that I remained. A dozen hands were always offering him Indian corn (maize) and grass, and sow-thistles, when they learned what he really did eat; and a wooden bowl of water was kept constantly replenished close to him; and little knots of curious observers sat round the circle of his tether rope, remarking and conjecturing and disputing about the

meaning and intention of every whisk of his tail or shake of his ears."

It was for long all endeavor and little result. But other missionaries arrived, new stations were erected in various parts of the north, and the Wesleyans, seven years later, imitated the example of the Church Missionary Society, and sent their contingent to the front.

To the fighting line these went, indeed; for they settled at Whangaroa, where the sunken hull of the Boyd recalled the horror of twelve years before. Tarra himself was still there, the memory of his stripes as green as though he had but yesterday endured the poignant suffering. He rendered vain for five long years the efforts of the missionaries, and from his very deathbed cursed them, urging his tribe to drive them out; so that they fled, thankful to escape with their lives — for they saved nought else.

If Mr. Marsden hoped to turn the philosopher-warrior-cannibal from the error of his ways, the good man must have been grievously disappointed. Hongi remained a pagan; but he never broke his promise to the missionary. He was a terrible fellow, but he was not a liar. His word was sacred, and he regretted on his death-bed that the men of Whangaroa had been too strong for him when they drove the Wesleyan missionaries from their station.

Leaving Mr. Marsden and his colleagues at Rangihoua, Hongi returned to his trade of war, and for five years or so enjoyed himself in his own way. Then, tiring again of strife, his thoughts turned once more upon foreign travel. This time his ambition soared high, and with a fellow-chief he sailed for London under the wing

of a missionary. He was exceedingly well received, for the horror and fright with which the New Zealanders had been regarded was greatly diminished in 1821, and Britons were again looking longingly towards a country so rich in commercial possibilities. So Hongi found himself a "lion," and with the adaptability of his race so comported himself that it occurred to few to identify the bright-eyed little fellow with the ample forehead and keen brain with the lusty warrior and ferocious cannibal of whom startling tales had been told.

Even His Majesty, George IV, did not disdain to receive the "Napoleon of New Zealand," and being, perhaps, in a prophetic mood, presented the great little man with a suit of armor. Hongi would have preferred a present of the offensive kind in the shape of guns and ammunition, for the Nga-Puhi had early gauged the value of such weapons in settling tribal disputes, and had managed to acquire a few, though not nearly enough to meet the views of Hongi Ika.

The king had set the fashion, and his subjects followed suit so lavishly that, if Hongi had chosen to lay aside his dignity and open a curio-shop, he could have done so. The little man was overjoyed. He was rich now, and he gloated over his presents as a means to an end. What a war he could wage, if he could only find a pretext! Pretexts did not, as a rule, trouble Hongi; but the eyes of the great were upon him, and it would be just as well to consider appearances. As he recrossed the ocean, his active brain was at work, planning. Ah, if he could but find a pretext!

Hongi had been absent for two years, and with right good will the tribes of the northeast wished that he

might never return. However, with the dominant personality of the little man lacking to the all-conquering Nga-Puhi, there was no knowing what might happen; so the tribes around about the Thames River, whose frith is that thing of beauty, the Hauraki Gulf, took heart of grace, marched to the fight, and slew, among other folk, no less a person than Hongi's son-in-law.

Here was, indeed, a pretext. Hongi clung to it as a dog to his bone. In Sydney he had melted down, so to speak, his great pile of presents into three hundred stand of arms, which included a goodly share of the coveted *tupara*, or double-barreled guns. Ammunition was added, and thus, with a very arsenal at his command, Hongi Ika came again to his native land.

He came armed *cap-à-pie;* for he wore the armor which the king had given him — and the good *mihonari* stood aghast at sight of him. "Even now the tribes are fighting," they groaned. "When is this bitter strife to cease?"

Pretext, indeed! To avenge his son-in-law was all very well. *Utu* should be exacted to the full. But here was a pretext beyond all others, and the wily Hongi instantly seized upon it.

"Fighting, are they?" He grinned as only a Maori can grin. "I will stop these dogs in their worrying. They shall have their fill of fighting." He grinned again. "That will be the surest way, my *mihonari* friends. I will keep them fighting until they have no more stomach for it, and so shall there be an end." He muttered under his breath, "Because their tribes shall be even as the *moa*." As the *moa* was extinct, the significance of the addition should be sufficiently clear.

Hongi kept his word — he always did that — and sailed for the front in the proudest of his fleet of war-canoes, with a thousand warriors behind him, armed with *mere* and *patu* and spear, while in his van went a *garde-de-corps* of three hundred picked men, fondling — so pleased were they — the three hundred muskets and *tupara* for which their chief's presents had been exchanged. Southward, through the Hauraki Gulf, he sails into the estuary of the Thames, into the Thames itself. One halt, and the Totara *pa* is demolished, and with five hundred of its defenders dead in his rear Hongi sweeps on, southward still, to Matakitaki. Four to one against him! What care Hongi Ika and his three hundred musketeers? It is the same story — fierce attack and sudden victory, ruthless slaughter of twice a thousand foes, and Hongi, grinning in triumph, ever keeps his face to the south and drives his enemies before him as far as the Lake of Rotorua.

Hongi, when in battle, as a rule shone resplendent in the armor which George IV had given him, and which was supposed to render him invulnerable. The belief received justification from the issue of Hongi's last fight at Hokianga in 1827. For some reason the great chief wore only his helmet upon that fatal day.

> "Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu
> When on the field his targe he threw."

Ill fared it with Hongi when he rushed into the fight without his shining breastplate; for hardly was the battle joined when a bullet passed through his body, and the day of the great Hongi, the Lion of the North, was done.

Fifteen months later, as he lay upon his death-mats

at Whangaroa, feasting his glazing eyes upon the array of clubs, battle-axes, muskets, and *tupara* set around the bed, he called to him his relatives, his dearest friends, and his fighting-chiefs, and spoke to them this word: —

"Children, and you who have carried my arms to victory, this is my word to you. I promised long ago to be kind to the *mihonari*, and I have kept my promise. It is not my fault if they have not been well treated by others. Do as I have done. Let them dwell in peace; for they do no harm and some good.

"Hear ye this word also. The ends of the world draw together, and men of a strong race come ever over the sea to this our land. Let these likewise dwell in peace. Trade with them. Give them your daughters in marriage. Good shall come of it.

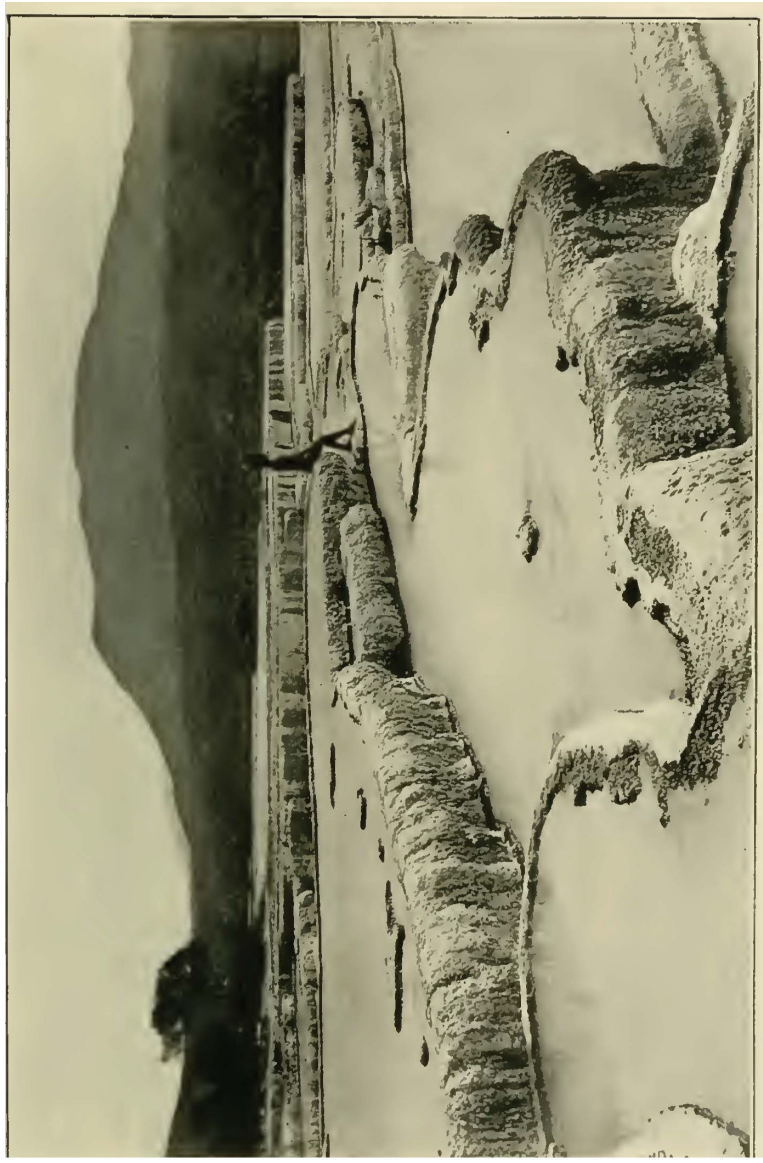
"But if there come over the sea men in red coats, who neither sow nor reap, but ever carry arms in their hands, beware of them. Their trade is war, and they are paid to kill. Make you war upon them and drive them out. Otherwise evil will come of it.

"Children, and you, my old comrades, be brave and strong in your country's cause. Let not the land of your ancestors pass into the hands of the *Pakeha* [white men]. Behold, I have spoken."

With that, the mighty chief Hongi drew the corner of his mat across his face and passed through the gates to the Waters of Reinga [the abode of the shades].

["Two and twenty years from that Christmas-Day when Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon in a land where Christianity was not even a name, four thousand Maori converts knelt in the House of God."

*The Editor.*]



Hot-Water Basins, New Zealand

## HOT-WATER BASINS, NEW ZEALAND

THE scenery of some parts of New Zealand is wildly beautiful. There are rugged mountain chains, with precipices and deep ravines; there are volcanoes and hot springs, and snow-covered summits; there are great glaciers coming close down to the shore, and long reëntrant fiords.

The illustration shows the famous White Terraces, before their destruction by a neighboring volcano in 1886. "These terraces were high, wide rippled stairways of sinter, smooth and hard. In places they swelled out as umbrella buttresses. In their floors were warm baths, into which tourists and resident Maoris delighted to plunge; over them hung clouds of steam, and under them raged a heat that I found still strongly evident."

A wild bit of the mountain scenery of New Zealand has been thus described: —

"And now you are out among the great granite boulders upon the river's brink, — and why! what is this? Up the opposite bank, up and still straight up, your climbing eye must go, following the perpendicular bush that climbs so sheer and suddenly from the river-bed up to a height of near three thousand feet; and past the bush, and still straight up, to the belt of scant gold grass and the bare gray crags above! and up, up, up, beyond them still, with your head bent back and your senses all confounded, to the glorious blue and white of a giant glacier, and pure serrated snows upon the sky. You are looking at one of the sides of the river valley. It does not slope, and it is some six thousand feet in height. The other, perhaps one half a mile away, is equally high and just as sheer, and presently, as the track ascends and the trees lessen, frowning, white-tipped walls begin to draw together, the valley becomes a canyon, and you realize that you are walking in a gigantic furrow of the earth, — something like the Lauterbrunnen Thal, but more stupendous, and very much more beautiful."

# THE STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND

[In December, 1787, a ship named the Bounty sailed from England for the South Seas. Her captain, William Bligh, proved to be so brutal a tyrant that the mate, Fletcher Christian, and others, mutinied, seized the ship, and set the captain and eighteen companions adrift in an open boat, provided with tools, food, and some few instruments of navigation. This boat finally reached Timor Island, and the men were sent to England. The mutineers made their way to Tahiti, but fearing that an English man-of-war would be sent in pursuit of them, they, their native wives, and friends removed to a lonely island of which they had heard, called Pitcairn Island.

*The Editor.*]

In 1808 the whale-ship Topaz, of Boston, Captain Folger, chanced to be cruising near a rocky islet, upon the shore of which the surf was breaking so furiously that it seemed inaccessible. A canoe was seen putting off through the breakers, and the occupants hailed the ship, offering in good English their services if any one wished to land. One of the sailors volunteered to go ashore in the canoe. He soon came back with a strange report. The first man whom he met on the island said his name was Alexander Smith, and that he was the sole survivor of the crew of the Bounty: that including himself there were now thirty-five persons on the island. Captain Folger then went ashore, received some further information, and in return told the islanders something of what had happened in the world for the last score of years; how there had been a revolution in France; how

there was a man named Bonaparte who had become emperor; how there had been great wars; and England had won glorious victories on the sea. Upon hearing this, the islanders broke into a loud hurrah, exclaiming, "Old England forever!"

Captain Folger returned to his ship, made a note in his log-book, and upon reaching Valparaiso furnished an account of what he had seen, which was duly forwarded to England. But just then the British Government had matters of more importance on hand than to attend to the case of a few people on a lonely island upon the other side of the globe. So the curtain which had been lifted for a moment fell again for another six years, when it was raised by accident.

In 1814 the frigates Briton, Captain Staines, and Tagus, Captain Pipon, were cruising in the Pacific in search of the American sloop-of-war Essex, which had captured several British whalers. As evening fell, they suddenly came in sight of a small but lofty island, two hundred miles from where, according to their charts, any island ought to have been. They looked at their charts; no island was there. They looked to sea, and there the island certainly was, rising sheer up a thousand feet from the water's edge. Morning broke, and there still stood the island, and groups of people were standing on the rocks. Presently two men were seen launching a canoe, into which they sprang and paddled to the ships. "Won't you heave us a rope now?" was the cheery hail. This was done, and a tall young man of five-and-twenty sprang on board. "Who are you?" was the question. "I am Thursday October Christian, son of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer, by a

Tahitan mother, and the first-born on this island." The other, a young man of eighteen, was Edward Young, son of another of the mutineers of whom we have spoken.

The young men were full of wonder at what they saw. A cow astonished and perhaps frightened them a little. Goats and pigs were the only animals they had ever seen. A little dog pleased them greatly. "I know that's a dog," said Edward; "I have read of such things." Captain Staines ordered refreshments to be prepared for them in his cabin. Before sitting down, they folded their hands and asked a blessing, which they repeated at the close of the meal. They had been taught to do this, they said, by their pastor, John Adams; for it appears that Alexander Smith went also by this name, which we shall hereafter give him.

The two captains went on shore, and climbed the steep ascent to the village, where the whole community, headed by John Adams and his blind wife, were waiting to receive them. He was something past fifty, stout and healthy in appearance, though with a careworn expression of countenance. He stood, hat in hand, smoothing his gray locks, as he had been wont, sailor fashion, to do a quarter of a century ago when addressing his officers. On being assured that no harm should happen to him, he told the story of what had occurred since the Bounty disappeared.

The narrative runs thus: — For two months the Bounty cruised about in search of Pitcairn Island. When at last they discovered it, the vessel was dismantled, every movable article, even to the planks from her sides, taken ashore; fire was then set to the hull, and the

charred remains sunk in twenty-five fathoms of water. The arable part of the island was then divided into equal shares among the nine whites, the Tahitans being evidently considered almost as slaves. Christian himself, apprehending that he would be followed even to his lonely retreat, found a cave far up the mountain-side, where he kept a stock of provisions, and spent much of his time gazing over the waste of waters, watching for the dreaded appearance of a sail, and reading a Bible and Prayer-Book.

For two or three years everything went on prosperously. Then the wife of Williams was killed by falling over the rocks. He undertook to take the wife of one of the Tahitans, whose comrades formed a plot to murder all the Englishmen. The plot was discovered and revealed by the wives of the whites. Two of the Tahitans fled to the mountains, where they were killed by the others, to whom pardon had been offered if they would do so. Meantime, two of the men, Quintal and McKoy, had succeeded in distilling alcohol from a root, were constantly drunk, and abusive toward the natives, who again determined to murder all the whites. Five — Christian, Mills, Williams, Martin, and Brown — were killed on the spot; Smith fled, severely wounded, down the rocks, but the Tahitans promised to spare his life if he would return; Young was hidden by the women, with whom he was a favorite; Quintal and McKoy fled to the mountains, where they remained until summoned back, peace having apparently been restored. But the whites felt that their only security lay in the death of the natives; they fell upon them by surprise and killed them all. Soon, however, McKoy while drunk fell over the

rocks, and Quintal became so outrageous that Adams and Young killed him in self-defense.

These two were the sole survivors of the fifteen men who had seven years before landed upon the island. How and when occurred the great change which took place in these two men is not told. All that is told is, that they sought out the Bible and Prayer-Book of Christian, and entered upon a most religious life. Young died of asthma in 1800, not, however, until he had instructed Adams, who could barely read, and not write; and he, the sole man on the island, became the guardian and instructor of a community of more than a score of women and young children. As the children grew up, they were married by Adams, according to the form laid down in the Prayer-Book; the ring, used for all, having been made by him. The son of Christian took for wife the widow of Edward Young, a woman quite old enough to be his mother, and so became step-father to the tall young man, almost of his own age, who accompanied him on his visit to the British ship.

If the islanders were astonished at the visitors, the latter were no less amazed at the aspect of this little community. The island, apparently about a dozen miles in circuit, rose to the height of a thousand feet, the steep cliffs down to the water's edge being clothed with palm, banyan, cocoanut, and bread-fruit trees, while in the valleys were plantations of taro-root, yams, and sweet potatoes. The village, which consisted of five houses, that being the number of families, was situated on a level platform high above the ocean, shaded with broad-leaved bananas and plantains. The houses were of wood, two stories in height, each having its pig-pen,

poultry-house, bakery, and another for the manufacture of *tappa*, the substitute for cloth, a kind of paper made by pounding together layers of the inner bark of trees. The population now numbered forty-six. The young men, all born on the island, were finely formed, tall, the average height being five feet ten inches, some of them exceeding six feet. The young women were also tall; one, not the tallest, was five feet ten inches. All had white teeth and profuse black hair, neatly dressed, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers. Their features were of a decidedly European cast, the complexion being a clear brunette. Their dress consisted of a loose bodice reaching from waist to knees, with a sort of mantle thrown over the shoulder and reaching to the ankles, which was thrown aside when at work. Their feet were bare. The young people were then mostly unmarried, for Adams discouraged very early marriages, as the girls would then necessarily be occupied with the care of their children; and he also inculcated upon the young men the necessity of having made some provision for a family before entering into any matrimonial engagement. The older women were mainly occupied in making *tappa;* the younger worked in the fields with their fathers and brothers. Their strength and agility astonished their visitors. "One of them," says Captain Pipon, "accompanied us to the boat, carrying on her shoulders, as a present, a large basket of yams, over such roads and precipices as were scarcely passable by any creatures except goats, and over which we could scarcely scramble with the help of our hands. Yet with this load on her shoulders she skipped from rock to rock like a young roe."

# THE STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND

[In 1856 the whole people removed from Pitcairn to Norfolk, a much larger and pleasanter island. Their love for their first home was strong, however, and at length a number of families returned. In 1890 they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the Bounty at Pitcairn.

*The Editor.*]

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN COOK

BY CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR

[THE Hawaiian, formerly known as the Sandwich Islands, were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and there the great navigator met his death. In 1820, American missionaries went to the islands, and in twenty years the speech of the natives had been reduced to writing, schools and courts of justice had been organized, and the irresponsible rule of the king had been limited by a constitution. In 1893, the attempts of Queen Liliuokalani to claim more authority than was granted by the old constitution resulted in her deposition, and in 1894 a republic was established. In 1898, the islands were, at their own request, annexed to the United States, and two years later they became a Territory of that country.

*The Editor.*]

COOK'S third and last voyage was undertaken for the purpose of discovering a supposed northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Numerous expeditions had been sent out for this purpose at various times, but they had all failed. It was resolved by the Admiralty to make one other trial, under the auspices of the successful navigator. Accordingly, on the 10th of February, 1776, he was appointed to the command in his old and trusty ship, the Resolution, and Captain Clerke, in the Discovery, was ordered to accompany him. Cook's instructions were to proceed direct to the Pacific Ocean, and thence to try the passage by way of Behring's Straits; and as it was necessary that the islands in the Southern Ocean should be revisited, cattle

and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the inhabitants.

The Resolution sailed on the 12th of July, 1776 (the Discovery was to follow), having on board a native of the Sandwich Islands to act as interpreter. Nothing of importance occurred on the outward voyage, and on the 12th of February, 1777, Cook arrived at Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand, where he anchored. He found the natives suspiciously shy, and no amount of persuasion could induce them to venture on board. They had reason for their uneasiness. On the last voyage, the Adventure had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unpremeditated skirmish. They apprehended chastisement, and thought it best to be on the alert. It was not convenient for Cook to add to any ill-feeling that might exist, so he said nothing about the massacre, but tried to conciliate. From the Sound the ship proceeded to some of the South Sea Islands, where they obtained a plentiful supply of provisions, but were greatly annoyed by the thievish propensities of the natives. To check this, Cook hit upon a new device. He seized the culprit and shaved his head, thus making him an object of ridicule to his countrymen, and enabling the English to keep their eyes on him. At Tongataboo generous hospitality was shown to them, and the king invited Cook to reside with him in his house. Here he made a distribution of animals among the chiefs, explaining their uses, and how to preserve them. A horse and mare, a bull and cow, several sheep and turkeys were thus given away. But, in spite of this kindly reciprocity, thieving still went on. Cook became incensed, and determined that he would put a stop to it

at any risk. Two kids and two turkey-cocks were abstracted from the stores. The captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. Much of the plunder was returned. But the chiefs, who were friendly, probably felt themselves insulted.

After remaining nearly three months in these hospitable but unprincipled regions, Cook took his departure for Otaheite, and thence for Matavai Bay, where he presented King Otoo with the remainder of his live stock, among which were a horse and mare. To show the natives the use of the latter animals, Captains Cook and Clerke rode about the island on horseback, much to the astonishment of the simple people. More civilized people have sometimes been astonished when they saw, for the first time, Mr. Jack Tar astride a horse. The wonder of the natives never abated. At Huaheine a thief occasioned the voyagers much trouble. He was a determined rascal, and shaving his head and beard, and cutting off his ears, had no moral effect on him. He persisted in his evil ways, and defied public opinion. At Ulictea several desertions took place, the deserters being sheltered by the Indians. Both Captain Clerke and Captain Cook went in pursuit of the fugitives, but without success. The latter, therefore, ordered the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law to be seized, and held as hostages until the deserters were given up. The remedy was effectual, and in a few days an exchange was effected. This severe policy of Cook was intended to save the spilling of innocent blood; but it produced

much indignation among the savages, who felt that it was an outrage to seize the highest persons in their land for every trivial offense. Even at this early day schemes were afoot to assassinate Cook and Clerke.

On the 2d of January the ships resumed their voyage northward. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they saw, and it was evident that they had never seen a ship before. They resembled the South Sea Islanders in another unpleasant respect — they were passionately addicted to stealing. To a group of these islands Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands. New Albion was made on the 7th of March, the ships then being in latitude 44° 33′ north, and, after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to anchor in a small cove lying in latitude 49° 29′ north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, and were eager to get it in exchange for skins, etc., rough and manufactured into garments. But the most extraordinary articles which they offered in trade were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practiced in a dexterous and educated manner, but the natives were strict in being paid for everything they supplied to the ships, with which rule Cook was happy to comply. This inlet was called King George's Sound, but it was afterward ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound, by which name it is more commonly known. From this point they exercised the

greatest watchfulness, hoping to find an outlet into the Atlantic Ocean, but, as every one knows, without success. Cook was able, however, to ascertain the relative positions of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. He explored the coasts in Behring's Straits, where they found some Russian traders. The ships then quitted the harbor of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook intending to await the season there, and then return to Kamtschatka. In latitude 20° 55′ they discovered the island of Mowee, and a few days later fell in with another, which the natives called Owhyhee, the extent of which was so great that the voyagers were nearly seven weeks sailing round it, and examining the coast. The inhabitants were extremely pleasant, and appeared to be entirely free from suspicion. Their canoes flocked around the ships in hundreds, and came well laden, too, but the gentlemen were light-fingered, and had but little fear of gunpowder. Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the islands, in which great formality was observed on both sides, followed by an exchange of presents and an exchange of names. The natives were extremely deferential to Cook, displaying almost an amount of adoration. A society of priests (native) furnished the ships with a plentiful supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the day previous to their departure the king sent them an immense quantity of cloth, many boatloads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships then sailed, but on the following day encountered such a severe storm that they had to put back in order to repair damages. They anchored at the old spot, and for

a time things went on pleasantly; but a theft took place, and the seamen, becoming enraged at losing every trifling article they possessed, had an affray with the natives. It was not a trifling article in this instance, however, being, in fact, no smaller than the cutter of the ship Discovery. The boats of both vessels were immediately sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to arrange matters in a determined spirit. The robbery was of the most audacious kind, and certainly merited punishment, but it is questionable if Cook's policy (considering the kindness he had so lately experienced) was the best that could have been devised.

Cook left the Resolution about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. On landing there was not the slightest symptom of hostility; crowds gathered around the Englishmen, and were kept in order by the chiefs, who seemed desirous that everything should proceed in an orderly and pleasant manner. Captain Cook proceeded to the king's house, and requested that he would go on board the Resolution, intending, of course, to keep him as a hostage. The king, individually, offered but few objections, but his people, evidently understood the maneuver, and quietly commenced arming themselves with spears, clubs, and daggers, and protecting themselves with the thick mats which they usually donned in time of war like armor. While affairs were in this state, a canoe arrived from the opposite side of the bay, and announced that one of the native chiefs had been killed by a shot from the

Discovery's boat. Indignant excitement now agitated the crowd; the women retired, and the men openly uttered threats. Cook, perceiving the threatening aspect that things had assumed, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no objection. He then escorted the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife entreated him not to leave the shore, or he would be put to death. Matters were now hurrying to a crisis. A chief with a dagger concealed under his cloak was observed watching Cook, and the lieutenant of marines wanted to fire at him, but this the captain would not permit. The chief gained new courage by this hesitation, and closed on them, and the officer struck him with his firelock. Another native interfered, and grasped the sergeant's musket, and was compelled to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Cook, seeing that it was useless to attempt to force the king off, was about to give orders to reëmbark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small shot from the barrels of his piece. The man, being scarcely hurt, brandished his spear as if about to hurl it at the captain, who at once knocked him down, but refrained from using ball. He then addressed the crowd, and endeavored to restore peace, but while so engaged a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at the captain. Seeing that his life was really in danger, Cook fired, but killed the wrong man. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly brought down the offender with his musket. For a moment the islanders seemed to lose some

of their impetuosity, but the crowds that had gathered behind pressed on those who were the immediate spectators of what had occurred, and, what was even more fatal, poured in a volley of stones. The marines, without waiting for orders, returned the compliment with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Cook was surprised and vexed at this accidental turn of affairs, and waved his hand to the boats to desist, and come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed farther off, at the very moment when his services were most required. The marines crowded into the pinnace with precipitation and confusion, and were so jammed together that they were unable to protect themselves. Those who were on shore kept up the fire, but the moment their pieces were discharged the islanders rushed upon them, and forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed and the lieutenant wounded. When this occurred, Cook was standing alone on a rock near the shore. Seeing, however, that it was now clearly a matter of escape, he hurried toward the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head to shield it from stones, and carrying his musket in his right hand. A remarkably agile warrior, a relation of the king's, was seen to follow him, and, before his object could be frustrated, sprang forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. Cook staggered a few paces, dropped his musket, and fell on his hands and one knee. Before he could recover himself, another islander rushed for-

ward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He sank into the water, and was immediately set upon by a number of savages, who tried to keep him down, but he succeeded in getting his head up. The pinnace was within half a dozen yards of him, and he cast an imploring look as if for assistance. The islanders forced him down again in a deeper place, but his great muscular strength enabled him to recover himself, and cling to the rock. He was not there for more than a moment, when a brutal savage dealt him a heavy blow with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The Indians then hauled his corpse upon the rock, and ferociously stabbed it all over, handing the dagger from one to another, in order that all might participate in the sweet revenge. The body was left some time upon the rock, and the islanders gave way, as though afraid of the act they had committed; but there was no attempt to recover it by the ship's crew, and it was subsequently cut up, together with the bodies of the marines, and the parts distributed among the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were afterward restored, and committed to the deep, with all the honors due to the rank of the deceased. Thus ingloriously perished one of England's greatest navigators, "whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession." It may almost be said, says Mr. Robert Chambers, that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The command of the Resolution devolved on Captain Clerke, and Mr. Gore acted as commander of the

Discovery. After making some further explorations among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamtschatka and Behring's Straits. There it was found impossible to accomplish the objects of the expedition, and it returned southward. Another misfortune befell the voyagers. On the 22d of August, 1779, Captain Clerke died of consumption. The ships visited Kamtschatka once more, and then returned by way of China, arriving in England on the 4th of October, 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days.

When it became known in England that Captain Cook had perished, all classes of people expressed their sympathy and deep sorrow. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of her children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of his services, and at home and abroad honors were scattered on his memory. That Cook was justly entitled to these testimonials is beyond a doubt, not only for the good he did his country, but for his own individual merit. It would be difficult to find a more brilliant instance of purely self-made greatness. Starting in life under circumstances of the most depressing nature, he succeeded solely by the force of industry in acquiring accomplishments which gave him the foremost place among the scientific men of his age. From the obscure condition of a foremast-man on a collier he rose to be the greatest discoverer of modern times. A recapitulation of what he accomplished may appropriately close this sketch. He discovered New Caledonia and Norfolk Island, New Georgia, and the Sandwich and many smaller islands in the Pacific; surveyed the Society Islands, the Friendly Islands, and

the New Hebrides; determined the insularity of New Zealand; circumnavigated the globe in a high southern latitude, so as to decide that no continent existed north of a certain parallel; explored the then unknown eastern coasts of New Holland for two thousand miles; determined the proximity of Asia to America, which the discoverer of Behring's Straits did not perceive; and, wherever he went, brought strange people into communication with the civilized world, through the wide gates of commerce and mutual interest.

The rock where Captain Cook fell is an object of curiosity in Hawaii to the present day. The natives point it out with sorrow, and show the stump of a cocoanut tree, where they say he expired. The upper part of this tree has been carried to England, and is preserved in the museum of Greenwich Hospital. On the remaining stump, which has been carefully capped with copper, is the following inscription: —

Near this spot
fell
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.
the
renowned circumnavigator
who
discovered these islands
A.D. 1778.

# THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODDESS PELE

## A HAWAIIAN LEGEND RELATED BY KALAKAUA, FORMERLY KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

[PELE was the goddess who dwelt in the awful fires of the volcano Kilauea. She was so easily offended and so terrible in her anger that the people who lived in volcanic districts built temples in her honor and sacrificed fruit, animals, and sometimes human beings, in order to win her favor or to free themselves from the fearful consequences of her wrath.

*The Editor.*]

THE grass-thatched mansion of the young chief Kahavari was near Kapoho, where his wife lived with their two children, Pampoulu and Kaohe; and at Kukii, no great distance away, dwelt his old mother, then on a visit to her distinguished son. As his *taro* lands were large and fertile and he had fish-ponds on the seashore, he entertained with prodigality, and the people of Puna thought there was no chief like him in all Hawaii.

It was at the time of the monthly festival of Lono. The day was beautiful. The trade-winds were bending the leaves of the palms and scattering the spray from the breakers chasing each other over the reef. A *holua* contest had been announced between the stalwart young chief and his favorite friend and companion, Ahua, and a large concourse of men, women, and children had assembled at the foot of the hill to witness the exciting pastime. They brought with them drums, *ohes*, *ulilis*, rattling gourds, and other musical instru-

ments, and while they awaited the coming of the contestants, all frolicked as if they were children — frolicked as was their way before the white man came to tell them they were nearly naked, and that life was too serious a thing to be frittered away in enjoyment. They ate *ohias*, cocoanuts, and bananas under the palms, and chewed the pith of sugar-cane. They danced, sang, and laughed at the *hula* and other sports of the children, and grew nervous with enthusiasm when their bards chanted the *meles* of by-gone years.

The game of *holua* consists in sliding down a sometimes long but always steep hill on a narrow sledge from six to twelve feet in length, called a *papa*. The light and polished runners, bent upward at the front, are bound quite closely together, with crossbars for the hands and feet. With a run at the top of the sliding track, slightly smoothed and sometimes strewn with rushes, the rider throws himself face downward on the narrow *papa* and dashes headlong down the hill. As the sledge is not more than six or eight inches in width, with more than as many feet in length, one of the principal difficulties of the descent is in keeping it under the rider; the other, of course, is in guiding it; but long practice is required to master the subtleties of either. Kahavari was an adept with the *papa*, and so was Ahua. Rare sport was therefore expected, and the people of the neighborhood assembled almost in a body to witness it.

Finally appearing at the foot of the hill, Kahavari and his companions were heartily cheered by their good-natured auditors. Their *papas* were carried by attendants. The chief smiled upon the assemblage, and as

he struck his tall spear into the ground and divested his broad shoulders of the *kihei* covering them, the wagers of fruit and pigs were three to one that he would reach the bottom first, although Ahua was expert with the *papa*, and but a month before had beaten the champion of Kau on his own ground.

Taking their sledges under their arms, the contestants laughingly mounted the hill with firm, strong strides, neither thinking of resting until the top was gained. Stopping for a moment preparatory to the descent, a comely-looking woman stepped out from behind a clump of undergrowth and bowed before them. Little attention was paid to her until she approached still nearer and boldly challenged Kahavari to contest the *holua* with her instead of Ahua. Exchanging a smile of amusement with his companion, the chief scanned the lithe and shapely figure of the woman for a moment, and then exclaimed, more in astonishment than in anger, —

"What! with a woman?"

"And why not with a woman, if she is your superior and you lack not the courage?" was the calm rejoinder.

"You are bold, woman," returned the chief, with something of a frown. "What know you of the *papa?*"

"Enough to reach the bottom of the hill in front of the chief of Puna," was the prompt and defiant answer.

"Is it so, indeed? Then take the *papa* and we will see!" said Kahavari, with an angry look which did not seem to disturb the woman in the least.

At a motion from the chief, Ahua handed his *papa* to the woman, and the next moment Kahavari, with the strange contestant closely behind him, was dashing down the hill. On, on they went, around and over rocks,

at breakneck speed; but for a moment the woman lost her balance, and Kahavari reached the end of the course a dozen paces in advance.

Music and shouting followed the victory of the chief, and, scowling upon the exultant multitude, the woman pointed to the hill, silently challenging the victor to another trial. They mounted the hill without a word, and turned for another start.

"Stop!" said the woman, while a strange light flashed in her eyes. "Your *papa* is better than mine. If you would act fairly, let us now exchange!"

"Why should I exchange?" replied the chief hastily. "You are neither my wife nor my sister, and I know you not. Come!" And, presuming the woman was following him, Kahavari made a spring and dashed down the hill on his *papa*.

With this the woman stamped her foot, and a river of burning lava burst from the hill and began to pour down into the valley beneath. Reaching the bottom, Kahavari rose and looked behind him, and to his horror saw a wide and wild torrent of lava rushing down the hillside toward the spot where he was standing; and riding on the crest of the foremost wave was the woman — now no longer disguised, but Pele, the dreadful Goddess of Kilauea — with thunder at her feet and lightning playing with her flaming tresses.

Seizing his spear, Kahavari, accompanied by Ahua, fled for his life to the small eminence of Puukea. He looked behind, and saw the entire assemblage of spectators engulfed in a sea of fire. With terrible rapidity the valleys began to fill, and he knew that his only hope of escape was in reaching the ocean, for it was manifest

that Pele was intent upon his destruction. He fled to his house, and, passing it without stopping, said farewell to his mother, wife, and children, and to his favorite hog Aloipuaa. Telling them that Pele was in pursuit of him with a river of fire, and to save themselves if possible, by escaping to the hills, he left them to their fate.

Coming to a chasm, he saw Pele pouring lava down it to cut off his retreat. He crossed on his spear, pulling his friend over after him. At length, closely pursued, he reached the ocean. His brother, discovering the danger, had just landed from his fishing-canoe and had gone to look after the safety of his family. Kahavari leaped into the canoe with his companions, and, using his spear for a paddle, was soon beyond the reach of the pursuing lava. Enraged at his escape, Pele ran some distance into the water and hurled after him huge stones that hissed as they struck the waves, until an east wind sprang up and carried him far out to sea.

He first reached the island of Maui, and thence by the way of Lanai found his way to Oahu, where he remained to the end of his days. All of his relatives in Puna perished, with hundreds of others in the neighborhood of Kapoho. But he never ventured back to Puna, the grave of his hopes and his people, for he believed Pele, the unforgiving, would visit the place with another horror if he did.

Pele had come down from Kilauea in a pleasant mood to witness the *holua* contest; but Kahavari angered her unwittingly, and what followed has just been described.

# FATHER DAMIEN, THE MISSIONARY TO THE LEPERS

BY JOHN C. LAMBERT

He was born in 1840 of peasant parents at a little village on the river Laak, not far from the ancient city of Louvain, in Belgium. His real name was Joseph de Veuster, Damien being a new name which he adopted, according to the custom of the religious orders, when he was admitted to the congregation of the Picpus Fathers. In 1864 he joined on the shortest notice, as a substitute for his elder brother, who had suddenly fallen ill, a band of missionaries for the Hawaiian Islands, and his life's labors were begun in the very island on which Captain Cook met his tragic end so long before. Here for nine years he toiled unsparingly, endearing himself to the natives, and earning from his bishop the title of "the intrepid," because nothing ever seemed to daunt him.

He had many adventures both on the sea and among the volcanic mountains, for, like Bishop Huntington, whom he frequently recalls, he was a bold cliff-climber and a strong swimmer. In visiting the people in the remoter parts of the island, he thought nothing of scaling precipitous rocks on hands and knees, till his boots were torn to shreds and the blood flowed freely from feet as well as hands. Once when his canoe capsized he had to save his life by a long swim in his clothes. On another occasion, as he was riding along a lonely coast, he observed a ship's boat with several persons in it drifting

helplessly towards the rocks. Jumping from his horse, he plunged into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat and bringing to land eight shipwrecked sailors — three Americans, four Englishmen, and a Dutchman. Their vessel had taken fire in mid-ocean; for more than a week they had drifted about in the Pacific till their strength was utterly exhausted; and death was already staring them in the eyes when the brave young priest came with deliverance.

But we must pass from deeds of courage and daring in which Damien has been equaled by many others, to speak of the great deed of sacrifice in which he stands alone. The lovely Hawaiian Islands have long suffered from a terrible scourge, the scourge of leprosy. Some years after Father Damien's arrival the Government determined on the use of drastic measures to stamp out the evil. There is in the archipelago an island called Molokai, which along its northern side presents to the sea an awful front of precipice. At one spot, however, in this frowning battlement of rock, and bearing to it, in R. L. Stevenson's vivid comparison, "the same relation as a bracket to a wall," there projects into the ocean a rugged triangular piece of land known as Kalawao, which is thus "cut off between the surf and the precipice." To this desolate tongue of wind-swept down it was resolved to deport every person, young or old, rich or poor, prince or commoner, in whom the slightest taint of leprosy should be found. The law was carried into effect with the utmost rigor. All over the islands lepers and those suspected of having leprosy were hunted out by the police, dragged away from their homes, and if certified by a doctor as touched by the

disease, at once shipped off to the leper settlement as if to a state prison. Children were torn from their parents and parents from their children. Husbands and wives were separated forever. In no case was any respect of persons shown, and a near relative of the Hawaiian Queen was among the first to be seized and transported.

Awful indeed was the lot of these poor creatures, thus gathered together from all parts of the islands and shot out like rubbish on that dismal wedge of land between cliff and sea. Parted forever from their friends, outcasts of society, with no man to care for their bodies or their souls, with nothing to hope for but a horrible unpitied death, they gave themselves up to a life like that of the beasts of the field. And even to this day things might have been no better on the peninsula of Kalawao, had it not been for the coming of Father Damien.

For some time Damien had felt the dreadful lot of those unfortunates pressing heavily upon his heart, all the more as several of his own flock had been carried away to the settlement. In a letter written about this time he says that when he saw his own beloved people dragged away, he felt a presentiment that he should see them again. Such a presentiment could only point to one thing. From Molokai no leper was ever permitted to return. Above the beach of Kalawao, as above the arched portal of Dante's Inferno, the awful words might have stood, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." If Father Damien was to see his poor smitten children again, it must be by going to them, for nevermore should they return to him.

One day there was a gathering of the Roman Catholic

clergy at the dedication of a church on the island of Maui, which lies not far from Molokai. After the ceremony was over, the bishop was holding a familiar conversation with his missionaries, and in the course of it he spoke of the distress he felt for the poor lepers of Molokai — stricken sheep without a shepherd. At once Damien spoke out. "My lord," he said, "on the day when I was admitted to the order of the Picpus Fathers, I was placed under the pall, that I might learn that voluntary death is the beginning of a new life. And I wish to declare now that I am ready to bury myself alive among the lepers of Molokai, some of whom are well known to me."

It shows the stuff of which those Roman Catholic missionaries were made that the bishop accepted Damien's proposal as simply and readily as it was uttered. "I could not have imposed this task upon any one," he said, "but I gladly accept the offer you have made." At once Damien was ready to start, for, like General Gordon when he started for Khartoum, he required no time for preparations. A few days afterwards, on May 11th, 1873, he was landed on the beach of Kalawao along with a batch of fifty miserable lepers, whom the authorities had just collected from various parts of Hawaii.

The sights that met the eye of the devoted missionary must have been revolting beyond expression, though Damien says little about them, for it was not his habit to dwell on these details. Stevenson visited Molokai after Damien was dead, and after the place had been "purged, bettered, beautified" by his influence and example; but he describes the experience as "grinding"

and "harrowing." The Princess-Regent of Hawaii once paid a state visit to the settlement while Damien was there, and after his presence had wrought a marvelous transformation. The lepers were dressed in their best. Triumphal arches adorned the beach. Flowers were strewn in profusion along the path that led to the place of reception. But when the royal lady looked around her on that awful crowd, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and though it had been arranged that she should speak to the people, her lips trembled so helplessly that she was unable to utter a single word. Damien came to Kalawao when the settlement was at its worst. He saw it too, not as a passing visitor, but as one who knew that henceforth this was to be his only home on earth. He confesses that for a moment, as he stepped ashore, his heart sank within him. But he said to himself, "Now Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work!" And never during the sixteen years that followed did he go back upon his resolve.

For several weeks, until he found time to build himself a hut, he had no shelter but a large pandanus tree. This pandanus tree he called his house, and under its branches he lay down on the ground to sleep at night. Meanwhile, from the very first, he spent his days in trying to teach and help and comfort his leper flock. In a letter to his brother, Father Pamphile, in substitution for whom, as mentioned already, he had become a Hawaiian missionary, he admits that at first he almost grew sick in the presence of so much physical corruption. On Sundays especially, when the people crowded closely round him in the little building which served as a chapel, he often felt as if he must rush out of the loathsome

atmosphere into the open air. But he deliberately crushed these sensations down. He sought to make himself as one of the lepers, and carried this so far that in his preaching he did not use the conventional "My brethren," but employed the expression, "We lepers," instead. And by and by the spirit of sympathy grew so strong that even in the presence of what was most disgusting all feeling of repugnance passed entirely away.

It was not only the souls of the lepers for which Father Damien cared. At that time there was no doctor in the settlement, so he set himself to soothe their bodily sufferings as best he could, cleansing their open wounds and binding up their stumps and sores. Death was constantly busy — indeed, some one died almost every day; and whether at noon or at midnight, the good Father was there to perform the last offices of his Church. And as he sought to comfort the lepers in dying, his care for them continued after they were dead. Before his arrival no one had thought of burying a dead leper with any sort of decency. No coffin was provided; the corpse at best was shoveled hastily into a shallow hole. But Father Damien's reverence for a human being forbade him to acquiesce in such arrangements. As there was no one else to make coffins, he made them himself, and it is estimated that during his years on Molokai he made not less than fifteen hundred with his own hands. More than this, — when no other could be got to dig a proper grave, Damien did not hesitate to seize his spade and act the part of the grave-digger. To most people such toils as pastor and teacher, doctor and undertaker, would seem more than enough for even the strongest of

men. But they were far from summing up the labors of Damien. He induced the people to build themselves houses, and as few of them knew how to begin, he became head mason and carpenter-in-chief to the whole settlement. He next got them to give him their assistance in erecting suitable chapels at different points of the peninsula. He built two orphanages, one for boys and one for girls, into which he gathered all the fatherless and motherless children; and to the instruction of these young people he gave special attention. Above all, he sought by constant cheerfulness and unflagging energy to infuse a new spirit into that forlorn collection of doomed men and women. By teaching them to work he brought a fresh and healthy interest into their lives. By creating a Christian public opinion he lifted them out of the condition of filth and sottishness into which they had sunk. But, above all, he wiped off from their souls "the soiling of despair" by the assurance he gave them of human sympathy and Divine love.

What was Father Damien like, many will ask. He was tall and strong, indeed of an imposing presence, with a bright and serene countenance and a rich and powerful voice. The very sight of him brought strength and comfort to others. Like the Master whom he loved and sought to follow, and who also was the Friend of the leper, he was possessed of a strange magnetism — a kind of vital "virtue" — which, though in Damien's case it could not effect miracles, yet had power to lift up the hearts of those who were bowed down by their infirmities.

So the years passed on, while day after day was filled up with such tasks as we have described. During the

first six months the Father was sometimes haunted by the thought that he had contracted the insidious disease, but thereafter he banished the idea from his mind, and lived on in Molokai for many years in perfect health and strength. One day, however, as he was washing his feet in unusually hot water, he noticed that they had been blistered with the heat without his being conscious of any pain. At once he knew what this meant. He had not lived so long in the settlement without learning that the absence of feeling in any part of the body is one of the surest symptoms of leprosy; and now he understood that his doom was sealed. But the fact made very little difference in either his thoughts or his ways. So long as he was able he went on with his duties as before, while he exerted himself with special anxiety to secure that after he was gone the work he had been doing in the settlement should be carried on, and carried on still more efficiently than had been possible for one who labored single-handed. And before he died he had the joy of knowing not only that these deeds of love and mercy would be taken up and continued by other Fathers of his order, but that a band of Franciscan sisters, inspired by his great example, had volunteered to serve as nurses among the lepers of Molokai, and that an adequate hospital with a thoroughly qualified doctor would seek to assuage the sufferings of those who had reached the last stages of the fatal malady.

In spite of all that Father Damien accomplished when he was alive, we might almost say that he did more for the Hawaiian lepers by his death than by his life. It was not till after he had passed away that men came to a full knowledge of this hero of the nineteenth century.

Largely by the help of the burning pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, the story of his willing martyrdom flew round the world and made the name of Molokai illustrious. International sympathy was aroused for the poor sufferers for whom Damien laid down his life. The press of every Christian country resounded with his fame. Princes and peasants sought to do him honor. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales — afterwards Edward VII — placed himself at the head of a movement which had for its object to commemorate the life and labors of this brave soldier-saint of Jesus Christ. Money flowed in, by which it became possible to do much more for Damien's leper flock than he had ever been able to do himself. The Damien Institute was formed in England for the training of Roman Catholic youths to the laborious life of missionary priests in the South Seas.

When Father Damien's end was drawing near, he expressed a desire to be buried at the foot of the pandanus tree beneath which he had lived when he first came to Molokai. The two Fathers who were now with him thought it right to comply with his wishes; and so under the very spot which once served him for his bed his body lies awaiting the Resurrection, with flowers growing over it and the wide tree spreading above. In one of the streets of Louvain there stands a beautiful statue of Father Damien. His face is uplifted to heaven, his left hand holds a crucifix to his heart, his right arm is thrown in love and protection round the shoulder of a poor leper, who crouches to his side for comfort. It is a fine conception, finely executed; and yet its effect upon the beholder can hardly compare with the feelings of those who, like Stevenson and other

pilgrims to the island, have stood by that grave in Molokai beneath the old pandanus tree and seen Father Damien's monument lying all around him in that community of lepers, which has been "purged, bettered, beautified" by his great act of sacrifice.

# A VISIT TO AGUINALDO

BY EDWIN WILDMAN

[THE Philippines were visited by Magellan in 1521. Half a century later, the Spanish took possession of them and named them in honor of Philip II of Spain. In 1896, the natives, led by Aguinaldo, revolted against Spanish rule. After the Spanish-American War, Aguinaldo fought against the United States, into whose hands the islands had now fallen. In 1901, he was captured and American rule was established throughout the Philippines.

*The Editor.*]

IN November, 1898, I visited Aguinaldo at his capital at Malolos. I was laboring under the popular delusion as to Aguinaldo's greatness, and judged him largely from the documents that bore his name, although I was in possession of some information which aided me in understanding somewhat the situation at Malolos. I was well acquainted with a number of revolutionary sympathizers, and several members of Aguinaldo's cabinet who resided in Manila, and, considering their views and the positions they held, I was somewhat surprised at the open manner in which they depreciated Aguinaldo's ability and deplored the prominence accorded him, even while they themselves admitted that his name was the only one that held the natives in check and united in the aspirations for independence. It was humiliating to them that Aguinaldo, instead of one of their number, held the confidence of the people.

I shall not soon forget my pilgrimage to the Filipino

Mecca. Those were the palmy days of the Republica Filipina, and Aguinaldo's name was on every lip.

There was a cordon of insurgent soldiers around Manila, and to pass this line one must needs have a pass signed by Aguinaldo. I boarded the diminutive train on the Manila-Dagupan Railroad, and in company with twelve carloads of barefooted natives was soon speeding along the little narrow gauge toward Malolos. In half an hour we had passed the cordon, and I and my Filipino companion were landed on the Malolos platform, which was patrolled by a half-dozen or more Filipino soldiers, who strutted up and down, and, it seemed to me, looked upon me with suspicion. I greeted their looks with an affable smile, — we all did then, — and they withdrew their stare and passed on.

After the little train puffed out of the station, I pushed my way through a crowd of palm-extended beggars, trading upon deformed limbs and leprous faces, and reached the opposite side of the station, where lingered beneath the shade of some scraggly palms a half-dozen *caromettas*, attached by crude hemp harnesses to ponies, long strangers to *sacati* and *pali*.

Though naturally merciful to the animal kingdom, I was prevailed upon by Malolos "hackmen," augmented by the persuasive rays of the midday sun, to take a seat in one of their crude carts, and was soon bumping and joggling over the occasionally planked road toward the pueblo.

It was tiffin time, and I knew better than to disturb any Filipino gentleman at midday. For a siesta follows tiffin with as much regularity as a demi-tasse does dinner in America. My Filipino friend and myself therefore

repaired to a public house and partook of a native meal, which was washed down by native drinks — the combination fitting one for any crime. After visiting the church, the public square, and the town pump, I presented myself at the *Casa* Aguinaldo. The *Presidente* made his headquarters in the second story of a large convent, or priest's house, as it is called, adjoining the Malolos church, which was utilized to accommodate the sessions of the Filipino Congress. Two Maxim guns protruded from the windows of the convent, and the entrance was guarded by a patrol of Filipino soldiery.

We passed this gantlet without challenge and ascended the convent stairs. At the top extended a long, broad hall. On either side of this passageway were stationed Aguinaldo's bodyguards armed with halberds. Diminutive Filipinos, almost comical in their toy-like dignity, were ranged along the wall, giving themselves an extra brace as we passed. The halberds were cheap imitations of those customarily used in the palace of the governor-general at Manila upon state occasions.

Our cards were sent in. The *Presidente* would receive us. Would we wait for a brief space? The dapper but brave little insurgent general, Pio del Pinar, was pleased to greet us.

The *Presidente* knew of my coming. Had it not been telegraphed to him when we crossed the line? Ah, *Señor*, the *Presidente* knows everything. He desires to protect Americans when they do him so much honor. But did one need special protection in Aguinaldo's country? No, *Señor*, but there are Spaniards who yet hope and hate. Too much caution cannot be exercised. Would we look at the council room — and so on.

## A VISIT TO AGUINALDO

I early learned that if one wished to get information from a Filipino, one must not ask it. Aguinaldo's council chamber was interesting. Down the center of the hall were parallel rows of chairs, Filipino style, facing each other. Here sat the dignitaries of state like rows of men awaiting their turns in a barber shop. The walls were hung with creditable paintings by native artists. A large Oriental rug covered the mahogany floor.

On bamboo pedestals around the rooms were miniature wood-carvings representing Filipino victims undergoing tortures of various descriptions at the hands of friars and Spanish officials for refusing to divulge the secrets of the Katipunan. One showed a native suspended on tiptoes by a cord tied around his tongue, while a Spanish hireling slashed his back with a knife. Another represented a native of the province of Nueva Écija falsely accused of hostility to the Spanish, so I was told. A cord passed through his nose, as if he were a beast of burden. A Spaniard was cudgeling his bare shoulders with a bamboo stick. Another showed a Filipino hung up by his feet with a big stone bound to each shoulder. Still another represented a native with his back bent backward, a pole passing under his knees, a cord around his chest holding him bent over in a most painful position. And others equally terrible. All these were actual cases. I was told the history of each one. Finally Aguinaldo was ready to receive us. The red plush curtains that separated his private room from the council chamber were drawn aside by guards, and we entered the holy of holies. The little chieftain was already standing to receive us.

His spacious room was adorned with Japanese tapestries. Around the walls were handsome Japanese vases, and emblazoned high on one side of the room was a shield of ancient Japanese and Mindanao arms. On another side of the room was a huge Spanish mirror. Back of Aguinaldo's desk hung from its staff a handsome Spanish flag. I jokingly asked Aguinaldo if he would present it to me as a souvenir of my visit. "Not for twenty-five thousand pesos," he replied. "I captured it at Cavite, my native town. The Spaniards have offered thousands of pesos as a bribe for the restoration of that flag, so I keep it here."

Aguinaldo is short. His skin is dark. His head is large, but well posed on a rather slight body. His hair is the shiny black of the Tagalog, and is combed pompadour, enhancing his height somewhat. On that day he was dressed in a suit of fine *piña*-cloth of native manufacture, and he wore no indication of his rank.

Through my Filipino friend, as interpreter, I had an extended conversation with him. He told me that he hoped to avoid a rupture with the Americans, but that his people felt that they had been wronged and slighted, and that they were becoming turbulent and difficult to control. He said that his Government was thoroughly organized; that throughout the provinces, where insurrection had been incessant for years, all was quiet, and the peaceful pursuits of labor were being carried on. "I hope these conditions will not be disturbed," he added, not without meaning. I asked him if the charges were true that the Spanish friars were maltreated, and if women, also, were imprisoned. He replied that he was not responsible to any one for the treatment of his pris-

oners, but that if an accredited emissary of General Otis would call upon him, he would permit him to visit the places where the Spanish prisoners were confined. As to the women, he said that they were "wives" of the priests and voluntarily shared captivity with them. As I left the room he spoke to my Filipino friend, calling him back. Being somewhat curious at this not altogether polite act, I later asked the reason.

My friend smiled, and told me that Aguinaldo wished to make a purchase in Manila, and requested him to attend to it.

"But what did he want?" I said.

My friend again smiled, and said: —

"You know he is vain. He wants me to get him another large mirror like the one in his room. He desires it to be the finest plate-glass, and the frame, also, Spanish style, to be set with mirrors. He wants, too, some other decorations and knick-knacks for his room. He is fond of finery — like the rest of us, you know."

I saw that great French plate-glass mirror several months later. It was removed from the Aguinaldo sanctum, however, and braced up against a mango tree in front of the "palace" headquarters. A big, swarthy Kansan was taking his first shave before it after the capture of Malolos, March 31, 1899.

# PREPARING OUR MOROS FOR GOVERNMENT

BY R. L. BULLARD

A CURIOUS and interesting process has been going on in Mindanao of the Philippines; the West is being grafted upon the East; American government and ways are passing to Oriental savages.

The most troublesome and inaccessible tribe were the Lanao Moros, living about the fine lake of that name, high in the mountains and forests of the interior of Mindanao. From thence in the past they had sallied forth when they pleased, in piratical and slave-taking expeditions that made the name of Moro the terror of the Philippines. Returning thither, their ways had seemed to close behind them. It was for the Americans to open these ways: for here, as perhaps over all the earth, road-making was to be the first step, and to merge with government-making and civilization.

For the Malanaos, as these Moros called themselves, the two began together. United States troops began laboriously to open a road from the north shores of Mindanao to the borders of Lake Lanao. The work fell to the soldier; for, with the coming of civil government to the other Philippines, the Moros, because of their long tradition of piracy, lawlessness, and savagery, had been left to the care of the army. From this work, from his part and charge thereof, and from his subsequent experience as first governor of Lanao, the writer speaks.

Having heard only fearful rumors of the military

prowess and dire fanaticism of the Moros, we came to find a numerous people in a native state of political chaos, to the civilized mind incomprehensible, for reasonable beings incredible. Nothing, not even pandemonium, could be said to reign in such disorder. An infinity of chiefs called dattos, with pompous titles — sultan and rajah — suggesting power and authority, yet having none, divided a fine country into many minute sovereign and independent followings, of uncertain jurisdiction as to persons, places, and things. There were five tribes, which, however, differed only in name, — not in condition or characteristics. These tribes had their traditional, hereditary sultans, doubled and trebled, perhaps, but always largely nominal, and, except for their immediate personal following, with but little real authority. Over their "sons" — the general people and the countless lesser dattos and sultans of the tribe — they had influence, hardly control. The latter governed themselves, that is, lived as they pleased, as they could, or as they were allowed by their neighbors. More, probably, than any other man on earth the Moro did as he pleased; his only restraint was his fear of others.

With perhaps a dozen separate datto groups within a radius of a mile, with no common superior to adjust differences, followers of different dattos wrangled, lay in wait for one another, made war, or watched one another in a state of armed peace that was worse than war. With no other means of squaring accounts than by war and aggression, these were continual. Rivalry and jealousy were the predominant tones. Fear on the datto's part that, if he were severe with his followers, they would leave him and, by joining some neighbors, disturb

the local balance of power, prevented the punishment of any but domestic offenses; and so Moros everywhere were thieves, robbers, pirates, and slave-takers, in a state of continual violence and wrong-doing toward one another and all men, so far as they dared.

They loved markets, trade, and intercourse, but for these there was no protection except individual prowess. If wives or children went out without guard but a little way from home, they were likely to be nabbed and run off into slavery by prowling man-hunters, shifted about, sold quickly from hand to hand, and lost beyond all power of tracing. They showed signs of industry, but for this virtue savagery offers no encouragement. Trained in the use of the dagger, *kris*, two-handed sword and spear, all Moros were soldiers, proud, quick-tempered, quarrelsome, ever on the lookout for opportunity to try their skill in arms, without which, waking or sleeping, they were never caught.

Such were the Moros. There was no government. The only suggestion of it was found in the datto. Manifestly here not only had the foundations of government and order yet to be laid, but the very places for them were to be made and prepared.

From a few fights that had preceded our coming, it had been made plain to the American authorities that with our superior intelligence, arms, and organization we could, whenever desired, absolutely wipe the Moros off the earth. There was, however, in such proceeding neither purpose nor glory, and the policy was to grant opportunity to the Moros, if they would take it, for better things in peace. Thence, logically, my first steps were to try to demonstrate to them our good intentions,

to place on exhibition before them the advantages, the benefits, of peace, order, and government, — things which they had not.

Beginning then, the labor of soldiers slowly and painfully for four months worked a road through jungle, forest, and mountain toward the heart of the Moro country. In this time, though often invited and always treated with great consideration, but a few straggling Moros came to visit me. With these, however, I spent time patiently, squatting or sitting about camp, sometimes talking, often in silence, all day to the very night, so long as they would stay, to allow them to look and learn, to observe us for themselves, and satisfy their curiosity; then, as they went away, I invited them to come again to-morrow.

They came in little bunches, and the dattos talked. They rarely spoke directly upon the subject which nevertheless I could see was uppermost in their thoughts, — our coming. They either disdained any show of interest in it that might imply concern or fear about our presence, — for a Moro is nothing if not proud, — or else preferred to draw their own conclusions from time and observation.

In the outset of trying to establish friendly relations, ill luck befell. Simultaneously with the Americans there appeared amongst the Moros the most fearful of all diseases, the Asiatic cholera, and straightway it was charged upon us. The white men were in league with the Cholera Man, and had brought his devils to destroy the Moros. My few friends dropped away out of sight, whence they had come. Prowling bands, even lone Moros, beset the trails and camp, lying in wait and at-

tacking with fury and bitterness lone sentinels and small parties. A single old datto, Alandug, stayed. From his seacoast village he had looked wider upon the world, and was wiser than his fellows. I did not need to tell him, for he easily saw for himself, our mortal terror of the cholera, whose cause we called germs, he, devils. He did not, however, understand why we were not dying like the Moros. I showed him the soldiers boiling their water, and told him that before drinking we thus drove the cholera forth from the water in which it lived. To my surprise he never flinched at the statement, he swallowed it whole; this truth, so hard of acceptance among wiser men, found ready belief with this savage. Long afterward I knew why. It agreed with the Moro religious theory that all diseases are but devils that have slipped from the outside into the body. Our theory and theirs, so different, yet the same, proved a first bond, something common between white man and brown. Alandug told the other Moros what a just theory the Americans had of the cholera, and how the awful disease had killed but few Americans. In a short time my friends began to come back with him, bringing all the ills of human flesh for cure by advice of the white man, in whose medical theories they had quickly acquired confidence. Thenceforward medicine, and especially quinine, became my ally, esteemed above right, reason, principal, and, upon occasions, even above force.

The labor of building a great road through mountain and tropical forest was slow. We were still, after months, far from the Moro country, not among the people we had come to reach. A weekly market at a coast settlement, and the season of salt-boiling, were, however,

bringing parties of Moros from the far interior past us to the coast. Curiosity induced them to squat, talk, and smoke with me, while they "sized up" the Americans and admired their beautiful arms.

Thus daily I spent hours with them. The first thing ever in their eyes and thoughts was arms, — firearms, — but on this subject I would not talk. They were greatly impressed with the quantity and variety of the things we had. Here I was ready for them. The Moros were very poor, they said; they relied upon arms and the religion of the Prophet; their sultans and dattos were mighty, and were not subject to or ruled over by one another, or by any man, because they were brave, feared not death, and their mountains covered them. I told them of the might, but assured them of the friendly intentions, of the Americans; that we had not come to fight, but to open roads, so that the Moros could come to buy, sell, trade, work with the Americans and grow rich; that we had come to bring the Moros all the valuable and useful things which they saw we had. I ended with an offer to hire and pay them for working on the road. Thereat they professed much pleasure. In this, my thoughts were on work for peace, theirs on arms for war, firearms, which in the Moro eye shut out sight and consideration of all things else. Moved by the hope of getting these, some smaller dattos near, after much talk, declared themselves ready to accept the offer of work. Old Alandug came first, with a handful of ugly-looking followers, whom we treated like kings, and handled like infernal machines ready to go off at any time. When at the end of the day they received their pay, their thoughts turned upon the coin, the money in

hand, in a sort of charmed, pleased surprise. The next day saw their numbers grow; succeeding days new groups were added, with growing confidence, but armed, always armed, stuck all over with daggers and krises. A few days' work, however, and my old friend, Alandug, fell from me for a while on the arms question. A stray Moro, a low-bred, common fellow, taking advantage of the datto's absence at work with me, had eloped at one fell swoop with two of the datto's young wives. The datto must have revenge, and, to obtain it, rifles from me, his brother, who had come to do the Moros good. Disappointed at my refusal, he went away sulking; but, as I had expected, his people in a day or two sneaked back to work without him, to get from the Americans the sure pay and regular food which made them forget their datto's anger. It was an augury of good which, as time passed, I was to see more and more realized.

The market-goers and salt-makers carried the news of the money-getting to the interior, and other strangers appeared, strengthening the number of our laborers and friends, and weakening the ranks of the hesitating or hostile. Pay for work was sure, and the burning desire for arms began to be forgotten in an awakened love of gain. A new force was at work among Moros, and what, in civilized men, we rail at as low and vile, became in these savages a saving virtue, making for peace and progress. The followers of the Datto Alag and the men of Pugaan, who, on account of a damsel bought and paid for but never delivered, had for years been attacking one another on sight, and dared not now, as they loved their lives, meet on market or trail, wiped the score

from memory to come and earn money together on the American road. The sultan of Balet and the sultan of Momungan, next-door neighbors who, in a way to rack the nerve and wreck the best men ever built, had long been either at war or in a state of continual guard night and day against each other's raids, forgot the old cannon that had been the cause of the trouble, and came to work on the road without friction. Men to whom it had been discredit, if not dishonor, to be found without arms, gradually came to lay them aside at the white man's insistence, for a short time at least, while they labored. Harder still for a Moro,—whose law is an eye for an eye, conduct for conduct to all generations,—a datto, a favorite of mine, under the same influence, came after six months to look, if not with forgiveness, at least without excitement and feverish desire to kill, upon a Moro road laborer of mine, some of whose people in long-gone times had fought and wounded the datto's grandfather.

A boyhood spent among simple, ignorant plantation negroes, later experience as officer over them and others like them, the Filipinos, had strongly impressed upon me the distrust which such people always feel toward middlemen of all kinds, especially interpreters. Direct speech alone satisfies them. With the Moros the constant effort and practice of our all-day *séances* had in a few months obviated alike the need of interpreter and the possibility of distrust: I had learned their own tongue. They could talk with me directly, and they soon were coming oftener and farther to do it.

From the beginning, among these visitors had appeared many *panditas*, scribes and priests, men of solemn dignity and preoccupied mien. They made a great show

of silence; but, notwithstanding this, I could see that in reality, by look, gesture, and occasional word, they generally directed the speech of the datto whom they accompanied. They touched so often upon religious matters and customs that I had quickly felt the need of being informed on the subject of Mohammedan teaching, especially concerning conduct and foreign relations. I accordingly "primed" myself at once, and was soon astonishing the panditas, who were themselves really ignorant of their religion, with my learned talk crammed for the occasion from Sales's translation of the Koran. With the Moros in Spanish times, religion had been the greatest stumbling-block. In their view the Koran was the whole law, established long ago in the days of the Prophet, so that change and innovation in anything that it governed (and it governed all things) were not only unnecessary, but wrong. Now we, the Americans, had not, like the Spaniards, come talking a new religion. We had the correct Moro theory of disease. Moreover, we had, as it were, slipped up on their weak human side by appealing to their love of gain, and by keeping them employed had even kept their thoughts from the usual fanatical channels into which they were wont to turn on meeting new things. In short, before the Moros knew it, they had been surprised, juggled out of their usual position, and on this one point of religion, where we had expected the greatest difficulty, we were, on account of a little study and pains (I almost said trick), not only to have none, but were to meet with real assistance in getting control of the bulk of the Moros. Religion is the one thing if there is any, that faintly holds together the incoherent groups of the race. After many visits from

less important priests, came the chief and most reverend one in all Lanao, an old and very shrewd man. I received and treated him with great dignity and show of respect, and talked the Koran with him as long as he pleased. Delighted with his first reception, he came again and often. In a few months he was my stanch friend, and was sending letters and messages to his people, many of whom were now either preparing for war or had already been committing acts of war against the Americans. He told them that he spoke the will of Allah-'ta-Allah (God); it was that they live in peace and accept the Americans. He assured them that the Americans also, like the Moros, knew the will of Allah-'ta-Allah and the words of the Prophet. With this old man I advised on many subjects, and one of his last acts with me was to rise, to my great surprise, in a grand assembly of his people a year after our first meeting, and solemnly announce it as the will of God, made known to him, that the Americans rule over the Moro people and tax them to the fifth of all their goods! He could have given no greater proof of loyalty, for the rock on which his people split was taxes.

For nearly a year the presence of the Americans, contact with them, observation, the example they offered of order, obedience, and government, the practice which in working with the Americans the Moros themselves received in obedience, order, industry, and responsibility, were lessons to the Moros preparatory to government, which was to follow. On many these lessons were unmistakably having the desired effect; on others, not. The latter committed against the Americans every aggression that treachery and stealth could devise.

Sentinels were stabbed in the dark, lone soldiers ambushed, cut up, and killed, small parties attacked, tents, tools, and arms stolen and carried away. Our patience long left these things unpunished, hoping that with time and a better comprehension of us the Moros would of themselves see the folly of continuing such acts. On the contrary, as the road went deeper and deeper into the Moro country, these aggressions became worse and more frequent. Our enemies, and even our friends, began to think we were afraid. Unpunished, enjoying to the full at our expense the gratification of their Moro love of lawlessness, our enemies taunted our friends with a foolish self-denial in abstaining from the sport. The friends felt and protested that we were making no difference between good and bad, between friend and foe. They demanded, and indeed it was right, that a distinction should be made.

There was, therefore, better feeling when one morning all learned that we had surprised in his mountains, captured the arms, destroyed the rendezvous, and scattered the band of Datto Matuan, whose followers, as all Moros knew, had beset and robbed the American camps. This was emphasized when, a few days later, after wandering all night through the forest and mountains and wading lake and marshes, we had captured the fort and had utterly wiped out the band of the sultan of Birimbingan. His people under pretense of selling fruit had treacherously approached, cut up, and disabled for life an American soldier. Jeeringly referring to the American slowness to act against their enemies, he had answered my demand for redress by saying that he would take my message under consideration for some

months, and then let me know whether he would talk about the matter at all. But respect grew when the news spread of a score dead in the town of Bacayauan, whose people had killed a soldier for the purpose of robbery, and who, when called upon for justice, had first ignored, and then, fortifying the town, had defied the Americans.

Nothing that happened between Americans and Moros was hidden. For the sake of instruction and effect Moros were made to know or hear all, and in these expeditions the effect was increased in Moro eyes by the fact that the Americans had distinguished well, and no friendly Moro had suffered at their hands. There was in consequence a wider call for American flags as a symbol of friendship. It was enough. Punitive measures were thereupon stopped. They were stopped out of policy also, with a view to the future pacification of even the bad Moros, on the knowledge that with them it is revenge, an eye for an eye to the end of time, without regard to how justly he who first lost an eye deserved to lose it. For this reason a "kill and burn" policy can never succeed with Moros, can do nothing more than destroy them.

These object-lessons had gradually, with the passage of time, brought many villages and settlements to peaceful recognition of the American commander as their common superior. As this process went on it brought to light the miserable conditions under which these savages had always lived, — willing, yet of themselves helpless, to throw them off. I was overwhelmed with a flood of complaints, requests to adjudicate claims, settle disputes and differences between different dattos and villages, punish countless robberies, burnings, mur-

ders, and woundings, for which there had never in Moro history been any other tribunal than war and counter-aggression. The story led back as far as tradition goes, and opened a broad field of work, too broad for one man.

It was plain that here, at least, near the road, the preparations for government had outrun the provision of machinery for its operation. However, something had to be done. I therefore quietly assumed the functions of lawmaker, ruler, and judge, ruled and settled disputes and differences on my own judgment and knowledge of conditions. The law was scarcely of record, — neither was the old English Common Law, — and the government was somewhat informal; but, like all simple folk, Moros seemed to prefer personality to form in government. Fortunately, too, with my clients exact justice according to civilized ideas was not necessary, nor in demand. Moro ideas of justice were, from their history, tradition, and lives, naturally hazy and faint, not to say *nil*. It was more important here that there be some law than that it be perfect, some decision and end of controversy than that they be just.

My dictum was therefore accepted in general by the Moros near. Soon, however, the rumor of these things spreading, acts in intentional contempt and defiance of them as representing the growing American authority began to be committed by remoter dattos. Military men stationed among them need never seek occasions of quarrels with Moros. Moro ignorance, folly, and perversity can be relied upon to furnish plenty of occasions, and such occasions as cannot be ignored or pardoned. Two such were now forced upon me. The sultan of Detse-en, amongst the most powerful Moros, under

threat of war to the bitter end, was required to make full apology, and to cut off his son from the succession to the sultanate, for public and boastful abuse of the American flag. It was a fit and effective though severe punishment. The second was even worse. One morning I surprised and captured, and soon had tried and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, two dattos who, to show their disregard and contempt of what the Americans had enjoined, had made, against Filipinos, a successful slave-taking expedition by sea, under the American flag, which they had somehow managed to get hold of! With the Moros restraint of personal liberty is the most grievous of all things; it is inflicted for no crime, however great, and is allowed for but one cause, — insanity. The punishment of the two dattos, therefore, spoke straight to the Moro heart, and all were made to hear it. Death were far preferable. The abused flag came into my hands along with the dattos. That was the latest, no doubt it will be the last, time that the American flag will cover a slave-taking expedition.

The road had now been finished. In its concluding stages the competition among the Moros for the work, for the opportunity to earn money, had become so sharp as to be troublesome. Dattos were quarreling with one another about it, and, once started at work at a given point, they were so self-willed and determined that they could hardly be stopped to be directed elsewhere.

The road work ended, the danger of idleness arose, for it had now become evident to me that Moros could be managed in two ways only, — by putting them at work and keeping them at work, or by putting them in fear and keeping them in fear. There is no possibility of

living in quiet with unoccupied or uncowed Moros. I preferred the method of work.

On my offer to hire them now to fetch supplies from the seacoast, there were repeated all the doubt, hesitation, and delay of the time when they first began work upon the road, complicated this time by fear that the Americans might try to make them carry bacon or something that contained some product of the hog, to the Mohammedan the lowest and vilest of things, accursed of God and the Prophet. After repeated reassurances on this point, they began. At first, to make sure, they would carry only flour, but the work proved profitable and became most popular. Then they took boxed stuff, then canned stuff, then ceased to question what, — every man wisely curbing his curiosity, holding his tongue, carrying all things that came, and bacon at last among the rest!

Assuredly the leaven of new ideas was working. Gradually, in the past few months, the Moros had accepted much; and this demonstrated their readiness to accept more, of what was American. The time seemed opportune to give more form to this beginning of control. Accordingly the writer was duly appointed governor of the Lanao Moros, with a small staff, and a scheme of government somewhat like that obtaining over the rest of the Philippines. Its defects were manifest at the very first effort to put it in operation. It failed to turn to account, to place itself at the head of the weak, but only organization in all Moro-land, the datto group, and to lay hold of the only power known to Moros, the authority of the datto.

On a small scale and imperfectly I had already had a

government in operation in the only way that government can for years be operated among the Moros, — one-man power without formality, backed by force and a knowledge of the conditions, and exercised upon the people through their dattos. As the law for the new government did not contain these essential provisions, it would not work; but the little machinery of government which had previously been set up went on working quietly, until the new law by amendment adapted itself to the requirements of conditions, and the governor became *de jure* what he had already long been *de facto*, — father, adviser, judge, sheriff, ruler, lawmaker, with the dattos as his subalterns and assistants.

Formal acceptance of government was naturally regarded by the Moros as a serious step, even where they had already in effect been living under that same government for some months. Reasons were demanded. I therefore held meetings to explain and satisfy all. Argument was made as varied and as different as the dattos themselves. Here came in profitably the knowledge which I had gradually been acquiring of each and every one's circumstances and history. For one, it was sufficient to point out that Americans had not bothered his religion or his women; for another, that he had suffered no injustice from us as he had from other Moros, Filipinos, or Spaniards; for this one, that tribal wars in which his people had almost been wiped out had been stopped by the Americans; for that one, that we had suppressed the thieves who had been robbing him of his women and goods. It was enough to remind the sultan of Sungud how he and his people had prospered by the Americans, and the datto of Punud that he was wearing

rich clothes since we came. It satisfied some that we had not come and tried to place over them the Filipinos, upon whom the Moros look with contempt as the immemorial source of their slave supply, and with hatred as their traditional enemies; and others, that we had already adjusted and would go on adjusting — it was the purpose of the government to adjust — differences, and punishing wrongs between the different groups of the Moros, and so wipe out the sudden deadly attacks by one another from which all had suffered, and of which all stood in constant dread before the Americans came among them.

"Why do you want this, and what do you come here for, anyhow?" questioned, at one of these meetings, the old sultan of Bayabao, after I had just finished dealing out quinine to him and his begging retinue one raw, rainy day. "We are satisfied as we are," he added vehemently, as he sat shivering in bare feet, thin shirt, and flimsy trousers before me, well, warmly, and dryly clad.

"Have you such shoes and clothes as I to warm your body and protect your feet? Or have you such medicines as I have just given you to cure your sickness?" I answered. "Do you know how to make them?" He was silent and the great crowd listened. "We do, and have come to show you. That is why."

To this day he and his people have not fought the Americans, nor resisted their government.

It pleased and convinced many when I pointed out and emphasized, what they already knew, that now, with a security hitherto unknown to them, they were able to travel through all Lanao.

Such were the reasons given, and they were pointed out and patiently repeated as the direct good which had already come, and of which more was to be expected, from the power and authority of the Americans. They won over gradually, without war, half of all the Malanaos, and government went on taking on more form; but the most numerous, warlike, and inaccessible tribe, under the most influential hereditary sultan of all, remained stubbornly hostile and aggressive. In twos and threes, his people prowled about, and by cunning, stealth, and lying in wait, lost no opportunity to rob, assault, stab, kill. They would accept nothing the Americans said, for while with most men it is credulity, with Moros it seems to be incredulity, that goes with ignorance of the world. To them, accustomed to see men governed only by desires and passions, it was inconceivable that the Americans bore these aggressions from any other cause than fear or weakness. Tradition and experience were all against such an idea. To them, whose largest example of power had been a datto who could muster a few hundred men, it was wholly incredible, and they ridiculed the idea, that the United States could bring against them any more men or arms than they had already brought. To them it was inconceivable that any man who could would not without more ado destroy his enemy. That the Americans had not done this meant therefore that the Americans could not do it. To talk to them of power without exercising it, or of punishment without executing it, was taken as mere vaporing. To my persuasion, demands, and threats alike, therefore, their dattos sent jeering replies or answered me with worse aggressions. The

last straw was the murder of four soldiers by stealth, to secure their arms. Then followed a deadly punitive expedition. It carried surprise and astonishment, a fearful lesson to foolish, boastful savages whose ideas of war were one thousand, and of power three thousand years behind their age. This was the last argument, and to my next invitation not only those who had been punished, but the few others who had stood aloof, declared their readiness, and in a short time came under the new government.

In organizing them, wherever they could be won over and had made full submission, those dattos who had led in hostility were appointed to authority over their people under the United States; for history shows that such men, under the conqueror, and whether the conqueror wills it or no, remain the strong spirits and real rulers of their country. Violent changes were thus avoided.

All had now come under American authority, and the work of inducing them to accept government was practically finished. There was, however, one thing that still stuck in the throats of all, choking and gagging even those who willingly and peacefully had long been living under the new order. This was the question of taxation, a delicate subject, a last test with Moros, because it is a matter of religion. There had been much talk and murmur of this through all the tribes and groups. Therefore I again held a meeting, at which were assembled all the sultans, dattos, and men of consequence, for question and discussion. I laid before them all the reasons. It appealed to the dattos who had been appointed to offices over their people, to say that we must

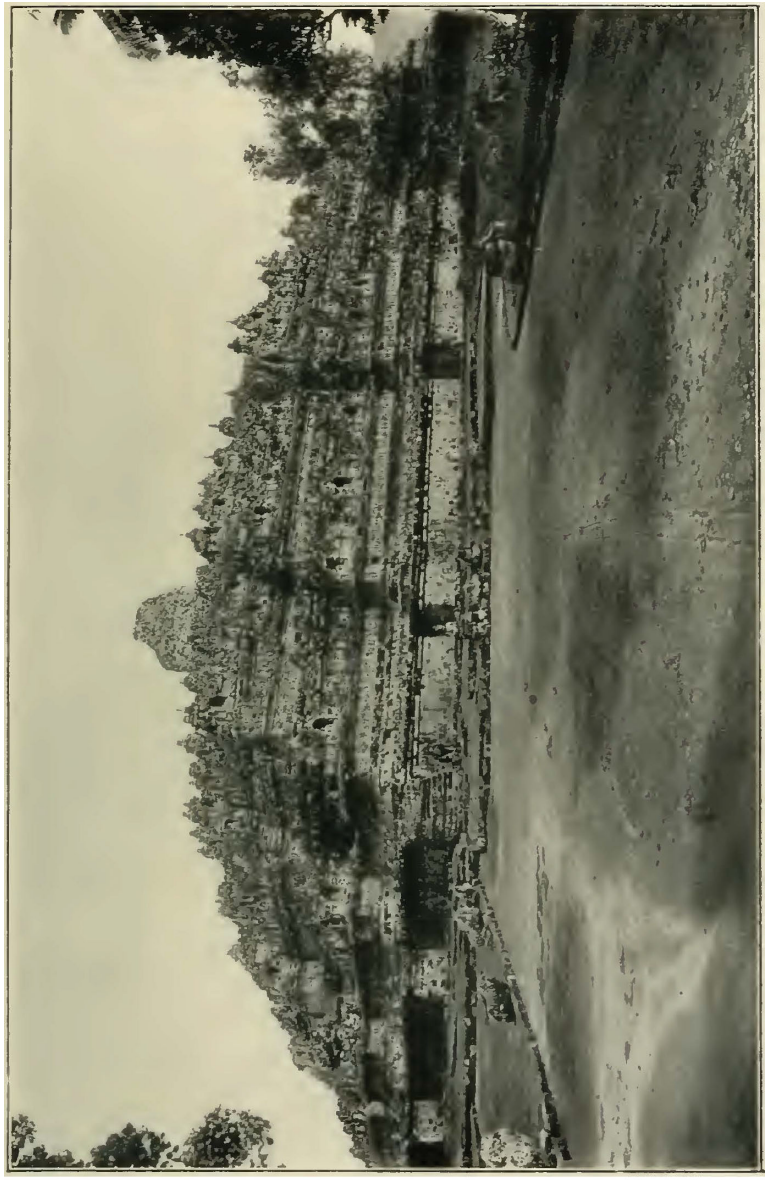
have money to pay them, but these were very few. Again, for the common good, I said, — to punish criminals and catch thieves; but the common good had little meaning for men who had known no government, no *res publica*, nothing common; let every man care for himself, was their idea. In all their experience taxes stood for what had been wrung for selfish purposes by the strong from the weak, by conqueror from conquered, by master from his bondman; and money paid for any other cause than direct barter and sale meant tribute, a horrible thing of subjection, dishonor, and slavery. That good should be alleged of taxation was incomprehensible; that it was intended for the good of those who paid it was past belief. All their experience and tradition were contrary to such a thing. Public spirit could not be appealed to, for long habit of life in minute communities had effectually throttled the budding of such a feeling, and left only selfishness.

Yet I felt no uncertainty as to the ultimate outcome of the matter; for by experience I had learned that in all things whatsoever, to the last, the white man outclasses, and can always find some intellectual way to go around, a Moro. In this matter it came thus: —

The Moros, like all other natives of the Philippines, are possessed of a consuming desire to carry a "pass," — some sort of an official certificate as to character, home, business, and the like, of the bearer, — and they are willing to pay any amount therefor, and never think of it as taxation. On this weak point the Moros showed the first signs of yielding. Then the plan of indirect taxation caught, pleased, and overcame them, as it catches wiser men than they. Imported cotton cloth

paying duty at the custom house had long been reaching the Moros through a few coast traders, and was now in large use among all Moros. Touching the jacket of the nearest datto, "You are a lot of foolish and ignorant children," I said. "You are haggling about paying taxes when you have already been doing it for years, and have actually been giving the Americans money to pay me, to pay the interpreter and all my soldiers." This at once caught their attention. The explanation followed. They understood it remarkably quickly. They saw the humor and the truth of the thing, and, wondering at the *finesse* that had been able to make them contribute to their own subjugation, yielded in a sort of nonplussed way, feeling, no doubt, that it was useless to hope to escape a people who could devise such a smart system of getting money from other people without the latter's even knowing it. To my help also at this juncture came my old friend, the priest Noskalim, the Metropolitan, as it were, of Lanao, with, if not a revelation, something better — wisdom — to his people: "It is the will of Allah-'ta-Allah, The Merciful, who has many names."

In these ways government and civilization have gained upon them.



Baro Buddor, an Ancient Temple of Java

# BARO BUDDOR, AN ANCIENT TEMPLE OF JAVA

ALL that is known of the early history of Java is that before the eleventh century the island had made a long advance on the path of civilization. This civilization was derived from the Hindus, and was accompanied by the worship of Buddha. A few centuries later, came the Hindu Mohammedans as merchants or settlers, and also as missionaries. Later still, Hindu intercourse with Europeans began. This was first carried on by the East India Company of Holland; and the Dutch gradually extended their rule, although from 1811 to 1816 the island was in the hands of the English. At first the Dutch looked upon Java in the familiar fashion of the eighteenth century in regard to colonies, that is, simply as places from which revenue might be obtained; but since 1870 an effort has been made to govern the land in the interest of the Javanese as well as the Dutch.

The Buddhist temple of Baro Buddor ranks among the architectural wonders of the world. Originally a hill of lava, about one hundred and fifty feet high, it was hewn by the ancient Hindu builders into six mighty terraces, of which the lowest is six hundred feet square, surmounted by a host of bell-shaped cupolas and crowded with sculptures. If the statues and bas-reliefs of this temple were placed side by side they would extend three miles. Taken together, they form a gigantic object lesson of the teachings of Buddha. Ascending the terrace, the worshiper passed first through scenes of domestic and outdoor life, men shooting with blowpipes or bows and arrows, musicians playing bagpipes, fishermen with nets and rods, etc. As he ascended, the statues grew more and more religious in character until at length, having passed through the stages of instruction and left the things of the world far beneath him, he was ready to enter the apex of the temple and behold with enlightened eyes the image of Buddha, left unfinished as a symbol of the inability of human art to realize or represent perfection.

## DETAIL OF TEMPLE AT BRAMBANAN

At Brambanan, not far from Baro Buddor, there stand in the midst of the tropical jungle the remains of an immense group of Buddhist temples. Although in ruins these temples fill the beholder with awe as he considers the amount of labor represented by the elaborate carvings and statues, such as these shown in the illustration, with which every part of the hundreds of buildings in this vast group is covered.



Detail of Temple at Brambanan

# A VISIT TO A HEAD-HUNTER OF BORNEO

BY WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, THIRD

[BORNEO is the fifth largest island in the world. Even now only a comparatively small portion of it has been explored, although Portugal, Spain, Holland, and England have all had commercial interests in the country. The northern part is now under an English protectorate; the southern is governed by the Dutch through the native chiefs.

*The Editor.*]

ABAN AVIT sat beside us, and while we were filling our pipes he produced from the bamboo box, hanging at his side, some tobacco and some of that beautifully dried leaf of the wild banana cut from the heart of the plant, before the leaf is unfurled; in unskilled hands it tears like wet tissue-paper, but in Aban Avit's a tapering, symmetrical cigarette, eight inches long, was skillfully rolled on his thigh. A circle of small boys squatted around us, their bright little eyes watching our every movement as intently as we stare at the actions of some strange animal in a zoölogical garden. If we struck a match, or sneezed, or buttoned our coats, or wiped our faces with a handkerchief, dilated eyes and open mouths attended the action with rapt interest. A few men sat near their chief, and now and then murmured comments to one another in their native tongue, which we did not fully understand, but could guess from the direction of their eyes, that we were the subject of their

conversation. The evening duties of the household were not, however, interrupted on our account; men with bundles of dried firewood on their shoulders, women staggering under a load of bamboo joints filled with water, and stacked in hampers on their backs, were constantly passing by us, treading heavily, and making the loose boards of the floor clatter and rattle as they plodded their weary way to their apartments. For a time there was almost a constant succession of canoes coming to the landing-place, bringing back the workers from the rice-clearings. The women all bending under full hampers, some with fresh, uncurled fern-fronds, and the sprouts of a variety of large canna, which they stew with rice to add variety to their diet; some with bundles of the young banana leaf, whereof to make cigarette-wrappers, and others with wild tapioca and wild yams. Each one carried her own light paddle in one hand, and a large round and flat sun-hat in the other. None of them glanced to right or left, but made her way direct to her family room, and like a ghost faded into the darkness through the small doorway. After them followed the men, dangling their *parangs* in one hand and trailing their blow-pipes and spears in the other. They, too, looked fixedly ahead, until they had hung up their *parangs* and stuck their spears perpendicularly into a rafter so that the shaft should be kept straight; this done, they joined the group round the fire, or went down to the river to bathe. At the far end of the house some young fellows were playing mournful tunes on a *kaluri*, and its organ-like notes were wafted fitfully down to us; now and then a baby's wail chimed in, and then was quieted by the mother's crooning lullaby. Beneath the

house, the contented grunting of pigs and the clucking of chickens denoted that these omen-givers had returned from their foraging in the jungle, and had sought the shelter of home for the night.

Thus we sat as twilight faded in Aban Avit's veranda, — in the home of these people, whereof every detail made up their familiar, commonplace life, the only life from cradle to grave that they had ever known or would know, while we by their side were aliens from a world twelve thousand miles away, from a country that they had never heard of, and of a race which many of them had never seen before. We were in the very heart of the Bornean jungle, guests in the house of a barbarous "savage" and bloodthirsty "head-hunter," — but these terms, when applied at that moment to our host, what misnomers! Could contrast be more emphatic than the perfect peacefulness of our surroundings, and the thought that a man as benignant and hospitable as Aban Avit should cherish as his highest aim in life to add every year to that cluster of human heads hanging from the rafters just above us, and gently swaying in the heat ascending from the flames? Is it conceivable that this gentle-hearted man, and his circle of good-humored friends, could take pride and pleasure in recognizing and rehearsing the slashes and gashes borne by each head? The long gash there, on the left side of that skull, showing through the piece of old casting-net, was made by Tama Lohong's *parang*, the very one with carved wooden handle that he carries to this day. The owner of the next skull was fishing when he fell a victim to a stealthy thrust from Apoi's spear. This small one is that of a young girl who tried to escape from the rear

of a house when they burned out those Madangs, way over near the Rejang River. Thus they can enumerate them all, chief and slave, man, woman, girl, and boy. It all seemed so at variance with Aban Avit's genial, courteous hospitality, that I wondered if it were possible to look at these skulls through his eyes, and to sympathize with his thrill of pride and exultation in them. I waited until Aban Avit had his cigarette fairly rolled and lit, and then, trying not to appear in the least antagonistic, lest I should fail to elicit his genuine feeling, I asked, "O Sabílah [blood-brother], why is it that all you people of Kalamántan kill each other and hang up these heads? In the land I come from such a thing is never known; I fear that it would be ill-spoken of there, indeed, perhaps, thought quite horrible. What does Aban Avit think of it?" He turned to me in utter, absolute surprise, at first with eyes half-closed, as doubting that he heard aright, and letting the smoke curl slowly out of his mouth for a moment, he then replied, with unwonted vehemence: "No, Tuan! No! the custom is not horrible. It is an ancient custom, a good, beneficent custom, bequeathed to us by our fathers and our fathers' fathers; it brings us blessings, plentiful harvests, and keeps off sickness and pains. Those who were once our enemies hereby become our guardians, our friends, our benefactors." "But," I interrupted, "how does Aban Avit know that these dried heads do all this? Don't you make it an excuse just because you like to shed blood and to kill?" "Ah, Tuan, you white men had no great chief, like Tokong, to show you what was right; have n't you ever heard the story of Tokong and his people? He was Rajah of the Sibops and the father

of all the Kayans, and lived long, long, long ago." I was not acquainted with the story of Tokong, so I begged him to relate it; then, squatting on the floor with his forearms lightly resting on his knees, and his hands dangling in front of him, he meditatively relit his cigarette, and, gazing lovingly up at the cluster of skulls, began: —

"It was in the old, old days, long before the Government came here (by the Government I mean our Tuan Rajah Brooke), it happened that on a time the descendant of the heaven-born Katirah Murai, Tokong, and his men of the Sibop tribe were on an expedition down river to punish a household of thieves who had stolen their crop of rice the year before, and had chased Tokong's women and children from the jungle clearings. It was the time of year when the fields had just been planted, and before the rice had sprouted; so Tokong took out his warriors to teach these thieves that this year there should be no more stealing. When they had gone down river to the great bamboo clump where they had to cross through the jungle, they drew their canoes up to the bank, and, with Tokong leading, started on their stealthy march. When the eye of day looked straight down at them over their heads, they rested on the bank of a small stream which ran round that great rock (perhaps, Tuan, you have seen it)— we call it 'Batu Kusieng,' — near the head-waters of the Belaga and Tinjar Rivers. They had cooked, and eaten, and drawn out the pegs of wood whereon their rice-pots rested, and Rajah Tokong was slipping his head through his war-coat and girding on his *parang*, when he heard, coming from under the great rock, a squeaking, croaking

voice, uttering, '*Wong kokók teta Batók.*'[1] He paused, and turning round to listen to the voice, saw a large frog with its young ones about it sitting just under the edge of the rock. 'Greetings to you, *Kop* (frog),' said the rajah. 'What is the meaning of your croaking?' and Kop replied, 'Alas, what fools you Sibops are! You go out to battle and kill men, but you take back with you to ornament your shields only their hair; whereas, did you but know it, if you took the whole head you would have blessings beyond words. In sooth, you heavy-livered people know not how to take a head. Look here, and I'll show you.' This spoke Kop, and straightway seized one of his little ones, and with one stroke of his *parang* cut off its head. Tokong was exceedingly angry at the impudence and the cruelty of the frog, and, paying no further attention to it, ordered his men to advance at once. But some of the older men among them could not help thinking that perhaps Kop spoke the truth, and that night, while they sat round the fire, holding a council of war over the attack on the enemy's house, close at hand, they urged Tokong to allow them to follow the frog's advice. At first, Tokong, still very angry because Kop had called the Sibops 'fools' and 'heavy-livered,' refused; but finally, seeing that many of his best men were in favor of it, he granted their request. Next morning, when the sky began to turn gray and the birds in the trees were just waking up, the Sibops noiselessly carried armfuls of bark and grass, and placed them beneath the thieves' house, and set fire to them, and the flames ran quickly everywhere.

[1] Aban Avit did not translate this, and I believe it is ancient Kayan, retained for its onomatopœic sound.

Out rushed the men and women, some jumping into the flames, others trying to slide down the house-posts; but all were met with slashes and stabs from the swords and spears of Tokong's men. Many were killed that day, and the heads of three were cut off and carried away by Tokong's party, who retreated at once, and, almost before they knew it, were at the landing-place on the river. To their great amazement, they found their boats all ready and launched! No sooner were they seated than the boats began to move off, of their own accord, right upstream in the direction of home. It was a miracle! The current of the stream changed and ran uphill, as it does at flood tide at the mouth of a river. They almost immediately reached the landing-place close to their house, and were overjoyed to see that the crops planted only fifteen days before had not only sprouted, but had grown, had ripened, and were almost ready for the harvest. In great astonishment they hurried through the clearings, and up to their house. There they found still greater wonders! Those who were ill when the party set out were now well, the lame walked and the blind saw! Rajah Tokong and all his people were convinced on the spot that it was because they had followed Kop's advice, and they vowed a vow that ever afterward the heads of their enemies should be cut off and hung up in their houses. This is the story of Rajah Tokong, Tuan. We all follow his good example. These heads above us have brought me all the blessings I have ever had; I would not have them taken from my home for all the silver in the country."

He turned to appeal to his people sitting near, and they, as many as understood Malay, nodded their heads,

glancing from him to us, and murmuring "*Betúl, betúl!*" ['T is true, 't is true.] He paused to get an ember out of the glowing heap of ashes to light his cigarette again, which had become much crumpled during the narration of Rajah Tokong's first head-hunt, and after he had it once more in shape, I asked him if he would not regard it as somewhat of an inconvenience if his own head were to be cut off, just to bring blessings to an enemy's house. "Tuan," he replied, "I do not want to become dead any more than I want to move from where I am; if my head were cut off, my second self would go to Bulun Matai [the "Fields of the Dead"], where beyond a doubt I should be happy; the Dayongs tell us, and surely they know, that those who have been brave and have taken heads, as I have, will be respected in that other world and will have plenty of riches. When I die, my friends will beat the gongs loud and shout out my name, so that those who are already in Bulun Matai will know that I am coming, and meet me when I cross over the stream on Bintang Sikŏpa [the great log]. I shall be glad enough to see them. But I don't want to go to-day, nor to-morrow." His faith seemed immovable, but I could not resist the temptation of suggesting a doubt, so I asked him what if the Dayongs were wrong, and there were no Bulun Matai, and that when he stopped breathing he really died and knew no more. He answered me almost with scorn for such a doubt. "Tuan, nothing really dies, it changes from one thing to another. The Dayongs must be right, for they have been to the Fields of the Dead and come back to tell us all about it." "Don't you feel sorry," I asked, "for those that you kill? It hurts badly to be cut by a

*parang;* you don't like it, and those whom you cut down dislike it as much as you do; they are no more anxious to go to Apo Leggan or Long Julán [regions of Bulun Matai] than you are." "Ah, Tuan," he replied, with the suggestion of a patronizing chuckle in his voice, "you feel just as I did when I was a little boy and had never seen blood. But I outgrew such feelings, as every one should."