LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN

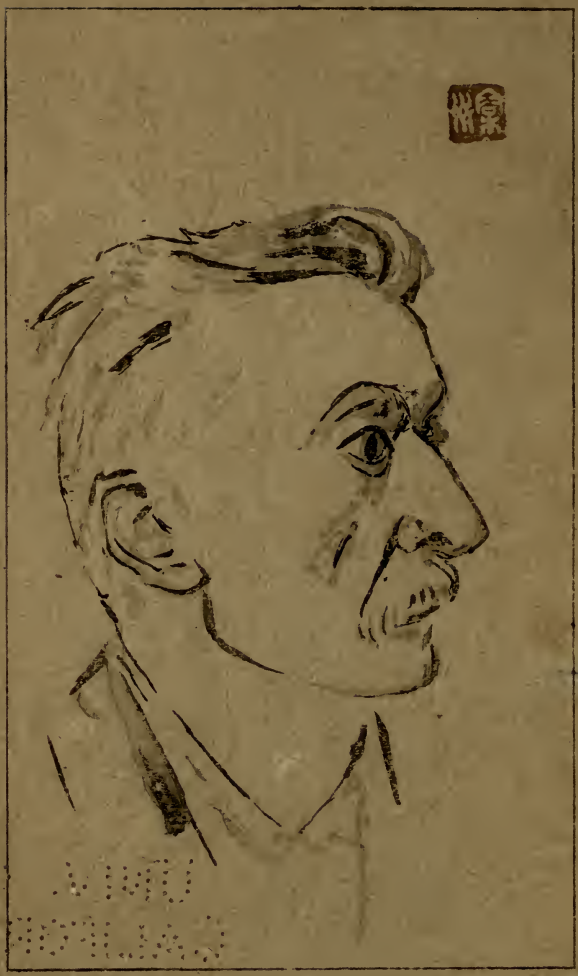
NOTE

"Sageha no Tsuru" (Heron With Wings Down) on the cover is the coat-of-arms of the Hearn family; I believe Mr. Hearn selected it from the reason of like sound with heron as I heard from Mrs. Hearn that he used to pronounce his name Her'un.

By the same writer—

Seen and Unseen
The Voice of the Valley
From the Eastern Sea
The Pilgrimage

LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN



Lafcadio Hearn in Japan

BY

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Keio University, Tokyo

With Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn's
Reminiscences

Frontispiece by Shoshu Saito
with sketches by Genjiro Kataoka
and Mr. Hearn himself

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To

CAPTAIN MITCHELL MCDONALD
U. S. N.

who was Hearn's first and last friend
in Japan.

PREFACE

AS Lafcadio Hearn remarked, or as any broad, sympathetic mind is pleased to believe, a man should be judged through his strength and conviction. This book, "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan," is our Japanese appreciation; we observed him under many different shades, but our appreciation of his art, and also of him as a man—unique in character doubtless, sincere even to a fault,—and as a professor in our Imperial University, is uniform, I think, through every chapter. Where you will find a frequent repetition in the book is the exact place we wish to emphasize; and if the book appears to lack a certain unity, I will say that it was not my intention to write a biography.

I have often heard that the reliability of Hearn's Japanese books was doubted in a certain quarter as he could not read or even speak well the Japanese language. I say here once for all that his books have not even one misspelling of a Japanese word which is luxury more than a mere delight to our mind nowadays, when so many unwished-for Japanese books overflow. He had Mr. Otani, and many other Japanese as his literary assistants for some time, and Mrs. Hearn all the time as an inspiration; and his ignorance of Japanese letters and language proved, on his part, to be a perfect

blessing, keeping him aloof from the trivialism of our modern Japanese life which is, I say, quite appalling. While we Japanese are bound often to be disenchanted and pessimistic, he alone could look upon Japan with an ever fresh mind; and Japan appeared to him the most magical land of the world. He wore the spectacles of romance by choice and temperament. It was good for him, of course, and also for Japan herself. It seems to me there are few writers who have turned their material to such good account as did Hearn when he used his materials, whatever he got, which in fact are not wonderful at all to a Japanese; in truth, he did achieve far more than one could expect. As he soared above the Japanese triavialism, so he could serenely work out his writing, not disillusioned in the least, and always with the most forcible intention. It was the heavenly gift of his ignorance of the Japanese language and letters.

It is a matter of opinion whether he were fortunate or unfortunate as a writer. It is a fact that he earned enough materially to support his own family by teaching in a Japanese school; and it was, to be sure, his rare luck that he could pursue his beloved art after his own impulse, not after public demand. And he had twice a great occasion to bring himself close to the public, however indirectly. The first opportunity came to him in the form of the China-Japan war. And the Russo-Japan war was the other, ten times greater than

the first. I believe that such opportunities do not often fall to the lot of a writer of the type of Lafcadio Hearn.

I have been often asked about our real Japanese opinion on Mr. Hearn; and this book is the reply to a person who might ask it. And no word of apology is necessary, I think, for its existence.

And I feel justified in reprinting my letter, "A Japanese Defence of Lafcadio Hearn," which was printed in the Sun, New York, and the Japan Times, Tokyo, when Dr. Gould's book appeared a few years ago, because Hearn might have, as I believe, another Dr. Gould in the future, and the letter tells for once and all, the general attitude we Japanese are glad to hold. I thank the editors of the Atlantic Monthly for "A Japanese Appreciation of Lafcadio Hearn," for their permission to use it again in this book.

I thank Mrs. Hearn for her collaboration, and also Messrs. Otani, Osanai and Uchigasaki for their kind assistance.

Kamakura, Japan.
June 19, 1910.

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LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN

I

A JAPANESE APPRECIATION OF LAFCADIO HEARN

To my visionary eyes appear simultaneously the two half-nocturnal figures, Lafcadio Hearn and Akinari Uyeda (who died on the sixth of Bunkwa, that is, in 1810), shining sad, yet steadfast, like two silver stars, each in his own shrine of solitude. The former's allegiance to the latter was expressed by his translation of the two stories from Uyeda's *Ugetsu Monogatari*, "Kikka no Yaku," or "Of a Promise Kept," and "Muwo no Rigio," or "The Story of Kogi, the Priest," in *A Japanese Miscellany*.

The gray-colored region of solitude was a triumph for them, not a defeat, by any means; they found life in silence, and a ghost's virtue in shadow and whisper. They slowly walked following after a beckoning hand, half vision, half

reality; they placed their single-minded confidence on the dream-breast of spirit. The world and people they wished and tried to elude, these were for them too physical altogether. However, Uyeda's hatred of the people and the world was not so sharp-tongued as Hearn's; it may be from the reason that a hundred years ago, in Japan as in other countries, the impression received from the times was not so vulgar and bold as to-day, and the interruptions which pass nowadays under the hypocritical name of sociableness did not flap in the air so wantonly.

Uyeda wrote a sort of *Zuihitsu* ("Following the Pen") of his own life, or confession called *Tandai Shoshin Roku;* and he remarked somewhere in it: "I am keeping my life which I do not particularly value, by eating barley, and drinking hot water with parched rice steeped in it. I lived some twelve or thirteen years with money which I received from a publisher, now ten *ryos* and then fifteen *ryos*. But as I can do nothing now, I have only to wait for my own death, and in the meantime I drink boiled tea." Tea was his favorite, while *saké*, tobacco (though these two Hearn liked, tobacco in particular being his passion), literary men, and rich men, were the

four things he bitterly despised. And he lived to the good old age of seventy-eight. I always think, for more than one reason, that Hearn would have been another Akinari Uyeda, if he had been born in Japan a century ago; the difference between them, it seems to me, is the difference of age and circumstances. It was a coincidence, however, that their lives were unhappy from childhood. Uyeda was left an orphan, being the son of a *geisha*, and like Hearn he was obliged to undergo the baptism of tears. It might be said to be due to the kindness of this age that Hearn was brought over the Pacific to seek his kingdom of beauty. Indeed, a Columbus has to sail west —is it east?—for his ideal as for the sun. It was fortunate for Japan that she had him when she needed such a one; and Hearn too reached Japan just at the right time. Poor Akinari had no west to sail to, and had to bury himself in his little tea-house, very often to curse the people, and sometimes to invite some angel or god to sip tea with him and forget the world.

Hearn ended his "Horai" in the book of *Kwaidan* thus:—

"Evil winds from the west are blowing over Horai; and the magical atmosphere, alas! is

shrinking away before them. It lingers now in patches only, and bands,—like those long bright bands of cloud that trail across the landscapes of Japanese painters. Under these shreds of the elfish vapor you still can find Horai—but not elsewhere. . . . Remember that Horai is also called Shinkiro, which signifies Mirage, — the Vision is the Intangible. And the Vision is fading,—never again to appear save in pictures and poems and dreams."

His Horai — where the shadows of splendor strange and old deepened under the sunlight sad like memory, and the milky vision hung like an immense spider-web, and shivered like a ghost, and the sadness and joy of the souls of thousands on thousands of years blended into an infinite waste of song—vanished at once when, in 1896, he left Old Japan in Izumo (the place of his love first and last), and even in Kumamoto, for Tokyo, which he hated to the utmost degree.

Suppose fate had not brought him to Tokyo? I have, however, a reason or two for saying that this city of horrid impression, too, did for him no small service; indeed, the greatest service, as I dare say, which marked his work distinctly, although he did not notice it, as it seemed, and even

thought the reverse. Old Japan of the province shook his frail body terribly with the might of charm, and his extreme sensitiveness made him uneasy, and even doubtful of his qualification to see Japan with a Japanese mind, as he prayed. It is true that his foreign origin flickered as a broken smoke, at his desire to be changed into a a Japanese. He was more restless, in fact, when he was more impressed by Old Japan. But one day, coming to Tokyo,—where the old faith and beauty, which grew marvelously from the ground like a blossoming cherry-tree through the spring mist, had tottered and even fallen, and the people chose foreign things and thoughts ("Carpets—pianos — windows — curtains — brass bands — churches! How I hate them!! And white shirts! — and *yofuku!*" Hearn wrote to his friend),—he at once awoke to the recognition of his own worth, and began to believe himself more Japanese than any other Japanese. And it gave him a great confidence in himself which he could not dare claim before; and that confidence gave to his later work the deliberation strange and positive, and the translucence milky and soft. And it spoke in perfect accord with the sweet glamour of Old Japan, where the sea of reality

and the sky of vision melted into one blue eternity, —the land of ghosts.

I, as a Japanese, have to oppose those who will rate first the enthusiasm and fire of his earlier work; it is true that it had them, but they were so scattered, and often too free. His spendthrift habit in thought and art went too far, frequently, even for us. And remember that we are rather spoiled children only too glad to be admired. I believe that in his later work shone his golden light which was old as a spring in Horai; its slowness was poetry, and its reticence was a blessing. However, he wrote to his friend from "Tokyo, this detestable Tokyo": "To think of art or time or eternity in the dead waste and muddle of this mass is difficult. The Holy Ghost of the poets is not in Tokyo. . . . In this horrid Tokyo I feel like a cicada:— I am caged, and can't sing. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall ever be able to sing any more,— except at night?—like a bell-insect which has only one note." Are we not glad to have him singing his one real Japanese note of a bell-insect of night in his later work? He must have noticed himself, I am sure, after he had written such a letter, that he was wrong, and I believe that

he must have been more pleased in not receiving any inspiration from without, because his own soul would find it easier to shine out from within, as a pearl of five colors or a firefly with a lyrical flash. He threw the world and people out, and shut himself in his own sanctum, as you have to close the *shojis* after you have burned incense to keep its odor. Indeed he had the most lovely incense of love with Old Japan which he had to protect from the evil winds; and he was afraid that the magical atmosphere of his vision might be disdisturbed. His only desire was to be left alone with the dreams of his Horai; and the dreams themselves were ghosts, under whose spell he wove the silvery threads of the Ideal, and wrote the books with a strange thrill which nobody else could ever feel.

He left some eight books that were written even after he settled in Tokyo; they were the utmost that could be expected of him, and perhaps he pressed himself too harshly to produce them. I know that writing for him was no light work; he wrote the books with life and blood, a monument builded by his own hands. He was like a cuckoo which is said to die spitting blood and song. Like incense before the Bud-

dhist altar, which had to burn itself up, he passed away.

It was entirely proper for Hearn to break away from any social organization ("a proof of weakness—not a combination of force," to quote his words) where one's poor little time is foolishly wasted, and to build for himself a castle of solitude and silence where nobody should be admitted. Indeed, life was too short for him, as "literature was a very serious and sacred thing, —not an amusement, not a thing to trifle and play with." I agree with him when he wrote to a friend: "My friends are much more dangerous than my enemies. These latter—with infinite subtlety—spin webs to keep me out of places where I hate to go. . . . and they help me so much by their unconscious aid that I almost love them. They help me to maintain the isolation absolutely essential to thinking. . . . Blessed be my enemies, and forever honored all them that hate me!" And it will make the reason clear why he broke away from his friends of former days, and bolted his door right against their faces. Almost nobody was admitted in his home in his last days. It seems to me, however, to have been a piece of cruelty on Hearn's part

that Masanobu Otani, one of his students of the Matsue days, and his literary secretary in later years, who helped in furnishing material for his books, could not also have been made an exception. And it is said that only upon their third call did Hearn admit the representatives of the literature classes of the university, who wanted his own opinion before they could properly appeal to the president to allow Hearn to stay with them in the university.

The university students uttered a deep lamentation when he was asked to resign. His distinguished personality, expressed through the emotional beauty of English literature, impressed their minds tenderly yet forcefully. It was their delight to see his somewhat bending body, under an old, large-rimmed soft hat like that of a Korean, carrying his heavy books, wrapped in a purple *furushiki*. He never entered the professors' room, but walked slowly and meditatively by the lakè of the university garden, and often sat on a stone by the water, and smoked a Japanese *natamame* pipe. The students did not dare to come nearer to him for fear lest they might disturb his solitude, but admired him from a distance as if he were some old china vase which might be

broken even by a single touch. But it was almost amazing to hear his clear and unreserved voice in the class-room, which made the students at once feel quite at home. I believe that he was not an unsociable man originally, but he valued his work as more important. And it may be that the students did not disturb him much; or, perhaps, his foreign blood gave him a strong feeling of responsibility so that he tried not to look unhappy and selfish. He was eloquent, it is said, and he never used any note-book, as his beautiful language of appreciation was left to flow out from his heart upon an author whom he happened to speak of. Not long ago, I had a chance to see a note-book of Kaworu Osanai, one of his former students in the university, and to-day one of the younger novelists, in which I read his verbal beauty. To show his art in the class-room, let me copy out his language of paraphrase for "Was never voice of ours could say," etc., of Geoge Meredith's poem on the lark:—

"There never was a human poet in our world which could speak the innermost thoughts of the human heart in the most beautiful way possible—as that bird speaks all its heart in the sweetest possible manner. And even if there were such a

human voice, it would not be able to speak to all hearts alike — as that bird can. For wisdom comes to us, poor human beings, only when we are getting old—when our blood is growing chill, and when we do not care to sing. On the other hand, in the time of our youth, when we want to sing—want to write beautiful poetry — then we are too impulsive, too passionate, too selfish, to sing a perfect song. We think too much about ourselves; and that makes us insincere. But there is no insincerity in that bird.—Oh! if we could but utter the truth of our heart as he can! There is no selfishness in the song of that bird, nothing of individual desire: such a song is indeed like the song of a Seraph, the highest of angels —so pure is it, so untouched by the least personal quality. Only such an impersonal song is indeed suited to express the gratitude of all life to that great Giver of Life—the sun. And that is just what that song does express—one voice speaking for millions of creatures—and no one of all those millions feeling in the least envious of the singer, but all, on the contrary, loving him for uttering their joy of heart well."

He may not have been a Buddhist believer before he came to Japan, but certainly he was not

of the Christian faith. Here, before me, I have his criticism on Mr. Otani's school composition called *The Book*, made when Hearn was a teacher at Matsue. In it he attempts to tell his non-Christian argument to his student. It may be due to his Greek blood that his passion for beauty accepted unconditionally a sort of pantheism which led him straight into the inner temple of Buddhism afterward in Japan, and made him glad to find a thousand beauties and symbols again which he had lost a long, long time ago, and of which ever since he had been dreaming, without any clear thought of their real existence. To call him primitive, as one might wish to say of him, does not mean that he was undeveloped, but on the contrary, his soul was a thousand years old. Primitiveness was strength in him; and the wonder about him was how he succeeded in remaining primitive under such an age's intrusion of knowledge. I am sure that his belief may have been shuffled sometimes by an evil wind ("Evil winds from the West" in his "Horai"), but it was fortunate for him that Spencer brought him back to his original serenity. Not from only one reason can I say that he made the East and West meet and exchange their courtesies.

He understood Buddhism through beauty's eye; the Buddha idol appeared to him to be a symbol of love and beauty; and for him, truth and faith came afterward. His being of an objective temperament made it easy for him to enter into the ideal of Buddhistic art of Mahayana (Greater Vehicle). But I am ready even to speculate that, if he could have lived longer, his mind would have turned to the subjective meditation of the Shodo Buddhism like that of Rinzai or Soto or Nichiren; and I am told that he was planning to study Buddhism more deeply under the guidance of Dr. Murakami, when he died. It is not necessary here to try to fathom his belief; it is beautiful to read his lyrical conception of the world and life which he sang in his own Buddhist temple. He is not only one who has been glad to believe in the mystery of rebirth and ghosts, and it is quite natural to believe in them in Japan where, as he wrote to his friend, "is a domesticated Nature, which loves man, and makes itself beautiful for him in a quiet grey-and-blue way like the Japanese women, and the trees seem to know what people say about them, — seem to have little human souls." He laughed with the flowers and birds, and he cried with the dying trees.

To-day I turned to the book of my old diary, wherein I read my conversation with Mrs. Hearn which I had two or three days after Hearn's funeral. Let me copy out some part of it :—

" Mrs. Koizumi, your gardeners were moving away some of your garden trees. One of them told me that those trees were for his graveyard. Is it true ? " I asked her.

" Oh ! yes, Mr. Noguchi. He used to say that he could not live without trees. He had a strong passion for trees and flowers.

" I am trying to please him or his spirit, by moving some of them to his Zoshigaya cemetery, —some of his favorite trees. He loved the fir tree best, and also the bamboo. He was fond of the *Oranda Genge* (a sort of violet). I am hoping to have a green moss cover the ground yard, since he was devoted to it. How he loved to touch the soft velvety moss. However, he was never pleased to break anything when it was complete. I thought at first he would not wish me to destroy the garden by taking off some trees, even for him. But it was my second thought that told me he would rather wish to have the trees and flowers familiar for many years than to have newly bought trees and flowers. So my gardeners have

begun their work. You cannot imagine how he loved trees. There was one high cedar tree in the front garden of the Kobutera (his favorite temple). Some months ago the priests cut it down. 'What cruelty!' he cried. 'I feel as if my own arm were cut off. I shall never go there again'; and never again did he turn his steps toward his beloved temple."

It amuses me to read one of his earliest letters from Japan, that said: "Pretty to talk of my 'pen of fire.' I've lost it. Well, the fact is, it is no use here. There isn't any fire here. It is all soft, dreamy, quiet, pale, faint, gentle, hazy, vapory, visionary—a land where lotus is a common article of diet—and where there is scarcely any real summer. Even the seasons are feeble, ghostly things. Don't please imagine there are any tropics here. Ah! the tropics—they still pull at my heart-strings. Goodness! my real field was there—in the Latin countries, in the West Indies and Spanish America: and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities, and steam up the Amazon and the Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find. And I could have done it, and made books that would sell for twenty years."

He must be pleased now, I think, since, after all, he could write the books which will sell as long as Japan lives. The particulars which disappointed him at first were nothing but Japan's points of beauty and distinction. Any artist will tell you that he would be a flat failure in Japan if he could not use the bluish-gray skillfully. To understand and appreciate this land of azure,— this land of shadow and whisper, where memory and ghosts live as a living soul, — would take some long years for anybody of foreign origin.

Hearn remarked in his "Azure Psychology" that the power of preceiving blue will not be acquired until after the power of distinguishing red and green and yellow has already been gained. I believe that he was not highly advanced in his æsthetic perception, when he found himself first in Japan. It may be the magic and power of chance that he got married to a Japanese woman whose "gray-and-blue bosom" was the first thing he had to understand; in its sweetness he discovered the golden key to open the secret of Old Japan with every thrill of the delight of azure. There is no greater appreciation of Japan than "Azure Psychology," in his *Exotics and Retrospectives;* when he found some-

thing of all the aspirations of the ancient faiths, and the power of the vanished gods, and the passion and the beauty of all the prayer ever uttered by lips of man" in the vision of luminous blue of Old Japan, I say, his heart thrilled with her real life of emotion and mystery.

We Japanese have been regenerated by his sudden magic, and baptized afresh under his transcendental rapture; in fact, the old romances which we had forgotten ages ago were brought again to quiver in the air, and the ancient beauty which we buried under the dust rose again with a strange yet new splendor. He made us shake the old robe of bias which we wore without knowing it, and gave us a sharp sensation of revival. However, what impressed us most was that he was a striking figure of protest. He wrote to Mr. Otani: "While this rage for wasting time in societies goes on there will be no new Japanese literature, no new drama, no new poetry—nothing good of any kind. Production will be made impossible, and only the commonplace translation of foreign ideas. The meaning of time, the meaning of work, the sacredness of literature, are unknown to this generation." He was, indeed, the living proof of the power of

solitude with which he tried to master these problems, and with which he succeeded.

And I incline to predict that our future generation will be glad to remember him as the writer of the "Story of Miminashi-Hoichi," the "Dream of Akinosuke," and others; behind the waving gossamer of those little stories his personality appears and disappears as the shiver of a ghost. As Uyeda's *Ugetsu Monogatari* influenced the later writers like Bakin or others, so Hearn's books will come to be regarded in Japan as a sort of depth of inspiration.

II

A JAPANESE DEFENCE OF LAFCADIO HEARN

BIOGRAPHY is a kind of "apology" at best, and more often it appears when it is not called for. We are led usually more into dark than into light by it, and are bound to grope under it. Certainly it is a biographer's bad taste to force on us his unsympathetic opinion, and it is sad to read the quick operation of his own mind reflected in his book. It is true that we see more of Dr. George M. Gould in his "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn"* than of Hearn himself; it is really a pity, I dare say, for him to make such an awful exposure of himself through Hearn. It does harm to the author himself, while not helping general literature whatever. In truth, you cannot understand anything more than you are worthy to understand;

* "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn" published by George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia, 1908; also published by T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1909.

Dr. Gould was mistaken to think that sympathy is cowardice; indeed, narrow-mindedness is often taken for bravery. After all, how far can one man understand another? You must have another Hearn to understand and appreciate Lafcadio Hearn. And what a difference between Hearn and Dr. Gould! He has no right, I should like to say, to appear as Hearn's biographer; and such a book as he has published cannot dare, I think, to justify its existence. However, I do not mean that his book is outrageous altogether; in fact, it gives us many a point which makes us reflect and even acknowledge as a flash of truth. I always think that any biographer should write a book which he could publish even when his subject still lives. And I should like to ask Dr. Gould if his book is such a biography. I have not a few reasons to believe that his book is not only a treason against Hearn but a blasphemy against literature. Forgive my hot words! His denunciation of Hearn is at the same time a denunciation of Japan and "the vapid and even pitiful childishness of semi-barbaric Orientalism" as he said somewhere. I, as a Japanese, cannot accept such words in silence. (But Hearn is now in the blessed state of Death where silence is a golden

weapon with which he will gracefully conquer Dr. Gould's attack. I believe he will soon be sorry for his book.) I ever noticed that the so-called "weaknesses" of Hearn which are said to be a menace to society and life in the West are quite often but the beauty and even strength of the East; and it is the part of kindness to see him under his best light. It would be still kinder to keep silent and not talk about his "worse self," supposing he had it, and let him speak for himself with his own books.

I believe that the process of physiological psychology is not a proper vehicle of art for any biographer; its pointed sharpness following all the time after every detail—how much does detail count, I wonder—leaves the most important part of the general effect untouched. And you will find it is not a real picture at all when it is done. I see a similar case with a beginner's art always, which goes astray into a maze when he regards details as a sole guidance. And Hearn's personality reminds me of some picture which, at close hand, might appear to be merely a dirty mass of paints, but from a little distance turns to be an enchanting picture; he may have been impossible (he had, however, every reason to act impossible

as he appeared); but from his seeming impossibility, I cannot help observing that his real self which is not without charm and beauty hovered and flapped as a grey mist of silence. To be his biographer, you should be a man of shadow and echo like Hearn as Dr. Gould said, whose voidness of mind will prove to be the power of mirroring with his real personality. You must understand with a sheer impulse but not with a brain such a personality as Hearn's who walked the mountains from summit to summit; any ordinary measure will be found unfit. To make allowances for him is only a way of blessing.

I have many a reason of joy for living in Japan. Here personality is not talked of so much, and gossip is only a little short of crime, and silence is poetry and virtue. (We never talk of Hearn's personality here; it is enough to have his books.) It is said in Japan that any bad man has a right to become a *hotoke* or Buddha, and that death is emancipation; I am sure that even Hearn as a Japanese must have become a *hotoke* now sleeping in his beloved Zoshigaya; and we have only to burn incense before his grave and read a *sutra*, if we cannot say anything good about him in public.

Indeed, to keep silence is better than praise. But it is perfectly appalling to observe in the Western countries that when one dies his friends have to rush to print his private letters and even an unexpected person volunteers to speak as "his best friend," and presumes to write his biography. I agree with Dr. Gould that the publication of Hearn's letters by Elisabeth Bisland (the Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn) was a sad affair; I believe that, not only Hearn's letters, but anybody's private letters except when they speak to the public through their channels should not be printed. They are only charming when they are kept privately; but they become quite often a nuisance when they are brought out to the public gaze. Their sacredness should be protected; and how often that shrine of sacredness has been stamped to the ground in the West! Such a practice would make any one, not only one of a sensitive cast of mind, hold back his spontaneity in his correspondence, and appear always in his best air of formalism which means death to the private exchange of thought and fancy. The informal exposure of one's weakness is a delightful part of a private letter; and exaggeration is a beauty of it. I think that Hearn's letters are a

sort of confession of his worse self (according to Dr. Gould) by virtue of which confession he was unconsciously finding a way of spiritual exaltation; they are like the shell of a cicada the shedding of which is a course of evolution; they were for Hearn a life and a prayer. It is said in Japan that true confession, however bad it be, is divine; the best respect to pay it is to forget. I am sure that nobody has a right to publish it as if it were his own property. And what shall I say of the real nature of Dr. Gould's "friendship" with Hearn in publishing his book which is nothing but an emphasis over Miss Bisland's already sad undertaking? He doubted Hearn's consciousness of mind and his magnanimity; and I should like to doubt the same things of Dr. Gould. As he said somewhere, it is a perfectly thankless task

Mrs. Hearn said to me she used to keep his letters in his drawer for two or three days at least, when Hearn asked her to mail them, as she found quite frequently he wrote a letter of very warm coloring in spite of himself, since his blood boiled unnecessarily for any slight matter, and that he felt awfully sorry afterward for writing it. "Did you mail my letter? Not yet? I am so glad," he would say when she gave him back the letter which he had asked her to mail, and he was then found, Mrs. Hearn said, tearing it to pieces.

to write such a book; and why did he hazard himself with it? And what will the world gain from his book? Hearn was right, I think, to say that he would rather trust his enemies than his friends. It is an old Chinese saying that it is a heavenly lot to succeed in gaining one real friend in your whole life; and the saddest thing with Hearn was that he had none. It is true that his scepticism of human nature deprived him of such fortune; however, I believe with him that solitude is a far greater blessing, and a golden castle where the merciful goddess of Silence protects you. Any criticism which has no breath of respect has no right to its existence; that breath is the fundamental qualification for any biography. To see Dr. Gould's failure in his book is only to behold Hearn soaring out magnificently in silence; it is rather a pity for Dr. Gould. I am sure that Mrs. Hearn would never accept any money from him; I read in his preface that the excess of money accruing from the book beyond the expense of publication will be sent to her. The book is no slight attack upon Mrs. Hearn who keeps a cherished memory of her dead husband; and what benefit will he gain from inviting Hearn's children to distrust their father?

I see not only a few places where Dr. Gould has over-stepped the fence of his own discretion.

We had enough sadness in Poe already, who was over-colored and even blackened only to make, perhaps on the part of his biographers, a terribly romantic figure out of him; I always believe that he was awfully misunderstood. And I do not see any wisdom at all in making another Poe out of Hearn. Here in Japan we do not make an art of biography-writing; and I wish that such a modern fashion of the West may never invade our Japanese literature. And I think that English literature would be ten times better off without it too. It is easy to say in writing that a man has no morality, and that he was an apostle of morbidity; but you know well that nobody could be so in the absolute. What Dr. Gould said about Hearn of the days in Cincinnati, New Orleans and Martinique may be true; but you must remember that he spent his best years as a writer in Japan where the calm, grey atmosphere clearly distilled his character; it was in Japan where he could find his home and the perfect ease of mind which marvellously blossomed in his Japanese books. You must judge him as a Hearn in Japan. Doubtless it was no small joy for him not to be

observed too closely for his unbecoming physical appearance in Japan, where we do not make much of it. He may have been poverty-stricken in his American days; and his utter unfamiliarity with any sympathetic air, I believe, made him act wantonly in spite of himself; and we know there is a certain period of youth, also, when we think it rather wonderful to say and act something which might be criticized as immoral and materialistic; in fact, wickedness appears more grand. But it is only the sin of youth which will pass away when one finds his own place and soul; and they came to Hearn in Japan where he was respected as a teacher, and even materially well off, in fact, much richer than his fellow teachers. I do not understand what Dr. Gould means by the word "uneducated"; it is nothing but his superstition to think that education can only be reached through a college door. I know few writers have loved books and anything beautiful so passionately as Hearn; it is his greatness not to display his scholarliness; in truth, he soared out of it. We say here in Japan: *Miso no miso kusaki wa miso ni arazu.* (The bean sauce which smells bean sauce too much is not the best kind of bean sauce.) And what a strong smell

of psychology Dr. Gould's book sends forth! Hearn's most important merit is that he remained marvelously in the state of simplicity of the ancient age, and of vision which is charmingly far-away, in this composite age where the oppression of reality is rather unbearable. To be not a Christian does not mean necessarily to be religionless; most Japanese are not Christians. And Hearn placed Art above any religion of the world, and through its light we must judge him. Above all, I find such a difficulty to understand what Dr. Gould means by Hearn's "absolute lack of practical sexual virtue"; I know, however, that he was, at least, loyal to a Japanese woman whose bosom of love yielded him the secret key by which he was enabled to enter into the inner beauty and life of Japan. In fact there's no other writer who has sung so nobly of the Japanese woman. And I have no word to say if Dr. Gould says that he would never believe what Hearn said of her, and thinks it is merely a piece of literature.

I admit that he was not loyal in his friendship except toward a few persons; but his action had his own justification. And it is to pity rather than to blame that he thought it only the way to

protect his own silence and self from disturbance; I believe he must have been thinking that the books he wrote were nothing but the precious gifts which he won from being somewhat disloyal to his friends, and from his solitude. And I should say that we must be thankful for it. There has been question of his conscious intention; but who could write so many books without it? He must be judged as a writer, not under any other shade; and it is your kindness and respect to him to make him appear in his best light.

The Japanese writer and poet whose turn of thought is philosophical craves to attain the state of voidness of mind, not the passive voidness, but the active voidness by whose power you can grasp the true beauty and color of things honestly; it is its virtue to make you perfectly assimilate with them. He had no imagination perhaps to build a plot and situation like a novelist; but his imagination was the highest kind which transports you at once into the transcendental magic. And I am told that he had no imagination whatever. How can one who has no deeper touch of imagination see such a story and dream like Hearn's? And again I am told that he was no product of his environment; but if he was not, I wonder how

he could make himself at home in Japan, and become a Japanese writer as he was.

After all, what Dr. Gould pronounced his points of weakness from his dissection table are the very things that we regard and cherish as his sources of power and romanticism. And perhaps he too may be one of his enemies who is doing no small service to him. The one who loses by "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn" is not Hearn, but Dr. Gould himself.

III

MRS. LAFCADIO HEARN'S REMINISCENCES

To-day or rather this evening, as the gate lamp stamped "Koizumi" with Japanese characters was already lighted when I entered, I found that the Hearn house had been slightly changed. The house had been divided into two parts, the front part of it now being occupied by Captain Fujisaki, one of Hearn's Izumo students, and to-day a sort of more than friend to the Koizumi family which needs, of course, somebody who will stand to it in the relation of a guardian god "Niwo" to a Buddhist temple.

I was conducted into the guest room by a servant girl who answered my "*Gomen nasai*" (an entering word used as you would touch a button in a foreign house); and a few minutes had scarcely passed before Mrs. Koizumi appeared. I was glad to see that she was better composed than at the time of my first meeting, more than

four years ago, as, doubtless, she has conquered now over her grief, aud that her beauty—a delightfully beautiful woman she is—was ennobled by a mother's dignity which gracefully bears the no small responsibility of her four children. (By the way, the youngest one is a girl of six years.) It is not a daily occurence even in Japan to see such a woman whose sweetness of old *samurai* heart still burns beautifully as a precious incense rising from a holy shrine; Mrs. Koizumi's loveliness in heart and speech, and her nobility in appearance and manner must have soothed Lafcadio Hearn first—we know that his extremely delicate mind would have been stirred terribly even by a small break of harmony;—and I believe that they worked a magic of distillation with his character and temperament which finally soared almost divinely.

He wrote in one of his letters: "The women are certainly the sweetest beings I have ever seen, as a general rule: all the good things of the race have been put into them. They are just loving, joyous, simple-hearted children with infinite surprises of pretty ways." There is, in fact, no other writer who has so sung the beauty of Japanese women, or who was so loyal in faith. Mrs. Hearn

gave him a strange key which he found fitted to open the door of the inner beauty of Japanese life; it was no other key but the key of love. He wrote somewhere in his *Horai:* "For the spell wrought by the dead is only the charm of an ideal, the glamour of an ancient hope;—and something of that hope has found fulfillment in many hearts,—in the simple beauty of unselfish lives,—in the sweetness of woman. . . ." And that is but his appreciation and devotion for his wife. I felt a reverence sitting before Mrs. Hearn at the thought that her "quiet gray-and-blue way" emancipated him to be as we saw him in his later years of Japanese life; and I thought that at least half the admiration given to Hearn should be given to his noble wife. Indeed, he ended his life as a lover of woman.

I was much pleased to see that the house, especially Hearn's study, was kept as in his living days. It is Mrs. Koizumi's devotion to serve his spirit as in the old days; in truth, we consider that a woman's faithfulness after her husband's death is much more important. Here in the study I observe a strangely high table in one corner, on which Hearn used to write; I am sure that corner must have been his favorite place. The

room is almost surrounded with not very high book-cases; there are some six or seven hundred volumes, and among them I found the complete works of De Quincey. Somebody remarked that Hearn resembled De Quincey in many ways. We Japanese know that he was a writer who passionately loved books and art; I am told by Professor Otani, one of Hearn's beloved students and for some time his secretary, that he did not mind buying books with all the money he received from his literary work. If you read his lectures in the class-room, another phase of his character will be discovered that has not yet been brought to public notice,—the logical side which is healthy and studied. He grasped two extremities, one of which kissed the star of idealism, while the other stamped the solid ground of science.

The light was burning in the household shrine which was also placed in Hearn's beloved study; in it, I observed his picture honored at the center, and before the picture, a large piece of bread was offered on a little *sambo* table. It is most beautiful to keep his memory fresh, and serve him like that; I felt that this house was Mr. Hearn's, perhaps, more than in his living days. Captain Fujisaki told me that none of the children

Drawning by Genjiro Kataoka

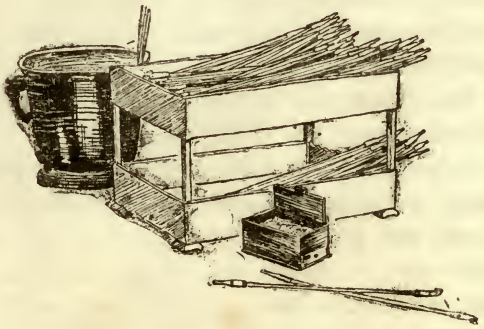
WHERE HEARN IS ENSHRINED ; THE HOUSE-HOLD SHRINE.

would go to bed without saying to his bas-relief in the study: "Papa San, good night,—happy dreams!" He is regarded as if he were living; the incense which he loved to smell burns day and night; the people of the house wear the *kimono* with the designs which he was glad to see. Here in the *tokonoma* of the guest room I observed one of Hearn's beloved *kakemono* pictures, which is a priest dreaming over a scroll spread on a table, behind the priest the flaming god "Fudo" revealing his presence from amid the fire. I believe that Hearn, too, was dreaming throughout his life of a god of fire and ideal as this sleeping priest.—Y. N., August 10, 1909.

Beside the buying of books (Hearn's fastidious taste in books was expensive) his other *doraku*, or life-hobby, was to collect Japanese tobacco pipes. Like any other Japanese *doraku*, it needs not much money, but plenty of time and patience. I believe that he began to collect them soon after his arrival in Japan; now those he has left behind are counted more than two hundred pipes. He never bought any pipe of silver or

gold, but chose a common brass pipe of a unique shape or with carved characters or picture whose sentiment appealed to him at once. All of his pipes in the collection are of the kind we call "long pipes," a bamboo stem longer than twelve inches connecting the bowl part, or "wild goose's neck," as we call it, with the mouth-piece. However, he used to carry to his school a little metal pipe, four or five inches long, commonly called "Natamame." I see in his collection pipes with the picture of "a demon muttering Buddha's holy name," of "a badger beating his belly like a drum," of "a crow perched on a withered twig," of "a country scene," and others. And he loved best the one with a picture of a woman tapping with a mallet (for fulling cloth) on its mouth-piece and a cuckoo on the bowl part; and he did not dislike the pipe of "a monkey-show man," although he hated monkeys. He asked a carpenter to make a sort of box for his beloved pipes, which he carried everywhere about the house with an amazing attachment; it was not a box in the proper sense, but rather two lidless boxes, one foot by one foot five inches, which were joined up and down at the four corners by some five-inch-long pieces of wood. All the clean

pipes he put in the upper box; and when any one of them got dirty and needed cleaning, he immediately moved it into the lower box. And also, he kept a tobacco pot of china-ware in the lower part. It was the task of one of the servant girls to clean the soiled pipes every night, to be ready for his use the next day.



HEARN'S COLLECTION OF PIPES.

I always wondered, when I saw him smoking, what heavenly delight he felt with his pipe. He looked so happy already even to touch the pipe; he would pull out one pipe from the hundred pipes, and look on its *gankubi* (wild goose neck) and mouth-piece with the quick glance of a connoisseur, and begin to smoke with a shadow-

like smile. And he would try another pipe, and again another pipe. He used to sit as a Japanese; and when he smoked, he put his left hand mannerly upon his knee, and swayed his body back and forth. And I heard him occasionally murmuring "No" while he was smoking. He was, doubtless, always in the depth of meditation; smoking opened a magic door of dreams of his innermost heart.

He rose early on the morning of his last day (the 26th of September, 1904) as usual; he used to leave his bed always before six. He was smoking in his library when I went in there to say my morning greeting, "*Ohayo gozaimasu*"; he appeared to be fallen in deep thought, and then he said: "It's verily strange." I asked him what was so strange; and he said: "I dreamed an extraordinary dream last night." "What dream was it?" I asked again. He said: "I made a long, long journey last night. But it is true that I am smoking now in the library of our house at this Nishi Okubo. I cannot help thinking and wondering about the strangeness of the dream. Indeed, life and the world are strange. Is it a fact that I made a journey last

night? Or is it dream that I am smoking here?"

"Were you alone in that journey?" I asked.

"You were also with me," he said.

"Was it in the Western country?" I asked again.

"Oh, no, it was neither the Western country nor Japan, but the strangest land," he said.

It was the nightly custom of my children to go to his library to bid him goodnight, before they went to their beds. "Have a good dream," he would say to them, and the children also said to him: "You, too, have a good dream, Papa San!" This morning of the saddest day, as it proved to be afterward, my eldest boy, Kazuo, went into his library to say good morning after making ready to start to school. As poor "Papa San" was still wondering about the dream he had last night, and knew not exactly whether it was morning or evening at that moment, he answered Kazuo: "Have a good dream, sweet boy!" Kazuo also, in spite of himself, spoke back: "You, too, Papa San!" Both of them laughed a moment later when they found themselves.

He used to walk slowly in his library or

along the corridor facing the garden when he got tired somehow from writing or wished to collect his dreams. He walked that morning, too, and in the course of his walk, he stopped his step, and peeped into my room next to his library, and saw the *tokonoma* where I had put a new Japanese painting of "a moon night," extremely suggestive and lyrical in tone, painted by an artist of the Bijutsu In school. He exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely picture! I wish I could go to such a place as that in the picture." And sad to think, in fact, he had gone into the country of dream and "moon night" before the next twelve hours had scarcely passed.

Two or three days before his death, one of the servant girls, called Saki, found one cherry-blossom which made a *kaerizaki*, or "a bloom returned out of season," strangely pointing toward Hearn's library from the garden, and told about it to her fellow-servant, Hana, who, in turn, reported it to me. I made it a custom for many years to tell Hearn every happening, small or large, of his beloved garden; the banana had a new leaf, a yellow butterfly flew out of a garden, the bamboo by his library had

a new shoot, a bullfrog crawled out from under the veranda floor, the ants began to dig a new hole. . . . Such small things which would appear ridiculous to others were very important and serious for our Koizumi family, at least, to Hearn's mind. I never saw such a person as Hearn whose heart was disturbed terribly even by a single shiver of a roadside weed, whose sympathy made him cry even with the falling of a flower. The time is autumn, and here we have a cherry-blossom opening suggestively and pointing toward him meaningly ; and that cherry-tree, not much to look at, was, however, one of his beloved trees in the garden ; certainly it was a matter worthy to tell him immediately. However, I thought that the *kaerizaki* was regarded in Japan as a bad omen ; and without attaching any particular meaning to it, I felt my heart somewhat disturbed. But I could not withhold from telling about it to him as the bloom appeared so interesting. "Indeed," he said, delightedly, and came out from the library and gazed at it for some moments, and said : "It is so strange and beautiful. The flower must have been thinking that spring had come already as the weather is so warm and lovely.

But it will soon be frightened and dead under the approaching cold." You may call it superstition, if you will. But I cannot help thinking that it made its presence to bid farewell to Hearn, as it was his beloved tree.

Nobody seemed to know when the blossom withered away. We were all upset soon after on seeing his sudden ending which, of course, we had no thought to expect. It was the night of Hearn's *shonanuka* (the first seventh day) when we gathered in the library, which was turned into his *Butsuma* or Buddha's Room, and repeated the holy name in our hearts, and then we happened to talk about the cherry-blossom of *kaerizaki*. We found out that Kazuo alone knew about it, and he said: "It was open all the next day after Papa's death; and it was dead at evening."

He loved every tree and flower in the garden with equal passion and sympathy; but things like the banana or the *ryuzetsu ran* (Dragon-tongued Orchid) which we brought home from a temple at Yaidzu, which suggested a tropic touch of color and beauty, called his ready attention and enthusiasm. He planted them where he could see them from his library; and he never

failed to call on them every day. He felt an unspeakably sad pain in his heart to see a dying flower or tree. He almost cried when he saw that the pomegranate tree of the garden was in a doubtful condition one year; and how glad he was to see it having new leaves the following year! He thought it his own work and even responsibility to bring life back to any flower when it was going to die; I saw him for many days moving the little pot of a *manryo* in feeble state into his library, and again bringing it out under the Southern sunlight, and giving water to it; and he often said to me that he felt, on seeing its miserable condition, as if he were going to die himself.

We used to plant the morning-glories in summer; and he looked upon them, at the beginning, with such a wonderful anticipation and delight; but when their height of beauty was over with the passing season, and their leaves turned yellow, and the flowers grew small and scarce, I noticed his wretchedness, which he could not hide. It was one morning of early winter when he noticed one tiny cup of the morning-glory which had courage to bloom under the already bitter sting of air; he was

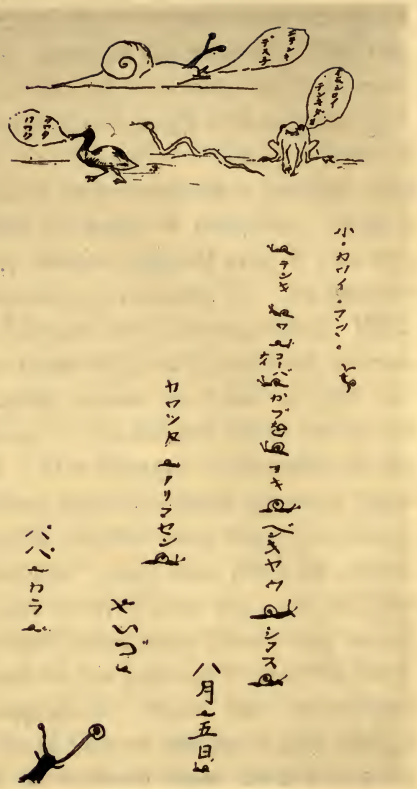
overwhelmed with delightful surprise, and exclaimed: "*Utsukushii yuki, anata, nanbo shojiki!*" (What lovely courage, what a serious intention!) We Japanese, as you know, never use the personification to speak to a flower; and we rarely speak to it. I am sure that our servants must have thought, as I did at first myself, Hearn was crazy to address it "*Anata, anata*" (you, you) as if it were a living person. And to return to the morning-glory he praised. The next morning, the old man of seventy years old, who lived with us, picked it, thinking it was rather a nuisance, as the plant had ceased a long time ago to bloom beautifully; and soon after that, Hearn wanted to see the flower of "lovely courage and serious intention," only to find, to his great disappointment, that it had disappeared. When he was told what had happened to it, he exclaimed: "That old man is good and innocent, but he was brutal to my flower." He was sad all that day. I remember that he was extremely angry one day, even changing color, when a gardener, whom we engaged, cut off two or three *medake* or "women bamboos" in the course of his work in the garden. He used to walk with a delightful

deliberation, two or three times at least in one day, round the new bamboo shoots when, to his great surprise, they sprouted out suddenly in one night.

He forbade the children to tease or kill any insect. He was found sitting sometimes the whole afternoon on a piece of newspaper which he had spread on the ground, and patiently watching the ants at their work. He used to say to Kazuo: "The bullfrog is a lovely thing. My servant, whom I engaged in the West Indies, was glad to sleep with one. What an innocent look it had! You must not tease it under any circumstances." His love for a small frog was great. I have not a few letters he wrote me from Yaidzu, that seaside place where he was mightily pleased to go in summer, which have a picture of a frog; he never wrote me a letter which was not illustrated by his own pictures. He was happy to sing Issa's famous seventeen-syllable *hokku* on the frog:

"*Tewo tsuite*
Uta moshi ageru
Kawazu kana."

(Putting his hands so politely, Oh, look, the frog is offering his own songs.)



A LETTER WRITTEN BY HEARN TO HIS WIFE

Little Sweet Mamma :

Weather is good. Nothing to write. Kazuo studies well. No news at all here. From papa, Yaidzu. August fifth.

Frog says : "Lovely weather, indeed."
Snail says : "Yes, it is."
Duck says : "Kwa, kwa."

And he even imitated the manner of the frog, to the delight of his children who, in their turn, began to imitate it and laugh with mighty glee. He often said to Kazuo: "See the nest of wasps. You must understand what patience and time are needed to make it complete. And it would be a very wicked thing of you, if you try, without any necessity, to destroy it. Do you not think they are industrious? So you think. Well, it would be the same thing as if you were to tease or kill a studying person to tease or kill the industrious wasps." He did not allow us to kill even the flies. His library, on account of the Western sunshine, was unbearably warm to Japanese, and naturally the flies were found swarming. "*Hai desu, hai desu,*" (only flies, flies), he used to call out to us just to drive them out; he said that he would not much mind them if only they would not come round to his pen and bother his work. He never complained about the mosquitoes which are so dense here in summer nights, though none the less he suffered from them as we did. And it seemed to me that he did not know of their existence, at least while he worked. He was such an intense nature; he was perfectly absorbed in his work of writing; and his complete

absorption of mind which was, in truth, the one way to turn out a wonderful art in writing, gradually and surely, I believe, made him in his manner of everyday life also appear strange and even outlandish. It was not seldom he looked a madman, as even he acknowledged. I confess I was afraid he might have gone crazy already in our Matsue day, when I asked Mr. Nishida, who acted for us as a *nakodo*, or middleman, of his opinion upon the matter. However, I found soon afterward that it was only the time of enthusiasm in thought and writing; and I began to admire him more on that account. He used to read and write at night; he would open wide the glass doors of his library on a summer night, no matter how thickly the mosquitoes might set their siege around him. As I said before, he did not even notice them. And when I silently entered from his back into the library, I noticed that more than one dozen mosquitoes were only crawling on the *tatami* (mats), being unable to fly from drinking too much blood, and even spilling it when they crawled. Yet he had no thought of them, but only of his dream of art and writing.

We lived here simply; he hated outside company, and I tried also to escape from social inter-

course; we had a guest very rarely. To attend to the university, to read, to think, to write, to hear a story from me when I had any to tell, to teach Kazuo English, and to take a short walk, was his daily course of work. He never went in a crowded street of the city in his walk, which was about two hours every day, but, in fact, he explored every corner of the neighboring country of the Ushigome and Yotsuya districts, especially of Zoshigaya, Ochiai, and their neighborhood. He used to take Kazuo with him; and I also was with them quite often. He spoke to us very seldom in his walk; and we kept silence only following after him as we thought that his mind might be busy in thought and dream. But he would stop and look round at the scenery, even commenting on this and that, on this stone Jizo idol and on that stream, when he was in a talkative mood. And as far as I know, he never failed to drop into any Buddhist temple which he came by; in truth, there was no temple unknown to him in Zoshigaya, Ochiai, and their neighbouring places. He used to carry a little note-book in his pocket; and I saw him frequently bring it out, and write something down when he caught some beautiful fancy or phrases. He often told me that

those he got unexpectedly were always the best. I believe that his thought never left, even a minute, his writing; his mind was an extraordinarily busy one. He could not rest in mind even in his sick bed; and fortunately, he was never sick to my knowledge till his later years.

Even I cannot properly measure his tremendous love with his first boy, Kazuo. His anxiety and anticipation grew higher and higher when the month of his birth approached; he was afraid that he might be near-sighted as his Papa San. He was so restless; and, nevertheless, he was so happy on the other hand. How often he begged my forgiveness for my suffering. "How sorry I am! I will atone with my writing," he used to say, and retired to his room to write. And he repeated, afterward, to me his feeling when he heard Kazuo's first cry, which he could not explain of course with his poor Japanese, nor even in English. "It is the most strange sensation I ever felt in my life," he used to say. And whenever he thought of it in his later years, and was somehow reminiscent, he said: "I will never see such a sight again. That sight was so angelic. Ah, that sight of Kazuo! He stretched

his hands, and laid them down. And his eyes looking downward! His shapely head covered with long hair, and a whirl of hair in the middle of his head! He was so innocent. Ah, that sight of Kazuo! He was an angel."

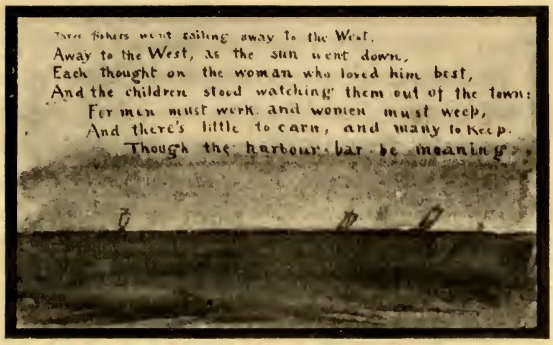
He was so proud of him, and carried him out on his arm whenever any guest, a student or a fellow-professor, might happen to call on us, and started at once to praise him without waiting a word of his guest. I thought that his manner was uncommon, at least in Japan, and I, being young then, could not help feeling uncomfortable, and I used to blush terribly. He was a natural lover of children; before Kazuo was born, we used to keep a boy of our friend with us as he wished a boy to be around him. It was the year after Kazuo's birth that he went to Kobe (then we lived in Kumamoto), and he perfectly frightened me with a hundred toys he brought home when he returned.

He did not like to send Kazuo to school even when he grew old enough; I suspect one of his reasons, among others, was that he could not see him enough every day. He begged me to trust him in his hand to educate him; and he used to give him a daily lesson in English every morning

when, as he said, his head was clear, and he could put more force in his teaching I daresay that he thought it was more important than to attend his university.

He was growing old, as he often said, when our last girl, Suzu Ko, was born ; and he worried, thinking that he could not see her future. "*Nanbo watashi mune itai*," (how my heart pains to think of her), he often said to me. However, he paid rather little of his attention, I think, to our second boy, Iwawo, saying that he was bright and wild enough so that he could make his own way in the world quite easily even if he were left alone. And he used to say that Iwawo was a miniature of his own boyhood, at least in spirit ; and after supper, he frequently told of his boyhood days :

"How naughty I was when I was a boy! Iwawo's naughtiness often reminds me of my boyhood days ; but I was for more naughty than Iwawo. A lady caller, one day, came to see my grandmother. That lady was such an *osejimono* (flatterer) and I did not like her very well. She tapped my head gently, and said : 'Oh, sweet boy, *nambo kawaii musuko san !*' I was angry, and slapped her face with my hand, and ex-



HEARN'S METHOD OF ILLUSTRATING

"Hearn Often Drew a Picture for Kazuo as a Way of Explanation of the Poems Which He Gave as an English Lesson. The Pictures Above Are for Kingsley's 'Three Fishers.'"

claimed: '*Osejimono, osejimono!*' and I ran away and hid myself.

"When I was told of a lady who would come, I often pushed in many needles from the back of a chair. And I also devised to put a little bottle of ink upon the door. The guest, having no knowledge of such mischief set for her, opened the door, only to make the ink bottle fall down; and her *kimono* was soiled with the spilled ink. She sat down on the chair; and immediately she found a needle pricking her flesh. She could not help being annoyed; however, to see it was so amusing for me. Then everybody stopped calling me by my pet name; and I passed as '*Onikko.*' People would say when they saw me: 'There goes the Devil's boy!'

"My grandmother used to take me out with her to call on her friends. They were not pleased to welcome us as I was with grandmother. They used to watch us through the door when I was coming.

"I liked cake more than any other boy, I think; and how I hated meat! My grandmother said that I should have the cake if I would eat the meat. I said: 'Of course, grandma, I will eat it.' But it was the biggest lie in the world.

I hid the meat on the innermost shelf when she was not looking; and I was glad to eat only the cake. One week passed, and ten days passed, when the people began to smell something bad from the shelf. They wondered about the smell, and searched in the corner of the shelf, where they found many a piece of rotten meat. And they said: 'It's the work of the Devil's boy.' I was an *Onikko*, surely.

"I rushed out from the house whenever a pretty girl might pass by, and kissed her. I never failed to do it when I saw any beautiful girl. Then all the mothers of the girls were mad with me; and my poor grandmother made it her work to go round saying '*Gomen gomen*' (beg your pardon, beg your pardon). How naughty I was!

"I thought it a jolly thing to cut off all the cabbages which our cook prized so much, just to see her mad face. My grandmother hid my knife, one day; and then, I made a new knife myself, and tried to cut off even a neighbor's cabbages.

"I did a hundred other bad things which it would be hard to tell you about in Japanese. The people used to say, I was told, that 'this

Devil's boy' would only be fit for a prison when he grew older."

Hearn insisted on eating Japanese food all the time during a little more than one year of his first Japanese life when he lived at Matsue; I believe that it was not necessarily from his preference, but because he thought it essential to get perfectly assimilated with the Japanese life. However, he gave it up by a doctor's advice, and he thought, after all, that the Western food suited him better. Except in his country travels and in the summer vacations, which he spent in a fisherman's *zashiki* (guest apartment) of Otokichi at Yaidzu, he had always a *seiyo ryori*, or "Western-sea food," at home. He was a small eater himself, but he was simply glad to see the children eating plenty, and sat with them till they had finished. Even to me, he looked a perfectly different man at the family dinner table from a Hearn at some other time. He was the happiest man I ever saw. He talked and even laughed boisterously, and sang. He had two kinds of laughter, one being a womanish sort of laughter, soft, but deep, which seemed to melt a listener's mind away, and the other laughter a noisy kind, in which he was only too glad to forget life and everything. When he had the latter

kind of laughter, all the household burst at once into the merriest mood; it was not seldom that even the girl could not help joining from the kitchen. And he was a joker, too, of a strange originality. I always thought that it was a queer contrast when I considered his tremendous love of every sort of ghost stories. As you know, his ghost stories, however, had always a no small humorous touch; he hated a story which was only told for the horror's sake.

He often played "Onigokko" (Devil-catching Play) with the children in the garden; and he was delighted to sing with them the children's song, *Urashima Taro*, which is about Taro who returned as our old story tells, from Ryugu, the palace under the seas, after spending many hundred years there. Though he was poor in Japanese language, he remembered every word of the song. He was so pleased to see a picture of Taro, imaginary, of course, one day, at one of those picture exhibitions always held at Uyeno; and at once he wanted to buy it, not waiting to be told of its price. He was almost childish in his joy when he bought it, and took it home.

"Hokku," the seventeen-syllable poem, delighted him, too, as it is such a short poem and

easy to remember. And he never failed to sing aloud "Yuyake Koyake" with the children whenever he saw the fire of the sunset in the sky; his color-loving passion, I believe, did make him happy at once. When the Russia-Japan War began, we soon heard every boy and girl singing the song of "Hirose Chusa" (Japan's national hero at that time, who was killed on the Port Arthur blockade expedition), the music as well as the spirit of which gave him great joy. I found him almost every day for some time singing with the children: "Commander Hirose, is he really dead?" A week or so ago I dropped in the Mitsukoshi dry-goods store where, accidentally, I found a tabacco pouch with a design of the Hirose blockade expedition; I bought it, and returned home. And it was an accident, too, that I found the first draft of Hearn's translation of the Hirose song at home; I put it in the pouch I had bought, and placed them on the family shrine where Hearn's spirit is consecrated.

He grew more childish every year. When he sang such a children's song, he looked as if he never knew the existence of the worries of the world and the anxieties of life; and when he felt happy, he used to shake his little body (little for

a foreigner) up and down, and hop around the corridor and veranda of the house on tiptoe. And on the contrary, once he felt sad, I believe that with him, he thought the whole world was going to disappear. I could never tell him anything as a mere story; he took everything too seriously; indeed, he was ridiculously too honest. I thought sometimes that it was really sad. Even a ghost story, he could not listen to it as only a story; but to him it sounded to be true and real. And he thought always he was in the story himself; and he was its actual character who was acting in it. When he began to exclain, "*Nanbo omoshiroi!*" (how interesting), I always observed that his face turned deadly pale, and his one eye set almost motionless.

He was almost unbearable under the oppression of loneliness for a year or two before his death. I always found him trying hard to hide his somewhat sulky feeling which rose at once even in parting from me not more than half a day; he longed, pined and even cried, quite often, after me when I had gone out for some time. He returned to his babyhood after his fiftieth year. "Is it Mama San? How glad!" He used to rush out to meet me at the *genkan* (entrance room), on

hearing the sound of my *geta*. And he would tell me how he worried thinking that some mishap might have come to me.

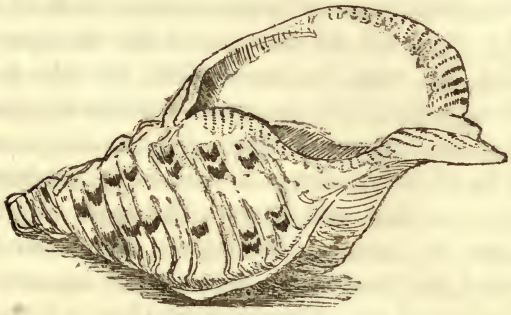
Thursday was his longest day at the university; and I made it my "day out." "Mama San, to-day is Thursday. Will you go to the theatre? Danjuro (then he was still living) at the Kabuki Za is said to be great. You must see him," he would say at the breakfast table; but a moment later, he continued, with the saddest touch in his face: "If you go to the play, you will not return home before ten o'clock at the earliest. Home without you is not home at all. *Tsumaran desu!* (Not worth having!) But I cannot help it. So I wish you will go to see Danjuro, and bring home plenty of stories as your *omiyage* (return gift). Your stories are the best." He used to insist on my seeing the play; but he went to the theatre only twice in his whole Japanese life, if I am not mistaken. He could not stand the crowd of a Japanese theatre, and the hours, too, were too long for him altogether. And again he had no heart to leave the play unfinished. Then he thought it best to stay at home and when I returned, to hear the story of the play which I had enjoyed. On my part the telling of it was a very

difficult thing, as I must tell him to give such a feeling as if he were looking at it.

And he saw only once the Japanese wrestling match at Matsue, where, a long time ago, Tani no Oto, as the champion, visited the city. We treated him with plenty of *saké* and money; and the first impression he received from this champion wrestler seemed to be always fresh in his mind. What he once thought wonderful and beautiful he could never forget; his mind was extraordinarily sensitive and sharp. He frequently happened to exclaim suddenly, when he saw a large man: "There goes Tani no Oto!" Once we passed by the place called Yura in one of our journeys, where we had eaten a delicious *tsuke-mono* (large *daikon* radish pickled in brine); and he never could forget its taste in after-years. He often said that he would be happy if he could taste "Yura" again.

There is a big *horagai* or "bluffer's horn" (a kind of conch) in the drawer of a bookcase in his library, which I bought at Enoshima, the island of the Benten goddess and shell-work, and brought back. Hearn found to his mighty delight a big billowy sound when he blew in it; and he begged me to allow him to blow it when he needed a fire

in his *tabakobon* or smoking box. "Oh, hear the bluffer's horn," the servant girl would first laugh at its funny sound, and hurry with a fire. He was extremely happy when he blew it, expecting secretly, I am sure, some laughter in a listener's mind. Our house had been the house of silence, especially when he was engaged in writing; but



HEARN'S HORAGAI.

what an amusing contrast when the *horagai* began to snore! I, as a Japanese woman, was afraid our neighbors, which were not so many, however, at that time, might think that Hearn had gone crazy as was already suspected; and I tried to keep up the fire of his smoking-box and not let it die easily. But from the mere love of blowing it he could not help, once in a while, without any

thought; and finding fire still in his *tabakobon* when a girl appeared with fire, he was found making a profound bow even to the girl, meaning to apologize for his "*baka*" or foolishness. And none the less, he was happy, too.

He loved travel passionately, but always chose a lonely spot where no foreigner ever stepped in. Nikko, whither every foreigner turns his head, he never saw, and he even hated the thought of seeing it. And he loved Oki, the island of solitude in the Japan Sea, instead, where he visited during the summer of 1892. He frequently said that he wished to live and write as a light-house keeper of that sad island. He spent his first summer in Japan at Kizuki, in 1891, with his beloved Mr. Nishida, and later in that summer, at Hi no Misaki and Yatsuhashi of Hoki. Hearn's faith in Mr. Nishida was something wonderful; even after his death his thought was always with him. When he heard of his illness in 1897, he exclaimed, "I would not mind losing everything that belongs to me, if it could make him well." His chief delight in Mr. Takada, Dean of Waseda University was that he looked somewhat like his early friend. And he often frightened me, saying that he had seen his ghost in his street;

it was that he saw somebody who reminded him of Mr. Nishida. He believed in him with such a faith only possible to a child.

I cannot forget the journey we had in the mountain of the Higo province once when he was still at Kumamoto; it was already dark when we were told by our *rikisha* men that we had some nine miles to travel before we should have a sight of any house. It was soon after a terrible flood; and the season was the height of autumn. The hundred different noises of insects under the grasses and bamboo, only increased the almost unbearable desolation of night; in my heart, I bitterly cried. When we reached the town which our *rikisha* men spoke of, I counted only seven or eight houses there; one of which was supposed to be an inn. It goes without saying that it was inexpressibly filthy; that much I could see even under the darkness. The two shabby *andon* lights were burning; and two or three *kumosuke* (coolies who frequent the great highway) were whispering something which my little heart suspected to be anything wicked and murderous. We were silently ushered up-stairs by an old woman, whom I fancied to be a Devil woman of whom I had read in some old story. After leaving a "bean

lamp " with us, she never came up for a long time; and I overheard now and then an indistinguishable sound of those coolies' voices which crawled up to us. As I said, it was right after the flood; the mountain stream rushed down in a tremendous torrent. And a thousand fireflies like ghosts appeared and disappeared in the depth of the darkness; and many of them passed through the room gesticulating, as I imagined, to suggest to us something bad. And what a density of night insects! They flew against our faces like hail-stones; and even many bell-insects sang sadly underneath our mats. When there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, I felt at once that those wicked coolies were coming up for some bloody work; but it was the same old woman carrying up our supper tables.

" What are those insects?" I asked her.

" They are only 'summer-insects,' *okusan*," she replied undisturbed.

Those " only summer-insects " were perfectly ghastly. During the whole night, I was shivering; however, Hearn seemed pleased to no small degree. I thought at that time that he was the strangest man ever lived.

It was the summer of 1897 that we went to

Maizaka on his friend's recommendation, to spend a few weeks; but he, finding the place not to his taste, insisted on starting back home at once; however, he was persuaded to stay over night, at my solicitation. And we decided to stop at every station eastward, and try to find some summer place of his preference, and it was his good fortune to find the Fisherman Otokichi's guest apartment at Yaidzu to please his fancy. Kazuo and I, we confess, did not like it at all, as, in the first place, the mats were dirty, having many fleas, and the ceiling was low, and I am sure even a student would not be pleased with such a place. "It's not necessary to look at the worst side, Mama San, but only to look and admire such a great sea which we can see to our heart's content," he used to say when he saw my dissatisfied face. He was a great swimmer; and he begged me to come with him and see, even at night, how he could swim. He had such poor eyesight; but I was amazed on seeing such a feat as even a man with splendid eyesight might be unable to accomplish.

Yaidzu, or Otokichi's place, became his summer place ever after; he never failed, not one year, to go there before he died. Once he

wrote me from there, when I had not joined him yet, that he had accidentally discovered a certain Jizo idol, which had pitifully lost its arms and head, and that somebody ought to replace it with a new idol, and that he was thinking of offering himself to do such a little benevolent act. And I wrote him that his charity, which sounded poetical at the outset, would cause a hundred unbearable troubles; for instance, he would have to give a considerable donation to the temple to which the idol belonged, and very likely to invite the whole village at the unveiling day; and that the idol, however armless or headless, would be perfectly happy as it was. Then he wrote me the following letter:

"Little Mama:

Gomen, gomen! (Forgive me!) I thought only to give a little joy as I hoped. The Jizo I wrote you about is not the thing you will find in the graveyards; but it is the Jizo who shall guard and pacify the seas. It is not a sad kind; but you do not like my idea.

It was only Papa's foolish thought. However, Jizo Sama cried terribly when it heard of your answer to me. I said to it: 'I cannot help it,

as Mama San doubted your real nature, and thinks that you are a graveyard keeper. I know that you are the savior of seas and sailors.' The Jizo is crying even now.

From Papa.

Gomen, gomen!

The Jizo idol is shedding stone tears."

The letter, as usual, was illustrated with his own picture; this time the picture was a broken idol shedding beanlike "stone tears." As I found afterward, the Jizo he took such an interest in was not a graveyard keeper, but it stood on the shore as the calmer of the wild sea, as the Yaidzu sea is always.

The Jizo idol, that charming divinity with a shadowy smile that makes the slumber of a Japanese child beautiful, was especially his favorite, as it appealed to his love of children or his own childish heart. I saw him often at the billow-washed sand of Yaidzu mingling and even singing aloud with the fishermen's unkept children. He always invited them to his apartment at Otokichi's, and was simply glad to hear their stories. One evening, one of them called and told a story to us, Kazuo included in the com-

pany; whether the boy's story was less interesting, or our Kazuo grew sleepy, I do not know, but at any rate, Kazuo opened his own book while the story was still going on, and began to look at it. It seems to me that such a thing for a boy should not necessarily be regarded as an impropriety; and the boy, on the other hand, was only a fisherman's son. Hearn had no single thought of class distinction like a Japanese who was bred under it. He began to give a piece of his mind to Kazuo after the boy left us, and said: "*Anata burei shimashita!*" (You were rude!) And he insisted on his going to the boy's house immediately, and apologizing for his *burei;* and Kazuo, a moment later, did good-naturedly as he was told.

He had no patience even with an animal when it acted improperly, and his mind of love might be wounded. There was no one who loved cats more than he; in fact, we kept one or two of them with us all the time since our Matsue days. It happened when we were living temporarily on Tomihisa Cho of Ichigaya, that our cat bore many kittens; and it was awful, doubtless, that she ate up one of them one evening. However, it is not unusual for a cat. Hearn, on being told

about it, grew angry, changing color as he might on such an occasion, and had a girl bring the cat before him. And he gave her a long talk, and said: "You are bad; and you inherited such a wicked thought from countless generations which went before you. I cannot keep you here with us." He was seriously honest in his speech. And he sent our *rikisha* man away with the cat, telling him to make no delay to throw her out somewhere. I suspected afterward in that night, however, he was crying, thinking of the cat he was obliged to cast off unexpectedly.

He was very happy at Yaidzu where he wandered by the water; and in the street narrow and shabby as it was, wearing *zori* (sandals) on his naked feet, and a summer garment of one thickness called *yukata* or bath-robe. How he admired the naked feet of Japanese working people; and when he must wear foreign shoes, he chose those which soldiers wore, broad at their toes, without any style. He used to say that a frock-coat and a silk hat were savage things of the world; and he always wore a sack-coat of mouse color or light tea color. And he rarely used a collar and cuffs, preferring a soft shirt over which he placed a black tie only for an excuse.

But strangely enough, he was extremely fastidious about his hat and under garments, for which he paid the very best price; and for many years he used to order them, especially his hat, from somewhere in America. He had his own idea, I believe, even in the matter of dress, to which he paid the least attention. "I like this color. Don't you, Mama San? This design is superb," he was always ready to offer the words of his own choice, and even to force on me, whenever he happened to accompany me to a dry goods store to buy clothes at the changing of the seasons. It was not seldom I felt rather uncomfortable seeing picked out for me some too showy things for my age, for instance the *yukata*, with a large design of sea waves or spider nets. I often suspected an unmistakable streak of passion for gay things; however, his quiet conscience held him back from submitting to it. The Japanese boys here wear black *tabi*, or socks; but he wished his boys to have white ones, saying that the flashing of white from under some dark *kimono* was so bewitching. He looked upon dress, simply from the point of view of beauty and harmony of color.

He protected with his utmost effort the perfec-

tion of beauty of any kind, as it was his only god; and he had no patience even with his own children, when they rebelled or seemed to rebel against it. When Kazuo was yet merely a child, he spoild, one day, the paper of a newly-made *fusuma* (sliding screen) with his wet fingers. Hearn said to me, with the saddest face, "Kazuo has ruined such a beautiful thing. *Nanbo shinpai!* How sad!" I believe that he thought that even a child should be as reverent toward beauty as himself; he could never compromise under any circumstances. I even believe he suspected at once an impossibility of Kazuo in the way of beauty; and he was, indeed, sad, thinking that the boy could not inherit his father's emotional worship of beauty and art.

As I said, he was happy at Yaidzu with the fishermen and country folk. "You have come again this year. We are glad to have you here with us," he would be addressed, even by a stranger, when he stepped out of the train at Yaidzu. It goes without saying that his responsive heart would jump high in joy. Tokyo for him, as he always said, was the saddest hole of the world, where you could never know even the names of your neighbors. He was greeted

by the Yaidzu people wherever he went; and he was highly pleased to become one of them, even for the short time of his summer vacation. In truth, he prized the friendship of country barbers and priests more than that of college professors. He found to his delight a good barber at Yaidzu, whom he always paid five times more for his work; once he asked him to sharpen his knife and it was returned to him in first-class order; and he sent a man immediately to remunerate the barber, giving him fifty *sen*. The fellow thought even twenty *sen* would be too much for such work, for which less than ten *sen* is usually paid; and he returned to Hearn after giving the barber twenty *sen*, which was accepted with the greatest thanks. Hearn, not pleased with the fellow's ill-advised action and growing angry, started at once, grasping the thirty *sen* he had brought back, and gave it to his barber friend. The barber wrote him, after Hearn returned home to Tokyo, thanking him for the kindness he received when he stopped at Yaidzu; and Hearn read his letter over and over, and remarked that it was more precious than one from a Japanese premier's pen. He always thought that real ability was not properly prized,

and it was his greatest delight to discover it in any calling.

It was a long time ago that he found a stone Jizo in the graveyard of the Ryushoji temple at Matsue, which was not much to look at, as the work was a rough sort, but it appaaled to his sense of artistic appreciation. As he found out afterward, it was the work of Junosuke Arakawa, a sculptor famous over Western Japan, and he called upon him to pay his respects; and he sent him frequently a big barrel of *saké* and some money, and commissioned him to make many things, one of which, the statue of the Emperor Tenchi of the seventh century, is adorning even to-day our *tokonoma* of this Nichi Okubo home.

He was an *ikkokumono*, to use a Japanese phrase. ("*Ik*" means single-minded, "*koku*," severely, and "*mono*," person.) He was far too honest, almost to the point of a fault; and he had that peculiar audacity which belongs only to a child, such as a man of the world hardly would dare to risk. Such a temperament made him speak, and act disagreeably to others when he never meant it; and Hearn was, from that, the more miserable, making himself the greater sufferer. He had no strength of self-restraint except in his art of

writing. Once a friend sent him a picture of his newly-married wife, and even asked him what he thought about her. He showed me the picture, and said that he did not like it at all. However, I told him it was not proper for him or anybody to go too far in the matter of criticising another's wife; and I told him that he should say something good about her picture. "That's terribly difficult when I do not like her face. How I wish I could deceive myself," he said. And I soon found out that, after all, he sent a letter to his friend saying that he did not think his wife beautiful.

We left the Inn of Zaimoku Cho in Matsue in his first year of Japanese life, as he began, with many reasons on his part, to dislike the inn-keeper; and moved to a certain person's *hanare zashiki* (separated guest apartment) in the Sueji quarter of the city. It happened at that time that a man named Hirose, a clerk of some rich merchant's, who used to stop at the same inn, moved also into one of our neighboring houses. And he called on us with plenty of *nara-zuké* (cucumbers pickled in brine) to offer his good wishes and future friendship; and he said: "I hope you still remember me, as I am a friend of the Zaimoku Cho innkeeper."

"You a friend of the inn-keeper?" Hearn exclaimed, certainly irritated. "He is not my friend, and—you are not, either. He is a bad man. You go away! *Sayonara!*" It was not the guest, but Hearn, who rushed out into the street; I cannot forget in what an embarrassing situation I was left. I was young in those days, having little worldly tact or clever speech; I do not remember how I came out of the difficulty. It was not seldom that he quite abruptly put me in the most uncomfortable place.

One of Hearn's students once got off the train at Yaidzu to see him on his way home. Hearn was very happy to see him, and happier still at the prospect of hearing the home news of Nishi Okubo, as he thought no doubt the student had seen me before leaving Tokyo. "Did you not bring me any message of my home? Are all of my folks at home well?" he asked, without losing a moment. The student did not answer him at once, as, in fact, he did not call on me at his departure. I was still in Tokyo, not yet having joined Hearn at Yaidzu; and I was told afterward by one young boy who was staying there with him what he said. "You are not my guest. Good-bye, good-bye," were the exact words he

used to the poor student, for whom I felt sorry indeed.

However, I have a most beautiful memory of Hearn in his understanding and attitude toward women. He always wished that the Japanese would pay more reverence to them; I remember that he wrote one of his friends a severely reprimanding letter when he was going to divorce his wife. And he was so worried that another of his friends did not say a kind word or show even a smile to his wife. "Do you love your wife?" was the first question he used to ask the *rikisha* man before he went further to engage him for his service. And he was never disappointed even when he found his man too slow in pulling his carriage, thinking and feeling happy that he loved his own wife. He would say to me, when I complained of the man's slowness: "I like the man who loves his wife. Don't think about his slowness! However slow he be, I think still it is quicker than to walk."

Ever after he first saw the *Bon Odori* (Ghost-Festival Dance) at Shimoichi, in the summer of 1890, its weird, dashing movement and nocturnal lyrical beauty haunted his memory; wherever he went afterward, his first question was to ask after

it, usually only to be disappointed. It had been stopped by order of the government in every city, and more or less even in the remotest corners of the country. "*Keisatsu damedesu !* (Japanese police is foolish.) It only works ruin to the old and lovely customs of Japan; it is the saddest result we see from Japan's learning of Christianity;" he was always irritated whenever he thought of it. But it seemed to me that he was trying, at least, to believe there were still, in some unspoiled spot of old Japan, the rustic folks dancing under the blessing of the summer moon. And he never failed to ask anybody from a country town who dropped into our house to see our servant girls or on other business, his eternal question about the *Bon Odori.* It was some years ago that we stopped over night at Sakai of the Izumi Province where we saw the last and best *Bon Odori.* "Oh, my old dream returned at last," Hearn exclaimed. We had gone to bed without any expectation of it that night; at midnight, a wind suddenly brought to our ears the sound of "*chan, chan,*" which we thought at once to be hand-clapping. And immediately even the sound of "*Shu, shu*" of people's foot-movement followed. We got up, exclaiming: "*Bon Odori, Bon Odori!*"

Then we opened the doors, and found ourselves outside. The rain had stopped some time ago, and the moon shone brightly. We felt deliciously fresh after a short hour's sleep, and hearing the old familiar sound which came back as a dream or ghost, we followed the sound to the place where the *Bon Odori* was being held ; it was the Chinzu no Yashiro (village shrine) where we found many a man and woman, not boys and girls, singing in a voice clear like the sky, and dancing in magnificent style. What a night revel in that "*chan, chan, chan!*" And what audacity in the "*shu, shu*" of the dancers' feet!

" Oh, what a wonder! How great! It is the first time to see such a dashing and beautiful dance. I wish I could dance with them. And I feel myself as if my body and bones grew big suddenly as those dancers' !" he exclaimed, in delirium of joy.

As I said before, he grew extremely sensitive just before his death, always sad, quick to cry. He cried when I told him first the story of the Milky Way ; and I found him quite often crying when he was writing that story. " Papa San, are you crying ?" I said to him one evening. " Just touch your eyes !"

"Oh, yes, you know the story is so sad and interesting," he replied.

I found him frequently in the library almost jumping in joy; and he exclaimed: "You should be glad, Mama San! I have a wonderful idea for my writing." Of course I felt happy no less than he at such a time.

"Did you finish your last story?" suppose I asked him. He often answered:

"That story has to wait for some time yet. Perhaps one month—perhaps one year—perhaps five years! I kept one story in my drawer for seven long years before it was finished."

I believe that many stories of his were left unfinished in his drawer, or at least, in the drawer of his mind, when he passed away.

IV

LAFCADIO HEARN AT YAIDZU

YAIDZU.

"Hé, Hé, Hé," the good man of Hearn's "Otokichi's Daruma" in *A Japanese Miscellany*, bowed and began sadly,—he who kept a fish-shop at Yaidzu, and fed Hearn with fishes cooked in a wonderful variety of ways.

"Indeed, Koizumi San was not a person whom you might expect at a fishing village like this where there is nothing to see but the wild sea. But it was for the sea he came here and spent his summer vacation, where he could take a long swim. Five times a day in the water! How he loved swimming. I never saw a person like him to stay in the water; he used to stay, not seldom, more than two hours, and never less than one hour. He did not swim all the time, but laid

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The thumb-nail sketches accompanying this article were drawn by Hearn during his stay at Yaidzu, the most of them in his letters to Mrs. Hearn.

himself on the water, and most comfortably floated. That was the feat which amazed us. At such a time, his head, his toes, and even his belly—"Hearn San's *taiko no hara*" (Mr. Hearn's drum-belly), as he often said amusingly —could be seen from the shore. His way of swimming was different from ours; he swam with his head up, and he used his arms and also his legs like oars. We Japanese swim with our heads down, and rake the water with the sole force of our arms, and soon we grow tired. But Sensei Sama (Lord Master) appeared easy as if he were taking a rest. One thousand five hundred fishermen that we have here, all of them, looked at his swimming with perfect wonder, and said: 'Sensei was born from the water.' In fact, no one of them could beat him in the water. The soles of his feet, like any other foreigner's, were so tender that he could not walk down the slope of little stones to the water barefooted; I used to go with him to help him into the water; and once he was in it, he was almost a fish. He walked slowly, doubtless with much pain in the soles of his feet, leaning on my shoulder. I made for him, afterward, a pair of cotton sandals with which he could walk better

on the stones, and without taking them off, he rushed into the water. He smoked incessantly, day and night, and he could not leave his cigar behind even while swimming. I used to stand on the shore in the darkness of night, wondering how far Sensei Sama had gone, when his cigar in his finers began to flash like a firefly at an unexpected distance. I would leave a paper lantern on the shore to mark a landing spot; and when he returned from the water, he was the happiest man in the world."

(I read in his At Yaidzu: "But the primitive fancy may be roused even more strongly in darkness than by daylight. How living seem the smoulderings and the flashings of the tide on nights of phosphorescence!—How reptilian the subtle shifting of the tints of its chilly flame! Dive into such a night-sea;—open your eyes in the black-blue gloom, and watch the weird gush of lights that follow your every motion: each luminous point, as seen through the flood, like the opening and closing of an eye! At such a moment, one feels, indeed, as if enveloped within some vital substance that feels and sees and wills alike in every part,—an infinite, soft, cold ghost.)

"It might be said," the good man Otokichi

continued, " to be a *zense no yakusoku* (destiny of last life appointed) that such a great Sensei Sama took a fancy to my house, shabby as you see. The mats of the rooms are not clean; the house is beaten and washed by salt water and wind. However, when he came back here with the returning summer he said each time: 'Otokichi San, I feel as if I had returned home!' Those words were a world of happiness to me He was so kind, and perfectly free of money. He used to pay me two or three times more than I asked usually; that I became better off may be said to be his gift to me. Every member of my family thinks of him highly, regards him even as a *Hotoke Sama*, a Lord Buddha, who came to save Otokichi Yamaguchi." That is my full name. Yaidzu is not the only fishing port, even on the Tokaido coast; there are a hundred others, in fact. But Sensei Sama used to say that Yaidzu was the best in the world. '*Kami Sama no mura desu*' (This is a god's town), he remarked. I can say even with authority that any unhappy man or woman who once wanders into this town will never leave it again. *Hé, isson ikke desu.* (The whole village is one family.) You will be helped by your neighbor at any time, and you

must treat his children as yours. Cry and laugh with everybody. Be industrious, and be happy. Above all, you must not tell a lie! It is said here from the olden age that any one who practices wickedness will soon be punished by the Goddess of Fuji, and drowned in the sea. The fisherman here prays and claps his hands morning and evening toward the Honorable Fuji Yama for her great protection, and pledges himself, in case of a good catch, to perform the rites in honor of the divinity. We are the Fuji Mountain worshippers."

Hearn said somewhere: "And the life of Yaidzu is certainly the life of many centuries ago. The people, too, are the people of Old Japan: frank and kindly as children—good children—honest to a fault, innocent of the further world, loyal to the ancient traditions and the ancient gods." And, indeed, it is perfectly natural, as I found it myself, to become at once a worshipper of Fuji Mountain as a Yaidzu fisherman living here. The charm of the town changes marvellously under the different shades of sky and sun; the charm of fresher color is particularly distinguished at early morning when the sun just begins to ascend. At these moments the lizard curving along a little bay, the dear old fishing

town seems more active in breathing. And it is the proper time for you to come out to the seaside, and turn your head to the left, and meet Fuji Mountain, the wonderful ghost of the clouds and sky. Not only Japanese, but the people of any nationality, to be sure, would grow silent and simple suddenly in heart, and begin to pray. Here we have the most extraordinary rampart of boulders for protection from the heavy seas; the rampart is built in the form of terrace steps. If you stand on the top of the structure, you have the whole town at your back,—with here and there a pine grove, beyond the flat space of grey and world-wearied Japanese roofs, marking the place of some sort of sacred court like *Enju In* or *Chinju no Mori* (the village shrine), where Hearn took his almost daily walk; and before you, the grandest view of the sea. For the last two or three days as the time is still in *Baiu*, or the rainy season, it has been very rough and high. (By the way, I came here to spend a few days, and associate myself with Hearn's landmark.) I can imagine him anxiously watching over the rolling seas, massive and formidable, in company with many fishermen, standing by the rampart with their eyes set on far-

away. And again I imagine him sitting in a great wind by this sea-wall with old Jinsuko Amano, and hearing his wonderful experience of the seas; Hearn silent and slightly afraid to hear the awful story of sea-drifting, and the latter smiling even in triumph. ("Drifting" in *A Japanese Miscellany*.) I feel disappointed in coming here a bit early for Yaidzu's *Segaki* service, which Hearn described minutely in "Beside the Sea" in *A Japanese Miscellany*. I should like to squat down, even as Hearn did, by the sea whose rolls and crashing of mighty tide make me return to sublimity of heart, forgetting the wicked world, and under a blazing sun whose fires are like slag raked out from a furnace,—that sun I love passionately. And a greater disappointment I have that even the day of the *Bon* or Festival of the Dead is still a few weeks off yet. As I cannot swim like Hearn, and overtake the lantern-fleet as he did when he found them already in the distance on his appearance on the spot of ceremony (Hearn's "At Yaidzu" in *In Ghostly Japan*), I thought that I would not take a nap after supper as he did, but wait patiently by the sea for the time of the ghost-lanterns to depart toward the Jizo Sama of the Izu Province. I can

hear the sound of hammering here, a curious melancholy chant by the people who are engaged in building a boat; Hearn used to hurry toward the spot for the sight. It was half an hour ago that a little boy went round the town shaking a bell and shouting that a thousand *Katsuo* (bonito) were in port and ready for people to bid. This experience of a fishing town is for me the first and newest surprise.

"It was not only I," the good man Otokichi took up his talk again, "who took Sensei Sama's death to heart, but all the people of this town were sincerely sorry. He was the friend of them that worked hard and were simple, as in fact they are. 'Sensei Sama, good morning, how do you feel?' they addressed him every morning whenever they saw him in the street or on the shore. He was, indeed, pleased to be treated here as one of them; and he even took part in their pleasures. We have here an annual festival in honor of the village shrine; on that day, all the young men of the seven districts of the town pull an ornamental car for theatrical performance, dancing and music. Sensei Sama used to contribute seven or ten *yen* on the occasion as money for *saké*; and when the car (*dashi* as it is called) passed by this house, he

used to come out to see the performance, and again treat the young men with additional bottles of *saké*. He was so good and kind to us. The most pitiful of us over Sensei Sama's death is a little dumb boy, called Ko, who used to accompany him like a loyal-hearted poodle, wherever he went. And he always gave the boy some money; and above all, his great sympathy delighted his little mind. The boy used to wait by the door every morning for Sensei Sama's appearance. But as he is no more, and another Sensei Sama may not come at all, the boy is sad and solitary. Sensei Sama's sympathy with any weak thing was something wonderful.

CAT: "WHERE SHALL I GO?"

"He used to walk, when the sea was high here, to the place called Wada, some two miles, where the waves are always calm. One day, he saw a black cat wandering by the shore, that had been cast away by a bitter-hearted man who could be seen hurriedly walking away. He thought it was perfectly pitiable; and he picked it up, and put it in his hat, and brought it home. The cat was

named Hinoko (spark) by him, because its burning eyes impressed him as a fire. I noticed two or three times, afterward, he did not mind even when Hinoko's muddy feet soiled his hat or his *kimono*; it grew soon after to be one of Kazuo San's pets. He forbade Kazuo San to kill the crabs which for amusement's sake he used to bring to his boy when he returned from Wada; and he begged him, after a little while, to get them back to the water again. I believe his kind heart was that of Hotoko Sama.

"He took once a tremendous fancy with the Naminare Jizo (the sea-pacifying divinity), who lost his arms and even his head. He wished to replace it with a new idol, and presently called an *ishiya* (stone-cutter) to design it. The stone-cutter brought him more than five times a picture of Jizo Sama's face which was not quite satisfactory; and afterward he noticed the face of a neighbor's boy called Zensaku which appeared to him to be a just model. He invited the boy into his room, and let the stone-cutter sketch his face, when he received a letter from Oku San (Mrs. Hearn) saying that such a project was not desirable. He gave it up at once obediently. 'Mama San's word is law,' he said. I never saw a

man like Sensei Sama who listened gently to his wife."

(To-day I passed by the Naminare Jizo who had a new head added, although his arms were still lacking. I thought it must be the kindness of another Hearn who had an equally good heart, but was not an artist like Hearn. The new head is really shabby art, but the idol, I thought, should be pleased with any sort of head.)

"Sensei Sama used to devote one hour every morning to teaching Kazuo San English; and I often thought that he was rather too severe in his teaching to a boy like that. 'Don't you see it?' I frequently overheard Sensei Sama exclaiming in impatience. But at other times he was kindness and love itself; no father could be more sweet than he. Beside teaching, his morning work was only to write to Mrs. Koizumi, when she had not yet joined him. And his greatest delight, I suspected, was to see his face growing brown from the sea and sun. 'Otokichi San, is my face not brown yet, like your fishermen's?' he often asked me. And he used to squat on the shore when he came out of the water and I wiped his naked back. His skin was perfectly beautiful, becoming crimson

DRAWING BY HEARN FOR HIS SON, KAZUO

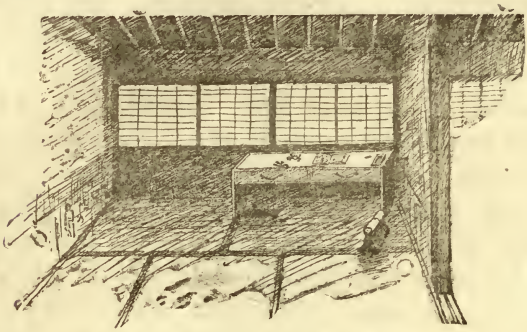
"Papa Drew This Picture When He Told Me About the Eagle. He said: 'Eagle Is the Greatest Bird, and He Can Stand on the Highest Mountain Peak, Far Above the Fields and River; and He Even Tries to Strike at the Sun and Sky. The Eagle Is on the Russian Flag, Too. Now, Suppose Russia Is an Eagle; and That Eagle Tries to Strike the Sun. That 's Impossible. Russia Cannot Win Over Japan.'"—Kazuo.

or peach-colored under the blaze of summer heat. How white is a foreigner's skin!

"He was such a considerate man who made me frequently rather uncomfortable. He thanked me for any little service I did for him. '*Arigato, arigato,*' he always repeated. And he never complained of our poor table, which must have been astonishingly poor to him. He tried to eat up even the things which he might not like at all, simply from fear to hurt my feelings; when Kazuo San left something on the table, he insisted on his finishing up to please Otokichi's heart, as he said. After supper, he used to walk up and down his rooms for exercise. He was a wonderful man about that. Even on the hottest day he never failed to take his walk; and I never heard him complain of the heat. In one word, he was the only perfect man whom I ever came across. But he is no more now. I feel almost like crying when I think of him. I am extremely lonesome for him, when, as now, the summer is approaching speedily. My heart is sad."

Here in these three rooms of twelve, ten, and four mats, the upper part of this fisherman Otokichi's house, Hearn spent many happy summers. The rooms are bare as any other fisher-

man's with no *kakemono* or picture-hanging on the *tokonoma* to mention At one corner I noticed a common sort of table which, as Otokichi



HEARN'S ROOMS AT OTOKICHI'S.

said, was used by Hearn and Kazuo; and I thought it looked as if it were waiting for their return. I believe it was the table on which he wrote a daily letter to Mrs. Hearn, informing her of his simple life and pleasures which, with Kazuo and sometimes Iwao, he enjoyed to his heart's content. He entirely forgot while here his books, writing, and of course, his university; with his boys, he was almost a boy himself. His summer letters in Japanese to Mrs. Hearn, though they are childish, partly because his Japanese vocab-

ulary was pitifully limited, show his naive and simple temperament.

I thank Mrs. Hearn who gave me the right to transcribe some of these letters into English, and to share with you the pleasure of reading them.

"Little Mama: To-day we have not much sunlight, but Kazuo and I swam as usual. Kazuo played a torpedo in the water. (Hearn means a play of his boy who pulled his legs from under the water while swimming.) He is growing clever in swimming to my delight. We had a long walk yesterday. We bought a little ball and a bell for the cat whose life I saved and brought home. The stone-cutter showed me a picture of a face which is supposed to be for the Jizo idol. Shall I let him carve the name of Kazuo Koizumi somewhere on the idol? I can see how glad the Yaidzu people would be to see the new idol.

"We have too many fleas here. Please bring some flea powder when you come. But this delightful little cat makes us forget the fleas. She is really funny. We call her Hinoko. Plenty of kisses to Suzuko and Kiyoshi, from Papa. July 12th."

"Little Mama: Your sweet letter at hand. I am glad of it. So, Umé San (Professor Umé of the Imperial University) has built his own new house. We shall go together to see him at his home. Kazuo swam into a deeper sea first yesterday; he swam five times toward a boat at quite a distance. He is growing more strong and clever in swimming every day. He is terribly black now The weather is lovely and cool. We gave a name to Kazuo's boat, '*Hinoko Maru.*' Osaki San (Otokichi's daughter) made a little flag for the boat. As I informed you already, the cat is called 'Spark,' and her little eyes burn like sparks. Sweet word to everybody at home from Papa. July 25th."

"Little Mama: Yesterday we had a real big wave of the height of summer season. Otokichi swam with Kazuo, as he was afraid for Kazuo to go alone. The sea began to groan terribly since noon; and at evening the billows grew bigger, and almost reached the stone wall. It is difficult to swim this morning also, but I expect that the sea will be calmer in the afternoon.

"The little baby sparrow which I already wrote you about had been pretty strong for the

last three days; but under the sudden change of weather it was taken ill.

"Last evening Otokichi bought two sharks. Kazuo studied their shapes carefully; and it was the first experience for him. Otokichi cooked nicely for our supper shark's meat, which was white and excellent. I take some milk in the morning. August 1st."

"Little Mama Sama: The weather is good always. The other guest at Otokichi's has gone; I am glad of it. Otokichi's wife is ill, and moved to Tetsu's house. I believe she is getting better. Otoyo called on us. Her husband, I am told, was called to the front, and also the tobacco-shop keeper whom you know. Now Yaidzu has sent her seventeen soldiers out to Manchuria.

"To-day the sea is high, but rather calm. Kazuo and Iwao swam with their Papa. Iwao is improving in swimming; he has learned how to float well. I am sure he will soon master the art thoroughly. I felt so hot and lazy; but Papa's belly like Hotei Sama (the big-bellied god of comfort) is growing rather small.

"The festival is held to-day. '*Yaret, yare, Haya,*' we hear the musical voice. The sacred car of the

festival I expect to pass by the house this afternoon. Sweet word to Kiyoshi, and kisses to 'Aba, Aba' (so he called Suzuko, his last girl, as she muttered ' Aba, Aba'). From their Papa. August 13th."

" Little Mama : We had an extra last night. Great victory. We had our own celebration here, drinking lemonade, and eating ice. But we had no other extra after that. To-day we had a little wave, but plenty of jelly-fishes. We, Kazuo, Niimi and I, were bitten by them. Last night we took a short walk, and went to the shrine of the Yamatodake god. Kazuo caught a black dragon-fly. We have too many fleas here, but not many mosquitoes. The boys are happy. Otokichi always goes with them into the water. Iwao is learning how to swim, but it is rather difficult as the waves are pretty big. The road toward Wada has been ruined by the rush of waves. Osemi (big cicada) is singing. I think Kiyoshi must be lonesome at home. Kisses to 'Aba, Aba' from Papa. August 15th."

" Little Mama : The weather is fine lately, but there are large waves. Kazuo is always happy.

Otetsu's baby grows big and strong. It tumbles down, and often tries to fly. 'Osemi' sings only at morning, and not when the sun is very hot. It is not like the cicada at Okubo Mura. Papa and his boy grow perfectly brown.

"I fancy that Okubo Mura must be fine with the new leaves of the banana tree, and also with the new bamboo leaves.

"*Tsukutsukuboshi*" (a kind of cicada), I think, must be singing in the home garden. Sweet words to everybody at home. August 16th."

"Little Mama: Your welcome letter at hand. It reached me this morning to my delight, and I can not explain my joy with it in my Japanese. You must never think of danger which might occur to your boy; I hope you do not worry about him. I haven't yet gone to sea at night this year. Otokichi and Niimi take good care of Kazuo. He is perfectly safe although he often swims in deep water. He is so afraid of the jelly-fishes this summer, but he swims and plays all the same. It was such a lovely thing, this charm of the Narita temple. I feel lonely sometimes. I wish I could see your sweet face. It is difficult to sleep on account of the many fleas. But as I have

a delightful swim in the morning, I usually forget the misery of the night. I have taken a little hand bath in a ridiculously little tub the last two or three evenings. Good words to everybody at home, from Papa. August 17th."

"Little Mama: Yesterday we went to Wada, where we had our lunch; and there I taught Kazuo. He was delighted to catch the crabs. Iwao is biginning to learn how to swim. The house at Wada has been mended a little. The tea we have there is always good; and I am told that the tea is home-made, which might be the reason for its excellence. Fuji was seen clearly last evening. We cannot swim this morning as the sea is so high. It was so hot, last night, we could not shut the doors. But the weather is always good. Iwao let his crabs walk on the roofs of Otokichi's house; and they walked and walked. During the night those crabs tried to bite into our box of soap, but it was beyond their power to open the tin cover. How sorry! From Papa. August 20th."

"Little Mama: Otokichi gave us plenty of pears in a tray yesterday as it was the day of *Bon.* I

believe it was to thank you for your gift of the charm the other day. We went to Wada to-day and had lunch there. Iwao learns well how to swim; and he has no fear whatever, and takes delight in the deeper water. He will soon be a fine swimmer. Otokichi is very kind to us. We have no big wave, the sea being calm; the colors of the sky and Fuji mountain are perfectly lovely. And there is no speck of cloud. Otokichi has a bright little boy as helper, and he calls him Kumakichi. The boy is lovely. Iwao is really black now, hard to explain; and you will not know him when you see him. The boys catch dragon-flies and grasshoppers, they laugh, they gather stones, they play cards, they eat much and sleep well. Papa is splendid, too. But he cannot walk on the stones of the shore barefooted. I wear straw sandals when I go to Wada, and strange shoes Otokichi made when I swim. Sweet words to the old woman and children at home, from Papa. August 21st."

"Little Mama Sama: Your sweet letter and magazines at hand. I thank you for them. Last night I finished my reading of proofs of my American book, and also of that of Mr. Takada's

article. And I sent them out by mail this morning. Last night we had a little walk, and dropped into the shooting gallery together. The target is called 'Port Arthur'; and there stands a figure of a Russian soldier.

"Iwao hit it, and made 'Port Arthur' fall. 'I have taken it,' Iwao exclaimed in a big voice.

"Then we went to the ice-shop which you know. Otoyo San is helping in the shop as a waitress. There in the street right before the shop, are chairs and one table put out. Hurried to catch the mail-hour. *Gomen, gomen!* Yakumo Koizumi. August 22d."

Little Mama: Last night we had a great *katsuo*-fishing. The boat belonging to Tetsu's husband, with the other five boats, returned at evening. And all the people helped them. There in the Tetsu's boat were one thousand seven hundred *katsuo* fishes. One fish is sold for twenty *sen*. Under the torch-light the people are landing the fishes from the boats. It is so interesting to see them.

"The jelly-fishes are perfectly terrible this morning. Papa was bitten by them. The sea is

as a Hell on their account. I do not like them at all. However, the weather is fine. We went to take a walk with the boys last night, and we heard the frogs singing. The boys are so sweet. Niimi is kind and good to them. In one word, everything is first-rate, except those jelly-fishes. Good-bye, Mama Sama. Sweet words to everybody at home. From Papa. August 23rd."

"Little Mama: Yesterday it was so hot; thermometer rose to 91 degrees. However, the winds blew from the sea at night. And this morning the waves are so high. I only took a walk. Otoyo gave the boys plenty of pears.

Last evening Kazuo and Iwao went to a shooting gallery for fun. We drank soda and ginger ale, and also ate ice.

"Iwao has finished his first reader; it seems that learning is not hard for his little head at all. He studied a great deal here. And he is learning from Mr. Niimi how to write Japanese characters.

"Just this moment I received your big letter. I am very glad to hear how you

treated the snake you mentioned. You were right not allowing the girls to kill it. They only fear as they don't understand that it never does any harm. I believe it must be a friend of Kami Sama in our bamboo bush. Mr. Papa and others wish to see Mama's sweet face. Good words to everybody at home. Yakumo. August 24th."

Anybody who has read "Otokichi's Daruma" in *A Japanese Miscellany* will know that the good man Otokichi set a red image of Daruma on the *Kamidana* or the Shelf of the Gods, in his shop. Hearn observed:

"But I was rather startled by the peculiar aspect of Otokichi's Daruma, which had only one eye,—a large and formidable eye that seemed to glare through the dusk of the shop like the eye of a great owl. It was the right eye, and was made of glazed paper. The socket of the left eye was a white void,"

And the following conversation between Hearn and Otokichi ensued:

"'Otokichi San!—did the children knock out the left eye of Daruma Sama!'

"'*Hé, hé!*' sympathetically chuckled Otokichi, —'he never had a left eye.'

" 'Was he made that way?' I asked.

" '*Hé!*' responded Otokichi,—as he swept this long knife soundlessly through the argent body, 'the folk here make only blind Daruma, he had no eyes at all. I made the right eye for him last year,—after a day of great fishing.'

" 'But why not have given him both eyes?' I queried, 'he looks so unhappy with only one eye!' "

And Hearn was happy to conclude the tale of Otokichi's Daruma as follows:

" I was up and dressed by half past three the next morning, in order to take an early express train; but even at that ghostly hour I found a warm breakfast awaiting me down-stairs, and Otokichi's little brown daughter ready to serve me. . . . As I swallowed the final bowls of warm tea, my gaze involuntarily wandered in the direction of the household gods whose tiny lamps were still glowing. Then I noticed that a light was burning also in front of Daruma; and almost in the same instant I perceived that Daruma was looking straight at me—WITH TWO EYES!"

Mrs. Hearn told me that it was one of the greatest delights of his life at Otokichi's every year to create the left eye of Daruma with his

generous payment on the evening of his departure.

To-day I observed a Daruma with the left eye void on the shelf of Otokichi's household shrine. And I wondered when another Lafcadio Hearn would come here to fill up its left eye. Indeed, Daruma San must be unhappy with only one eye.

And to be sure, the good man Otokichi, too, would like to see both of its eyes opened wide.

V

MR. OTANI AS HEARN'S LITERARY ASSISTANT *

It was in September, 1896, (Meiji 29th) that we both entered the Imperial University of Tokyo; I as a student and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn as a lecturer on English literature, which study I was going to pursue. I was the first caller in his temporary Tokyo house at Tatsuoka Cho of Hongo district, as he told me when I called on him on the 9th of the same month; and again I called on him on the 13th, and again on the 15th when he made me promise to become his literary assistant. (He who hitherto, since a day of September, 1890, had been my beloved teacher at Matsue, now became my patron.) I did not work much that year, but, if I remember rightly,

* Mr. Masanobu Otani wrote about him in the Myojo, November 1904, and in "Bungo Koizumi Yokumo" (the Lafcadio Hearn Memorial Number) of the Teikoku Bungaku, also November, 1904,—the magazine of the literary society of the Imperial University; this article is a translation of some parts of those articles.

only one article on "The Student's Life in Tokyo," and some translations from the *shintaishi* (new-styled poems) of Professors Toyama, Uyeda, Inouye and others, were my effort. It was decided from January of 1897 that I should present my study on the subject he wished every month; and "the Japanese Policeman's Life" was the first subject I received. And the subject for February was "An Essay on the Lives of Priests and Nuns,—from the Time of Childhood. Suggestions:—Reason of Choice of a Religious Life—First Duties—Education—Range of Learning—Daily Duties—Observance of Vows, etc.—Probable Number of Priests and Nuns—Average of Life."

He wrote me under the date Feb. 26th, informing me of the subject for March, which was "A Collection of Poems of Students—(only Meiji of course)—and especially University Students." There were, at that time, not so many students poets of *shintaishi*, *uta* and *hokku* as to-day; I had no small difficulty in hunting up their works in college publications of city and provinces. He used only the seventeen-syllable *hokku* from my collections for his "Bits of Poetry" in "*In Ghostly Japan.*" The May subject was announced in a

letter again to be "A Collection of Japanese Proverbs containing Allusions to Buddhism." As there was no such work published, I made my best effort in the Uyeno and University libraries, and the result was better than I expected at first, and I even thought that I had collected all the proverbs in that line. Mr. Hearn was much pleased, and used the material for "Japanese Buddhist Proverbs" in his "*In Ghostly Japan.*" The subject for June was about the short popular songs concerning the China-Japan war; but I do not know where he used my collection of those songs.

I returned home to the province of Izumo in Jnly, where he wrote me that I should devote fully two months to investigating with my personal effort and inquiring of scholars on the following subject:

"Inscriptions and Sculptures in Buddhist Cemeteries.

I—Inscriptions upon *Sutpa.*

A list of these inscriptions (1) in Chinese characters, separately;—(2) in Romaji under the Chinese characters;—(3) in literal English under the Romaji;—(4) explanatory. (Some reference

should be made to sect usage. Group if possible under respective sects—Shinshiu, Zenshiu, Tendai, Shingon, etc.)

II—Inscriptions upon *Haka.*

Arrange similarly. Group by sects if possible.

III—Sculptures—Carvings of Buddhist Symbols in Use by the Different Sects,—Swastika, Lotos, etc., but only Sculptures in *Graveyards.*"

I had read many a book upon the *sutpa*; and I made many calls to the priests of each sect; and I went around every graveyard in Matsue during one month. And the result which I presented to Mr. Hearn to his delight came to be used as the material for his "Literature of the Dead" in "*Exotics and Retrospectives.*" The subject for September was the relation of Fuji Mountain and Shintoism; and my essay was utilized somewhere in "Fuji-no-yama" in the same book. And the subject for October was: "Singing-insects That are Kept in Cages. (What kind of music they make,—what they feed on,—what beliefs or traditions or poems refer to them,—what their capture and sale signifies in the small commerce of Tokyo, etc.)" From newspapers, books and my personal experience I gathered all the materials upon those insects; when my writing

was presented to him, his pleasure was great; and he used it as the material for his "Insect-Musicians."

In November my work was to collect old childrens' songs which he used for "Songs of Japanese Children" in "*A Japanese Miscellany.*" "Poems on Cicadas and Frogs" was the subject for December. The materials for them were considerable, especially for frogs; I presented him also the translations of "Keichu Kushiu" and "Zoku Keichu Kushiu" edited by the *hokku* poet Roseki Mizouchi. He was delighted with my work on the subject; his study on Frogs in his "*Exotics and Retrospectives*" relied on it.

The subject for January, 1895, was "Poems on the Sound of Sea and Wind." It is strange even to us that we have very few such poems; he was surprised about that, of course. "About Incenses, and also the Poems on Them" was my February work which was used for his "Incense" in "*In Ghostly Japan.*" I was given in March the subject of the deities and poems attached to a Japanese ink-stone (*suzuri*), which, however, was a failure as I could find nothing at all about the deities, and the poems, too, were extremely poor.

The subject for April was the "Buddhistic Conception of Hell" and chiefly, a description of it; and I tried my best with it, but he did not make any use of my effort which, however, pleased him. He gave me the subject of "Kingio" (gold-fish) in May; and my June subject was the Horai (elysium) and its traditions and the conceptions of the ancient poets. The subject for July and August was "Folklore and Mythology of Japanese Plants." Chiefly he wanted the fruits which bore Buddhist and Shinto appellations, and besides, he wanted to have the flowers' traditions, also, the animals, fishes and insects which bore Buddhist names. And if I had time enough, he said, I should write an "essay on 'Ma,'—the spirits or goblins who are supposed to urge men to accomplish certain actions, etc." Relying on the encyclopedia-dictionaries like "Genkai" and others, I worked hard during my summer vacation; for his "Buddhist Names of Plants and Animals" in "*A Japanese Miscellany*" he made good utilization of my investigation. I received the subject of "Footprints of the Buddha" in September; from many Buddhist books, and with the help of two or three priests I could write a good enough article which did service for him to

write the essay of the same title in "*In Ghostly Japan.*"

October was spent collecting the Japanese ballads which he used for "Old Japanese Songs" in *Shadowings;* about Kanemaki Odori-uta, "Bell-wrapping-song" (page 83 of the same book) he wrote: "Replying to the note accompanying the translation of the ballads, I want to tell you that I found them very interesting. The 'Bell-wrapping-song' is an excellent specimen of a true ballad,—the best I have yet seen, with its curious burden of duplication and onomatopeia . . ." The subject for November was poems on death and graveyards; and songs with refrains were for December. He wrote me: "Your collection of poems this month interested me a great deal in a new way,—the songs separately make only a small appeal to the imagination, but the tone and feeling *of the mass* are most remarkable, and give me a number of new ideas about the *character of the 'folkwork'*. . . ." It was on the 29th of the same month that I called on him at Tomihisa Cho, Ushigome district, and presented him with a gift from my mother, for which he wrote me: "I think that a better present, or one which could give me sincere pleasure,

will never be received. It is a most curious thing, that strange texture,—and a most romantic thing also in its way, — seeing that the black speckling that runs through the whole wool is made by characters of letters or poems or other texts, written long ago. And I must assure you that I'll always prize it—not only because I like it, but particularly because your mother wove it. I am going to have it made into a winter *kimono* for my own use, which I shall always wear, according to season, in my study room. Surely it is just the kind of texture which a man of letters ought to wear. . . . ." "Two most welcome gifts from a young poet of my literary class" (page 157 of "*Shadowings*") meant my mother's present of the piece of wool and the collection of poems.

The January of 1899 was used to collect more songs with refrains, and also the popular love-songs; and February and March were spent in translating the *Shingaku* and *Saibaraku*, as his desire was chiefly for the ancient poems, except those of Manyo; and he used them for "Old Japanese Songs" in his "*Shadowings*." I received the subject of *utai*-drama for April; presented the translations of Yuya and the half of

Dojoji. He wrote me: "I had no idea, however, when I suggested the *utai*, of the enormous labor that would be required for a few of these for Western readers. It will be very hard indeed to do it;—for the mere fact of the translation being done is only the faintest outline of the work. However, later on, I may try one specimen, and when you have leisure, I shall be glad to see the rest of the Dojoji piece. That Yuya would require, for an English reader, two pages of clearly printed notes to every half page of the text. I fear that nobody would care to read a thing in that shape; yet, without a knowledge of every Buddhist allusion, the poetry of the composition should not be felt. . . ." It is true that my translation could not succeed in making itself understood in spite of the great labor I had undergone. It is sad for literature, however, that he died without touching his marvellous hand to it.

I was asked in May to collect the Japanese women's names according to their ethical and aesthetic relations. I had the lists of students of many girls' schools; and besides, an essay on that subject was written by Mr. Tetsuzo Okada in some philosophical magazine; with these helps I was able to write one article to my satisfaction,

and he used the material I offered him for "Japanese Female Names," in his "*Shadowings.*" My writing on Semi (cicada) in June was developed by his magic, and he put it in his "*Shadowings*" also. The month of July was the time of my graduation from the University; and then I stopped working for him as his literary assistant. However, I was asked to work now and then after that, and I was only too glad to do any service for him. I confess that it was no easy task to study a new subject for each month, and to write it up in English which was far from my command; but aside from the material assistance he gave for my work, without which, in fact, I am sure I could not have finished my three years at the University, it was a great education in itself. He wrote me a few days before my graduation:

" . . I have gone somewhat into particulars, only because I want you to feel that you have really paid for your own education like a man, and have no obligation of any sort as far as I am concerned. . . The work must have sometimes been tiresome. But the results to yourself have not been altogether bad."

I had numerous occasions to be deeply impress-

ed by his depth of sympathy under which I always thought he was my spiritual comforter and encourager. Here I have a letter written by him when I was confined to a sick-bed in my boarding house more than one month; in part he said:

" . . A little bodily sickness may come to anybody. Many students die, many go mad, many do foolish things and sometimes ruin themselves for life. You are good at your studies, and mentally in sound health, and steady in your habits—three conditions which ought to mean success, unless you fail in them. That is not unfortunate.

"Finally, you have good eyes and a clear brain. How many thousands have to fail for want of these? You are certainly not unfortunate.

" When I was a boy of sixteen, although my blood-relations were—some of them—very rich, no one would pay anything to help me finish my education. I had to become what you never have had to become,—a servant. I partly lost my sight. I had two years of sickness in bed. I had no one to help me. Yet I was brought up in a rich home, surrounded with every luxury of Western life.

"So, my dear boy, do not lie there in your bed and fret, and try to persuade yourself that you are unfortunate. You are a lucky boy, and a pet, and likely to succeed in life. . . "

My thought of Mr. Hearn carried me back, at once, to his beloved Matsue of Izumo where he stepped first some time in the month of August 1890. It must have been his idea, of course, to begin his study of Japan and the Japanese in her oldest province, and so no hardship of travel daunted him; he looked forward to Matsue, "the chief city of the province of the gods" as he wrote afterward, with delightful anxiety and new hope. I do not know when he left Yokohama; but he told me that he had seen a Bon Odori at Shimoichi, following the highway of Tottori Kaido after leaving Okayama which he reached by a train; and he took, then, a steamboat from Yoneko of the Hoki province, seeing, at his right, the Miho no Seki promontory of the Shimane peninsula, and, at his left, the lovely view of the Sodeshi ga Ura coast; and when he crossed a sort of a sea, he was already in the stream of the Ohashigawa river by which Matsue is built. I remember that it was the 2nd of September when he appeared first in the school;

from that day, I had the rare fortune to be put under his care as one of the students of the fourth-year of the Middle School of Shimane Ken. He impressed us with his earnestness and sympathy; hitherto, we had only a slight acquaintance with a missionary, and we found such a pleasing change in him. He was patient to correct our English accent carefully; and he went minutely over our compositions, and it was our greatest joy that he wrote even a criticism on them. One of his earliest writings in my possession is a sort of criticism he wrote for my composition called "The Book," in which I said that there must be a book-maker to produce a book, and also, God to create the world. I further said that as the civilized Europeans are Christians, the country of non-believers of the Christian faith cannot be called civilized. Here is what he wrote on my composition:

"(1) This argument (called by Christians Paley's Argument) is absurdly false. Because a book is made by a book-maker, or a watch by a watch-maker, it does not follow at all that suns and worlds are made by an intelligent designer. We only know of books and watches as human productions. Even the substance of a book or a

watch we do not know the nature of. What we do know logically is that Matter is eternal, and also the Power which shapes it and changes it. (2) Another false argument. At one time, the Greeks and the Egyptians, both highly civilized people, believed in different gods. Later, the Romans and the Greeks, although highly civilized, accepted a foreign belief. Later still, these civilized peoples were conquered by races of a different faith. The religion of Mahomet was at one time that of the highest civilization. At another time the religion of India was the religion of the highest civilization. It is very doubtful whether the civilization of a people *has* any connection, whatever, with their religion.—In Christian countries, moreover, the most learned men do not believe in Christianity; and the Christian religion is divided into countless sects, which detest each other. No European scientist of note,—no philosopher of high rank,—no really great man is a Christian in belief."

No other teacher, I am sure, could take such pains for a slip of composition of a mere boy as I was then; he was most serious and painstaking for anything he undertook as in his literature. I believe that it was from his idea to draw out

our thoughts and imaginations that he gave us such composition-subjects as "ghost," "peony," "fox," "cuckoo" "tortoise," "firefly" and others. Read page 460 and somewhere of "*Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*," under the title of "From the Diary of a Teacher." The page 461 is about the conversation which I had with him in the class-room.

About that time, we invited him to a certain Buddhist temple of Tera Machi (Temple Street) when we had a musical entertainment. I could then play a Chinese instrument. He sat as we did from two o'clock until evening attentively; and we were surprised to see him not even palsied in his legs as any other foreigner would be after even a half hour's experience. "Ojo and Batto" in the pages of "From the Diary of a Teacher" were the program of that day. He was a perfectly delightful personality to his friends, at least as a Mr. Hearn at Matsue; he tried to absorb, when off duty from his school, everything Japanese and strange; and he with his student boys made many little excursions almost everywhere about the city. And he never failed in attending any meeting or dinner party which his fellow-teachers happened to hold. The

first two or three pages of a "Dancing Girl" of the same book were from a personal experience he enjoyed on one of those occasions. He made a visit to my house on the *Setsubun* night of 1891, and saw Oniyarai (Devil-be-out-Feast) sitting in my study; and he used it for "Two Strange Festivals." He insisted on my accompanying him to his place (he was still staying at one of the Japanese hotels, not being married yet); and he thanked me offering me a glass of whisky.

As he wrote on page 443, I was collecting at that time varieties of marine plants; it is true that I had no small interest in botany; and perhaps that was the reason he advised me to take up science as my study, or perhaps his sharp eye clearly saw then that I was unfitted to follow literature. However, against his advice, I glided into literature. I received his letter dated March 3rd 1894, when I was a student at the Kyoto Higher Middle School:

"I think you ought not to study what would not be of practical use to you in after-life. I am always glad to hear of a student studying engineering, architecture, medicine (if he has the particular moral character which medicine re-

quires),—or any branch of applied science. I do not like to see all the fine boys turning to the study of law, instead of to the study of science or technology. If you were my son, or brother, I would say to you, 'Study science—study for a practical profession'. . . Suppose you were obliged suddenly to depend entirely on your own unassisted power to make money,—would it not then be necessary to do something practical? . . Hundreds of students leave the university without any real profession, and without any practical ability to make themselves useful. All cannot become teachers, or lawyers, or clerks. They become *soshi*, or they become officials, or they do nothing of any consequence. Their whole education has been of no real use to them, because it has not been *practical*. Men can succeed in life only by their ability to *do* something, and three fourths of the university students can *do* nothing. Their education has been only *ornamental*. . . ."

When I informed him afterward that I had put my name in the literature department upon removing to the Second Higher Middle School at Sendai, he wrote me again under date of March 8th 1895:

". . . I am really sorry that you should not have taken a scientific course. Literature is a subject that you can study best outside of schools and colleges. But science is not. A scientific profession might enable you to do great things for your country, and in any case it would make you practically independent. I cannot imagine that literature will ever be more than a pleasure to you. Even in England it is extremely difficult to live by literature, or to obtain distinction by it. . . ."

And I found also the following words in his letter dated June 28th of the same year:

"Don't forget at least to *think* about my advice to take a scientific course, *if you* can. The future is likely to offer so little to literary ability of any kind for another half century, that I fear literature cannot be of much use to you. Japan, for at least fifty years to come, must turn all her talents to practical matters,—even her arts. It will be like America before the present century. The practical man—botanist, chemist, engineer, architect, will always be independent. . . ."

The 26th of October 1891 was Mr. Hearn's last day of teaching at Matsue's Jinjo Chugakko; we had a farewell banquet in his honor in the

school hall. I read a farewell address in behalf of all the students as it was written in his "Sayonara" of "*Grimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.*" And every word of "Sayonara" is true; in reading it the old sad day of parting with him returns to my mind again. He wrote: "And now, as I look at all these pleasant faces about me, I cannot but ask myself the question: 'Could I have lived in the exercise of the same profession for the same length of time in any other country, and have enjoyed a similar unbroken experience of human goodness?' From each and all of these I have received only kindness and courtesy. Not one has ever, even through inadvertence, addressed to me a single ungenerous word. As a teacher of more than five hundred boys and men, I have never even had my patience tried. I wonder if such an experience is possible only in Japan."

And further he wrote:

"Magical indeed the charm of this land, as of a land veritably haunted by gods: so lovely the spectral delicacy of its color,—so lovely the forms of its hills blending with the forms of its clouds,—so lovely, above all, those long trailings and bandings of mists which make its altitudes appear

to hang in air. A land where sky and earth so strangely intermingle that what is reality may not be distinguished from what is illusion,—that all seems a mirage, about to vanish. For me, alas! it is about to vanish forever."

Indeed, when he left Matsue of the Izumo province, the dearest to him in all Japan, only next to St. Pierre of Martinique as he often remarked to me afterward, it seems that his paradise was lost never to be regained.

VI

LAFCADIO HEARN IN HIS LECTURE ROOM

"We did not know then," Mr. Katsumi Kuroita, one of Hearn's students of his Kamamoto period, writes, "that he was a writer already known in America; in truth, we were thinking at first that he was a common foreign teacher of English like any other. But it did not take long to find out that he was different to a great degree from the others in his lectures and method of putting questions for us; and we soon began to know his no small fame as a writer, which incited our delightful curiosity and strange respect. We looked upon him as one with special distinction. He impressed us from the very first with his peculiarity of seeming wrapped in silence, and yet he was not lacking in tender kindness. We were most pleased with him. There was one reason among others to be delighted with him, which was that he lectured in clear and simple language that even our minds found it easy to grasp. Hitherto, we

had been meeting with foreign teachers who awed us, and whom we had to respect from a distance. This new teacher pleased us mightily. I confess that our study in those days was not highly advanced in literature; but his lectures on rhetoric and his method of 'conversation' soon worked a magic. When we reached the highest class, he gave us Latin lessons and lectures on English literature, in which he introduced us to Shakespeare with whom, though we had heard of him of course, we had no proper acquaintance whatever. It was the last day of the second term when he finished his Shakespeare lectures, and as I remember even now, his last words were: 'So, now, my lecture on Shakespeare is done, and the last bell of the second term has rung.' His lectures on English literature filled two hours a week; he began with Chaucer, and finished with George Eliott whom he admired tremendously. And I remember that he talked of Tennyson before George Eliott. He used to write down the outline of his day's lecture on the blackboard; and his language was simple and clear as I said before. We had no difficulty to understand him. The subject for composition was rather free; he simply told us to write about what we saw or

experienced. He often asked us to write a Japanese folk-story. And to each composition he gave the greatest attention, as he wrote his own criticism beside the corrections of grammatical errors and changes of words. Although I cannot admit that he was a happy man in those days, it was certain that he did not show any feeling of hatred toward people. We did not hear any story of his misunderstanding with the fellow-teachers; and as I remember, Mr. Akizuki, the old Chinese scholar, was looked upon by him with special reverence; of him Mr. Hearn wrote somewhere in his '*Out of the East.*' I am sure that he was successful as a teacher in his own quiet and serious sort of way."

And if you want to known his merit as a teacher, and sympathy with the boys at the Matsue school, you have to read the two chapters of "*Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan:*" "From the Diary of an English Teacher," and "Sayonara.

It seems to me that there was some misunderstanding, on Hearn's part, about his resignation from the Imperial University, or his dismissal, as he wrote to his friends; and, although I do not believe altogether in the intrigue of the other

professors of which he spoke in his letters, I am sure that some of them were not sympathetic. However, his hold on the students' minds was wonderful; soon after his death, the Teikoku Bungaku, the literary magazine of the University, issued the "Lafcadio Hearn Memorial Number," the articles being written by his former students; I say that such a demonstration of their lamentation as well as appreciation was unusual in our history of literature. And when his resignation from the University was known, with what sympathy and honesty those students protested against the attitude of the University; how they tried to keep him with them. Their hearts were wounded terribly to think that even the biggest school of Japan could not afford to keep one Hearn. (Indeed, I dare say that most government schools of Japan are shabbily narrow-minded; their formalism is perfectly appalling.) They thought at once that there was no greater teacher of literature than Hearn in Japan.

And I must tell you that he used to give the students fifty *yen* for the best graduation essay, and thirty *yen* for the second best, as a prize for encouragement's sake, from his own private pocket. Such a thing proves his great interest in

his students; it is the very first such thing known in Japanese school history. I am told by Mrs. Hearn that he used to read over the students' essays three or four times, and even cry over the best work which held his admiration.

"I realized my deficiencies," Hearn wrote to Ellwood Hendrick, "but I soon felt where I might become strong, and I taught literature as the expression of emotion and sentiment,—as the representation of life. In considering a poet I tried to explain the quality and power of the emotion that he produced. In short, I based my teaching altogether upon appeals to the imagination and the emotions of my pupils,—and they have been satisfied (though the fact may signify little, because their imagination is so unlike our own)." Such is his own appraisal of his work in the class-room; under that shade, his merit as a lecturer on English literature should be judged.

Here before me are many note-books of Mr. Uchigasaki of Waseda University, which were taken down by him in longhand on the spot of Hearn's delivery. The subjects embrace, beside the general history of English literature, "D G. Rossetti and Christina Rossetti," "Charles Kingsley as Poet," "Metaphysical Poetry of George Mere-

dith," "Carlyle, Ruskin, De Quincey and Froude," "Note on Mrs. Browning," "Poe's Verse," "Note on Cowper," "William Morris," "The Resurrection," "Tolstoi's Theory of Art" and many others. And what interests me more than others are his lectures which help us to understand his personality and convictions, lectures like "Literary Genius," "Literary Societies," "The Question of the Highest Art," "Insuperable Difficulty," "Literary Economics" and others.

"In literature," he remarks in 'Literary Genius,' "the object is beauty: the emotional nature only can develop literary genius. This genius does not mean exceptional power to see or to think, but exceptional power to feel. Mathematical genius thinks and sees; literary genius feels and divines. In the physical system of such a genius, the nervous system has been developed to an extent which an ordinary man is not even capable of understanding. Nothing can be more foolish than to suppose that all men feel pleasure and pain in exactly the same way. As to physical pain, superficial, you must have observed that some persons are able to bear it much better than others. But it would be quite wrong to suppose that is only because one man has a stronger will

and greater patience than other man. That may have something to do with certain cases; but that is not contradicting the general fact that the sensibility to pain depends upon the general condition of the nervous system. And the same thing is true of moral pain, which is really physical pain also, in a nervous sense, though not in a superficial sense. The misfortune that one man laughs at may result in making a much superior man insane. Probably there are no two persons in the whole world who feel the same pleasure or the same pain in exactly the same way.

"Now take the type of the man of genius in whom brain has been developed at the cost of body—in whom the nervous system has a delicacy and a sensitiveness far beyond the average person, —and imagine the result to him of the struggle for existence. He is, as I have already said, a kind of monster, a beautiful monster indeed, but nevertheless a monster. It is much more difficult for him to control his feelings than it is for the average man, because his feelings are much stronger, and because the controlling machinery of will is much less developed in him than it is in other men. There was no room for it. He finds it much more difficult than others to resist tempta-

tions to pleasure, because he is more sensitive to pleasure, and for the same reason he finds it very much harder to bear pain. His pain is greater than that of the ordinary man. It is not a wonder at all that so many men of genius should have been morally weak;—it would be a very great wonder if they were not. What has been called their degeneration is really not degeneration so much as a non-development in one direction combined with excessive development in another."

And further he remarks:

"The great genius, in spite of his faults, is always the great teacher. Superior to all other men in one particular direction, he helps by his work to develop the minds of after-generations in the very same direction. And he generally does this at a very great cost of personal suffering. Perhaps the time will come when men of literary genius will be quite equal to other men in moral ways; but I must say that from the standpoint of the evolutionist, this can scarcely be hoped for. It will cost even more in the future than in the past, to make a literary genius; and if he has to struggle hard in order to make a living, the future genius will not be likely to follow a life of duty

quite as strictly as other men. His strength will be always in one direction."

Is not such language his word of conviction which is, at the same time, a vindication of himself?

"Co-operation is valuable," he remarks upon the use and the abuse of 'Literary Societies,' "only when it can accomplish what is beyond the power of the individual. When it cannot accomplish this it is more likely to make mischief or to act as a check than to do any good. And one reason for this is very simple:—co-operation is unfavorable to personal freedom of thought or action. If you work with a crowd, you must try to obey the opinion of the majority; you must act in harmony with those about. How very unfavorable to literary originality such a condition would prove, we shall presently have reason to see." And he says: "Now, to sum up, I will say that literary societies of a *serious* character such as those formed in universities, and sometimes outside of them, have this value: they will help men to rise up to the *general level*. Now 'the general level' means mediocrity; it cannot mean anything else. But young students of either sex, or young persons of sentiment, must begin by rising to

mediocrity,—they must grow. Therefore I say that such societies give valuable encouragement to young people. But though the societies help you to rise to the general level, they will never help you to rise above it. And therefore I think that man who has reached his full intellectual strength can derive no strength from them. Literature, in the true sense, is not what remains at the general level; it is the exception, the extraordinary, the powerful, the unexpected, that soars far above the general level. And therefore I think that a university graduate, intending to make literature his profession, should no more hamper himself by belonging to literary societies, than a man intending to climb a mountain should begin by tying a very large stone to the ankle of each foot." Nothing is more true, especially in Japan at present, than such a warning.

And he tries to explain the Western thought toward woman in his "Insuperable Difficulty," without which thought no Japanese would find it easy to grasp the Western literature. "The man," he remarks, "who assists a woman in danger is not supposed to have any claim upon her for that reason. He has done his duty only—not for her, the individual, but for womankind at

large. So that we arrive at this general fact, that the first place in all things, except rule, is given to woman in Western countries, and that it is almost religiously given. Is woman a religion? Well, perhaps you will have the chance of judging for yourselves if you go to America." And he proceeds: "Are women individually considered as gods? Well, that depends how we define the word god. The following definition would cover the ground, I think: 'Gods are beings superior to man, capable of assisting or injuring him, and to be placated by sacrifice or prayer.' Now according to the definition, I think that the attitude of man toward woman in Western countries might be very well characterized as a sort of worship. In the upper classes of society, and in the middle classes also, great reverence toward woman is exacted. Men bow down before them, make all kinds of sacrifices to please them, beg for their good will and their assistance. It does not matter that this sacrifice is not in the shape of incense-burning or of temple-offering; nor does it matter that the prayers are different from those pronounced in churches. And no saying is more common, no truth better known,—than that the man who hopes to succeed in life must be able to please the

woman." And he finishes up his remarks: "But it is absolutely necessary that you should understand its (sentiment of woman-worship) relation to language and literature. Therefore I have to tell you that you should try to think of it as a kind of religion—a secular, social, artistic religion—not to be confounded with any national religion. It is a kind of race feeling, or race creed. It has not originated in any sensuous idea, but in some very ancient superstitious idea. Nearly all forms of the highest sentiment and the highest faith and the highest art have had their beginning in equally humble soil."

And he tells in "The Question of the Highest Art" that one's sacrifice for woman is the very point of the highest art; in part he remarks:

"I should say that the highest form of art must necessarily be such art as produces upon the beholder the same moral effect that the possession of love produces in a generous lover. Such art should be a revelation of moral beauty for which it were worth while to sacrifice self—the moral ideas for which it were beautiful to die. Such an art ought to fill men even with a passionate desire to give up life, pleasure, everything for the sake of some grand and noble purpose. Just as

unselfishness is the real test of strong affection, so unselfishness ought to be the real test of the very highest kind of art. Does this art make you feel generous, make you willing to sacrifice yourself, make you eager to attempt some noble undertaking? If it does, then it belongs to the higher class of art,—if not to the very highest. But if a work of art,—whether sculpture or painting or poem or drama—does not make us feel more kindly, more generous, morally better than we were before seeing it,—then I should say that, no matter how clever, it does not belong to the highest forms of art.'

* * *

Let me copy out some portion of the school diary of my friend, Mr. Kaworu Osanai, to show the general agitation of the university students at the time of Hearn's dismissal:

March 2nd Meiji 37—To-day as yesterday we have bad weather.

I went to school in the afternoon; and found many students talking in agitated tones in the corridor, and I soon came to the knowledge that Mr. Hearn was going to be dismissed from the school. However, some one denied it saying that

his term of engagement was over, and he was going to resign of his own accord, and he said that he was going to America with his eldest boy. My heart stirred.

I sat by the window of the class-room, and looked out when the rattling sound of a *jinrikisha* was heard, in which I saw a little man somewhat stooped, wearing a hat which you might see in one of the pictures of the age of Cromwell,—that high hat with a large brim, such as a Korean might wear. There he was—Mr. Hearn.

To-day's lecture was on Rossetti. And he paraphrased "The Woodspurge," and the last part was as follows:

"In a time of intense grief, it may happen that one learns nothing, and remembers nothing. Such is often the case. But if, at such a time, one does happen to observe anything, it never can be forgotten. And one thing which I, that day, learned, I never can forget. I still remember that the flower of the woodspurge is like three little cups, one inside of another."

Then he told us one of his boyhood experiences: it was that he appeared in his school, when there was something sad in his family; but he could not keep his mind on his lesson at all. He gazed

HEARN'S FAVORITE NOOK IN THE UNIVERSITY GARDEN

upon the ceiling of the room, one part of which was broken. "Even to this day, I cannot forget that ceiling with a big hole," he said. We have many professors here, but not one who interests us as Mr. Hearn.

He walked round the garden pond as usual after one hour's lecture; and I saw him sitting on a rock by the water, and he began to smoke. He loved solitude; I wished I could approach him, but I looked upon him with the utmost patience from a distance.

The second hour's lecture was again Rossetti's Staff and Scrip. He was always kind, and interesting, and as usual, he smiled sadly.

March 5th—We are saying that we must not give up Mr. Hearn; we should hold him with our school under any circumstances.

This afternoon's lecture was on the birds in the English poems; and he paraphrased Meredith's Skylark so beautifully as is only possible to him.

He has so many friends in the world. He might say: "What, then?" (Supposing he were dismissed from the school.) I will not feel happy, I am sure, to appear after he leaves.

March 10th—To-day Mr. Hearn's lecture was on Shakespeare ; and he began thus :

" Without any long preparation, sudden, unexpected, the enormous figure of Shakespeare suddenly appears in literature at the beginning of the 17th century. Nothing before him intellectually approached his work. . . . "

The voice of the old professor with one eye, and white hair, was lovely as his words.

The evening of a " little spring " day was seen in the western sky ; the bell rang, and Mr. Hearn returned home.

The students of the third-year class wished us to stay as they had something to discuss. (By the way, I was in the first-year class only.)

It was that they told us of Mr. Hearn's resignation, or more likely, dismissal, from the school as it had become already public. And they said that they were dissatisfied with the action of the university, and we should meet together to discuss that important question at a certain hall at Dai Machi to-night.

I went to the hall with beating heart. Every chair of the hall was already occupied by the students of the literature department, when I

entered. The speaker took his chair with a little cough, and called Mr. Kimura, who wished to speak first.

"There is a girl who has been kept closely in her family, and when she is once brought out, she will go straight to pick one lover from among the thousand people; and so it is with the students who enter a new school. We will choose one beloved teacher from the hundred others. . ."

"No! No!"

". . . It was always so. There was a lady teacher at my grammar school. . . ."

"Cut it, cut it!"

The speaker spoke out:

"Mr. Kimura, you are understood; you mean Mr. Hearn in your university."

"Yes, Oh, yes!"

"Next? Mr. Tasawa."

"The existence of the Imperial University of Tokyo is only known to foreign countries on account of Lafcadio Hearn, the writer. What has the university to be proud of, if he goes? The university is nothing; I am a lover of the school; I think we must let him stay with our school."

"Yes, yes, we must have even the determina-

tion of those forty-seven *Ronin*," many students exclaimed.

"I . . ." somebody cried in a strange voice.

"Next, Mr. Mizuno," the speaker pointed.

"There is one Japanese popular song: 'We don't mind even carrying a pot for love's sake.' I will do anything for Mr. Hearn. . . ."

"You don't mind about your own life?" many students exclaimed loudly.

"No!"

"Well, gentlemen!" there was a solemn voice.

"Now, Mr. Shibata," the speaker said.

"It seems to me that you are all driven by your young men's passion. Pray, compose yourself! You say 'It is for love's sake,' and 'You don't mind about your own life'; indeed, such language sounds quite romantic. Mr. Hearn is one of the best teachers, not to speak of him as a writer. But it would seem far from necessary that we sacrifice our future by attempting to keep him with us."

"Oh, you traitor! Stop!"

"Get out of here, and join the socialists!" We all exclaimed.

"You are too young, you are fired unnecessari-

ly with passion and spirit," Mizuno began to speak again.

"Why, we did not know you were married," some one tried to sneer at him.

"Keep quiet, gentlemen! We are discussing a most serious matter," the speaker said.

"It would be better that we should appear before the director of the department first, and if we cannot help it, we will welcome a new teacher, whoever he may be," Mizuno said.

"Who in Japan is able to teach literature as Mr. Hearn, I should like to know," someone spoke aloud.

"How do you know there is not?"

"Do you know any?" the same voice spoke.

"Keep quiet! Speak, Mr. Yasunaka!" the speaker said.

"I think that a fellow like Mr. Mizuno has no right to take the chair of this meeting. We came here with the determination that we would do anything to keep Mr. Hearn with us."

"What should you do if you were dismissed from the school?" again Mizuno spoke.

"I don't care. . . ."

The speaker closed the discussion; he wished

them to raise the hands for nay, and he counted only one,—two,—three,—four.

"Banzai!" all the students shouted.

"Gentlemen, be seated; we have a more important thing to discuss; that is to say, what method we must take."

After all, it was decided that we should send a representative to call on the director and also one to Mr. Hearn, and at first put the matter gently. And then, we should have another meeting if necessary.

March 15th—I am told that the director was moved by our enthusiasm.

March 16th—Again, I am told that Mr. Hearn said, when the representative saw him, that he would never forget our sympathy; and it is said he even cried.

March 17th—There was some talk that the director and Mr. Hearn met together and talked.

April 10th—The spring vacation is over. I appeared in the school expecting to see Mr. Hearn on the platform again.

Alas! Mr. . . . was newly appointed to be a lecturer on English literature.

What became of the meeting of the director and Mr. Hearn? Is it the only thing that our demonstration brought?

April 20th—I did not feel like appearing in school to-day; I was reading Turgeneff; he wrote:

"Two—three—years passed—six years—Life has been passing, ebbing away . . . while I merely watched how it was ebbing. As in childhood, on some river's edge one makes a little pond and dams it up, and tries in all sorts of ways to keep the water from soaking through from breaking in. But at last the water breaks in, and then you abandon all your vain efforts, and you are glad instead to watch all that you had guarded ebbing away to the last drop . ."

And I thought about Mr. Hearn.

Appendix

I

ON ROMANTIC AND CLASSIC LITERATURE, IN RELATION TO STYLE*

In the course of these lectures you will find me often using such words as "romantic" and "classic"—either in relation to poetry or to prose,—to expression or to sentiment. And it is rather important that you should be able to keep in mind the general idea of the difference of the qualities implied by these adjectives. What is a romantic composition?—what is a classic or classical composition?

Detailed explanations of these terms I have already given in the course of other lectures, and details will not be necessary at present. It will be sufficient, quite sufficient, to remember that classical work, as regards any modern production, means a work constructed according to old

* This lecture and the following "Farewell Address" which might be said to be a companion lecture are copied out from Mr. Uchigasaki's note-book; they are fair specimens of the lectures Mr. Hearn delivered in the Imperial University. His clearness in language and soundness in opinion were well admired by his students; he always remembered that he was addressing students to whom English was an alien language and study.

rules which have been learned from the classic authors of antiquity, the Greek and Latin masters of literature. So that the very shortest possible definition of classical composition would be this :—any prose or poetry written according to ancient rules, that is ancient rhetoric. And, conversely, you might suppose romantic to mean any compositions not according to rhetoric, not according to the old rules. But this would be but partly true. What is done without regard to rules of any kind could scarcely be good literature; and European romantic literature really includes the best of almost everything in drama, in poetry, in fiction, and even in the essay. There have been rules observed, of course; when I tell you that Tennyson was a romanticist quite as much as Shakespeare was, you will see that absence of law does not signify romanticism.

To define exactly what is romantic in literature would require a very exact understanding of what was up to our own time considered classic in English literature;—for romantic work has always been neither more nor less than a justifiable departure from the observance of accepted literary conventions, and to explain these conventions fully, you would find a very tiresome undertaking—involving much lecturing about rhetorical forms and their origins. A better way to clear the thing will be to define the romantic position thus :—

It is right and artistic to choose whatever form of literary expresssion an author may prefer,

—providing only that the form be beautiful and correct.

The classical position represented extreme conservatism in literature, and might be thus put into a few words :—"You have no right whatever to choose your own forms of literary expression, either in poetry or in prose. Experience has proved that the forms which we prescribe are the best; and whatever you have to say must be said according to our rule. If you do not obey those rules, you will be inflicting an injury upon your native language and your native literature; and for such an injury you can not be forgiven."

The great mistake which the champions of classical feeling made in England, and indeed throughout modern Europe, was the mistake considering language as something fixed, perfected, completely evolved. If any modern European language were rearly perfect—or even so nearly perfect as the old Greek language had been—then indeed there might be some reason for the conservative mood. After a language has reached its ripest period, then it is threatened with decay from exterior sources; and at such a time measures may be taken with good reason to check such decay. But all European languages are still in the process of growth, of development, of evolution. To check that growth would have been the inevitable result of a triumph of classicism. You must imagine the classicists as saying to the romanticists: "Do not try to do anything new, because you can not do anything better than

what has already been done." And the romanticists answer: "What you want is to stop all progress: I know that I can do better, and I am going to do it, in my own way." Of course the same literary division is to be found in every country having a literature, whether of Europe or of the East. There will always be the conservative party, anxious to preserve the tradition of the past, and dreading every change that can affect those traditions—because it loves them, recognizes their beauty, and can not believe that anything new could ever be quite so beautiful and useful. And everywhere there must be the romantic element, young, energetic, impatient of restraint, and all confident of being able to do something much better than ever was done before. Strange as it may seem, it is only out of the quarrelling between these conflicting parties that any literary progress can grow.

Before going further, permit me to say something in opposition to a very famous and every popular Latin proverb,—*In medio tutissimis ibus*,—"Thou wilt go most safely by taking the middle course." In speaking of two distinct tendencies in literature, you might expect me to say that the aim of the student should be to avoid extremes, and to try not to be either too conservative or too liberal. But I should certainly never give any such advice. On the contrary, I think that the proverb above quoted is one of the most mischievous, one of the most pernicious, one of the most foolish that ever was invented in this world. I believe very

strongly in extremes,—in violent extremes; and I am quite sure that all progress in this world, whether literary or scientific, or religious, or political, or social, has been obtained only with the assistance of extremes. But remember that I say, "with the assistance"—I do not mean that extremes alone accomplish the aim: there must be antagonism, but there must also be conservatism. What I mean by finding fault with the proverb is simply this,—that it is very bad advice for a young man. To give a young man such advice is very much like telling him not to do his best, but only to do half of his best,—or, in other words, to be half-hearted in his undertaking. An old man with experience certainly learns how to take a middle course, and how to do so through conviction and knowledge, not through prudence or through caution. But this is practically impossible for the average young man to do with sincerity to himself. He can not have acquired in—let us say 25 years,—the experience of 50 years; and without such experience you can not expect him to have no strong prejudices, no great loves and hates, no admirations, no repulsion. The old man can master all this, because he has had the practical opportunity of studying most questions from a hundred different sides and also because he has learned patience in a degree impossible to youth. And it is not the old men who ever prove great reformers: they are too cautious, too wise. Reforms are made by the vigor and courage and

the self-sacrifice and the emotional conviction of young men, who do not know enough to be afraid, and who feel much more deeply than they think. Indeed great reforms are not accomplished by reasoning, but by feeling. And therefore I should say that nothing ought to be more an object with young scholars than the cultivation of their best feelings. For feelings are even more important in his future career than cold reasoning. It is rather a good sign for the young man to be a little imprudent, a little violent in his way of thinking and speaking about those subjects in which he is most profoundly interested; and I should say that a young man who has no strong opinion, is not a really vigorous person either in mind or body. Too much of the middle course is a bad sign. And now let us apply the principle indicated to literature. Literature is a subject upon which a young man of education should be able to feel very strongly. Ought he to be a conservative, a classicist?—Ought he to be a liberal, a romanticist? I should answer that it does not matter at all which he may happen to be; but he certainly ought to put himself upon one side or upon the other, and not try to do anything so half-hearted as to take a middle course. No middle course policy ever accomplished anything for literature, and never will accomplish anything. But conservation has done very much; and liberalism has done still more; and they have done it by their continual contest for supremacy. In the end this contest

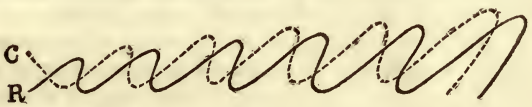
it is which makes the true and valuable middle course; but no middle course—I mean no system ever combining the best qualities of the two schools—could have been born out of a middle course policy, which simply means a state of comparative inaction. As for the question, "Ought I to be a romanticist or a conservative?" —that can be answered best by one's own heart. How do you feel upon the matter? If you have a sincere admiration for the romantic side of literature, and sincere faith in its principle,—then it is your duty to be a romanticist. If on the other hand you can feel more strongly the severe beauty of classic methods and perceive the advantage to national literature of classic rules,—then it is your duty to be a classicist if you can. In the course of time you will find that larger experience will make you much more tolerant in either direction, but, at the outset, it is much better to join one of the two camps. And you can do so with the full conviction that you will serve in literature whichever side you sincerely espouse.

You know that in a steam engine there is a part of the machinery expressing the design to check speed,—to prevent the structure from operating too rapidly. Without this governing apparatus, a steam engine would quickly break into pieces. Now conservatism, classicism has acted exactly in the way suggested. It has prevented changes from being too quickly made: it has prevented the machinery of literature from breaking to pieces. On the other hand, by itself it could

accomplish very little good. As I said before a long period of classic domination would be literary stagnation. This is the history of conservatism in every European literature, whenever it became supremely powerful literature began to decay, or to grow barren. But on the other hand the romantic tendency, unchecked, also leads to literary decadence. At first the romantic principle of liberty is exercised only within comparatively narrow limits. Presently however, the more impatient and unsubmissive party in the liberal camp desires even to break down the rules which they once thought to maintain. Still later a violation of all rules is likely to become a temporary fashion. Eventually the nation, the public, become disgusted with the result, and a strong reaction sets in, with the result of putting the classic party into supreme power again. This tendency is very well exemplified by the present history of literature in France,—where a reaction has been provoked by the excesses of literary liberalism. In England also there are signs that a classic reaction is coming. Prose has decayed; poetry is almost silent;—when we find a decay of prose and comparative silence of poetry, past experience assures us that a classical reaction is likely. But when classicism returns after a long period of romantic triumph, it never returns in exactly the same form.

After reinstatement, the classical spirit invariably proves to have gained a great deal by its last defeat.

It returns as a generous conqueror—more liberal, more enterprising, more sympathetic than before. Again it exercises restraint upon choice of forms and modes of sentiment, but not the same restraint as formerly. So, too, we find romanticism gaining strength by each defeat. When it obtained control again, after an interval of classic rule, it proves itself to have learned not a little from its previous mistakes: it is apt to be less extravagant, less aggressive, less indifferent to race-experience than before. In other words, every alternation of the literary battle seems to result in making the romantic spirit more classic, and the classic spirit more romantic. Each learns from the other by opposing it. You know that all progressive motion is rhythmical: we do not advance to our aims in a straight line under any circumstances; all advance is through a series of undulations, representing action and reaction, alternating with each other. The whole history of progress in modern European literature—whether that literature be English, Italian, French, or German—might be represented by the following diagram:—



The C line represents the classical undulatory movement; the line marked "R" represents the romantic tendency. These two sets of undulations so closely follow each other that the romantic and the classic tendencies regularly

alternate in their periods of domination. But you will see that there is more than a simple motion of advance indicated by the passage of the lines from left to right As they pass toward the right each series of the undulations becomes a little larger. You can take this argumentation to signify essential progress—essential progress always signifying the increase of powers.

What I have thus far said relates especially to European literature; and I am much too ignorant of Japanese literature to speak to you about it with any attempt at details. But I may venture some general remarks, justified by such inferences as may be drawn from the past history of literature in other countries. Whether there has been a true romantic movement in Japanese literature, I do not even know; but I am quite sure that such a movement must be cultivated sooner or later in the future, and that not once only, but many times. I imagine that this movement would especially take the form of a revolt against the obligation of writing in the "written language" only, and perhaps also against fixed forms and rules of poetic composition. I am quite sure that a revolt of some kind must happen—that is, in the event of any great literary progress. And, it is proper here that I should state how my own sympathies lie in regard to European literature;—they are altogether romantic, the classical tendencies I think of as painfully necessary; but I have never been able to feel any sympathy whatever with modern

classic literature in the strict sense of the word. Consequently, as regards any new departure in future Japanese literature, I should naturally hope for a romantic triumph. I should like to hear of the breaking down of many old rules, and the establishment of many new ones I should like to hear of some great scholar not afraid to write a great book in the language of the common people; and I should like to see or hear of attempts in the direction of the true epic and of the great romance in some new form of Japanese poetry. But having said this much, I only mean to express my frank sympathies. As to question whether one should attempt, or should not attempt a new departure in Japanese literature, there is very much more to be said. Before any body attempts to make a great change, it were well that he should be able to correctly estimate his own strength.

Suppose that we take, for example, the subject of writing in the colloquial language—let us say a great novel, a great drama, or a great work of any didactic description. It seems to me that a first question to ask oneself, as to the advisability of using the popular instead of the literary languages should be this :—" Am I able, by using the colloquial, to obtain much greater and better effects than I can obtain by following the usual method ? " If any young author, who has had a university training, can ask himself that question, and honestly answer it in the affirmative, then I should think that it would be his duty to throw

aside the old forms and attempt to do something quite new. But unless a man is certain of being able to accomplish more in this way than he could accomplish in any other way, I should not encourage him to work in a new direction. The only reason for making great changes in any art is the certainty of improvement,—the conviction of new forces to be gained. To attempt something new only with the result of producing inferior work were a very serious mistake, because such a mistake would react against the whole liberal movement, the whole tendency to healthy change. But, if you have at any time a strong conviction that by breaking old roots you can effect new things of great worth, then it would be your duty, without fearing any consequences to break the rules.

In Europe every romantic triumph has been achieved only at a very considerable cost. Literature, like religion, like patriotism, must have its martyrs, men must be ready to sacrifice their personal interests in order to bring about any great changes for the better. Immense forces have always been marshalled on the classic side in modern Europe. For example, the university, —which represents a tremendous power ; secondly the religious element ; for religion has always been necessarily conservative in Europe ; and on the subject of literature, this conservatism has not been without good cause. And thirdly, I may remark that the highest classes—the nobility, the aristocracy, even the upper middle classes, have

generally given all their support to literary conservatism, as well as to other kinds of conservatism. And you can scarcely imagine what power, in a country like England, was formerly represented by Universities, the Church, and society. It really required extraordinary courage to oppose the judgement of these, even in so small a matter as literary style. I do not know whether in this country a literary innovator would have any corresponding opposition ; but I am led to suppose that there is a very considerable strength of conservatism still ruling certain departments of Japanese literature, because I have been told, when urging that certain things might be done with good results, that these things were contrary to custom. That fact in itself would not be, I think, a sufficient reason for attempting nothing new. The super-excellent, the rare, the best of any thing is nearly always in some sort contrary to custom. But it is true that only the men of hopes, the giants should break the custom. And that is why I believe that a conservatism like that of England has been of very great value to literature in the past. The opposition which it offered to change was so great that only the most extraordinary men could bear to break through. When a person is sure of being able to do something superior to classical work by attempting romantic work he is certainly justified in trying ;—because, to do better than has already been done means to add something of great value to the sum of human experience. The doing of that will

always justify the breaking of rules. But the breaker must be a strong man. It is not an excuse to break a rule, that the rule is difficult to follow or tiresome to obey. As I have already said, it seems to me that a young man's conviction ought to make him either a conservative or a liberal in literature,—that he ought to be natually either a classicist or a romanticist. But in declaring this I did not mean that any one would be justified in following his literary tendency to the extent of breaking rules merely for the production of inferior work. One may be a romanticist, for example, by taste, by sympathy, by feeling, without producing anything of which the evident weakness would displease the school which he represents. And now, I want to say something about Western styles, as represented by romantic and classic writers. According to the rules of classic rhetoric, the style of the cultivated ought to be more or less uniform. Rules having been established for construction and proportion and position of every part of a sentence, as well as of every part of verse, one would presume that all who perfectly master and obey those rules would write in exactly the same way, so that you could not tell the style of one man from the style of another. If all men's minds were exactly alike, and all had studied classic rules, this would really have been the case throughout Europe at different periods of literary history. In the English classic age—I might say during a greater part of the 18th

century, such uniformity did actually obtain, that we find it hard to distinguish the work of one from another, if we do not know the name of the author or the name of the book. Thousands and thousands of pages of prose were then produced by different men,—each page as much resembling every other as one egg or one pea might resemble all other eggs or other peas. It was so in prose; it was also in poetry. Among the scores of poets who used in that time the heroic couplet—that is the rhymed ten-syllable lines that Pope made fashionable—it requires a very clever critic to distinguish the work of one man from the work of another merely by studying the text itself. I think that in France the results of classical uniformity became even more marked. Without a good deal of preliminary study you would find the work of the French classic poets very much alike in the matter of Alexandrines,—a verse quite as tiresome and as artificial as the heroic couplets of Pope. But the French prose of the classic age is much more uniform than English prose ever could be, for the English language is less perfect, and therefore less subject to the discipline of fixed rules. But you might take half a dozen pages of French prose written by each of 50 different French authors, and you would find it very hard to distinguish one style from another. I do not mean to say that the style does not exist in the personal sense. It does exist; but the differences are so fine, so delicate, that to the common reader

there is no difference at all. And by the rules of classic prose, individualism ought not show itself to any great degree in an author.

However, even under the severest descipline of classic rules what we call style can always be detected by a trained critic. This is simply because there is something in the mind of each man so very different from that which is in the mind of every other man, that no two men could ever obey the same rule in exactly the same way. The judgement of each, the feeling of each, would move in a slightly different direction from the judgement of the other. In the classic sense, strictly speaking, style had the only meaning of obedience to the general rules, correctness, exactitude. But in the romantic sense, this had nothing at all to do with style. To the romantic comprehension of style as we understand the term to-day, it was the particular difference by which the writings of one man could be distinguished from the writings of another, that really signified the style. And, in our own day, literary style means personal character—means the individual quality of feeling which distinguishes every author's work. The romantic tendency is to accentuate and expand such differences, such individual charactaristics ;—the tendency of classic discipline is to suppress them,—at least to suppress them as much as possible. From this fact I think you will perceive one signification of romanticism,—one character of it which should command our utmost respect. Romanticism aims to develop

personality; consciously or unconsciously the object of every school of romanticism has been to develop the individuals, rather than to develop any general power of literary expression. Conservatism represses the individual as much as possible; and all classic schools in Europe have endeavored to cultivate or maintain a general type of literary excellence at the expense of the individual. And thus the necessary interdependence of the two different literary systems must become manifest to you.

So the question resolves itself into the question of personality in literature. What is personality? It is that particular quality of character which makes each man or woman in this world different from all other men or women in the world. Individuality only means separateness;—personality means very much more,—all the distinction in human nature of an emotional or an intellectual kind belong to personality. In the lowest ranks of life you find that the people are very much alike in their habits, thoughts, and emotion. Really there are personal differences; but they are not very strong. We say of these classes that personality has not much developed among them. Higher up the differences become much more definite and visible. And in the intellectual class personality developes to such a degree that uniformity of opinion is out of the question: here each man thinks and feels differently from most of the rest. They can go still higher. In such classes of select minds as are represented by

professional philosophy, professional sciences, not to speak of art and music, the differences of personality are so great that you will not find any two professors of these subjects thinking in exactly the same way; and unity of opinion upon any subject, becomes extremely difficult among them. We therefore must come to the conclusion that personality especially belongs to the highest range of intellectual culture and of emotional sensibility. I need not insist upon its importance to literature. The classical school has always championed impersonality; the romantic school has always been the highest expression of personality.

And this is the reason why I think that it is quite legitimate to express my own preference and sympathy for the romantic tradition. It was this tradition which really produced every great change for the better in every literature. It was this school of personality; and personality in its highest forms signifies genius. Out of all the glorious names on the roll of European literature you will find that a vast majority are names of romanticists. I do not deny that there are not some great English names and French names and German names representing classicism. But the romantic names only take very highest rank in the history of these literatures. I might cite 50 names by way of illustration; but I imagine that this would be unnecessary. Let me only remind you of what the 19th century represents in English literature. There is not a single poet of impor-t

ance belonging to the classic school in the real sense of the word. The first groups of great poets are all of them romanticists,—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; Byron (classical by form at times, yet altogether romantic in feeling and expression), Shelley, and Keats;—Tennyson, Swinburne, Rossetti, Browning;—even Mathew Arnold, in spite of classical training, yielded to romantic tendencies. Or go back to the 18th century,—the very age of classicism. There you have indeed two great classic figures in poetry, Dryden and Pope; but I should doubt very much whether these could justly be estimated at the level of Gray, Cowper, Burns, or even in some respects with Blake. And a greater poetical influence than any of the classic schools really wielded was exerted in the close of the century by the work of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Even among the writers of the early part of the 19th century the only poet of classical sympathies, Byron, is the only poet whose work seems likely to disappear from memory; and whatever of it may survive is certainly that part which shows least sympathy with classic tradition of any sort.

On the other hand, though the romantic spirit has produced almost all the great works of English literature, from Shakespeare onward,—and although there appears every possible reason for giving all our sympathies to it, since it represents supreme genius in its highest expression,—it certainly has its dangers. The great genius

can afford to dispense with any discipline which impedes its activity: it can be excused for the breaking of rules, because it has something better to give in return for what it breaks. But every man is not a genius, half a dozen men out of a million perhaps represents the likely proportion. So that a great multitude of writers, without genius, even without marked ability of any kind, may do much mischief by following the example of a genius in breaking rules, without being able to atone for this temerity by producing any thing of a respectable order. The fact is that thousands of young men in Europe want to be romanticists, merely because romanticism represents for them the direction of the least resistance. Even to do any thing according to classic rules requires considerable litarary training and literary patience. And these men forget that the great romanticists have mostly been men who, although breakers of rules, could make new rules of their own. I mean that in Europe, at present, both in France and in England the romantic tendency is to throw all rules aside without reason, and without good result. The persons who wish to do this, mistake selfish license for romance and they can only succeed in bringing about a general degradation of literature. When that comes it will evidently be almost the duty of every lover of good literature to help a classic reaction, because a classic reaction is the only possible remedy for literary decadence through license. On the other hand, a romantic reaction is the only possible remedy

when too much classic discipline has brought about a petrifaction or stagnation of literary utterance of emotion—as happened in the middle of the 18th century. So you will see that the same man might well consistently be at one period of his life in favor of classicism, and at another in favor of romanticism. You will understand clearly hereafter what I mean by these terms in a general way. And as for what they may signify in the literature of your own country, you are much more competent to judge than I.

II

FAREWELL ADDRESS

Now that the term comes to a close, I think that it would be well to talk about the possible value of the studies which we have made together, in relation to Japanese literature. For, as I have often said, the only value of foreign literary studies to you (using the word literary in the artistic sense) must be that of their effect upon you own capacity to make literature in your own tougue. Just as a Frenchman does not write English books or German, French books —except in the way of scientific treatise—so the Japanese scholar who makes literature will not waste time by attempting to make it in another language than his own. And as his own is so very differently constructed in all respects from any European language, he can scarcely hope to obtain much in the way of new form from the study of French or English or German. So I think that we may say the chief benefit of these studies to you must be in thought, imagination, and feeling. From Western thought and imagination and feeling, very much indeed can be obtained which will prove a source of enriching and strengthening the Japanese literature of the future. It is by such studies that all Western languages obtain—and obtain continually—new life and strength;

English literature owes something to almost every other literature, not only in Europe, but in any civilized country. The same can be said of French and German literature—perhaps also, though in less degree, of modern Italian. But notice that the original plant is not altered by this new sap: it is only made stronger and able to bear finer flowers. As English literature remains essentially English in spite of the richness gained from all other literatures, so should future Japanese,—literature ever remain purely Japanese no matter how much benefit it may obtain from the ideas and the arts of the West. If you were to ask me whether I know of any great change so far effected, I fear that I should be obliged to say no. Up to the present I think that there has been a great deal of translation and imitation and adaptation into Japanese from Western literature; but I do not think that there has been what we call true assimilation. Literature must be creative; and borrowing, or adapting material in the raw state—none of this is creative. Yet it is natural that things should be so. This is the period of assimilation. Later on the fine result will show—when all this foreign material has been transmuted, within the crucible of literature into purely Japanese materials. But this can not be done quickly.

Now I want to say something about the manner in which I imagine that these changes, and a new literature must come about. I believe

that there will have to be a romantic movement in Japan, of a much more deep-reaching kind than may now appear credible. I think that —to say the strongest thing first—the language of scholarship will have to be thrown away for the purposes of creative art. I think that a time must come when the scholar will not be ashamed to write in the language of the common people, to make it the vehicle of his best and strongest thought to enter into competition with artists who would now be classed as uneducated, perhaps even vulgar men. Perhaps it will seem a strange thing to say—yet I think that there is no doubt about it. Very probably almost any university scholar, consciously or unconsciously, despises the colloquial art of the professional story-teller, and the writer of popular plays in popular speech. Nevertheless, if we can judge at all by the history of literary evolution in other countries, it is the despised drama and despised popular story and the vulgar song of people which will prove the sources of future Japanese literature—and a finer literature than any which has hitherto been produced.

I have not the lightest doubt that Shakeapeare was considered very vulgar in the time when he wrote his plays—at least by common opinion. There were a few men intelligent enough to feel that his work was more alive than any other drama of the time. But these were exceptional men. And you know that in the 18th century the classical spirit was just as strong in England

as it is now, or has been, in Japan. The reproach of the "vulgar"—I mean the reproach of vulgarity would have been brought in Pope's time against any body who should have tried to write in the forms which we now know to be much superior. I have told you also how the great literatures of France and Germany were obliged to pass though a revolution against classical forms—which revolution brought into existence the most glorious work, both in poetry and prose, that either country ever produced.

But remember how this revolution began to work in all these countries of the West. It began with a careful and loving study of the despised oral literature of the common people. It meant the descent of a great scholar from his throne of learning to mix with peasants and ignorant people, to speak their dialect, to sympathize with their simple, but deep and true emotions. I do not mean that the scholar went to live in a farmhouse, or to share the poverty and misery of the wretched in great cities: I mean only he descended to them in spirit and in heart—sympathized with them—learned to conquer his prejudices—learned to love them for simple goodness and simple truth in their uneducated natures. I think I told you before, that even at one period of old Greek literature, the Greeks had to do something of very nearly the same kind. So I say that, in my humble opinion, a future literature in this country must be more or less founded upon a sympathy with

and a love for the common ignorant people—the great mass of the national humanity. Now let me try to explain how and why these things have come to pass in almost every civilized country. The natural tendency of society is to produce classic distinction; and everywhere the necessary tendency in the highest classes must be to conservatism—elegant conservatism. Conservatism and exclusiveness have their values; and I do not mean to suggest the least disrespect toward them. But the conservatism invariably tends to fixity, to mannerism, to a hard crystallization. The rule at length in refined society obliges every body to do and say according to rule—to express or to repress thought and feeling in the same way. Of course men's hearts can not be entirely changed by rule; but such a tyranny of custom can be made that everybody is afraid to express a thought or to utter feeling in a really natural way. When life becomes intensely artificial, severely conventional, literature begins to die. Then, Western experience shows that there is nothing can bring back the failing life except a frank return to the unconventional —a frank return to the life and thought of the common people, who represent after all the soil from which everything human springs. When a language becomes hopelessly petrified by rules, it can be softened and strengthened and vivified by taking it back to its real source—we speak of the people—and soaking it there as in a bath. Everywhere this necessity has shown itself;

everywhere it has been resisted with all the strength of pride and prejudices ; but everywhere it has been the same. French or German or English alike—after having exhausted all the resources of scholarship to perfect literature—have found literature beginning to dry and wither in their hands ; and have been obliged to remove it from the atomosphere of the schools and to resurrect it by means of the literature of the ignorant. As this has happened everywhere else, I can not help believing that it must happen here.

Yet do not think that I mean to speak at all slightingly about the value of exact learning. Quite the contrary. I hold that it is the man of exact learning who best can—providing that he has a sympathetic nature—master to good result the common speech and the unlettered poetry. A Cambridge education, for example, did not prevent Tennyson from writing astonishing ballads or popular poems in ballad measure in the different dialects of the Northern English peasant. Indeed in English literature the great romantic reformers were all, or nearly all well-schooled men, but they were men who had artistic spirit enough to conquer the prejudices with which they were born and without heeding the mockery of their own class, bravely work to extract from simple peasant love those fresh beauties which give such durable qualities to Victorian poetry. Indeed, some went further—Walter Scott, for example, who rode about the country, going into the

houses of the poorest people, eating with them and drinking with them, and everywhere coaxing them to sing him a song or to tell him a little story of the past. I suppose there were many people who would then have laughed at Scott. But those little peasant songs thus picked out became the new English poetry. The whole lyrical tone of the 19th century was changed by them. Therefore I should certainly venture to hope that there yet may be a Japanese Walter Scott, whose learning will not prevent him from sympathizing with the unlearned. Now I have said quite enough on that subject, and I have ventured it only through a sense of duty. The rest of what I have to say refers only to litreary working.

I suppose that most of you, on leaving the university, will step into some profession likely to absorb a great deal of your time. Under these circumstances, many a young man who loves literature resigns himself foolishly to give up his pleasures in that direction; such young scholars imagine that they have no time now for poetry or romance or drama,—nor even for much private study. I think that this is a very great mistake, and that it is the busy man who can best give us new literature, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of poetry; great poetry requires idleness, and much time for solitary thinking. But in other departments of literature I can assure you that the world's men of letters throughout the West have been, and still are, to a great extent,

very busy men. Some are in the Government service, some in the post office, some in the army and navy (and you know how busy military and naval officers have to be); some are bankers, judges, consuls, governors of provinces, even merchants —though these are few. The fact is that it is almost impossible for anybody to live merely by producing fine literature, and that the literary man must have, in most cases, an occupation. Every year the necessity for this becomes greater. But the principle of literary work is really not to do much at one time, but to do a very little at regular intervals. I doubt whether any of you can never be so busy that you will not be able to spare 20 minutes or half an hour in the course of one day to literarure. Even if you should give only 10 minutes a day, that will mean a great deal at the end of the year. Put it in another way, can you not write five lines of literary work daily? If you can, the question of being busy is settled at once. Multiply three hundred and sixty-five by five. That means a very respectable amount of work in twelve months. How much better if you could determine to write 20 or 30 lines everyday. I hope that if any of you really love literature, you will remember these few words and never think yourselves too busy to study a little—even though it be only for ten or fifteen minutes everyday. And now good-bye.