

NATURE AND PEOPLE IN JAPAN.

WITH PICTURES BY THEODORE WORES.¹



JAPAN has become the mikado's empire again, and feudalism in the realm has passed away. After more than six hundred years' lease of power to lieutenants at Kamakura or at Yedo, the throne and the people are again united. A vast change in the habiliments and in the mental attitude of the Japanese is noted by outsiders: the hermits have chosen the world's society.

For years to come it will be a question of interest as to how far the recent revolutions mean a return to ancient forms and customs. How much have the Japanese gained by introducing, for the third time, a foreign civilization? How much have they lost by casting away what was native? Rarely in history have we seen an instance of a nation acting so thoroughly in accordance with the economy of a serpent in sloughing off its old skin; or, perhaps we might say, of a silk-worm emerging from cocoon-like isolation into the brilliancy of the moth.

Alien observers are too ready to declare that this modern renaissance of one of the smallest of Asiatic nations is entirely the result of contact with Western civilization. They see in all the constant flux and change only the imitation, even to servile copying, of things European. On the other hand, the patriotic native insists that the first idea and ruling motive of the revolution of 1868 was original with the Japanese, was from within, not from without, and that the main force was generated before the "black ships" of Perry cast anchor in Yedo bay. The presence of foreigners without doubt hastened a crisis that was already imminent, but even had Japan's isolation remained inviolate, a mighty political upheaval would have taken place. Almost to a certainty the duarchy would have gone down, with the reduction of the tycoon to his level as one of many vassals of the emperor. It is also possible that the wreck of the feudal system would have followed. In this general opinion the profoundest students and the best foreign scholars are in substantial agreement.

But it is certain that all those changes which are real reforms, and which most affect the common weal, are fixed beyond the possibility of speedy alteration, and are true returns to

the law and customs of ancient times. The present whims and fancies, the rage for the study of English, the adoption of European food, costume, and architecture, may have their day and then cool or die, but the renovated national institutions are not likely to be abolished during the days of those who see the twentieth century.

The real explanation of the changes most recent and most visible is that the Japanese have cast off feudalism and have returned to ancient ideas reënforced by whatever foreign elements seem best fitted to aid them in national progress. As a matter of fact, we see to-day what was peculiar to Japan from the seventh to the twelfth century. The soil, no longer cut up into fiefs held by an oppressive nobility and gentry, is now held by peasant proprietors. Twenty years ago the "daimio" and the non-taxpaying "samurai" farmed the land in bulk, and the tillers of the soil were *adscripti glebæ*; in 1886 the average farm was less than an acre in area, and the taxpayer owned the land he tilled. The old sumptuary laws, which forbade the lower classes, seventeen-eighteenths of the populace, to ride on horseback, or to dress, build, or spend money at will, and which denied them redress, are abolished. Before the revolution few indeed were the rights of the common people that the leisure class of sword-wearers were bound to respect. Now the mechanic may sue gentry or nobles, and the lowest in the land sends his children to the public school. The small property holder has the privilege of voting in the local elections, and all classes have equal rights before the law. In other words, the "heimin," or commoner, stands where he stood a thousand years ago, having regained all the old rights of which feudalism robbed him, together with modern advantages. The country is again divided into "ken," or prefectures, ruled by governors sent out from the capital, and the mikado, as in ancient days, is the fountain of honors and the source of all power.

The one thing which the ministers of the court are determined to keep inviolate is the sanctity of the person of the mikado. The foundation of social order is the throne, and this must not be disturbed. Certainly the greatest force in the national history, and the main-

¹ See also "An American Artist in Japan," written and illustrated by Theodore Wores, in this magazine for September, 1889.

spring of every reform, has been the affection of the people for their sovereign. The popular reverence and confidence are not to be lightly shaken, even though the imperial prerogative is to be modified and a national parliament is to be summoned by Mutsuhito himself to meet in Tokio in 1890. Full well do these earnest patriots, educated abroad, know that critical scholarship applied to the ancient and hitherto unchallenged documents, the spread of Christianity and science, and the entrance of Western ideas generally, will quickly enough dissipate in the common mind the inherited notion of the mikado's divine descent. They purpose to hatch the egg of democracy with healthy warmth, but not to hasten it to ruin in a furnace.

In foreign policy also Japan has changed mightily, but this change likewise is not without precedent. In the sixteenth century her keels plowed the seas from Calcutta to the Philippines, and from Siberia, Corea, and Annam to Mexico, and in earlier periods her sea-rovers were the Northmen of Chinese Asia. The present influx of foreign ideas is the third or fourth great wave of civilization from the West and the second from Christendom. The Japanese have always shown themselves a curious and knowledge-seeking race, and the sealing of their ports, the burning of their sea-going ships, the expulsion of foreigners, and the eradication of Christianity were in no sense national acts or the expression of popular desires. It was the high-handed policy of a despot who seized the time of national exhaustion to rivet upon the country the clamps of an elaborate feudal system, hoping by such means to maintain for centuries the calm of despotism. For over two hundred years, in her thornrose castle, Japan slept the dream of peace, of art, of literature, of refinement, of etiquette, of sensuous enjoyment. Her reaction is but the assertion of national instincts.

Even in her rapid change in those things in which men change slowly, religion and ethics, there seems less cause for surprise when we consult history. During the Middle Ages missionaries converted the Japanese people from Shintō to Buddhism, which, however, never secured the same hold upon the intellect of the samurai that it gained over that of the people, the former holding stoutly to Confucianism, with its code of ethics so well suited to feudal conditions of society. Furthermore, long before the coming of Perry and the still living Christian missionaries, Buddhism was losing its grip upon the masses. The impulses to reform, the orders of popular homilists, and the schools of ethical literature which sprung up during the first half of this century were not from Buddhism. The famous preachers of the "Shingaku," or new learning, whose sermons,

translated by Mr. Mitford and others, have so amused and delighted English readers, were practical moralists who owed little to the peculiar teachings of Shakamuni. Their successes were evidences of a crisis in the history of a cult which had neared its decay. On the other hand, the fall of feudalism robbed the Chinese ethical system of half its value. When the new politics substituted patriotism for the old personal ties of loyalty, most of the reasons for the existence of the Confucian ethics in Japan lost their significance, and therefore their right of existence. Furthermore, after the success of the revolution Buddhism was disestablished. Once rich in land, edifices, investments in brain and money, it is now weak in purse and mind, but weaker yet in popular regard because of the relaxation of morals and ascetic practices among the clergy. While Confucianism is emptied of its old meaning, and Buddhism subsists by openly borrowing certain tenets of Christianity, the earnest native, commoner or gentleman, is in need and in search of a religion. Nearly as impressive to the mind as the existence of a quarter of a million of nominal Christians in Japan is the corollary fact that heretofore the males have been in the great majority in the churches. Only recently have the women become communicant members in equal proportion. The leading laymen and nearly all the native preachers are samurai and former retainers of the daimios.

The student of political and social Nippon is not, therefore, so ready as is the artist to wail over the imagined losses of the Japanese, nor to suppose that they are "going to pieces," or are likely to lose their own genius in a servile imitation of foreigners. But, with the artist, he rejoices that besides the one unchanging conservative, the human heart, nature still abides in her glory, new every morning and fresh every evening. The same causes which have in the past so mixed the elements in the native disposition will continue, under every change of fashion or politics, to mold the people of these volcanic islands which are daily rocked in the cradle of the earthquake. The same light-hearted carelessness for to-morrow, fondness for sensuous pleasure, pursuit of the arts of enjoyment, keen and brilliant intellectualism, love of art and refinement, intense conviction of duty, and tendency to count life as nothing when its sacrifice for an idea is called for, will remain permanent characteristics. Fiery, patient, faithful, winsome, the Japanese show on their moral and intellectual side some of the noblest qualities that glorify human nature. Their own lofty ideal of Yamato Damashii (the spirit of unconquerable Japan) has been a thousand times illustrated in unquailing courage, in generous sacrifice, in unselfish devotion, and in lavish

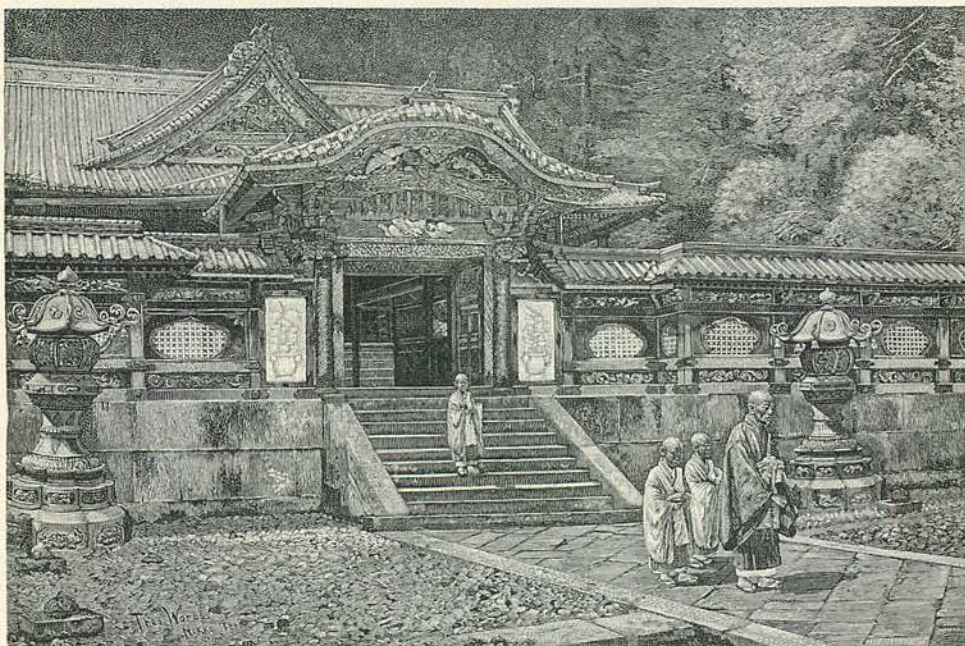


A JAPANESE JULIET.

expenditure of life simply for a conviction. Such traits stamp the Japanese as men who deserve to be treated by Christians as men, and not as barbarians, as in the eye of the treaties they are held to be.

The aspects of nature and types of humanity in the archipelago, though long tempting to dalliance with the camera, are more justly reflected in colors on canvas. Indeed, one who has studied hundreds of photographs, whether plain or tinted, may get an entirely different impression when the picture is in pastel or oil and pigments. Comparatively few artists have as yet visited Japan with leisure, but among such are Wirgman, La Farge, Mompes,

the samurai's belt, absence of these is noticeable. Mr. Wores's collection also emphasizes humble life, for the glory of color and the splendor of costume which some of us remember are now bright dreams of what has vanished. The spectacular fascinations of feudalism which once made Yedo daily like the stage of a vast theater have passed away forever, and the generation born since 1868 cannot recall them. The artist complains that even when he would paint his picture of the maidens in silk and crape going out on their annual "hanami," or flower-view, in the cherry groves of Mukojima, he could with difficulty find the old costumes. One week the man of easel and palette saw



MEMORIAL TEMPLE OF THE SHŌGUN IYEMITSŪ.

and Wores. The last, a young American artist educated in Munich, spent two years chiefly between Tokio and Nikko, or in the region, anciently named by the first explorer, and still poetically called, Adzuma (my wife). Unlike many who sketched in Japan and finished at home, Mr. Wores patiently completed his canvases on the spot. The result is a collection unique in faithfulness to truth. All foreign elements and alien suggestions are absent from his work. Besides exact presentation of aboriginal nature, he has given in dress, costume, and architecture only what was of Old Japan before the revolution of 1868. The only exception is, perhaps, the "jinrikisha," or man-power carriage, invented in 1870.

To those who remember the universal gun-hammer top-knot, and the brace of swords at

the high-bred daughters of Tokio, on their way to school, filling the street with pictures of fresh faces and a subdued glory of purple and crimson costume in harmony with all Japan. The next week, presto! they made locomotion in the whole foreign toggery of bonnets, skirts, stockings, and shoes. Happily in the paintings we have the old-time grace and beauty.

Flirtation in the land of the Rising Sun is not by handkerchiefs, and, though eyes may speak a language without words, it is not by winking. The verses on the cherry trees often serve as postal facilities not under parental or imperial patronage, and pledges of personal property given on the sly are redeemed at appointed time and rendezvous. The picture of "A Japanese Juliet" shows how a first meeting



A TEA-HOUSE IN CHERRY TIME.

may ripen into love and betrothal. On a platform or upper veranda of the Hall of Silvery Waves, or Fragrant Pavilion of Vistas, stands Miss Swaying Bamboo, who has not yet come to the writing of her name with the figure 21. Mr. Foot of the Mountain's second son beholds the vision of girlish loveliness. He loves his pipe-case, but the vision more. He would behold again. *Now* he cannot, that is certain. She is under parental or guardian eye, and a chat with a man stranger or a callow youth is out of order. However, under her modest mien and bashful eye there lurks encouragement. Her sleeve waves, and the swaying of a sleeve is a sign of willingness. It is enough. Romeo, in lieu of a rose, tosses her his smoker's chatelaine, with ivory *nětsūke*. If she flings it back, or drops it, his hopes are blighted. If it finds safe hiding in her girdle, then there will be a meeting, and perhaps love and marriage. What boots it that books and society unite in saying that marriages must be and are arranged by parents? Love laughs at locksmiths, and often the parents, in innocent ignorance of the fact that the children ever met, confirm the suggestions made and the contract secured by the "go-between."

Mr. Wores's pictures show the samurai, the former wearer of a brace of swords, only on his peaceful and gentle side; for like Browning's man he boasts two soul sides—one to face the world with, one to show a woman that he loves her. The samurai is the incarnation of the spirit of Japan. He is proud of

his name and history, which is that of servant and service. The revolution which destroyed feudalism and made a new Japan came about because the samurai yearned to be and not to seem, to do what he professed and to practice what he preached. The term means servants of the mikado, and the class included all from the proud "shōgun" of Yedo, called by foreigners the "Temporal Emperor,"—an expression which made the "mikado reverencers" gnash their teeth,—to the humblest retainer, whose salary and perquisites netted scarcely fifteen dollars a year. Theoretically the poorest gentleman was a samurai, and the shōgun nothing more; and so feudalism and tycoonery were webs and veils of lies. The "soul of the samurai," the sword of 1868, cut away the fraud of centuries and revealed the truth. The gentry, now called "shizoku," is the middle, or rather the high middle class, and numbers in all about two million souls. Their origin is to be found in the period between the fifth and twelfth centuries, when hardy men rising from the ranks of the peasantry formed the military class, which in field and council served the mikado by bringing all the tribes of the archipelago beneath his sway. Under feudalism the samurai was landlord and paid neither tax nor toll. His symbol of rank was his pair of swords. One of these, the long two-handed saber, he drew against his lord's enemies; the other and shorter found its sheath in his own bowels when as a beaten or wounded soldier he earned honorable suicide on the battlefield.



PAGODA AT NIKKO.

The samurai wore a splendid costume, and was the embodiment of culture, often of austere morals, and often of cruelty. In a word, the virtues and the vices of feudalism were incarnate in him. Out of this same class came statesmen, scholars, soldiers, thinkers, prophets, models of refined life, who contrasted startlingly with the rakes, ruffians, swaggering swashbucklers, and assassins who were ever ready to cut from behind. Those who abused their position were sensual, dissipated, lazy, cruel, and worthy only of being improved off the earth; those who lived under the ideals of *noblesse oblige* adorn the annals of Japan, and are the fathers of those young men who in Europe and America have given us "a covert missionary retort" by their gentleness, winsome politeness, and fine mental traits.

In days remembered by the writer a samurai would no more appear in public without his swords than a gentleman among us would promenade Fifth Avenue in his shirt-sleeves. Then, his pomatumed top-knot, voluminous silk trousers, and crest-embroidered coat were his glory; now, he attends to the serious business of life in workaday trousers and leather boots. At home, however, or in cherry time, he may don his old easy garb, and keeps his hair clipped.

Feudalism, which the samurai created, and, under a conviction, destroyed, we associate most with the dynasty of the Tokugawas, which Iyéyasū (E-yay-yas-u) founded in Yedo in 1604, after having made the village of Bay-door Japan's most splendid city. The finest architecture in the empire is illustrated in the family tombs, pagodas, temples, and mausoleums at Kuno, Nikko, and Tokio. The contrast between the austere simplicity of a mikado's tomb and a Tokugawa's resting-place is amazing. One is a simple, inexpensive, outdoor affair colored only by lichens and weather; the other is an immense aggregation of all the splendor, coloring, and consummate craft that art and trained nature can lavish. Both Taikō and Iyéyasū, who were the great unifiers of the empire, made use of Buddhism as a help to their peaceful policy. As nurse and patron of art, this faith appeals both to the classes and to the masses. Taikō was able to turn the thoughts of his captains and warriors from camp and sword to the mild joys of tea and poetry parties, where ceramics were admired, and pictures, carvings, and bronzes were critically appreciated. Iyéyasū first encouraged his vassals to build and adorn shrines and temples and to patronize the popular religion, and then allowed himself to be canonized under the name of the Orient-illuminating Manifestation of Buddha. The ashes of himself and Iyémitsū his grandson, the third of the line, rest amid the famed glories of Nikko, while the other twelve sleep in the heart of the great city, six at Shiba and six at Uyèno. With vast patience and skill Mr. Wores has transferred to his canvas the amazing detail which, with characteristic extravagance, the Tokugawa lavished on edifices which were approaches to the simple bronze barrel of ashes. The "bonzes," or priests, of the Jōdō sect are still the custodians of the shrines, in the outer pebbled courts of which stand hundreds of stone memorial lanterns, the reverent tribute of feudatory vassals. The late Edward Greay has shown that these florid specimens of modern art are but conventionalized forms of the common five-tiered tombstone, which in its courses and arrangement typifies the five elements—earth, air, water, fire, and ether, from which man comes and to which he returns.

Learning in Japan was first the prerogative of the priest, then of the courtier, then of the lady, then of the samurai. In the age of the soldier, as in medieval Europe, the bonze was the sole scribe and interpreter. After peace settled down, education became common. In these last days, since the name of Yedo has become Tokio, there are old priests, and, indeed, young neophytes; but the youth of the land are not in the monasteries, and the bonze is rather a lonely figure amid the souging cryp-

tomeries or the lotus-ponds. He sighs over the past as he feeds the pigeons with rice or clips the pink lotus-buds to adorn the altar. Christianity, the once outlawed alien faith, with the prestige of Western civilization is coming in like a tidal wave, and the saints are now in Cæsar's household. Nevertheless, Buddhist altars are still blazing with gold and fragrant with the flower so rich in the symbolism of Buddha's cult. By the side of the decayed and moss-grown monastery gate we see the ever-swaying

and benefactors, still abide; and the landscape still preserves with slight change the features Buddhism began to introduce into it a thousand years ago. Nature soon covers the work of man in wood or stone with a carpet of moss and her own heraldry of lichens; and despite the frequent use of steps and stone platforms the damp climate would soon bury the sacred places in greenery. "Tomb-cleaning day" is an annual feast of fun, frolic, and work, when the women with brushes, brooms, and scrub-



GATHERING LOTUS-FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

and endlessly graceful bamboo, and out from the cloistered stillness we catch vistas of streets in sun and shade. Too old to change, and surrounded by irreverent children spoiled by Western conceits and more familiar with physical science than with ancient traditions, the lot of the old shaven-pate is sad.

Christianity gains in the cities first. The country people are still mainly heathen, and the superstitions of debased Buddhism and primitive fetishism are dyed into their deepest mental fiber, though the public schools are doing much to bleach them out of the rising generation. What was revolting and parasitic in the old systems, the incredibly obscene processions, the phallic shrines, the old festival parades so generally accompanied with extortion and sensuality, are now mostly things of the past. The ancient wayside shrines, local temples, and red pagodas, memorials to heroes

and benefactors, still abide; and the landscape still preserves with slight change the features Buddhism began to introduce into it a thousand years ago. Nature soon covers the work of man in wood or stone with a carpet of moss and her own heraldry of lichens; and despite the frequent use of steps and stone platforms the damp climate would soon bury the sacred places in greenery. "Tomb-cleaning day" is an annual feast of fun, frolic, and work, when the women with brushes, brooms, and scrub-

bers declare war on the accumulation of vegetation. Often enough, however, the stones keep their coats of gray or green. Whatever Japan may be to the adults, it is certain that to the children it is the "country between heaven and earth." Alcock first called it the paradise of babies. The coppery little shaven-heads seem at once dolls and live children. Petted, fondled, and indulged as they are, obedience is yet the first law, and etiquette is constantly taught them. Probably no other country in Asia is so full of toys, toy-shops, and people who make a living by amusing the youngsters.

The "eta" was the pariah of Japan, and considered outside of humanity. How he originated is uncertain, though tradition says that these "not-humans" were descendants of Korean prisoners. They numbered probably a half-million souls, and a colony of them was



A STREET SHOWMAN OF TOKIO.

usually found at the poorest end of most towns. To give fire, food, or drink to these people was a rare act, and when done the vessel was sacrificed; for to touch or handle anything once in an eta's possession was a defilement to be avoided with horror. No process of law could pursue a samurai who even wantonly took the life of an eta, while to save the

life of one in danger of drowning was not usually attempted. The eta men earned their subsistence as cobblers, buriers of dead animals, prison attendants, etc.; the women, by begging or by playing on the three-stringed banjo. Sometimes they trained monkeys and thus gleaned a few iron or copper coins from children. Mr. Wores has drawn the picture of a

man and his wife and a monkey amusing a family group in some temple inclosure. Upon no part of the nation have the recent revolutions had such mighty influence as upon the eta; for by a decree of the mikado this hated and despised class has been restored to citizenship. Though it will be generations before the social stigma is entirely removed and their former history forgotten, yet their future is full of hope. Before the tribunals of Japan a man born an eta may now sue a former daimio; he may gain money and spend it as he wishes; with property, he may vote. It is even possible for the creature in whom neither religion nor politics acknowledged a soul to become the adviser of Mutsuhito, who, as "King of Heaven," governed Nihon, the land ruled by the theocratic dynasty of the mikados.

As the wise men of the country look less to the clouds for the source of power and more to the consent of the governed, striving to enlighten those whom they tax, so will the throne be more truly based upon the people's will. The old fictions, dogmas, and mystery-plays which awed the people into obedience will not be too rudely destroyed, if the men in power carry out their own profession that education is the basis of all progress. Those who charge the Japanese with headlong haste, irreverent iconoclasm, and a feverish love of novelty that does not care for consequences are unjust. They do not know either the thoroughness of reform or the intensity of earnestness characteristic of the leaders of new Japan. Certainly those who most honestly strive to get at the inner facts find little to regret in the loss of feudalism, while they find very much to admire in imperial Japan.

In her foreign policy Japan has thus far failed to obtain justice at the hands of the treaty powers, though she is straining every effort to deserve it. Though sixteen years have elapsed since the promised revision of the conventions, the mikado's ministers have not halted for a moment in the work of reform. Patiently and with the utmost care they are perfecting codes of law and preparing to afford such guarantees

as will satisfy foreign governments of their ability to protect aliens and to secure the right administration of impartial justice to all.

Japanese politics are now largely shaped upon two questions: how far the national parliament proclaimed February 11, 1889, to meet in December, 1890, will follow the German Diet or approach the British model, and on what basis revision of the treaties shall proceed. One party of ultra-patriotic men claims that Japan as a sovereign state should demand of the powers recognition and equality without offering specific guarantees. If necessary, they would denounce the treaties and stand on the defensive, even to war. The other and more enlightened party desires that the fullest guarantees should be offered, and the wisest reforms should be thoroughly carried out, so as to win recognition of sovereignty by being worthy of it. They argue that the Government will not dare to treat foreigners better than they treat natives; therefore, if the best codes and courts are provided on western models, the Japanese will profit by them even more than the subjects of foreign rulers.

To the philanthropist, therefore, the long-delayed revision of the treaties, which has already been the source of woes innumerable to an ambitious and worthy nation, is seen to be a double wrong. Their re-negotiation in the interests of righteousness will be a blessing to all concerned. Considering that the first treaties of amity, and also of commerce, were made by the United States, whose diplomatists, Perry and Harris, first introduced the obnoxious clauses which have proved manacles to a weaker nation, ought not our Government to initiate the needed policy of justice—if indeed it has not already done so? Were the Father of his Country with us at this date, seeing our long and apparently hearty adhesion to the European policy of oppression by treaty, he might muse on the uselessness of giving advice. In our treatment of our Pacific neighbor we have long been mixed up in one of the most disgraceful as well as most entangling European alliances.

William Elliot Griffis.



OLIVE.

DOVE-BORNE symbol, olive bough;
Dove-hued sign from God to men,
As if still the dove and thou
Kept companionship as then.

Dove-hued, holy branch of peace,
Antique, all-enduring tree;
Deluge and the floods surcease—
Deluge and Gethsemane.

Joaquin Miller.

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No. 4.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

TO HENRY ADAMS, ESQ.

My Dear Adams: Without you I should not have seen the place, without you I should not have seen the things of which these notes are impressions. If anything worth repeating has been said by me in these letters, it has probably come from you, or has been suggested by being with you — perhaps even in the way of contradiction. And you may be amused by the lighter talk of the artist that merely describes appearances and envelops things monotonous and confused in a covering of dreams. And you alone will know how much has been withheld that might have been indiscreetly said.

If only we had found Nirvana — but he was right who warned us that we were late in this season of the world.

J. L. F.

謹寄岡倉雅兄先生足下文

拙文之序以雅兄之尊名以所以余
最初雅兄之接過、吾語之致、聽、貴、至、多
日本之凡、何、愛、答、何、之、感、情、之、記、
加、余、貴、之、事、一、口、雅、兄、之、見、解、
日、本、國、之、思、也、后、多、也、
余、文、中、之、雅、兄、之、語、之、多、余、有、一、言、
雅、兄、之、是、之、看、破、也、是、彼、余、之、所、
草、之、疏、也、一、語、之、何、之、如、眼、前、
咽、之、事、也、何、之、語、之、何、之、語、之、
口、短、也、雅、兄、之、余、之、為、之、語、也、地、之、
其、後、也、一、口、語、之、何、之、語、之、
多、也、和、之、語、之、余、會、也、

WHICH IN ENGLISH MEANS :

AND YOU TOO, OKAKURA SAN: I wish to put your name before these notes, written at the time when I first met you, because the memories of your talks are connected with my liking of your country and of its story, and because for a time you were Japan to me. I hope, too, that some thoughts of yours will be detected in what I write, as a stream runs through grass — hidden, perhaps, but always there. We are separated by many things besides distance, but you know that the blossoms scattered by the waters of the torrent shall meet at its end.

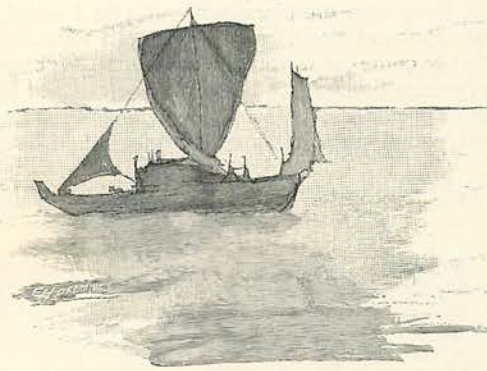
YOKOHAMA, July 3, 1886. — Arrived yesterday. On the cover of the letter which I mailed from our steamer I had but time to write: "We are coming in; it is like the picture books. Anything that I can add will only be a filling in of detail."

We were in the great bay when I came up on deck in the early morning. The sea was

smooth like the brilliant blank paper of the prints; a vast surface of water reflecting the light of the sky as if it were thicker air. Far off streaks of blue light, like finest washes of the brush, determined distances. Beyond, in a white haze, the square white sails spotted the white horizon and floated above it.

The slackened beat of the engine made a

great noise in the quiet waters. Distant high hills of foggy green marked the new land; nearer us, junks of the shapes you know, in violet transparency of shadow, and five or six war ships and steamers, red and black, or white, looking barbarous and out of place, but still as if they were part of us; and spread all around us a fleet of small boats, manned by rowers standing in robes flapping about them, or tucked in above their waists. There were so many that the crowd looked blue and white—the color of their dresses repeating the sky in prose. Still, the larger part were mostly naked, and their legs and arms and backs made a great novelty to our eyes, accustomed to nothing but our ship, and the enormous space, empty of life, which had surrounded us for days. The muscles of the



boatmen stood out sharply on their small frames. They had almost all—at least those who were young—fine wrists and delicate hands, and a handsome setting of the neck. The foot looked broad with toes very square. They were excitedly waiting to help in the coaling and unloading, and soon we saw them begin to work, carrying great loads with much good-humored chattering. Around us played the smallest boats with rowers standing up and sculling. Then the market-boat came rushing to us, its standing rowers bending and rising, their thighs rounding and insteps sharpening, what small garments they had fluttering like scarfs, so that our fair missionaries turned their backs to the sight.

Two boys struggling at the great sculls in one of the small boats were called by us out of the crowd, and carried us off to look at the outgoing steamer which takes our mail, and which added its own confusion and its attendant crowd of boats to all the animation on the water. Delicious and curious moment, this first sense of being free from the big prison of the ship; the pleasure of directing one's own course; of not understanding a word of what

one hears, and yet of getting at a meaning through every sense; of being close to the top of the waves on which we dance, instead of looking down upon them from the tall ship's sides; of seeing the small limbs of the boys burning yellow in the sun, and noticing how they recall the dolls of their own country in the expression of their eyes; to see how every little detail of the boat is different, and yet so curiously the same; and then to return to the first sensation of feeling while lying flat on the bottom of the boat, at the level of our faces the tossing sky-blue water dotted with innumerable orange copies of the sun. Then subtle influences of odor, the sense of something very foreign, of the presence of another race, came up with the smell of the boat.

We climbed up the side of the big steamer and found the doctor there, who told us that he had been expecting us for a whole month; so that he soon took possession of us, and we found ourselves in the hotel launch, and at the wharf, and passing the custom house and its officers, who let everything go through quickly except my suspicious water-color blocks. Outside of the gate, in the street, we found the long-expected *jinrikisha*, an arrangement that you know probably as well as I do—a two-wheeled perambulator or gig, very small, with a hood that is usually lowered, and with a man in the shafts. Our fellows were in blue-black clothes, a big inscription on their backs; and they wore apron-like vests, close-fitting trousers, and broad straw hats poised on their heads. But you know all about these; and I have only to add that we were trundled off to our hotel, along the pretty quay which edges that part of the town, past European houses, unlike ours, and having a certain character which will probably appear very commonplace later, because it is not beautiful, but which is novel yet to us. Our hotel is also on the quay, just at a corner where a canal breaks in, and where we can see big walls and trees on the other side. Our rooms open on the water—that same blue water spangled with sunshine and fading into sky. There are men-of-war and steamers far out; picturesque junks sailing past rapidly, flattened out into mere





"THE LIGHTS FLARING UPON YELLOW FACES."

edges of shadow and light against the sea and the sky, their great hollow sterns with the rudder far inboard, and sails which are open at the seams. Not far from us was a little sharp-pointed boat with a man fishing, his big round hat as important as any part of the boat. It was already late in the day. European children were out with their Japanese nurses; from time to time a phaeton or a curricule passed with European occupants, and even in this tremendous heat ladies rode out on horseback. But the human beings are not the novelty, not even the Japanese; what is absorbingly new is the light, its whiteness, its silvery milkiness. We have come into it as through an open door after fourteen gray days of the Pacific which ended only at sunrise this very morning. And we looked again at all the light outside, from the dining-room, where we lunched, where the waiters slipped about in black clothes like those of the runners, and where we were joined at table by a foreign gentleman with high cheek-bones, yellow face, and slanting eyes, and dressed in the latest European fashion with high collar, four-in-hand scarf, and pointed shoes. He was very courteous, and managed what little English he used as skillfully as he dresses. And he gave me a touch of the far East in the story of his being here; for he is under a cloud, an amiable exile whose return to his native

land might involve his being boiled in oil, or other ingenious form of death. For well as he figured at luncheon with us, I hear that he has been obliged to leave because of his having poisoned too many of his guests one day at table,—former enemies of his,—and because of his having despatched with the sword those whose digestion had resisted his efforts at conciliation. However this may be, his extradition is demanded; to which he objects, and invokes Western ideas of civilization, and protests that his excesses have been merely political. And then late in the afternoon we sauntered out into the Japanese quarter; walking, so that we may mingle with the gray, black, and blue crowd, and respectfully followed by our jinrikisha men, who slowly dragged our carriages behind them, like grooms following their masters. We stopped at little curio shops and bargained over miserable odds and ends, calling up, I feel sure, the unexpressed contempt of the doctor, the great collector of precious lacquers; but it is so amusing to see things as they are, and not as they should be. And we went into a show which had an enormous draped sign outside, and where, in uncertain darkness, an old, miserable, distorted dwarf played the part of a spider in a web, to the accompaniment of fiendish music and the declamation of the showman. Then we lingered

outside of a booth in which a wrestling match was going on, but did not enter, and we saw the big wrestlers go in or come out, their shoulders far above the heads of a smaller race of men, and we turned at every moment to look at the children, many of whom are so pretty, and who seem to have an easy time of it. Men carry them in their arms as women do

structure, the usual Japanese house. I came near saying that the little railway station is like ours; but it is better than most of ours, with neat arrangements. We entered the little cars; I noticed, in the third class, Japanese curled up on the seats. The grade is as level as a table, the landscape is lovely, and we saw the shapes we know so well in the prints—



CASTLE, AND MOAT WITH LOTUS.

with us, and many a little elder sister walks about with the infant of the family slung behind her maternal shoulders. And then there are curious combinations of Western and Eastern dress—rarely successful. Our hats and shoes and umbrellas—all made here—are used, and our ugly shirts stiffen out the folds of the soft Japanese robes; but the multitude wear their usual dress and make no abuse of hats.

Wearied by the novelty, every detail of which, however, was known to us before, we walked back in the white, milky sunset, which was like a brilliant twilight.

JULY 5.—We made our first visit to town yesterday; that is to say we went to Tokio, which is about twenty miles off. Of course we took our jinrikishas at the door of the hotel, and passing through the wide Yokohama streets saw the semi-European houses, some with high garden walls in which are small doors: there are sidewalks, too, and European shops, and colonial buildings, post-office, and telegraph office; and the Japanese *kura*, or storehouses—heavy tile-roofed buildings with black and white earthen surfaces, the black polished to a glaze, as was done with Greek and Etruscan vases. They have deep windows or doors, recessed like our safes, with a great air of solidity, which contrasts with that temporary wooden

the curious shapes of the Japanese pines; little temples on the hillside; and rice-fields with their network of causeways, occasionally a horse or peasant threading them. The land is cultivated like a garden, the lotus leaves fill the ditches, and one or two pink flowers are just out. From time to time we saw stretches of blue sea. And once, for an instant, as I looked up into the hazy, clouded sky, far beyond the hills, that were lost in the mist into which the rice-fields stretched, I saw a pale, clear blue opening in which was an outline more distinct, something very pure, the edge of a mountain, looking as if it belonged to another world than the dewy moist one in which we are—the cone of Fusi-yama.

On passing through the station, very much like the other with its various arrangements for comfort and order,—first, second, and third class rooms, and so forth,—we met a crowd of jinrikishas with their runners, or, as my friends tell me to call them, *kuruma* and *kurumaya*, every man clamoring for patronage in the usual way of the hackmen.

We selected as a leader Chojiro, who speaks English—a little; is a traveled man, having gone as far as Constantinople; wears the old-fashioned queue, flattened forward over the top of his shaven head; and whose naked feet were

to run through the day over newly macadamized roads, for which a horse would need to be well shod. A little way from us, on the square, stood the car of the tramway, which runs as far as Asakusa, to the great popular temples of protecting divinities, Quan-on and Jizo,—and Benten, from whose shrine flowed one day copper coins as if from a fountain,—where Buddhist sermons are preached daily; which are full of innumerable images, pictures, and ex-votos; and where prayer-wheels, duly turned, help the worshiper to be free from annoying sins, or to obtain his desires.

How shall I describe our ride through the enormous city? We were going far across it to call on Professor F——, the great authority on Japanese art, and to be delighted and instructed by him through some fragments of his collection.

In the first street where the tramway runs there are semi-European façades to houses, and in their pilasters the Ionic capital has at length made the circle of the world. Then we took more Oriental and narrower streets, through the quarter of the *gei-sha*, the dancers and singers who go out perpetually to put a finishing touch on entertainments. At such early hours they are of course unseen. Where houses seemed more closed than usual servants were attending to household duties, and we heard the occasional strum of a guitar. Then great streets again, with innumerable low houses, the usual shops, like open sheds, with swinging signs, carved, painted, and gilded, or with draperies of black cloth marked with white characters. Merchants sat on their mats among the crowded goods, girls at corners drew water from the wells; in a narrower street the black streak of a file of bulls peacefully dragging merchandise; where the crowd was thickest a black lacquered palanquin, all closed, in which was shut some obstinate adherent to ancient fashions. Then bridges and canals, and great empty spaces, long white walls with black copings, and buildings that continued the walls, with gratings like those of barracks. These were the *yashikis*—inclosed residences of princes who were formerly obliged to spend part of the year at the seat of government with small armies of retainers. Then the walls of the castle, great sloping ramparts of irregular blocks of masonry, about which stand strangely twisted pine trees, while the great moats of clouded water are almost filled with the big leaves of the lotus. Now and then great gates of gray wood, and enormous doors. On some of the wide avenues we met cavalry officers in European costume, correct in style, most of the younger with straggling mustaches long and thin, whence their nickname of “horn-pouts,” naturally connected with that of the “cats,” devourers of fish, as the *gei-sha* are called. Near of-



AT THE WELL.

ficial buildings we saw a great deal of black frock coats, and trousers, and spectacles. Everything was seen at a full run, our runners dragging us at horses' pace. Still it was long before we reached our destination. Streets succeeded streets, empty or full, in desolate, Oriental wearisomeness. At length we stopped at a little gate in a plank fence, and entered a vast high space, formerly a prince's park, at one end of which we saw trees and hills, and we came to the professor's house, a little European structure. My mind is yet too confused with many impressions to tell you of what we saw that afternoon and evening, and what was said; all the more that the few beautiful paintings we looked at out of the great collection lifted

me away from to-day into an indefinite great past. I dislike to use analogies, but before these ancient religious paintings of Buddhist divinities, symbolical of the elements or of protective powers, whose worn surfaces contained marvels of passionate delicacy and care framed in noble lines, I could not help the recall of what I had once felt at the first sight of old Italian art.

WE passed from this sense of exalted peace to plunge again into the crowded streets at night. It was late; we had many miles to go to catch the last train; two additional runners had been engaged for each kuruma—one to push, one to be harnessed in front.

Then began a furious ride. Mine was the last carriage. We were whirled along with warning cries of "Hai-hai!" now into the dark, then into some opening lighted by starlight, in which I could see the flitting shapes of the other runners and of my companions. I remember the creaking of their carriages, the jerking of them with each pull of the men; then our crossing suddenly other parties lighted by lanterns like ourselves, the lights flaring upon yellow faces and dark dresses and black hair; then our turning some narrow corner and plunging at full speed into lighted streets crowded with people, through whom we seemed to cut our way. Much shouting of our men, and dodging of wayfarers with lanterns, and of bystanders who merely turn enough to let us glide by. Then one of my runners at full gallop struck a post and was left behind; another was gathered in somehow without a stop, and we tore through the city, still more crowded as we came nearer to our end—the railway station. We were in time, and we slept in the now familiar train. We reached the deserted station and were jogged peacefully to our hotel; our men, in Japanese fashion, sleepily turning out of the way of the ownerless dogs that lay in the middle of the streets. And when I awoke in the morning I found that the day's impressions had faded in sleep to what I tell you.

JULY 6.—I have been asking myself whether it would be possible to have sensations as novel, of feeling as perfectly fresh and new things I knew almost all about beforehand, had we come in any other way, or arrived from any other quarter. As it is, all this Japan is sudden. We have last been living at home, are shut up in a ship, as if boxed in with our own civilization, and then suddenly, with no transition, we are landed in another. And under what splendor of light, in what contrasting atmosphere! It is as if the sky, in its variations, was the great subject of the drama we are looking at, or at least its great chorus. The

beauty of the light and of the air is what I should like to describe, but it is almost like trying to account for one's own mood—like describing the key in which one plays. And yet I have not begun to paint, and I dread the moment of beginning to work again. Rather have I felt like yielding entirely to the spirit in which I came, the intention of a rest, of a bath for the brain in some water absolutely alien. A—and I had undertaken that we should bring no books, read no books, but come as innocently as we could; the only compromise my keeping a scientific Japanese grammar, which being ancient and unpractical might be allowed, for it would leave me as unready as on the day I left.

THE doctor took us on Sunday afternoon to his club—whose name I think means the perfume of the maple—to see and to listen to some Japanese plays which are given in the club theater built for the purpose. We went there in the afternoon, passing by the Shiba temples, and our kurumas were drawn up at one end of the buildings. There everything was Japanese, though I hear stories of the other club and its ultra-European ways—brandies-and-sodas, single eyeglasses, etc. However that may be, on this side we were in Japan without mistake. We sat on the steps and had our shoes taken off, according to the Japanese fashion, so as not to injure mats, and we could hear during the operation long wailings, high notes, and the piercing sound of flutes and stringed instruments; the curiously sad rhythm mingled with a background of high, distinct declamation. We walked in, with careful attention to make no noise, forgetting that in our stocking feet we could have made none had we wished, and we found the doctor's place reserved for him and us, and marked with his name, writ large. Other low boxes, with sides no higher than our elbows as we sat on the mats, divided the sloping floor down to the stage. The stage was a pretty little building projecting into the great hall from its long side. It had its own roof, and connected with a long gallery or bridge, along which the actors moved, as they came on or disappeared, in a manner new to us, but which gave a certain natural sequence and made a beginning and an end,—a dramatic introduction and conclusion,—and added greatly to the picture when the magnificent dresses of stiff brocade dragged slowly along to the cadence of the music. The boxes were mostly occupied and by a distinguished-looking audience; the Nō, as this operatic acting is called, being a refined, classical drama, and looked upon differently from the more or less disreputable theater.



NÔ DANCER WITH MASK, REPRESENTING THE SAKÉ IMP.

Hence the large proportion of ladies, to whom the theater is forbidden. Hence, also, owing to its antiquity and the character of its style, a difficulty of comprehension for the general public that explained the repeated rustle of the books of the opera which most of the women held, whose leaves turned over at the same moment, just as ours used to do at home when we were favored by French tragedy.

A quiet, sleepy appreciation hovered over
VOL. XXXIX.—68.

the scene; even the devotees near us, many of them older people and belonging to the old régime, showing their approval or disapproval with restrained criticism. I could see without turning my head the expression of the face of my neighbor, a former daimio, a man of position; a face a Japanese translation of the universal well-known aristocratic type—immovable, fatigued, with the drooping under lip. Behind him sat former retainers, I suppose—deferential, in-

sinuating remarks and judgments to which he assented with inimitable brevity. Still, I thought that I could distinguish, when he showed that the youthful amateurs — for most of the actors were non-professional — did not come up to a proper standard, that his memory went back to a long experience of good acting. And so catching are the impressions of a crowd that I myself after a time believed that I recognized, more or less distinctly, the tyro and the master, even



ANCIENT.

though I only vaguely understood what it was all about. For I need not tell you that the libretto would have been still more difficult for me than the pantomime before me; and very often it was but pantomime, the actor making gestures to the accompaniment of music, or of the declamation of the chorægus, who told the poetic story. Occasionally these movements amounted to a dance, that is to say, to rhythmic movements—hence called the *Nō* dance—to which emphasis was given by rising and falling on either foot, and bringing down the sole with a sudden blow.

There were many short plays, mostly based

on legendary subjects, distinguished by gorgeous dresses, and occasionally some comic scenes of domestic life. The monotony of impression was too novel to me to become wearisome, and I sat for several hours through this succession of separate stories, patient, except for the new difficulty of sitting cross-legged on the mats. Moreover, we had tobacco to cheer us. On our arrival the noiseless servants had brought to us the inevitable little tray containing the fire-box with hot charcoal and the little cylinder for ashes, and tea and little sugary balls; and then, besides, notwithstanding the high-toned repose of the audience, there was enough to watch. There were the envoys from Loo Choo, seated far off in the dim light of the room, dressed in ancient costumes, their hair skewered up on the top of the head with a double pin—grave and dignified personages; and a European prince, a Napoleonic pretender, seated alongside, with his suite, and ourselves, the only foreigners. The types of the older people were full of interest, as one felt them formed under other ideas than those of to-day. And though there were no beauties, there was much refinement and sweetness in the faces of the women, set off by the simplicity of their dresses, of blacks, and browns, and grays, and dull violets, in exquisite fabrics, for we were in an atmosphere of good breeding. And I watched one of the young ladies in front of me, the elder of two sisters, as she attended to every little want of her father, and even to his inconveniences. And now it was time to leave, though the performance was still going on, for we wished to return in the early evening. Our shoes were put on again at the steps, our umbrellas handed to us,—for sun and rain we must always have one,—and we passed the Shiba temples and took the train back for Yokohama.

JULY 12.—We are doing nothing in particular, hesitating very much as to what our course shall be. One thing is certain—the breaking out of the cholera will affect all our plans. Even the consequent closing of the theaters shows us how many things will be cut off from us. We spend much time in such idleness as bric-à-brac, letting ourselves go, and taking things as they come.

The doctor's kindness is with us all the time. One feels the citizen of the world that he is when he touches little details of manners here, now as familiar to him as those of Europe.

I enjoy, myself, this drifting, though A— is not so well pleased, and I try to feel as if the heat and the novelty of impressions justified me in idleness. Once only I was tempted to duty, however, when we went to the temples of Shiba and of Uyèno, where are the tombs of

the shōguns, rulers of Japan of the Tokugawa line. They are all there but the two greatest, Iyéyasū and Iyémitsū, who lie at Nikko, the sacred place, a hundred miles away. Here in Tokio are the tombs of the others, and the temples about them, splendid with lacquer and carving and gold and bronze, and set among trees and gardens on these hills of Shiba and Uyēno.

My dreams of making an analysis and memoranda of these architectural treasures of Japan were started, as many resolutions of work are, by the talk of my companion, his analysis of the theme of their architecture, and my feeling a sort of desire to rival him on a ground for fair competition. But I do not think that I could grasp a subject in such a clear and dispassionate and masterly way, with such natural reference to the past and its implied comparisons, for A——'s historic sense amounts to poetry, and his deductions and remarks always set my mind sailing into new channels.

But I must put this off—certainly for today—while we discuss whether we shall make our visit to ancient Kamakura and the great bronze statue and the island of Énoshima, or whether to put it off until our return from Nikko, and our seeing the other shrines of the shōguns, there. The doctor, who has just left Nikko, tells us of its beauty in the early summer, a few weeks ago, and I feel all the hotter as he talks of the cold mountain streams which run by his house, and of banks of azaleas covering the high rocks. And then the Japanese proverb says, "Who has not seen Nikko cannot say beautiful."

John La Farge.



MODERN.

THOUGHT.

ACROSS the tense chords
Thought runs before words,
Brighter than dew,
And keener than swords.
Whence it cometh,
And whither it goes,
All may conjecture,
But no man knows.
It ebbs and flows
In the dancing of the leaves,
The set of summer eyes,
The scent of the violets, the secret of the rose.

Richard Henry Stoddard.



FROM TOKIO TO NIKKO.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



JULY 20, 1886.—The cholera was upon us, and we decided to go to Nikko and spend a month there, near the F—s'. The doctor, who was anxious to get back to its coolness and its other charms, was to pilot us and instruct us by the way, and much of the miscellaneous information that I shall give you has come more or less from him. Late in the morning we rode to Tokio, and lunched in Uyèno Park, looking down on the great pond and the little temple which stands in it, and which you know, having seen it on the fans and colored prints. They were veiled in the haze of the sunlight, as if in a spring or winter mist, and through this fog of light shone the multitudinous little sparkles of the ribs and swellings of the lotus pads, lapping one over another, and reaching to far streaks of clearer water. A denser lightness here and there marked the places of the flowers, and a faint odor came up in lazy whiffs. The roof of the temple seemed to be supported by the moisture below. Above there was no cloud. All things lay alike in the blaze, enveloped in a white glimmer of heat and wet, and between the branches of the trees around us the sky was veiled in blue. The locusts hissed with a crackling sound like that of heated wood. The ugly bronze Buddha at the corner of the tea-house shone as if melting in the sun. Then came the moment of leaving for the station, where, owing to delays of trains, we waited still longer in the heat. In the cleanly waiting-room we looked at the illustrations in the Japanese newspapers, and at the last report of the weather bureau, printed in English and fastened to the wall, or read a little in that morning's edition of the excellent Yokohama English paper; all these comforts of civilization being supplied by the road. At length the noise of hundreds of wooden clogs, worn by men, women, and children, clattered upon the stones outside, and announced an end to waiting. The tightly closed train had been baking in the sun all day, and we leaned out of the doors on the sides and gasped for breath.

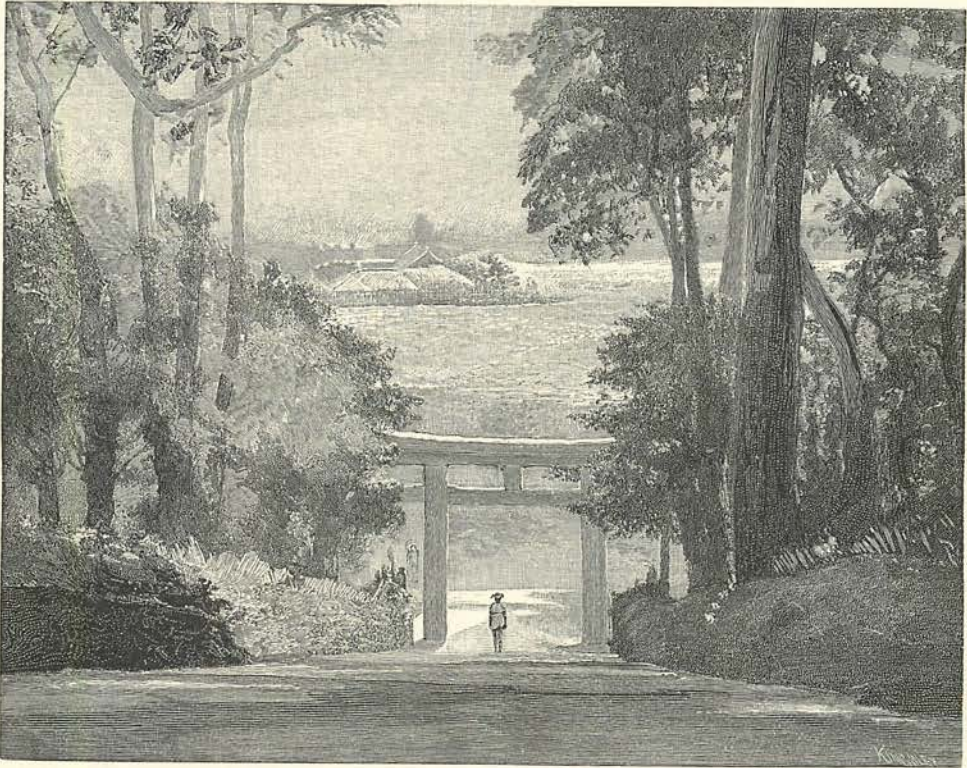
Our train skirted the great hill of Uyèno, and its dark shadow, which did not quite reach us. Monuments and gravestones, gray

or mossy, blurred here and there the green wall of trees. The doctor told us of the cooler springtime, when the cherry trees of Uyèno cover the ground with a snow of blossoms, and the whole world turns out to enjoy them, as we do the first snows of winter.

But this is a lame comparison. The Japanese sensitiveness to the beauties of the outside world is something much more delicate and complex and contemplative, and at the same time more natural, than ours has ever been. Outside of Arcadia, I know of no other land whose people hang verses on the trees, in honor of their beauty; where families travel far before the dawn to see the first light touch the new buds. Where else do the newspapers announce the spring openings of the blossoms? Where else would be possible the charming absurdity of the story that W— was telling me of having seen in cherry-blossom time some old gentleman, with capacious saké gourd in hand and big roll of paper in his girdle, seat himself below the blossom showers, and look and drink, and drink and write verses, all by himself, with no gallery to help him? If there is convention in a tradition half obligatory, and if we, Western lovers of the tree, do not quite like the Japanese refinement of growing the cherry merely for its flowers, yet how deliciously upside-down from us, and how charming is the love of nature at the foundation of the custom.

From the rustling of leaves and reëchoing of trees we passed into the open country, and into free air and heat. In the blur of hot air, trembling beneath the sun, lay plantations and rice fields; the latter, vast sheets of water dotted with innumerable spikes of green. Little paths raised above them made a network of irregular geometry. Occasionally a crane spread a shining wing and sank again. In the outside ditches stood up the pink heads of the lotus above the crowded pads. At long intervals small groups of peasants, men and women, dressed in blue and white, knee-deep in the water, bent their backs at the task of weeding. The skirts of their dresses were caught up in their girdles, and their arms were freed from their looped-back sleeves.

The doctor spoke to us of the supposed unhealthiness of rice planting, which makes life in the rice fields short, in a country where life is not long.

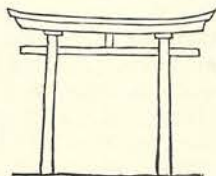


THE LAKE IN UYENO PARK.

We are told that the manuring of the rice fields taints all the waters for great distances, and we are warned not to drink, without inquiring, even from the clearest streams. Not even high up in the mountains shall we be safe; for there may be flat spaces and table-lands of culture which drain into the picturesque wildness below. We learn that with all these hardships the rice growers themselves cannot always afford this staple food of the country, for cheaper than rice are millet, and buckwheat, and the plants and fungi that grow without culture.

Contrasting with the tillage we were passing, islands of close foliage stood up in the dry plain, or were reflected, with the clouds above, in the mirror of the wet rice fields. Occasionally a shrine was visible within, and the obligatory Torii stood at the edge of the grove, or within its first limits.

Looking through a Torii one is sure to be in the direction of something sacred, whether it be temple or shrine or holy mountain. Neither closeness nor distance interferes with this ideal intention, and the sacred Fusi-yama is often seen a hundred miles away in the sky, framed by these lines, built for the pur-



A TORII.

pose. This assemblage of four lines of stone or wood or bronze is to me one of the creations of art, like the obelisk or the pyramid. Most impressive, most original of symbolic entrances, whether derived from sacred India or from the ancestral innocence of Polynesia, there is something of the beginning of man, something invented while he lived with the birds, in this elementary porch, whose upper line, repeating the slope of hill and wave, first embodied the curve that curls all upper edges in the buildings of the farther East.

And if indeed the Torii¹ be nothing but the first bird-perch, then I can imagine the father of all peacocks spreading his gigantic fan across its bars; or I may prefer to suppose it the rest for the disk of the sun god, whose lower curve is repeated by the Torii's upper beam.

SOMETIMES there were traces of inclosure about these woods; sometimes they had no edgings but their own beautifully modeled contours. Long ages, respectful care, sometimes fortunate neglect, have made of these reserved spaces types of an ideal wildness, for these are sacred groves, and they are protected by the divine contained within them.

This preservation of a recall of primeval

¹ The usual etymology of Torii is bird-perch; from *Tori*, a bird.

nature, this exemption of the soil from labor, within anxious and careful tillage, is a note of Japan constantly recurring, and a source of perpetual charm.

Notwithstanding the men and women working in the fields, there was a certain desolateness in the landscape, and A—— made out its reason more easily than I, and recalled that for miles and miles we had traveled without seeing any of the four-footed beasts which the Western mind always associates with pastoral life and labor.

As the evening came on we crossed a large river and looked down from the height of the new bridges upon the discarded ferry-boats, and upon the shape of a more fantastic one that was never meant to sail—a pine tree, shaped and trimmed, spread its green mast and sails in a garden by the water. Far away were lines of mountains and the peaks of extinct volcanoes.

At every station now the country people gathered to stare at the novelty of the train; we saw the lighting up of the farm-houses as we passed; in the door-yards, behind high hedges reminding me of Normandy, bonfires were being made to keep off mosquitoes: then temples and shrines with lights before them, and at eight o'clock on a festal night we came into Utsumomiya.

The streets were full of people carrying lanterns; children ran about together, with little toy shrines, and the whole town was drowned in noise. We got into a *basha*, a sort of omnibus, attached to two wild horses, and were hurled through the crowded streets, much as if carrying the mails, with apparent disregard of the lives and limbs of the inhabitants.

The hotel, where we were expected and where the doctor had represented us as distinguished visitors, opened its whole front, in a Japanese way, to receive us, for there was no outside wall to the lower floor. We were driven quite into the house, and beheld an entire household drawn up in line on the platform, which occupied a full half of this lower space. The doctor did all that was right, while we remained in amused embarrassment before our prostrated host and the kneeling attendants. As we sat helpless on the steps of the platform our shoes were taken off, and in stocking feet we were ushered through the crowd and the lower part of the house, through the preparations for passing travelers, the smell and heat of washing and cookery, and an inexpressibly outrageous odor, even for this land of frightful smells, evidently of the same nature as that of the rice fields.

Notwithstanding this horror, we found, on clambering up the steep little staircase of dark, slippery wood, better fitted to stockings than to boots, a most charming, cleanly apartment

ready for us: ready, I say, but its three big rooms, which took all one side of the court, contained nothing but a drawing hanging in each room and a vase filled with flowers; in justice, I ought to add a European table of the simplest make, and three European chairs. Under them was spread a piece of that red cloth which seems to have a fascination for the Japanese—perhaps as being European.

Everything was of the cleanest—wall, floor, stairs, tables; everything was dusted, wiped, rubbed, polished.

It was too hot and we were too tired to go out and see the town, noisy with the excitement of a festival. The doctor directed the preparation of a meal on a Japanese basis of rice, mingled and enlivened with the contents of various cans; and meanwhile I went down another little staircase of cleanly white wood, at the farther end of our apartment, to our little private bath-room below.

This was about six feet square, and its furniture consisted of a deep lacquer tray to lay clothes in. The bath-tub was sunk in the floor, but so that its edge rose high above the level of the room. I had declined the "honorable hot water," which is the Japanese necessity, and obtained cold, against protest. I had yet to learn the luxury and real advantage of the Japanese hot bath. I closed my door, but my window was open, and through its wooden bars I could see our opposite neighbors across the garden of the courtyard—a whole family, father, mother, children, and young daughter—file down to the big bath-room at the corner, whose windows were open to mine. I heard them romp and splash, and saw heads and naked arms shining through the steam. Meditating upon the differences which make propriety in various places, I joined my friends at dinner and listened to what the doctor had to say upon the Japanese indifference to nudity; how Japanese morals are not affected by the simplicity of their costumes, and that of course to the artist it seems a great pity that the new ideas should be changing these habits in a race so naturally law-abiding; for even the government is interfering, and enforcing dress within city limits. Then came the question whether this be a reminiscence of Polynesian ancestry and simplicity, or born of climate and cleanliness. And, indeed, all Japan spends most of its time washing, so that the very runners bathe more times a day than our fine ladies. Meanwhile the servant-girls were spreading for us the blue-green mosquito nettings, put together with bands of orange silk. They were slung by cords from the corners of the beams, which serve for a cornice, and made a good-sized square tent in the middle of the room. Inside, our beds



OUR RUNNER.

were made up on the floor, of well-wadded coverlets folded one upon another. One of these I took for a pillow. I have not yet dared to try the block of wood, hollowed out for the nape of the neck, which serves for a pillow in Japan, notwithstanding that it has a pad to relieve its severity—a pad of paper fastened on, and which you remove sheet by sheet as you want a clean pillow-slip. I can understand, however, how precious it must be in a country where the women keep, day and night, undisturbed, those coiffures of marvelous black hair, glistening with camellia oil, the name of which I like better than its perfume. From inside my netting I could see, as I was lying,—for the screens, which made our windows, remained wide open,—through the topmost branches of the trees of the garden, the Japanese family opposite, now ending their evening meal.

Laughter and chatter, clattering of cups, rap of pipes against boxes, a young man came in and bent over one of the women seated upon the floor; the girl repeated some prayer, with clapping hands outstretched; the lights were put out, all but the square “ando,” or floor

night-lantern, and they drew their screens. I fell asleep, to be waked with a start by the watchman, who, every hour, paced through the garden, striking a wooden clapper, and impertinently assured us of the hour.

THIS weary noise marked the intervals of a night of illness, made worse by nightmares of the cholera, from which we were flying. The earliest dawn was made hideous by the unbarring and rolling of the heavy *amados*,¹ the drawing back of the inside screens (*shojis*), and the clattering of clogs over pavement, through other parts of the house. Our Japanese family across the way I could hear at their ablutions, and, later, tumultuously departing for early trains, and at last I slept in broad daylight.

LATE in the morning we entered our friend the basha. In the daylight, I noticed that the horses wore something like a Dutch collar, and were harnessed with ropes.

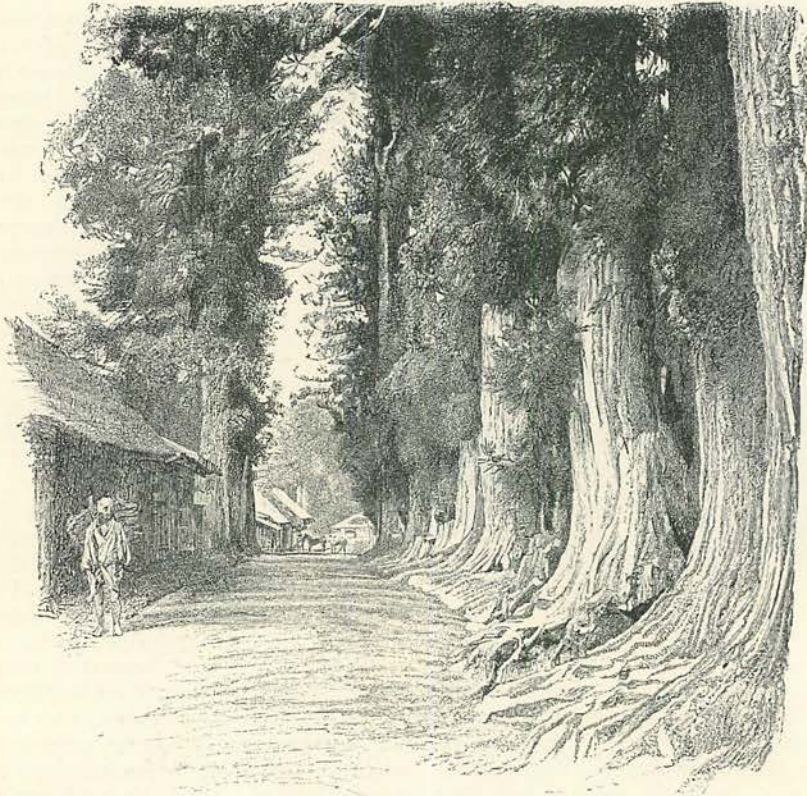
Two men, one the driver, the other the running groom, sat on the low front seat. Our trunks and bags and Japanese baskets encumbered the omnibus seats on which we stretched our sick and wearied bodies—for the doctor himself was ill, and smiled mechanically when I tortured him with questions. We left town at a full gallop, and at risk of life for every one in the streets; one of our drivers meanwhile blowing wildly through a horn, to the inspiriting of the horses and the frightening of the Japanese small boy. Soon one of our men plunged off his seat and began running by the horses in the old Japanese way—hereditary with him, for they follow the calling from generation to generation. Running without pause and without sweating, he threw his body back as if restraining his pace to that of the horses. At the limits of the town, in full run, he stripped his upper garments and showed himself tattooed at every visible point. Above the double strip of his breech-clout, a waterfall, a dragon, and a noble hero made a fine network of blue and pink on the moving muscles.

¹ Rain-doors, outer wooden screens, which close the house at night, and roll in a groove.

Now the road became heavy, wet, and full of deep ruts; and our miserable ponies came to a stand-still—and balked. The Japanese mildness of our driver disappeared. He took to beating their poor backs with a heavy bamboo cane; while we remonstrated feebly, regretting that we had not sufficient strength to

lotus and the iris, the peach, the cherry, and the plum make up the flower poetry of the extreme East.

THEN, leaving the dry and sunny uplands, we entered a famous avenue, shaded for twenty miles by gigantic cryptomeria trees 60 to 120



IN THE GREAT AVENUE OF CRYPTOMERIA.

beat him too. Then he explained, deferentially, that confusion seized him at being unable to keep his promise of delivering us at Imaichi for the appointed hour; and I felt as if we had been put in the wrong. Imagine the difference had he been—any one but a Japanese. We turned aside from the main way into a little dry side-path, which led us into the hills and moors. As we got among them we left the annoying odors of the rice fields, and smelled for the first time the fragrance of wild roses, looking like ours, but a little paler. This was the first thing which reminded me of home—the roses that the Japanese do not seem to care for, do not seem to understand. With them the rose has no records, no associations as with us, for once on this farther side of the garden of Iran, the peony and the chrysanthemum, the

feet high. They were planted, as an act of homage, some two centuries ago, by some mighty noble, when it was decided to place at Nikko the tomb of the great shōgun Iyéyasū. They rise on each side of the sunken road, from banks and mounds, over which steps lead, from time to time, to plantations and rice fields beyond, and to shrines peeping out among the trees. In side-roads above, on either hand, passed occasionally peasants and pack-horses laden with forage, or the bright shine of a peasant woman's red skirt. Where an occasional habitation, or two or three, are niched in some opening, the tall columns of the great trees are interrupted by spaces filled with crossed branches of the wilder pine, and behind these, outside, sometimes the light-green feathery mass of a bamboo grove.

Against the bank stood low thatched buildings; near them, the great trees were often down, or sometimes dying; an occasional haystack, sliced off below by use, was fastened, in thick projection, around some smaller tree. Once, at a turn of the road, near a building with wide roof, pushed against the corner bank out of a basin fringed with iris, sprung into the air a little jet of water. Near by, a solitary ditcher had placed in a bamboo fence some bright red blossom, with its stem and leaves, apparently to cheer him at his work.

The heavy road was being ditched on each side to carry off the soaking waters, and our weary, miserable horses broke down again. A—— and I rested by going in advance, and I experienced the new sensation of walking among the bamboo stems, like an insect among the knotted stalks of a gigantic grass. The still heat of the sun burned in great smoky streaks across our way, spotted by the flight of many yellow butterflies. There was no sound of birds in the high spaces above; the few peasants that we met slipped past on their straw sandals, their noiseless horses also shod with straw; occasionally a shiver of the great spruces overhead, and far behind us the cries of our groom to their horses.

It was two o'clock when we galloped bravely, as if with fresh horses, into the single long street which is Imaichi village. We were now on high ground, some two thousand feet above our point of departure, and could feel, but not see clearly, in the blaze of sunlight, great mountains lost in great wet clouds.

WE stopped at the village inn; drivers and runners were sitting on the stone bench in front, drinking tea, when we drove up. We sat down on the straw-matted porch inside, the whole front of the building open, and drank miserable, herby tea, and tasted the usual sweet balls of sugary stuff.

Alongside the tea-house, in one of the recesses between the buildings, we could see the runners of kurumas being washed off and rubbed down, just as if they were horses in a livery stable. As they stood naked, their companions poured pails of water over them, its brown spread covering the stone slabs. Some of them, in the porch, lay on their backs, others prone, others on the side, all near a kettle, which hung over a charcoal fire, in which, perhaps, they were heating saké. One on his back, his neck on the wooden pillow, was smoking. The village itself lay in hot, clean repose,—not dusty,—the rows of buildings on each side of the street irregular, but all of the same appearance. Most of the fronts were open, the goods all displayed outside of the walls, or on the floors; innumerable pieces of paper hanging about every-

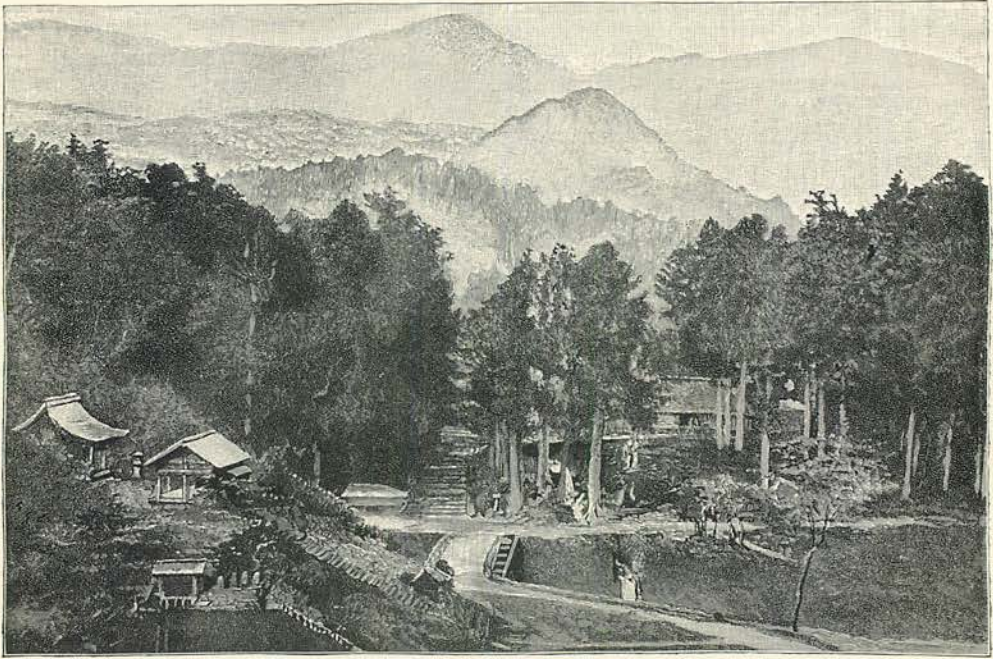
where. A few men sat about on the porches, their naked feet hanging off, their sandals on the ground below them, the inevitable umbrella by their side. Most of the village was asleep, in nakedness. The color of flesh glowed in the hot shade; brown and fallow in the men, ruddy on the breasts of the women and the entirely nude bodies of the children.

And here, now, we said good-by to the basha, and got into the two-wheeled baby-wagon, which they call a kuruma. One man ran between the shafts, and another, in front, was fastened to the cross-bar by a long strip of cloth tied about him. The file of our five wagons started off at a rapid trot—we had two for our baggage—with the doctor ahead, his white helmet dancing before us in the sun. From under my umbrella I tried to study and occasionally to draw the motions of the muscles of our runners, for most of them were naked, except for the complicated strip around the loins—a slight development of the early fig-leaf. The vague recall of the antique that is dear to artists—the distinctly rigid muscles of the legs and thighs, the rippling swellings of the backs—revived the excitement of professional study and seemed a godsend to a painter. The broad, curved hat, lifted by a pad over the head, was but an Eastern variation, not so far removed from the Greek *πέπλος* of Athenian riders. Some heads were bare; that is to say, their thick black thatch was bound with a long handkerchief, which otherwise hung on the shoulders or danced around their necks. Not all were naked. The youngest, a handsome fellow, had his tunic pulled up above the thighs, and the slope of his drapery and his wide sleeves gave him all the elegance of a mediæval page. I found it easier now to struggle against heat and indolence, and to make my studies as our runners ran along, for we had entered again the avenue of the great cryptomeria. We had passed the entrance of another, which in old times was the road, traveled by the mikado's ambassador, in the fifth month, when he journeyed across the island to carry offerings to Iyéyasû in his tomb at Nikko. The big trees grow still taller in this higher air, their enormous roots spreading along the embankments in great horizontal lines and stages of buttresses. Prolonged wafts of cool air blew upon us from the west, to which we were hurrying. Above us spread a long avenue of shade, high up and pale in the blue. And so we got into Nikko as the sun was setting, with the delicious sensation that at last we were in coolness and in shade.

RIGHT before us, crossing the setting sun, was the island mountain of Nikko-san; small

enough to be taken in by the eye, as it stood framed by greater mountains which were almost lost in the glittering of wet sunlight. The mountain threw its shade on the little village; down its one long street we rode to the bridge that spans the torrent, which, joining another stream, gives Nikko the look of an island. Alongside this bridge, at a distance of two hundred feet, crosses the red lacquer bridge, over which we are not allowed to pass. It is reserved for the family Tokugawa, the former

Before us steps of enormous width passed under the foliage and turned above in many directions, and there on the lowest step, her dainty feet on straw sandals, whose straps divided the toes of the close-fitting Japanese socks, with bare ankles, stood our hostess, in latest European dress, most graceful contrast to our own consciousness of being jaded and dirty, and to the nakedness of our runners. Panting with the last run, they stood at rest, and leaned forward against the cross-bar of the shafts, with mus-



NIKKO-SAN.

shōguns of Japan, whose ancestors built the great shrines of Nikko, and for the emperor on his occasional visits. It stands supported on a gigantic framework of stone, imitating wood, the uprights being pierced to allow the crosspieces to run through, against all European constructional principles, but with a beauty which is Japanese, and a fitness proved by time.

These great posts under the bridge lean against what seems the wall of the mountain; the rock foundation being supplemented, everywhere that a break occurs, by artificial work. Here and there cascades fall over natural and over artificial walls and glisten far up through the trees on the opposite side of the bridge. As we rattled over it, we looked down on the overflowing long wooden trough, which carried the pure waters of the mountain to the village that we had passed, and upon the torrent below, whose limpid clearness was made blue by mist, where the warmer air was chilled by a coldness drawn from far-up mountains.

cles still trembling, clear streams of sweat varnishing their bronze nakedness, and every hair plastered with wet on forehead, chest, and body. Just before them rustled the unrumpled starched spread of the skirts of the fair American. She was summering at Nikko, and, friendly with the Buddhist clergy, had arranged that one of the priests should let us have his house, and kindly walked with us to it, a little way up in one of the first open spaces of the mountain. After passing the great outside fringe of trees we found a large clear opening, broken up by walled inclosures, the wall sometimes high and sometimes low, and edged by gutters through which the torrents ran. These were the former residences of princes, whom etiquette obliged to worship officially at Nikko. A quarter of a mile up we came to our own garden,—with an enormous wide wall or embankment of stone, some twenty feet deep,—which also had been a prince's, and now belongs to the little Buddhist priest who is our



THE WATERFALL IN OUR GARDEN.

landlord. There are two houses in the inclosure, one of which he lets to us. Ours is brand-new and two stories high, while his is old and low, with an enormous roof, and an arbor built out from the eaves and connecting with his little garden. High behind his house rise rocks and wall; and on top of them are planted willows, pines, maples, and the paulonia, whose broad leaves are part of the imperial crest. A little waterfall tumbles over the rocks and gives us water for our garden and for our bath. In our house we made the acquaintance of Kato, who is to wait upon us. A few minutes later

we were welcomed by our landlord, dressed for the occasion. He conducted us to our rooms, and leaving for a moment returned with a china bowl that was covered with a napkin, and contained sweetmeats which he told me are peculiar to Nikko.

Seeing that we were helpless with the language, he bowed low and left us to our bath and to a survey of our new quarters. We were tired, sick, miserable, weary travelers, having gone through a shipwreck of heat and fatigue, but there was a fascination in feeling that this baby-house is ours, that it is typical, that on entering

we left our shoes out on our own threshold and were walking on the soft clean mats, stocking-toed; that in a few minutes we should be stretched on these as on a bed, and that Kato would pour out our tea. Our lowest story, which has a veranda, can be divided so as to make a servant's room and a hall beyond. In an L behind stretches out a wash-room with a big dresser fixed to the wall, under which, through a trough, rolls a torrent from the waterfall; and, farther on, the little square bath-room with one side all open to the floor, when the wooden screen is drawn, through which we get light and air, and through which the box containing burning charcoal is brought from the priest's house to heat our bath. We have a little staircase — just the width of our trunk — which leads sharply up to the veranda above, from which we step into A——'s room and then into mine; they are separated by movable screens, so that we can be about as private as if the division were a chalk line. But outside we have a wealth of moving wall: first the paper screens, which, when we wish, can separate us from the veranda; then, lastly, on its edge, the amado, or

wooden sliding doors, which are lying now in their corner box, but which later will be pulled out and linked together, and close the open house for the night.

Then, as we were about leaving, we solemnly placed a great ornamented revolver before the little god of Contentment who sits upon the Tokonoma — that mantelpiece which is at the level of my eye when I lie on the floor, and which is the Japanese ideal seat of honor, but never occupied. This revolver is left there to appease a Japanese conventional fear of robbers. We went down in the twilight to our friends, and had a very European supper, and sat on their veranda, looking through the trees towards the bridge, in a moonlight of mother-of-pearl; and we were so sleepy that I can only suppose we must have talked of home, and I can only remember our host clapping his hands for lanterns, and Kato leading us back, with the light held low, and the noise of the torrents running under the little stone bridges that we passed, and our taking off our shoes on our own door-step, and the thunder of the amados as Kato rolled them out for the night.

John La Farge.



THE VOICE OF THE VOID.

I WARN, like the one drop of rain
 On your face, ere the storm;
 Or tremble in whispered refrain
 With your blood, beating warm.
 I am the presence that ever
 Baffles your touch's endeavor,—
 Gone like the glimmer of dust
 Dispersed by a gust.
 I am the absence that taunts you,
 The fancy that haunts you;
 The ever unsatisfied guess
 That, questioning emptiness,
 Wins a sigh for reply.
 Nay; nothing am I,
 But the flight of a breath —
 For I am Death!

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE SHRINES OF IYÉYASŪ AND IYÉMITSŪ IN THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF NIKKO.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



PORTRAIT-STATUE OF IYÉYASŪ IN CEREMONIAL DRESS.



JULY 25.— From where we are in the Holy Mountain, our first visit would be naturally to the shrine of the shōgun Iyéyasū, whose extreme walls I see among the highest trees whenever I look from our balcony over our little waterfall.

Iyéyasū died in 1616, having fought, he said, ninety battles and eighteen times escaped death, having almost destroyed Christianity, and leaving his family established as rulers of Japan. In obedience to his dying wishes, his son and successor removed the body of his father from its resting-place in the south to this final tomb at Nikko. Here, in 1617, with complicated and mystic ceremonial, he was buried and deified.

If you have no work on Japan near by to refer to, *sub voce Iyéyasū*, I can tell you, briefly, what he did or what he was, though I, too, have no books at my hand. He was a great man, a patient waiter upon opportunity, who at the end of the sixteenth century came upon the scene of a great civil war, then filled by two protagonists, the military ruler, Nobunaga, and his lieutenant, Hidéyoshi, who was to be known later as Taiko Sama. Their aim was to settle something more definitely, of course in

their favor; and, in fact, the death of the former and the triumphant success of the latter, who succeeded him, went far towards disposing of many contending claims, and towards a crystallizing of the feudal system, which had grown of centuries of civil war. This is the moment that we see reflected in the annals of the first Christian missionaries, to whom the military chiefs of Japan were alternately kind or cruel.

When Hidéyoshi died he had grown to be the master of Japan; he had been made Regent of the Empire, as a title of honor, for he was that and more in reality; he had become one of the greatest of Oriental warriors, and had begun life as a groom, the son of a humble peasant. The name of Taiko (great gate) he took like other regents, on retiring nominally from office, but with the addition of Sama (Lord) it is applied to him alone in popular memory. Naturally, then, he believed in a possible dynasty originating in him. At his death he could see, as his greatest fear for the future of the young son to whom he wished to leave his power, this man Iyéyasū Tokugawa, lord now of many provinces, but who had begun humbly, and who had assisted him in breaking many enemies, receiving a reward

with every success, and consolidating meanwhile his own smaller powers. The dying Taiko made complicated arrangements to secure the good-will of Iyéyasū, and also to prevent his encroachments. These arrangements, including and combining the agencies of numbers of princes and vassals, many of them newly Christianized, seem only the more certainly to have forced on a position in which Iyéyasū, with few allies, but with clear aims and interests, took the field against a larger number of princes, commanding more men, but not united in any intention as fixed as his was. These he defeated for once and all, on a great battlefield, Sékigahara, on some day in October in the year 1600. It was the greatest battle that Japan ever saw, and one of the bloodiest — remarkable for us because of the death of three of the Christian leaders against Iyéyasū, warriors distinguished before in many wars, who could not, being Christians, take their own lives in defeat, as their Japanese traditions of honor commanded. Hence the victor had them beheaded—a shameful death, and thereby heroic. These were almost his only immediate victims. Iyéyasū wisely forgave, when it paid, and merely weakened the beaten, increasing the possessions but not the powers of his adherents; and finally remained in undisputed power, with great titles from the mikado, who, though poor in power, was still a dispenser of honors, for, as with the greater gods, the *victrix causa* pleased.

Meanwhile the protection of the son of the great Taiko Sama, for which all this war had been supposed to grow, had not been effected, and even this one obstacle or reminder was to disappear from before Iyéyasū, but not for several years, and only just before his death.

He had, in Japanese custom, resigned his apparent power to his son, for behind him he could act more obscurely and with less friction. Then began the drama of the extinction of Christianity; slowly, for many reasons, not the least being that several Christian princes, with their vassals, had supported Iyéyasū in his struggle. And at length the son of Taiko Sama, Hidéyori, indirectly connected with the Christian side, fell before Iyéyasū. His strong castle at Osaka was said to have become a place of refuge for the persecuted and the discontented, even to the very Christians whom his father had cruelly persecuted.

Which was in the wrong and disturbed the waters, the wolf or the lamb, I do not know, but only that in June, 1615, the great castle was attacked by Iyéyasū and his son in as bloody a battle as was ever fought; and notwithstanding that for a moment victory hung in the balance, the Tokugawa Luck prevailed, the castle took fire, thousands perished, and Hidéyori and his mother disappeared.

Whether Iyéyasū was the author of the code of laws or rules at which he is supposed to have worked during these years of waiting, with the aid of learned scholars, to bequeath them to his descendants for the maintenance of the order of things he left, I do not know; nor perhaps was the information I once had about them at all accurate. They, or their spirit, however, served to guide the nation for

the next two hundred and fifty years; that is to say, until the second Commodore Perry came to Japan, with the increased weight of an outside world much changed.

Meanwhile the great man died, leaving a great personal fame behind him, over and above the powers he could transmit.



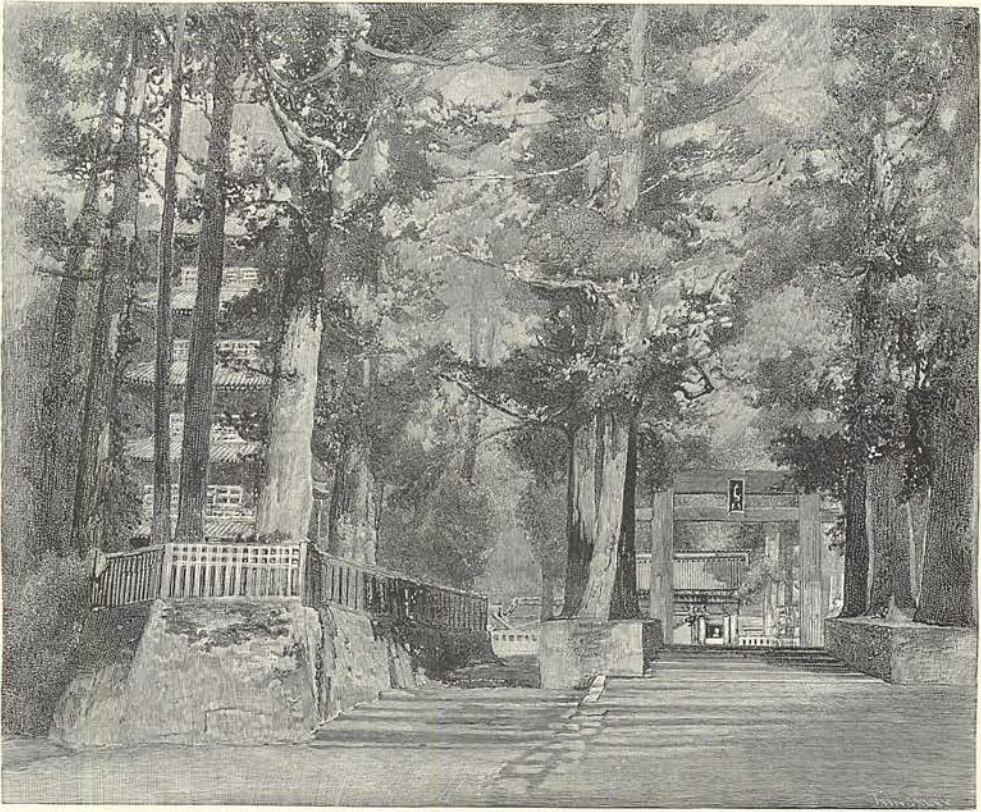
SKETCH OF STATUE OF IYÉYASŪ TOKUGAWA.

He was buried here, as I said. The place was chosen in 1616: at the end of the same year the buildings were begun, and in the beginning of the next year were partly completed. When the funeral procession arrived, in nineteen days from Iyéyasū's former resting-place, amid great ceremonies and religious rites the title of "Supreme Highness, Lord of the East, Great Incarnation," was given to the hero and ruler and son of the small laird of Matsudaira.

While he was being thus deified the persecution of the Christians increased in violence, passing into a hideous delirium of cruelty; wiping out its victims, but unable to affect their courage. There can be apparently no exaggeration of the sufferings of the martyrs nor of the strength of mind shown by them—a courage and constancy ennobling to Japan.

Hidetada, the son of Iyéyasū, is buried at Yeddo (Tokio); but Iyémitsū, the grandson, has a temple and a tomb here in the forest, alongside of his grandfather's.

He succeeded to power in 1623, and lived and ruled some thirty years more with an energy worthy of Iyéyasū, and carried the system to completion. The laws known as the laws of Iyéyasū are sometimes made out to be his. These laws, based on the old feudal habits, and influenced and directed by the great Chinese doctrines of relationships and duties, are not laws as we think of law, nor were they to be published. They were to be kept secret for the use of the Tokugawa house; to serve as rules for conduct in using their power, so as to secure justice, which is in return to secure



AVENUE TO TEMPLE OF IYÉYASŪ.

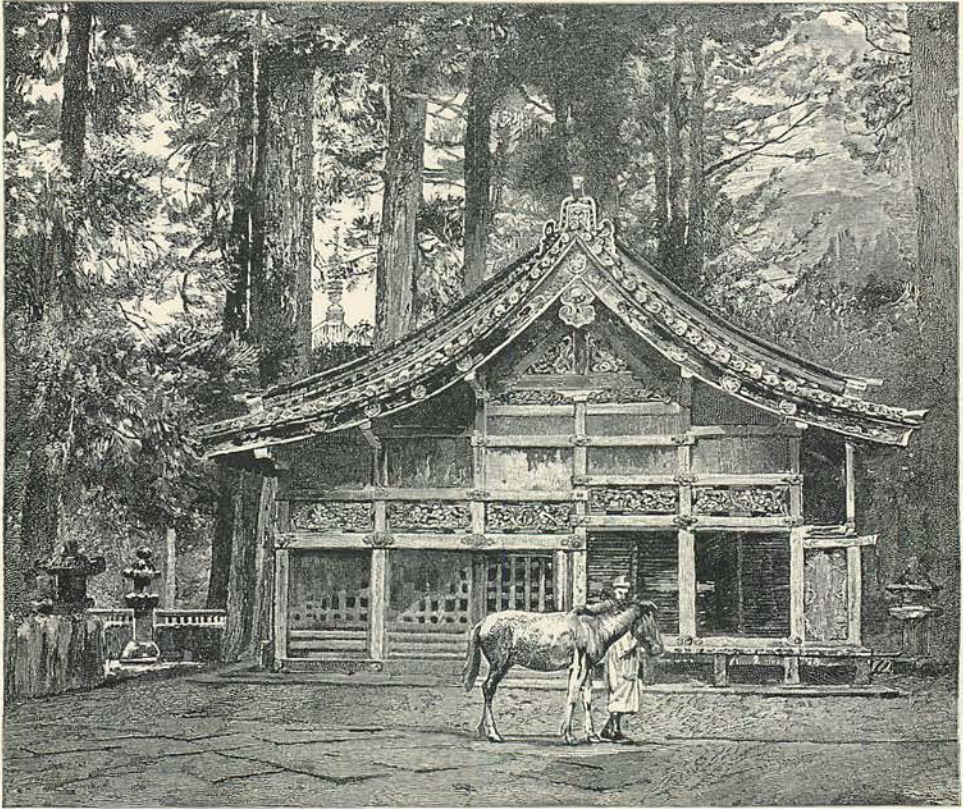
power, that exists for its own end in the mind of rulers. These laws, some of which are reflections, or moral maxims, or references to the great man's experience, made out a sort of criminal code,—the relations of the classes,—matters of rank and etiquette, and a mechanism of government. They asserted the supremacy and at the same time destroyed the power of the mikado, and by strict rules of succession, residence, and continued possession bound up the feudal nobles. They reasserted the great individual virtues of filial piety and of feudal loyalty, and insisted on the traditions of military honor. "The sword" was to be "the soul of the Samurai," and with it these have carried the national honor and intelligence in its peculiar expressions.

Full recognition was given to the teaching, "Thou shalt not lie beneath the same sky, nor tread on the same earth, with the murderer of thy lord." The rights of the avenger of blood were admitted, even though he should pay the penalty of his life.

Suicide, which had long been a Japanese development of chivalrous feeling and military honor, was still to be regarded as purifying of all stain, and, for the first time, allowed in mitigation of the death penalty.

Indeed, half a century later, the forty-seven Ronin ("wave-people"—Samurai who had lost their natural lord and their rights) were to die in glorious suicide, carrying out the feudal ideal of fidelity.

You know the story probably; at any rate you will find it in Mitford's tales of old Japan. It is a beautiful story, full of noble details, telling how, by the mean contrivance of a certain lord, the Prince of Ako was put in the wrong, and his condemnation to death and confiscation obtained. And how, then, forty-seven gentlemen, faithful vassals of the dead lord, swore to avenge the honor of their master, and for that purpose to put aside all that might stand in the way. For this end they put aside all else they cared for, even wife and children, and through every obstacle pursued their plan up to the favorable moment when they surprised, on a winter night, in his palace, among his guards, the object of their vengeance, whose suspicions had been allayed by long delay. And how his decapitated head was placed by them upon his victim's tomb, before the forty-seven surrendered themselves to justice, and were allowed to commit suicide by *hara-kiri*, and how they have since lived forever in the memory of Japan.



STABLE OF SACRED HORSES.

These laws, then, destroyed nothing; they reasserted certain Japanese traditions and customs, but made out, through many details, the relations of dependence of all classes of society upon the shōgun, as vassal indeed of the mikado, but supreme ruler who held the key of all. All this did Iyémitsū carry out, as well as the consequent seclusion of the country; the only manner of avoiding ideals which might clash with those upon which this consolidation of the past was based. And to many of these ideals, to the idea of the sacredness of the family, to the idea of subjection to the law of the ruler, Christianity, by its ideal of marriage, by its distinctions of the duty to Cæsar,—to name only a few reasons,—might be found an insidious dissolvent. Therefore, if it be necessary to find a high motive, Iyémitsū did what he could to trample out the remains of Christianity; which were to expire, a few years after his death, in a final holocaust as terrible and glorious as Nero himself could have wished to see.

From that time, for two centuries, all went on the same, until the arrival of the foreigners found a system so complete, so interlocked and rigid, as to go to pieces with the breaking of a few links.

That break was supplied by the necessity of yielding to the Christian and foreign demand of entrance, and in so far abandoning the old ways.

With this proof of weakness the enemies of the Tokugawa and those of the system began to assert themselves, circumstances aiding, and in 1868 the last of the race resigned all powers and retired to private life.

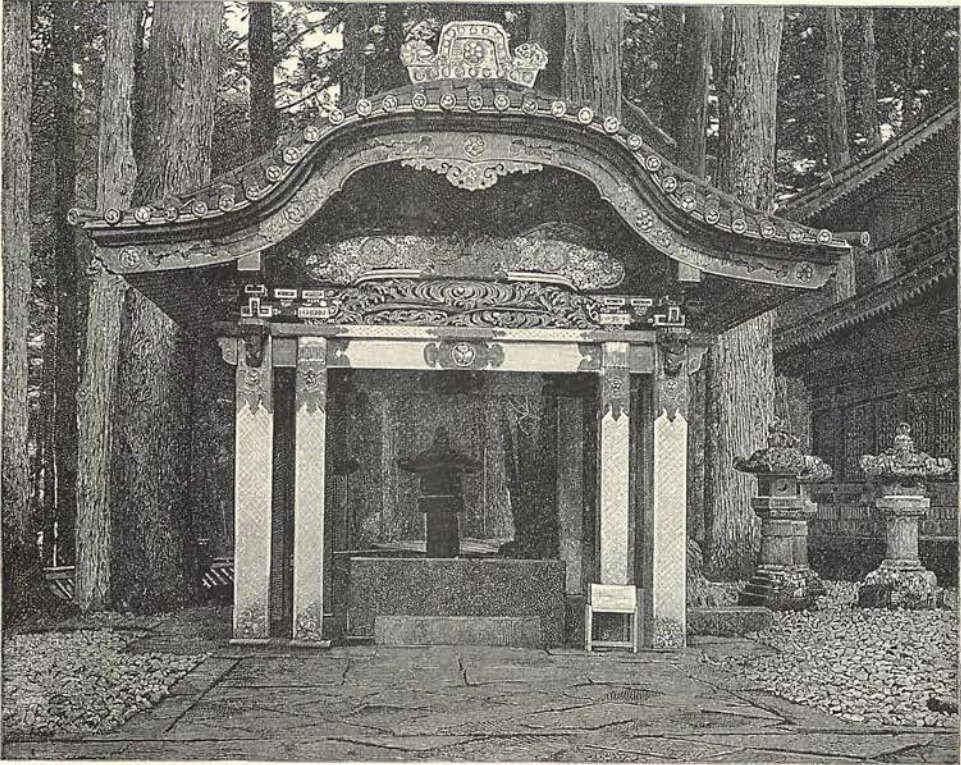
The details of the enormous changes, as they followed one another, are too many and sudden, and apparently too contradictory, for me to explain further. Even now I repeat this deficient summary of the Tokugawa story only because of wishing to recall who they were that have temples and tombs about us, and to recall, also, that such has been the end of the beginning which is buried here.

THE approach to the temple, to which most paths lead, is through a great broad avenue, a quarter of a mile long, bordered by high stone walls, above which rise high banks and higher trees. Between these dark green walls, all in their own shade,—in the center of the enormous path and in the full light of the sky,—a brilliant torrent rushes down in a groove of granite, hidden occasionally under

the road. Here and there drop out from the walls noisy columns of clearest water.

In the distance beyond, through a mass of closer shade, made by two rows of dark cryptogamia, that are planted on banks faced with stones,—for here the road divides into three different grades of ascent by enormous steps,—shine the high white walls of the temple grounds, edged with a red-lacquered fence and a black

Two monsters of uncertain lion-form occupy the niches on each side. From the upper side of the red pillars, as supports for the engaged lintel, stretch out the gilded heads of tapirs,—protectors against pestilence,—of lions and elephants, and great bunches of the petals of the peony. Above, the architrave and frieze are painted flat with many colors and with gold, and the ends of the many beams which



SACRED FONT.

roofed gate of red and gold. In the open space before it, with wide roads diverging through high walls, crowned with scarlet fences, stands a granite Torii, some thirty feet high, whose transverse stones are crossed by a great black tablet, marked with the gilded divine name of Iyéyasū. On one side a five-storied pagoda, graceful and tall, certainly one hundred feet high, blood-red and gold in the sunlight, and green, white, and gold in the shadows of its five rows of eaves, rises free from the trees around it and sends a tall spear, encircled with nine gilded rings, into the unbroken sky. Bindings and edges of copper, bright green with weathering, sparkle on its black roofs, and from their twenty corners hang bells of bright green copper. Above the steep steps, against the white wall, we pass through the first gate. It is recessed, and two gigantic columns of trees stand in the corners.

support the roofing are gilded. Everywhere, even to the ends of the bronze tiles of the black roof, the crest of Iyéyasū's family, the Tokugawa, is stamped in gilded metal.

At the inside corner of the gate stands a gigantic cedar, said to have grown to this height since the time when Iyéyasū carried it about with him in his palanquin. Opposite to three red buildings, which are storehouses for the memorial treasures of the temple, stands closer to the wall a charming building, mostly gray,—partly owing to the wearing of the black lacquer with time,—and decorated with carved panels which make a frieze or string-course all around its sides. Above this line of green, red, blue, white, and gold, a large space of gray wood, spotted with gilt metal where the framework of the outer beams is joined, spreads up to the pediment under the eaves, which is all



YOUNG PRIEST.

carved and painted on a ground of green. The heavy roof above is black bronze and gilded metal and is spotted with the golden Tokugawa crest. Below the colored band, midway, the black wall has gratings with golden hinges, for this delicate splendor is given to a stable—the stable of the sacred horse of the god Iyéyasū. The patient little cream-colored pony has no look of carrying such honors; and I can scarcely imagine his little form galloping out in the silence of the night under the terrible rider.

A gentle splashing of water, which mingles with the rustling of the trees and the quiet echoes of the pavement, comes from the end of the court, where its edge is a descent filled with high forest trees. This lapping sound comes from the temple font, a great wet mass of stone, looking like solid water. It has been so exactly balanced on its base that the clear mountain stream overflows its sides and top in a perfectly fitting liquid sheet. This sacred

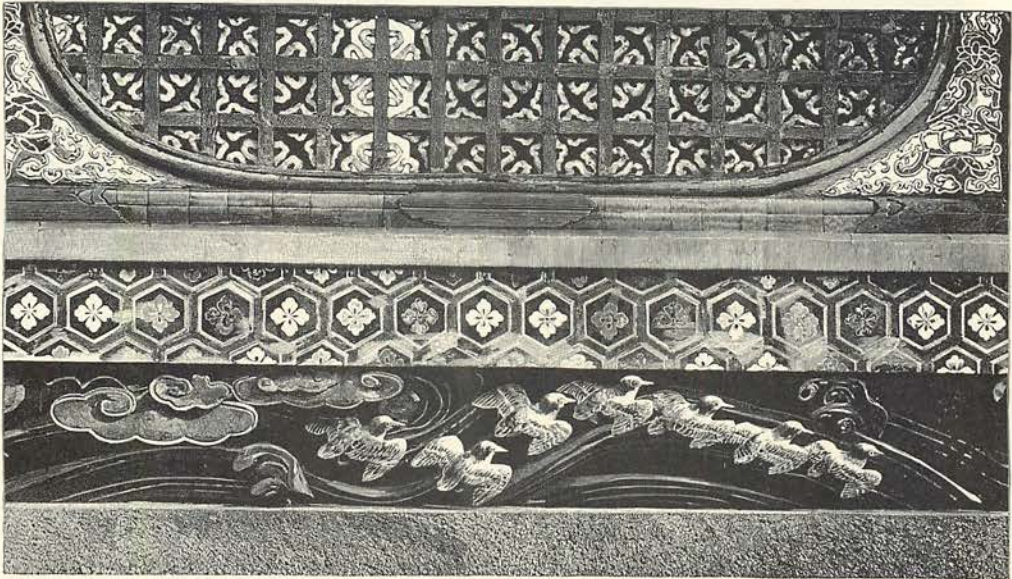
well-basin has a canopy with great black bronze-and-gold roof, supported by white stone pillars, three on each corner, that are set in bronze sockets and strapped with gilded metal. The pediment and the brackets which cap the pillars are brilliantly painted, and the recessed space below the curved roof-beam is filled with palm-like curves of carved waves and winged dragons. Next to this, and at right angles to it, is a heavy bronze Torii, through which we go up to another court, turning away from the buildings we have seen. On the dark surface of the Torii glisten the golden Tokugawa crests; on the great tie-beam, the upper pillars, and the central upright. Near us, the eaves of its lower roof continuing the lines of the water tank pavilion, is the closed library, red, delicately adorned with color under the eaves, and with the same heavy black roofing of bronze dotted with gold which all the buildings have in a heavy monotony. The steps lead us to another court, spotted with different buildings, among tremendous trees—a bronze pavilion with a hanging bell, a bell tower, and a drum tower, closed in with sloping walls of red lacquer, and a large lantern of bronze under a bronze pavilion, whose curious, European, semi-Gothic details contrast suddenly with all this alien art, and prove its origin a tribute from trading Christian Holland to the mortal deity worshiped here. On one side, where the forest slopes down in sun and shadow, stands a Buddhist temple, sole survivor of the faith in this place, now turned over to the official and native worship. The latticed gold-and-black screens were all closed, except in the center, through which we could see the haze and occasional glitter of the gold of gods and altar ornaments, and the paleness of the mats. On its red veranda stood a young Buddhist priest, whom our companions knew; a slight, elegant figure, a type of modesty and refinement. Farther back, on the other side of the veranda, an older companion looked down the valley at some girls whose voices we could hear among the trees.

The main entrance rises above the high steps to a little esplanade with heavy railing, on the level of a higher embankment. The court that we were in was full of broken shadows from its own tall trees, and from all this accumulation of buildings, red-lacquered and gilded, black-and-bronze roofed, spotted and stained with moss and lichens, or glittering here and there in their many metals. Long lines of light trickled down the gray trunks and made a light gray haze over all these miscellaneous treasures. Great lanterns (toro) of stone, capped with green and yellow moss, metal ones of bronze and iron, stand in files

together here and in the lower court, or are disposed in rows along the great stone wall, which is streaked by the weather and spotted with white and purple lichens. Along its upper edge runs the red-lacquered wall, heavily roofed, of the cloister which surrounds the farther court above. Its face is paneled between the metal-fastened beams and posts with two rows of deep carvings of innumerable birds and trees and waves and clouds and flowers. All these are painted and gilded, as are the frieze above and the intervals between the gilded rafters.

the guardian statues of foxes that protect the entrances of the primitive shrines of the land-god Inari. The far-projecting white capitals are the half-bodies of lion-like monsters with open mouths and stretched-out paws. Above these, below the carved balcony which marks the second story, the cornice is made of a wilderness of tenfold brackets, black lacquered and patterned with gold, and from each of the ten highest ones a gilded lion's head frowns with narrowed eyes.

The balcony is one long set of panels — of little panels carved and painted on its white

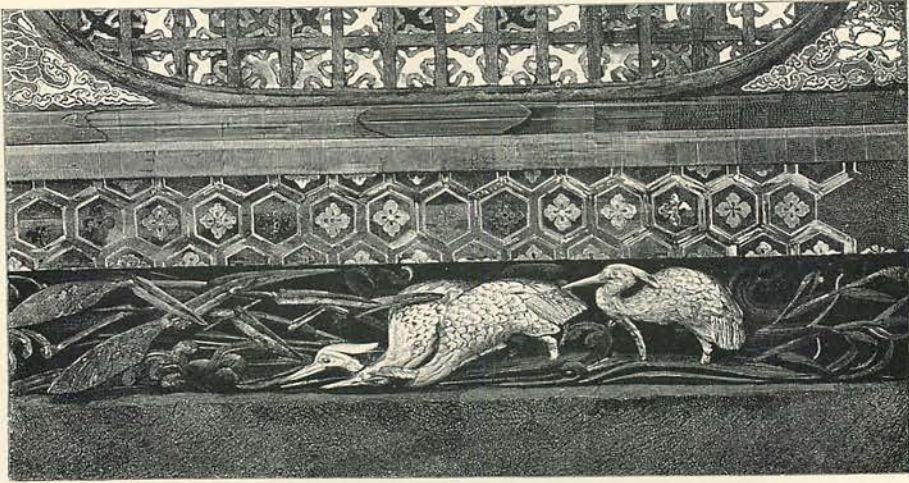


DETAILS OF BASES OF CLOISTER WALLS, INNER COURT.

On all this space and on the great white gate, the "Gate Magnificent," the full sun embroidered the red and white and colored surfaces with millions of stitches of light and shadow.

The gate, or triumphal arch, is a two-storied building with heavy bronze-tiled roof, capped and edged, like all the rest, with gilded metal, and spotted with the gilded crest of the Tokugawa. Its front towards us rises in the well-known curve, shadowing a pediment, full of painted sculpture. Eight white pillars embroidered with delicate reliefs support the white lintel, which is embossed with great divine monsters and strapped with gilded metal. In the niches on each side are seated two repellent painted images, inside of white walls, which are trellises of deeply carved floral ornament. These figures are warriors on guard, in ancient and Japanese costume, armed with bows and quivers of arrows, whose white, wrinkled, and crafty faces look no welcome to the intruder, and recall the cruel, doubtful look of

line with children playing among flowers. Above, again, as many white pillars as below; along their sides a wild fringe of ramping dragons and the pointed leaves of the bamboo. This time the pillars are crowned with the fabulous dragon-horse, with gilded hoofs dropping into air, and lengthy processes of horns receding far back into the upper bracketings of the roof. Upon the center of the white-and-gold lintel, so delicately carved with waves as to seem smooth in this delirium of sculpture, is stretched between two of the monster capitals a great white dragon with gilded claws and gigantic protruding head. But all these beasts are tame if compared with the wild army of dragons that cover and people the innumerable brackets which make the cornice and support the complicated rafters under the roof. Tier upon tier hang farther and farther out, like some great mass of vampires about to fall. They are gilded; their jaws are lacquered red far down into their throats, against which their white teeth glitter. Far into the shade spreads



DETAIL OF CLOISTER WALLS, INNER COURT.

a nightmare of frowning eyebrows, and pointed fangs and outstretched claws extended towards the intruder. It would be terrible did not one feel the coldness of the unbelieving imagination which perhaps merely copied these duplicates of earlier terrors.

So it is, at least in this bright, reasonable morning light; but I can fancy that late in autumn evenings, or in winter moonlight, or lighted by dubious torches, one might believe in the threats of these blinking eyes and grinning jaws, and fear that the golden terrors might cease clinging to the golden beams. It is steady to the eye to meet at last the plain gold-and-black checker pattern of the ends of the final rafters below the roof, and to see against the sky peaceful bells like inverted tulips, with gilded clappers for pistils, hanging from the corners of the great bronze roof.

And as we pass through the gate we are made to see how ill omen was turned from the Luck of the Tokugawa by an "evil-averting pillar," which has its pattern carved upside down as a sacrifice of otherwise finished perfection.

I noticed also that a childish realism has furnished the lower monsters of the gate with real bristles for their distended nostrils; and this trifle recalls again the taint of the unbelieving imagination, which insists upon small points of truth as a sort of legal protection for its failing in the greater ones.

Within this third cloistered court which we now entered is an inclosed terrace, some fifty yards square. Inside of its walls are the oratory and the final shrine, to which we can pass through another smaller gate, this time with lower steps. The base of the terrace which makes the level of the innermost court is cased with large blocks of cemented stone. Above it is a fence or wall with heavy roof and project-

ing gilded rafters. Great black brackets support the roof. Between them all is carved and colored in birds and flowers and leaves, almost real in the shadow. Between the decorated string-courses the wall is pierced with gilded screens, through which play the lights and darks, the colors and the gilding of the shrine inside. At the very bottom, touching the stone plinth, carved and painted sculptures in high relief project and cast the shadows of leaves and birds upon the brilliant granite.

Beyond this inclosure and the shrine within it the court is abruptly ended by a lofty stone wall, high as the temple roof, and built into the face of the mountain. From its very edge the great slope is covered with tall trees that look down upon this basin filled with gilding and lacquers, with carvings and bronze, with all that is most artificial, delicate, labored, and transitory in the art of man.

It is in this contrast, insisted upon with consummate skill, that lies the secret beauty of the art of the men who did all this. The very lavishness of finish and of detail, the heaped-up exaggerations of refinement and civilization, bring out the more the simplicity and quiet of the nature about them. Up to the very edges of the carvings and the lacquers grow the lichens and mosses and small things of the forest. The gilded temples stand hidden in everlasting hills and trees, open above to the upper sky which lights them, and to the changing weather with which their meaning changes. Nothing could recall more completely the lessons of death, the permanence of change, and the transitoriness of man.

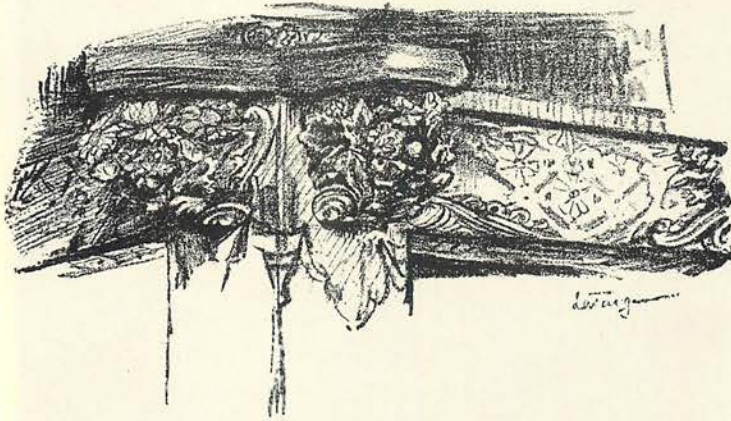
We went up the steps of the recessed gate, which repeats the former theme of white and gold and black in forms of an elegance that touches the limits of good taste. Its heavy black roof, whose four ridges are crowned by

long bronze dragons and crawling lions, opens in a high curve on the front and sides to show under the bent white-and-gold ridge-beams a pediment strapped and intersected by spaces of small carvings, white and tinted, relieved by red perpendiculars of beams.

White and gold shine in the great brackets and the recesses of the rafters. Below the white frieze, carved with many small figures of Chinese story, the pillars and the lintel are inlaid in many carved woods, ornaments of dragons, plants, and diapered patterns on the

palings, or great beasts, types of power, might show great limbs through confining barriers. The long building, indeed, is a great framework, strongly marked, dropped on a solid base, and weighted down by a heavy roofing. The white pillars or posts which divide its face and corners stand clear between the black-and-gold latticed screens, partly lifted, which make almost all its wall.

Strips of the sacramental white paper hang from the lower lintel against the golden shade of the interior. Inside, pale mats cover the



LINTEL, BRACKET CAPITAL.

whitened ground. The opened doors repeat the same faint tones of wood, and of white and gold, and of gilded metals. The walls, which are open at the base, are merely lattice screens. Their exquisite flowered patterns fluctuate with gilded accents of whites, greens, lavenders, and blues.

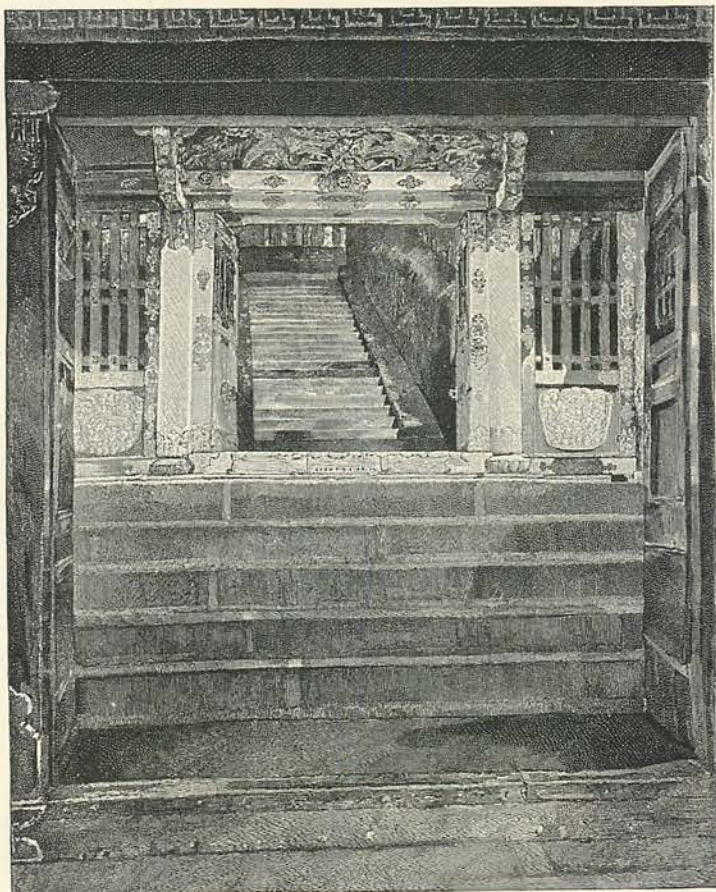
The gate inside is, therefore, nothing but an ornamented trellis, made still lighter by contrast with the solid white doors, trellised at top, but whose lower panels are exquisitely embellished with inlaid carved woods and chiseled golden metal. We took off our shoes, and ascended the bronze-covered steps of the oratory and shrine, which come down from the red-lacquered veranda, behind the four carved white pillars of the descending porch. Great white dragons with spiky claws project from the pillars, and crawl in and out of the double transom. In the shadow of the roof golden monsters hang from the complex brackets. The friezes and bands of the temple face are filled with carving, delicate as embossed tapestry, while the panels, deeply cut into auspicious forms of birds and flowers, carry full color and gold far up into the golden rafters.

ALL recesses and openings are filled with half-realities, as if to suggest a dread or a delicious interior, as flowers might pass through

black-lacquer floor. Exquisite plain gold pillars, recalling Egyptian shapes, divide the gilded central walls. Here and there on the gilded tie-beams curved lines of emerald-green or crimson, like tendrils, mark with exquisite sobriety a few chamfered cuttings. On either side of the long room (fifty feet) are two recesses with large gold panels on which symbolic forms are freely sketched, and carved inlays of emblematic birds fill their farthest walls. Their ceilings are carved, inlaid, and painted with imperial flowers, mystic birds, and flying figures, and the pervading crest of the Tokugawa. For these were the waiting-rooms of the family, and, as A—— remarked, the impression is that of a princess's exquisite apartment, as if the Tartar tent had grown into greater fixity, and had been touched by a fairy's wand.

All was bare except for an occasional sacred mirror, or hanging gilded ornament, or the hanging papers of the native worship; and this absence of the Buddhist images and implements of worship left clear and distinct the sense of a personal residence—the residence of a divinized spirit, not unlike the one that he was used to in life.

Even more, on the outside of the building the curved stone base, like a great pedestal, with pierced niches filled with flowers carved and painted between the great brackets that



INSIDE THE "CAT GATE"—GATE TO THE TOMB.

support the veranda, makes the temple seem as if only deposited for a time, however long that time may be.

We merely looked at the central passage, that, dividing the building, leads down and then up to the shrine itself, and waited for the time when we shall get further permission, and I shall be allowed to sketch and photograph. As for me, I was wearied with the pleasure of the endless detail; for even now, with all my talk, I have been able to note but a little of what I can remember.

We withdrew, put on our shoes again at the gate, and turned below to the east side of the court. We passed the Hall of Perfumes, where incense was once burned while the monks chanted prayers in the court, as they did when Iyéyasū was buried. We passed the Hall of the Sacred Dances, whose open front makes a large, shady, dim stage, with a great red railing on its projecting edge. Within it moved a white shadow, the figure of a woman dancer. And then we came to a white-and-gold gate, inside of the roofed cloister wall. Above the

open door that leads to it sleeps a carved white cat, in high relief, said to have been the work of a famous left-handed sculptor, carpenter, and architect. Its cautious rest may not have been so far from the habits of the living Iyéyasū, to whose tomb, farther on, this is the entrance.

Framed by the gold and white of the gate and of the half-opened door rise the steps built into the hillside and all carpeted with brilliant green mosses. The stone railings, which for two hundred feet higher up accompany the steps, are also cushioned with this green velvet, and our steps were as noiseless as if those of the white cat herself. All is green, the dark trees descending in sunlight to our right and rising on the bank to our left, until we reach an open space above, with a bank of rocky wall inclosing the clearing.

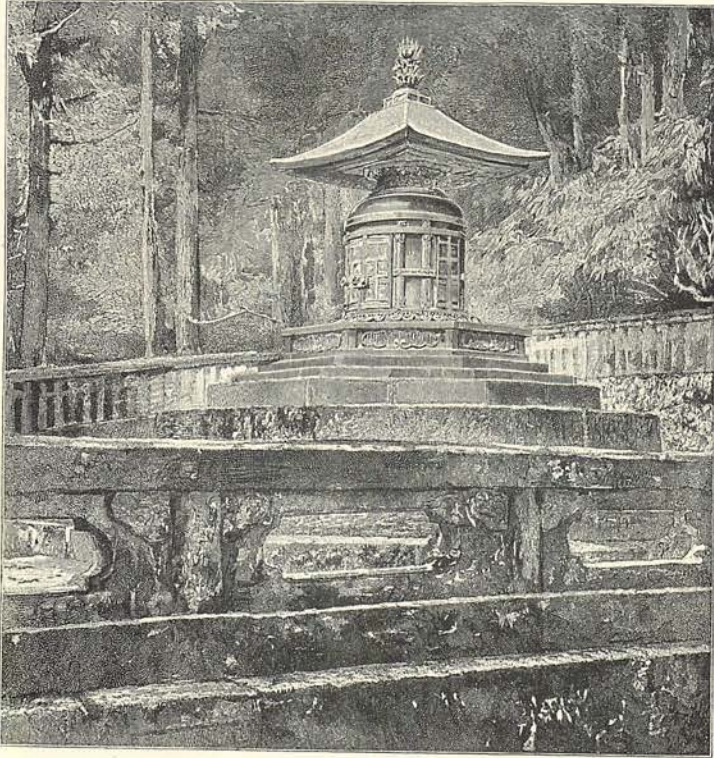
Here is the small final shrine, and behind it a stone esplanade with a stone fence, within which stands, in the extreme of costly simplicity, the bronze tomb of Iyéyasū. A large bronze gate, roofed in bronze, of apparently a single

casting, with bronze doors, closes the entrance. Before the monument, on a low stone table, are the Buddhist ornaments — the storks, the lotus, and the lion-covered vases, all of brass and of great size.

The tomb itself is of pale golden bronze, in form like an Indian shrine: a domed cylinder surmounted by a great projecting roof which rises from a necking that separates and connects them — above the roof a finial in the shape of a forked flame. Five bronze steps, or bases,

of time, no apparent attempt at an equal permanency; it is like a courteous acceptance of the eternal peace, the eternal nothingness of the tomb.

We leaned against the stone rails and talked of Iyéyasū — of his good nature, of his habit of chatting after battle, of his fraudulent pretensions to great descent; and of the deadening influence of the Tokugawa rule, of its belittling the classes whose energies were the true life of the country. We recognized, indeed, that



TOMB OF IYÉYASŪ TOKUGAWA.

support this emblematic combination of the cube, the cylinder, and the globe.

The crest of the Tokugawa, ten times repeated, seals the door upon the burnt ashes of the man who crystallized the past of his country for three centuries, and left Japan as Perry found it. All his precautions, all his elaborate political conservatism, have been scattered to the winds with the Luck of the Tokugawa, and the hated foreigner leans in sight-seeing curiosity upon the railing of his tomb.

But the solemnity of the resting-place cannot be broken. It lies apart from all associations of history, in this extreme of cost and of refined simplicity, in face of the surrounding powers of nature. There is here no defiance

the rulers of Iyéyasū's time might have perceived the dangers of change for so impressionable a race, but none of us asked whether the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives of courageous Christians had been made up in the strength of the remaining blood.

Far away the sounds of pilgrims' clogs echoed from the steps of distant temples; we heard the running of many waters. Above us a few crows, frequenters of temples, spotted the light for a moment, and their cries faded with them through the branches. A great, heavy, ugly caterpillar crept along the mossy edge of the balustrade, like the fresh incarnation of a soul which had to begin it all anew.

John La Farge.