

**A TRAGEDY IN STONE
AND OTHER PAPERS**

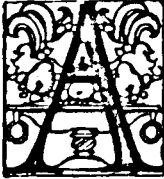
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

TALES OF OLD JAPAN

THE BAMBOO GARDEN

THE ATTACHÉ AT PEKING

THE GARTER MISSION TO JAPAN



TRAGEDY IN
STONE AND
OTHER PAPERS
BY LORD REDESDALE

LONDON : JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY : MCMXIII

SECOND EDITION

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THE BALLANTYNE PRESS TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN LONDON

INTRODUCTION

CUSTOM and the publisher demand an introduction to this little book : modesty and the author would prefer to let it go forth and take its chance unheralded. And yet he who has wares to offer must not lack the boldness to cry their quality, and I have been encouraged by high authority to hope that these papers may yet have an interest for a generation that was not born when some of them first appeared. Moreover, even the authorities which I have consulted are not all of them easily accessible. Stow's "Survey," Bailey's "History of the Tower of London," and Doyne Bell's masterly monograph on the Chapel of St. Peter are books already scarcely to be found except in some few public libraries and on the shelves of professed antiquaries. On the other hand the discovery of the remains of Queen Anne Boleyn, and of the other victims of the block, is an episode of which the interest can never die. Pregnant with pathos, the story is one which should be recorded. I have added it to a portion of a general, perhaps rather dryas dust, article on the Tower, which I wrote in 1882 at the request of the late Sir James Knowles.

The character of Leonardo da Vinci was like a precious stone with many facets. That most of these should remain dark to the multitude is no matter of surprise. Had he lived to gather together, as he was minded to, all his discoveries, all his philosophy, and all his prophecies into one encyclopædic volume, the world would have been

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compelled to hail him as the most universal genius of any age, and science would have been advanced by some decades—I had almost written centuries! As it is, of all the workings of his mighty brain there remain only scattered parcels, mere interruptions jotted down as they occurred among the schemes and sketches of his artistic work. There they lie in cryptic form, only revealed by the microscopic labour of a few keen scholars such as Ravaisson, Mollien, Govio, Uzielli, Richter, and others. To place before the reader some account of thoughts which excited awe and admiration in a Goethe is surely a pious endeavour. Here again is a case where we have to delve in books which are not ready to every man's hand.

The learned works of the two great Viennese professors as to the history of paper deal with matter so interesting both as regards the past and the present that I feel justified in serving up their results for English consumption.

The papers on Japanese subjects, memories of a great time now vanished like a dream, are, perhaps, worth repetition. Some, indeed, have not before been published. The nineteenth century has been called "the Century of Inventions"; it seems to me as if the twentieth were bidding fair to be known as "the Century of Surprises." It is hardly twelve years old and it has seen Japan annihilate a Russian fleet, wrest a whole province from the Russian army, and capture a fortress which, manned by European troops, was held to be impregnable. Within the last twelve months it has seen the oldest and most august senate in the world shorn

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of its powers—the oldest Empire in the world converted into a Republic. It has seen trial by jury instituted in China (what, by the by, must the old mandarins of the *Hsing-Pu Ya-Mén*, the Board of Punishments at Peking, think of that?). It has seen Corea wiped out, and an army of Chinese women at Nanking demanding the suffrage and breaking windows with all the enthusiasm of Regent Street. These are surprises. But none of them is greater than the deeds of chivalry and self-sacrifice by which Japan has earned her laurels.

As the *Spectator* of to-day (March 23, 1912) puts it: "History has no parallel to the rise of Japan in scarcely more than fifty years from a hermit kingdom, whose secrets were known only to a few Dutch sailors, to the position of conqueror of one of the greatest military powers in the world." Already the Japanese themselves talk of the days previous to 1878 as *mukashi*, "the olden time," and they speak dubiously of what took place then, much as we might talk of the events of the period of the Heptarchy. It was strange indeed, when I returned to Japan six years ago with Prince Arthur's Garter Mission, to be more than once cross-examined as to what did or did not take place *mukashi*. When the Mayor of Tōkyō got up a representation of one of the old Daimyō processions for the Prince's benefit, one of the Princesses turned round to me, a foreigner, and said: "You must often have seen such sights *mukashi*; is all this correct?"* Many books are being written about Japan old and new:

* See my "Garter Mission to Japan" (Macmillan, 1906).

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every tourist writes his impressions or those of his native guide, mostly illiterate and uninformed ; and so I have felt the less hesitation in endeavouring to crystallise some particles of truth as a set-off against all this *Dolmetscheres*—interpreter's fribble. Even a trip among the fairy-haunted mountains of Hakoné, in days when there were no railroads, no telegraphs, no hotels, and when we travelled with an armed escort—for there were not a few *ronin* about, desperadoes whose blades were athirst to drink the blood of the hated foreigner—may be of some amusement to the myriad journeyers who now have at their command all the comforts and something more than the security of the West. But for these I must say that they pay a price in the sacrifice of much that was original, much that was picturesque, and old-world, and unforeseen.

I feel that I need hardly make excuses for telling once more the story of Will Adams ; surely one of the most romantic and curious episodes in the relations between East and West—a Kentish seadog of Queen Elizabeth's time transformed into a petty Japanese Daimyō !

I have been much criticised of late years—very kindly I must gratefully admit—in regard to my views on landscape gardening, which has been with me a passion. I have been told that I have made a Japanese garden—indeed, more than one—whereas I have no such claim, no such ambition. A Japanese garden can only be planned by a native artist, who must be a master of his craft, and in obedience to rules which are sacrosanct, canons quite beyond the comprehension of the Western
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mind. I have simply followed certain ideas which have forced themselves upon me in the course of travels through many countries, and have endeavoured to apply them as fittingly as I could to the surroundings of an English country home. Hence the reproduction of my chapter on that subject.

My thanks are due to Mr. Guy Laking, the distinguished and learned Keeper of the King's Armour, for his most interesting note on the Tower armoury; and to the editors of the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Cornhill Magazine* for permission to reprint portions of articles from those periodicals.

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A TRAGEDY IN STONE

A TRAGEDY IN STONE*

I CANNOT remember the time when the Tower of London, that "proudest monument of antiquity," did not hold over me the most enthralling fascination. As quite small children, my brothers and I used to gloat over George Cruikshank's somewhat gruesome illustrations to Harrison Ainsworth's romance—then a new work—until the three giants with Xit the dwarf, wedded to that unholy bride "the scavenger's daughter," Mauger the headsman, Wolfytt the sworn torturer, the Hot Gospeller and others, were to us very real personages. For many years my dreams were haunted by the murder of Nightgall the gaoler, the glare of Simon Renard's eyes, and the discovery of Alexia's corpse; and I loved to listen with bated breath to an old officer of the Coldstream Guards who used to tell us how the nightly wanderings of Anne Boleyn's shade round the site of the scaffold on Tower Green were an article of faith with the sentries of his regiment. The very names of the old buildings were instinct with tragedy and mystery. Traitor's Gate, the Bloody Tower, the Devilin Tower, Little Ease, the Pit—all telling tales of plots and murders, the horrors of the Torture Chamber and the scaffold. If those walls could speak!

Small wonder that such a Tragedy in Stone should appeal to the imagination of a child, and that the reverent awe which it excited should grow with the years. In schoolboy days, when I was old enough to wander alone, I was never so happy as

* Part of this paper was published in the *Nineteenth Century* of 1882.

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when I could go and travel back for centuries among the open spaces round Gundulf's great White Tower, filling them—my fancy much helped by the old-world dresses of the beefeaters—with kings and queens and courtiers and men-at-arms, all the motley pageant of a boy's restless brain. Then came the time of the Crimean War, when Regiment succeeding Regiment went forth from the gates, marching to the tune of "The Girl I left behind Me," and I almost lived in the old Fortress, bidding good-bye to relations and schoolfellows, many of whom I was never to see again—bright lads, resplendent in the glittering bravery of new uniforms, whose luck in going to the wars we who must needs stay at home all envied.

Long years rolled by—years during which in the Far East I saw in living reality something akin to the mediæval visions of my youth—and then, coming home, I was once more linked with the Tower, this time officially; for the buildings are under the charge of the Office of Works, of which in 1874 I was appointed Secretary. I found that there was much that absolutely needed to be put in hand for the preservation of the various structures. The Prince Consort, with Mr. Salvin, a great authority on ancient castles, as architectural adviser, had done good work about the Tower; but the Prince's early death in 1861 put a stop to this undertaking, and for thirteen years decay, which for centuries had been eating into the old walls, held sway unchecked. The delay was becoming fatal.

In 1876 I represented to the Government the

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urgent necessity of taking matters in hand. My chief, Mr. Gerard Noel, who had recently been appointed First Commissioner of Works, and Mr. W. H. Smith, who as Secretary to the Treasury was all-powerful in finance, were most encouraging, and recognised with enthusiasm the necessity of preserving for posterity so precious a relic of the past. Mr. Salvin, wise and learned, gave us his advice, and the necessary plans were prepared with great skill, judgment, and reverence for the historic past by Mr. (now Sir John) Taylor.

Before telling what we did and what we found, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the Tower's story.

The history of the Tower of London may almost be said to be the history of England : for eight hundred years as fortress, palace, and prison it has been continuously inhabited. Modern discoveries have shown that Roman buildings of considerable importance stood upon the same site ; tradition and the poets went so far as to attribute the existing Tower to Julius Cæsar.* We know that it was

* This is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower.
SHAKESPEARE, "Richard II," Act v, Sc. 1.

Again in "Richard III," Act iii, Sc. 1 :

P. OF WALES. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord ?
BUCKINGHAM. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.
P. OF WALES. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it ?
BUCKINGHAM. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

In more modern times Gray sings :
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed.

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built by William the Conqueror, but it adds to the interest with which the old Tower teems when we reflect that it was a Roman stronghold a thousand years or more before the Norman king caused one stone of the great White Tower to be laid upon another.

It was not until twelve years after the Conquest that William turned his attention to fortifying the river approach to London. He summoned as his architect Gundulf, the weeping monk of Bec in Normandy, a Benedictine of considerable acquirements, whom travel had made familiar not only with the best specimens of architecture in his own country, but even with the more ornate school of the East. He is said to have been a pupil of Lanfranc and the friend of Anselm, and it is evident that he had acquired no little fame as an artist before he was called away from his cloister to become the chief builder to King William. "But," says Hepworth Dixon, "he was chiefly known in the convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept; nay, he could weep with those who sported; for his tears welled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source." This melancholy man was made Bishop of Rochester, the cathedral and castle of which city were designed and built by him—the castle much after the pattern of the White Tower—and it is in "a fair Register Book of the Acts of the Bishop of Rochester, set down by Edmund of Hadenham," that story finds it recorded that "William I., surnamed the Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the

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great white and square Tower there, about the year 1078, appointing Gundulf, the Bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was from that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London."

So Gundulf wept and built, and Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, found the money, little wotting that he was taxing and robbing the people to erect a prison for himself. Probably the earliest description of the Tower of London is that quoted by Stow of Fitzstephen, who lived in the twelfth century: "The City of London hath in the east a very great and most strong palatine tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts." The citizens of London thrilled with horror at this uncanny sight. The Tower was an attack upon their liberties, a standing menace of the tyrant's wrath; and this fearsome blood-coloured cement!—perhaps Gundulf ground up the old red tiles and bricks of the Romans to mix his mortar; and so the people, only too ready to surround with new glamour the sinister threat that was arising in their midst, accounted for the colour in this way. As a later chronicler put it, nothing could be more meet, proper and fitting than that the fortress that was fated to be the scene of so many tragedies and horrors "should be cemented with blood and watered by the tears of its architect."

Tears do not appear to have hurt Gundulf's health, for he went on weeping to the ripe age of eighty, having lived to see the carrying into execution of all the works which he designed about the

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Tower, including the original church dedicated to St. Peter, which stood on the site of the present chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula.

William Rufus actively pushed on the work which had been begun under the auspices of his father : "He challenged the investiture of prelates ; he pillaged and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the Great Hall at Westminster." There is considerable doubt as to what were the actual additions made to the Tower of London during the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. Stow says : "They also caused a castle to be builded under the said tower, to wit, on the south side towards the Thames, and also incastellated the same round about." This castle on the south side towards the Thames has by some been thought to be St. Thomas's Tower ; but that cannot be, for St. Thomas's Tower was not built until the reign of Henry III., when the land was reclaimed from the river. More probably this castle was the Hall, or, as it is now called, the Wakefield Tower, in which the Crown Jewels are kept, and which in its lower masonry shows traces of great antiquity.

Upon the death of Rufus the citizens of London seized Ralph Flambard, whom they hated for his extortions, and Henry, who had reasons enough for conciliating the commons in the face of the impending struggle for the kingdom with his brother Robert, sent the ex-treasurer to be imprisoned in the Tower, the first of a long roll of political captives. But he led an easy life there, well lodged and well fed, with liberty to buy what

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luxuries he might wish for over and above what could be procured for the two shillings a day assigned for his maintenance out of the royal exchequer. One fine day, using a trick as old as the time of Ulysses, he sent for a number of kegs of wine, and gave a great feast to his gaolers, who got helplessly drunk. In one of the kegs was concealed a rope, by which the burly Bishop let himself down out of the window, and although the rope was too short, and he had an awkward drop to brave, Flambard, fat as he was, took no hurt, and made good his escape to France. This happened in the month of February 1101. Poor Griffin, Prince of Wales, who tried the same adventure in Henry III.'s reign, did not fare so well. He too was a portly man, and he broke his neck.

The first four constables of the Tower were Othowerus, Acolinillus, Otto, and Geoffrey Magnaville, Earl of Essex—men of rapacious character and strong grasp, for they took East Smithfield, which belonged to the priory of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate, and held it as a vineyard. No wonder the people looked with terror and dislike upon the frowning walls which harboured knights so bold that even the Church in the heyday of her power was not safe from their depredations! In the second year of King Stephen the monks came to their own again, but, as will be seen presently, the Tower of London was but an uncomfortable neighbour to the Church of the Holy Trinity for many a long year.

For a century and a half little or nothing appears

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to have been done to the Tower, until in the year 1155 "Thomas Becket, being Chancellor to Henry the Second, caused the Flemings to be banished out of England, their castles lately builded to be pulled down, and the Tower of London to be repaired."

Forty years later, about the year 1190, when John was in rebellion against his brother Richard I., William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of England, "enclosed the Tower and Castle of London with an outward wall of stone, embattelled; and also caused a deep ditch to be cast about the same, thinking to have invironed it with the river of Thames." This ditch was a new blow to the prior and monks of the Holy Trinity, for by the digging of it the church lost half a mark rent by the year, and the poor brethren of St. Katherine lost their mill, which stood "where now is the iron gate of the Tower."

Moreover, the garden, which the King had hired of the brethren for six marks a year, "for the most part was wasted and marred by the ditch. Recompense was often promised, but never performed till King Edward, coming after, gave to the brethren five marks and a half for that part which the ditch had devoured; and the other part thereof without he yielded them again, which they hold; and of the said rent of five marks and a half they have a deed, by virtue whereof they are well paid to this day."

If the church suffered loss by the encroachments of the new fortifications, so also did the city, for

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an equal quantity of land was taken from Tower Hill, besides breaking down the city wall from the White Tower to the first gate of the city, called the Postern Gate. Yet, says Stow, from whom we have been quoting, "I have not read of any quarrel made by the citizens, or recompense demanded by them for that matter: because all was done for good of the cities defence thereby, and to their good likings."

Not so patient were the citizens when Henry III. began his great works at the Tower: "In the year 1239," writes Matthew Paris, "King Henry the Third fortified the Tower to another end: wherefore the citizens, fearing lest that were done to their detriment, complained; and the King answered that he had not done it to their hurt; but (saith he) I will from henceforth do as my brother doth in building and fortifying castles who beareth the name to be wiser than I am!"

And he kept his promise, for if he was a weak king, he was a mighty builder. Corffe, Conway, Beaumaris, "and many other fine poems in stone," are his work.

But the chief claim of King Henry III. should rest upon his having been the first deviser of an embankment of the Thames. For to him, and to his master mason, Adam de Lamburn, belongs the honour of having constructed the great wharf reclaimed from the Thames on the south side of the Tower. This was no mean piece of engineering, when the force of the tide at this point is considered, nor was the embankment made good without the exercise of much patience and

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perseverance. On the night of the festival of St. George, 1240, the tide rolled in heavily, undermining the earthworks, and the water gate and the river wall fell in.

The King set to work again, and for a whole year nothing occurred to hinder him, until, on the very anniversary of the former disaster, the surging tide once more swept away gate and wall. That very night a certain priest, a holy and a prudent man, dreamt a dream, in which it was revealed to him that an archbishop, clad in his pontifical robes and carrying a cross in his hand, came to the walls which the King had at that time built near the Tower of London, and surveying them with an angry countenance, struck them sharply and violently with the cross which he carried in his right hand, saying, "Why do ye rebuild these?" And immediately the newly built walls fell in ruins as though they had been caused to fall by an earthquake.

Terrified at the vision, the priest asked of a certain clerk who appeared to be following the archbishop, "Who is this archbishop?" Said he, "The blessed Thomas the Martyr, a Londoner by birth, who, considering that these walls have been made to the shame and prejudice of the Londoners, has thrown them in ruins, so that they may never be restored."

Then said the priest, "Oh, what expense and what labour of craftsmen has he destroyed!" To him answered the clerk, "If poor craftsmen, gaping for pay and being in sore need, have earned victuals for themselves thereby, it may be borne. But

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since these walls have been built, not for the defence of the kingdom, but for the woe of guiltless citizens, if the blessed Thomas had not cast them down, St. Edward the Confessor and his successor would have destroyed them to the foundation yet more cruelly." Then the priest awoke, and rose and told his vision to all those who were in the house ; and in the morning the news spread all over London that the walls built about the Tower, upon the building of which the King had spent more than twelve thousand marks, had fallen down, and were beyond repair. For the which disaster the citizens of London were but little grieved, for the walls were to them as a thorn in their eye.

This story, which has been preserved by Matthew Paris, and embroidered upon by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his struggles to be picturesque at the expense of accuracy, serves at any rate to show the great unpopularity of Henry's fortifications. The King, however, was not to be permanently daunted either by expense or by ghostly warnings. He and Adam de Lamburn must have been sorely mortified at the second collapse of their embankment, and for some years nothing more was done to it ; but they set bravely to work again, and this time they built so strongly that their masonry has withstood the attacks of storms and tides and ghosts to this day.

Many other works did Henry III. about the Tower of London. He restored and strengthened the garner or storehouse and the great White Tower. He built the Water Gate, which was called St. Thomas's Tower, and in which a chapel

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was dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor, probably to commemorate the priest's dream and to deprecate the further wrath of the saints. He built and fortified the inner ballium with the Lanthorn Tower, which he fitted up for his own habitation causing his privy chamber to be painted with the story of Antiochus. Nor, while directing his chief attention to the fortification of the Tower as a place of arms and safety for the King's person, did Henry neglect the sacred buildings within it. He repaired and beautified the Chapel of St. John inside the White Tower, giving orders for three glass windows, the one towards the north "with little Mary holding her Child," and two others towards the south representing the Holy Trinity and St. John the Evangelist.

The cross and rood were also to be repainted in good colours, and two fair images were to be made and painted "where it could be best and most properly done in the said chapel"; one of them of St. Edward holding a ring and giving it to St. John the Evangelist. Minute instructions were also issued for the restoration of the Church of St. Peter; the royal stalls were to be painted, and the "little Mary," with her shrine, and the figures of St. Peter, St. Nicholas, and St. Katherine newly coloured; a new image of the Blessed Virgin was to be made, and one of St. Peter in the robes of an archbishop; there was to be made and painted "where it could be better and more decently done," an image of St. Christopher carrying Jesus; two fair tables of the best colours were to be painted with the legends of St. Nicholas and S

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erine, and "two fair cherubims with hilarious joyous countenances" were to be placed on the right hand on the left of the great cross; a carved marble font with marble columns was also to be provided.

Wonderfully minute in detail and very curious were the instructions issued by King Henry to the masons: "custodes operationis Turris Londonensis." Among others there is one in which he commands them to make "all the leaden gutters of the great Tower, in which the rain-water should fall from the top of the said Tower, be continued down to the ground, so that the newly whitened wall of the said Tower may in no wise perish nor easily give way owing to the water trickling down it": sound building principles, which were conveyed to his clerks in the doggiest of Latin.

Louder and louder grew the discontent of the good citizens of London as they saw more work being spent upon the Tower. In every addition to its strength they saw a fresh menace directed against their liberties. Moreover, the King's love of bricks and mortar and works of art was in expensive taste, and it was their money that was being swallowed up in the great fortress. The Queen, Elinor of Provence, shared her lord's unpopularity, and it was against her that it found a vent.

In the year 1263 there were great riots in London, during which the houses of the Jews and the Lombard bankers were attacked and pillaged. Henry was away, but the Queen was at the Tower, and was so frightened by the outrages that were

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taking place in the city that she sought to go to Windsor by boat.

As she drew near London Bridge the people cried out, "Drown the witch!" "Drown the witch!" Not content with abusing her in the most indecent language, they pelted her with rotten eggs and dirt and had prepared large stones to sink her boat should she attempt to shoot the bridge: so that she was terrified and returned to the Tower.

At the close of Henry III.'s reign, the Tower was a complete and, for the engines of war of those times, impregnable stronghold, presenting a perfect picture of the feudal system.

It was divided into two wards, the inner ward and the outer: the former reserved for the King the latter open to the people.

In the inner ward were the King's palace (Henry, as we have seen, occupied the Lanthorn Tower), the dungeon keep for his prisoners, the treasury, garner, and chapels. In this inner sanctum sat the Court of King's Bench. The outer ward, in which sat the Court of Common Pleas, was nominally in the custody of the citizens who on stated occasions enforced their rights of access to the King and the Courts of Law.

At such times they met in Barking Church on Tower Hill, whence they sent "six sage men" a deputation to beg the King, according to custom to forbid his guards either to close the gates or to keep watch over them while the citizens were coming and going, for that no one should guard the gates of the Tower save only such persons as they might appoint.

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The King, as a matter of course, granted this request, and for the nonce the citizen guards, newly shaved and sprucely clad in their best, took possession of the gates.

There is one institution which dates from Henry's time to which we may allude. In the year 1235 the Emperor Frederick sent to the King, who was his brother-in-law, three leopards, as an emblem of the royal coat-of-arms of England: and from that time forth until the year 1826, when the wild beasts were removed to the Regent's Park, the menagerie, which was kept in the Lion's Tower, formed a part of the royal appanage of the Tower of London. So the three leopards of King Henry III. were the foundation of the Royal Zoological Society.

None of Henry's successors emulated the active and artistic interest which he showed in the Tower of London.

To him must be ascribed the credit of having finished it as it stood until the close of the eighteenth century.

Some details, indeed, were afterwards altered; the present church of St. Peter was built by Edward I., on the site of the older church; about four centuries later, Sir Christopher Wren added a large store-house on the north side, which was burnt down in 1841 and replaced by the present barracks. But although kings and queens held their court here, no changes of importance in the ^{structure} beauty took place. The great fortress remaining ^{as the} third Henry had left it. How it became ^{the scene} of many a royal murder—how Henry VI. was killed in the little oratory in the ^{old} Tower

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—how Richard brought about the death of his nephews—how Henry VIII. beheaded his wives—how his daughter signed warrants for the burning of heretics and the imprisonment of her sister—and how many a captive lingered through a living death within those terrible walls, or perished in the torture chamber—all these stories, and many others of which the Tower was the scene, are thrice-told tales familiar to every child; but, even so, they are so full of pathetic interest that one cannot, if one would, avoid lingering upon them.

Sir Christopher Wren is the next prominent figure with which we have to deal. Besides the great store-house, of which mention has been made, he did much work of restoration about the Tower. But unfortunately he did not enter into the spirit of the place, and the masonry which he introduced, notably in the White Tower, is quite out of harmony with the Norman character of the building.

But it was at the end of the eighteenth century that the Tower, long neglected, suffered an irreparable loss by the destruction of the Lanthorn Tower, which was burnt down in the year 1786. This tower, which, as part of the royal habitation, would have been of the greatest interest to the curious in antiquities, was a large round structure surmounted by a small turret. It stood to the west of the Salt Tower, from which it was separated by a gallery leading to the privy garden, and that the disaster might be more complete, its very ruins were carted away and in its place was reared a high wall, which, by masking the Tower from the river, the gates of the Tower were kept unsightly. In the Crimean War this wall was destroyed, and the house was

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heightened by a storey, and a crueller blot on a grand old pile of buildings it is difficult to imagine.

The Georgian epoch was fatal to many of our finest antiquities throughout the country. The prevailing dearth of taste is shown by the ruthless way in which picturesque old manor-houses of the Tudor and even earlier times were swept away by the score to make room for Grecian temples or Italian villas.

It was a period in which the people cared no more for the monuments of their country, as old Weever said of his own contemporaries in a previous century, "than for the parynges of their nayles." In such an age men cared little for antiquities, little for the glories of such. It had long ceased to be a royal palace, and even the old custom of holding a court there before the coronation of the king, who was wont to pass in solemn procession through the City to Westminster, was observed for the last time by King Charles II.

The genius of ugliness was allowed to do its worst: indignity after indignity was committed, and the finest monumental fabric in Europe was hidden and screened from the waterway as if it had been something to be ashamed of.

Had matters gone on thus it is difficult to say what would have been the end: the place would have been at the mercy of storekeepers and paperkeepers, and all considerations of artistic beauty and historic interest would have given way before the urgent necessity for stowing away a few more soldiers' blankets or a packet of dusty files from some public office.

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Where shall you find another building so full of pathetic interest, so pregnant with historic memories as the little church on the north side of Tower Green, the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula? In comparison with the grandeur and architectural magnificence of that other great church, the Abbey of Westminster, also dedicated to St. Peter, it is but a hovel; yet no place in the world can show such a record of "tragedy in sceptred pall." Lord Macaulay's description of it is a classic passage: it can hardly be left out. "I cannot refrain," he says, "from expressing my disgust at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town. In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is there associated not, as in Westminster and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities: but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny; with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts."

Lord Macaulay's eloquent words rather under-

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state than exaggerate the squalor and decay into which the chapel had been allowed to fall and the barbarism with which it had been defaced. High pews and galleries of painted deal crowded up the interior: whitewash had done its worst to degrade the walls and columns. The pavement was as uneven as if it had been forced out of the level by the violence of an earthquake. There was nothing solemn, nothing to suggest religion or divine worship, nothing to record the burial of the mighty dead who lay there. Two Queens—three indeed, if we count Lady Jane Grey—John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Sir Thomas More; Thomas Seymour Lord. Sudeley, the husband of Queen Catherine Parr and the suitor of Princess Elizabeth; Northumberland and Somerset, mortal enemies, now lying side by side in the peace of death: Essex, in spite of the Queen's ring* vainly committed to the treacherous hands of Lady Nottingham, a story now looked upon as apocryphal; James, Duke of Monmouth † (Dryden's Absalom); the three rebel Lords of the '45, and many others.

* A ring said to be the very ring given by Queen Elizabeth to Essex was sold among the Thynne heirlooms at Christie's on May 18, 1911. It was bought by Messrs. Duveen, acting, it was said in the rooms, for Lord Michelham, for £3412 10s. The pedigree given in the sale catalogue says that it descended from Lady Frances Devereux, the Earl of Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother and daughter until it came to Louisa, daughter of John, Earl of Granville, who married Thomas Thynne, Second Viscount Weymouth—great-grandfather of the late owner. It is described as a ring of gold, the back engraved with arabesque foliage enamelled blue, the bezel set with a sardonyx cameo, carved with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth viewed in profile turned to the right, wearing a head-dress and large ruff.

† It is difficult to imagine anything more horrible in its details than the execution of the Duke of Monmouth. John Ketch, the common

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In reading the records of all these horrors it is impossible not to be struck with admiration for the courage with which one and all met their fate. Bishop Fisher, an old man in his eightieth year, after an imprisonment during the cruel winter months, starved with cold and privations, prays to Cromwell at Christmas-time for some clothes to cover him, "for I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for one to wear, but that bee ragged and rent to shamefully. Notwithstanding I might easily suffer that if they wold keep my body warm," and also begs for a little suitable food. But on June 23, when he was carried to the scaffold, reaching the steps, the poor old man, who had scarcely strength left to walk, refused all help, saying, "Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far,

hangman of London, was the executioner. When the duke was on the scaffold he tried the edge of the axe with his nail, saying: "I fear it is not sharp enough." The duke gave the headsman six guineas and said, "I pray you do your business well—do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard you struck him three or four times; if you strike me twice I cannot promise you not to stir." The duke would not have his eyes bandaged, but having prayed laid his head calmly on the block. "And yet for all this," writes an eyewitness, "the botcherly dog did so barbarously act his part, that he could not at fyve stroaks of the axe sever the head from the body." After the third stroke Ketch sickened and threw away the axe, offering forty guineas to any one who would finish the work. The sheriffs compelled him to go on. Two more strokes were dealt, and then the executioner finally severed the head with his knife. (See Doyne Bell's "Chapel in the Tower" and Macaulay's "History of England.") It was from the name of this man Ketch that the common word for the hangman, "Jack Ketch," was derived. The hangmen of London claimed the title of esquire in confirmation of the coat-of-arms granted by Sir William Segar, Garter King-of-Arms, to Richard Brandon, who beheaded King Charles I. Brandon was succeeded by Edward Dun, and Dun by this "botcherly" John Ketch. There is a pamphlet written by the latter in defence of his conduct at Lord Russell's execution. He throws the blame for his bungling on the movements of the victim.

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let me alone and you shall see me shift for myself well enough," and when the summer sun shone in his face he cried, "Accedite ad eum et illuminamini, et facies vestræ non confundentur." The glory of that ray of sunshine illumines his face to this day.

Sir Thomas More, as dauntless as the Bishop, wisest and wittiest of men, dies, as Hall's chronicle puts it, "with a mocke." Come to the scaffold which was ill-constructed, weak, and ready to fall, "he said merrilie to the Lieutenant, 'I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my cominge downe, let me shift for myselfe.' When he had finished his prayers and repeated the fiftieth Psalm, the executioner, according to custom, asked him for forgiveness. Sir Thomas kissed him, and said, 'Plucke up thy spirits, man, and be not afraide to doe thine office. I am sorie my neck is verie short, therefore strike not awrie for savinge of thine honestie.' He bandaged his eyes with his own hands and laid his head upon the block. Then he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard: 'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured, 'that has not committed treason,'" a famous speech as to which Froude says, "with which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous in Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever."*

* We may hazard a shrewd guess at what was in Sir Thomas More's mind when he made this grim jest. Until his imprisonment he was always close-shaven. All the authentic portraits of him are without a beard, so as it came into existence after his offence the beard was no accomplice in his treason. A so-called portrait of Sir Thomas More in the Brussels Gallery, with a beard, attributed to Holbein, is an

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And Queen Anne Boleyn ! How bravely she died ! There are letters from Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, to Cromwell, quoted by Doyne Bell, telling of her demeanour during the few days, not much more than a fortnight, of her imprisonment in the Tower, how at times she was cheerful, laughed heartily and ate her meals with a good appetite. On May 18, the day before her execution, Kingston writes, " thys morning she sent for me that I myght be with her at soche time as she resayved the gud Lord (the sacrament) to the intent I should hear her speak as towchyng hyr innosensy alway to be clere and in the writyng of this she sent for me, and at my commyng she sayd, ' Mr. Kyngston, I hear say that I shal not dye afore none, and I am very sory therefore ; for I thowth to be dede by thys time, and past my payne.' I told hyr it shuld be now payne it was so sottel ; and then she sayd, ' I have hurd say the execut^r was very gud, and I have a lyttel neck,' and put her hand abowt it lawing [laughing] hartely." Kingston goes on to say, " I have sen many men and also wemen executed, and that they have been in grete sorrow ; and to my knowlidge thys lady hasse meche joy and plesure in dethe." On the scaffold, after she had made her last speech, " with her own hands she took her coifs from her head and delivered them to one of her ladies, and then putting on a little cap of linen to cover her hair withal she said, ' Alas ! poor head, in a very brief

obvious fraud. It may be the portrait of Pattenson, his jester, to whose outline in the Basel sketch of More and his family it bears some likeness. It was engraved by Vorsterman.

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space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold'—and so having said a few farewell words to her ladies and praying 'Oh! Lord God have pity on my soul!' she knelt and laid her head upon the block, and the executioner of Calais struck it off with a sword." Such was the end of that unhappy beauty for the love of whom King Henry set aside a marriage of eighteen years' standing, gave deadly offence to Spain, flouted the authority of the Pope and established the Protestant Religion in England.

It is impossible not to feel great pity for Katherine Howard. Her life was blighted from its outset. Shamefully neglected by her grandmother, the old Duchess of Norfolk, to whose care she had been confided, surrounded by women so depraved that they seemed to rejoice in leading her astray while still a child, she can hardly have known what innocence meant. That she ever was unfaithful to the King after her marriage there is no evidence. But the fatal paper which Cranmer placed in the King's hand during mass in the chapel at Hampton Court sealed her fate. The King left Hampton Court at once, and the Queen was arrested and sent to Sion House. It was said that she screamed aloud as she was being dragged along the great corridors of Hampton Court—and until recently there were people who believed that in the dead of the night her cries are still to be heard there—a foolish tale, the author of which confessed himself to me, but it found credence. The Queen, according to a letter written by a London merchant to his brother at Calais, "made

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a most godly Christian end that ever was heard or, uttering her lively faith in the blood of Christ only, and with godly word and steadfast countenance desired all Christian people to take regard unto her worthy and just punishment." So eager was poor Katherine Howard to die honestly, like Lucretia, that on February 12, when she was told that she must die on the morrow, she desired that the block on which she was to suffer might be brought to her that she might know how to place herself. This was done, and so she made a gruesome rehearsal of the coming tragedy.

These are cruel stories, but the chronicles of the Church of St. Peter-in-Chains are all cruel. Those were terrible times in which it was an ill thing to be a person of note, whether man or woman. Even the grey hairs of the venerable Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, could not protect her. What had she done that she should be dragged to the scaffold and stricken by the common hangman like a felon, after weeks of suffering, half-fed and half-clothed, of which her very gaolers complained? Certain Bulls of the Pope had been found in her possession, and she had corresponded with her son, Cardinal Pole, who had given King Henry dire offence by his book "De Unitate Ecclesiastica." To expiate these crimes she died—she, the lady whom the King had chosen to be Princess Mary's governess, and whom he once declared to be the most saintly woman in England. Lord Herbert's account, founded upon hearsay, gives details of her execution, probably apocryphal, and invented to excuse the lack of skill of the headsman.

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“The old Lady being brought to the scaffold . . . was commanded to lay her head on the block : but she (as a person of great quality assured mee) refused, saying, so should traitors do, and I am none : neither did it serve that the executioner told her it was the fashion ; so turning her gray head every way, shee bid him if hee would have her hedd, to get it as hee could : so that he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly.”* Her last words were “Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness’ sake.” So says a letter of her son, Cardinal Pole, quoted by Lingard.†

There is surely no more pathetic figure in history than that of Lady Jane Grey. Almost from her babyhood the beautiful child was the centre of intrigues and plots and counterplots feeding the scaffold. At nine years of age she entered the household of Queen Catherine Parr. When she was eleven the Lord High Admiral, Catherine’s widower, obtained her guardianship in order to marry her to King Edward VI., thereby hastening his own death, for his brother, the Lord Protector, wanted the King for his own daughter. After the Admiral’s execution Lady Jane went back to her father, the Duke of Suffolk, at Bradgate, where she studied once more under Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London. Here, when she was thirteen, Roger Ascham found her reading the “Phædo” of Plato. Even as a child her life with her parents was unhappy, for she told Ascham how they subjected her to “pinches, nips, and bobs” for any stray

* Doyne Bell, and “Dict. of National Biography.”

† Vol. V. p. 62.

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shortcoming. By the time she was fifteen she had added Hebrew to her other accomplishments, and as a scholar she became world-famous. Before she was sixteen, to serve the ambition of Northumberland, she was wedded, forcibly as it is said, to his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley. That was the first act of the tragedy. The last was when on her way from the house of Nathaniel Partridge, the gentleman gaoler, to the shambles on Tower Green, she, the Queen of a week, met the litter on which lay her young husband's headless body. Old Fuller's words are good to quote. "She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offence, and she was longer a captive than a Queen in the Tower."

I have but sketched some of the many stories of blood and agony which are bound up with the history of the old chapel—built by Edward I. on the site of a still older church—enough to show what a great measure of interest attaches to a building which successive generations had seemingly taken pains to make as shabby and forlorn as possible. In the old Tudor days this neglect was certainly purposeful and intelligible. It was a chief object of those in power to wipe out all traces of the victims of their political executions or murders. The dead bodies of queens and nobles and statesmen, who in their lives, a few days or at most weeks before, had been the cynosure of courtly pageants and royal progresses, were huddled into the earth without any semblance of decency. To many not even coffins were given. A little soil—

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consecrated soil it is true—a scattering of lime, and then oblivion. Anne Boleyn, as an exception, was buried in an elm chest which had served to carry arrow heads to the warders' quarters. Some of the actual places of burial were recorded—of others there was no mention, and to their whereabouts no clue. All that was known was that somewhere in the chapel, under this stone or under that, lay the remains that fear or perhaps repentance desired to forget. No more squalid cemetery exists, none more teeming with the mystery and the deadly romance of crime.

In 1876 a report by Sir John Taylor showed that the old chapel was rapidly decaying and that unless something were done, and that quickly, the very walls must crumble into dust. The report was communicated to the various authorities responsible for the Tower ; * above all, the pleasure of Queen Victoria was taken. She had always showed the greatest personal interest in all that concerned the old place ; indeed it was by her command that the site of the scaffold on Tower Green was fenced off. The Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, signified to me her consent to the necessary work for the preservation of the building, at the same time expressing her wish that all possible care and reverence should be exercised to prevent any undue tampering with the graves of the illustrious persons who were buried there. She further desired that a careful

* The Tower being Palace, Prison, and Fortress with barracks, the Lord Chamberlain, the Constable of the Tower, and the War Office all have their say in anything that concerns it. The Office of Works is responsible for the structure.

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record should be kept of every sign or possible identification.

There was no question of restoration, for barring the Blount monument in the chancel and one or two others, there was nothing to restore; any semblance of decoration, or even of decent respect for the sanctity of the building, had long since been swept away and given place to the painted deal and the plaster of Georgian vandalism. All that we had in view was to preserve a life of the highest interest, and, while saving the shell, to fit the interior for divine worship in conditions of decency.

The state of the pavement, which was like the waves of the sea, and the threatened collapse of the walls made it evident that the work would be very serious and involve great disturbance of the surface in order to get a safe foundation. Seeing this, and having regard to the Queen's commands as to identification, it seemed advisable that some known antiquary and also a gentleman skilled in anatomy, to determine the probable age of any remains that might be found, should be present at the investigations. Mr. Doyne Bell was asked to serve as antiquary: Dr. Mouat, F.R.C.S., of the Local Government Board, as surgical expert.

The nave and aisle of the church had been so much disturbed, and the old graves and remains so scattered in order to make room for the burial during the eighteenth and first part of the nineteenth centuries of any person, however obscure, who might chance to die within the precincts of the Tower, that we did not expect to find there any evidence of historic interest. Nor did we. The

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chancel was different: there it was that the principal victims of the cruel sixteenth century were thrown into the earth, dishonoured and unwept. We had hoped that it might be possible to leave the chancel undisturbed, merely covering over the old worn and uneven pavement with new flags. A closer examination showed that this could not be. There were two serious depressions, and evidence that the ground under the pavement was hollow, so that all that part of the structure was in danger of collapse; indeed the only safe place was the little brick grave in which Sir John Burgoyne was buried in 1870. The Queen was again consulted, and gave her sanction to the removal of the stones and the carrying out of such work as might be necessary, repeating her former injunctions.

The work in the chancel was begun on November 9, 1876. There were present Mr. Gerard Noel, First Commissioner of Works; Col. Milman, resident Governor of the Tower; Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department; Mr. Doyne Bell; Dr. Mouat, F.R.C.S., and myself. Obviously if the ground was to be consolidated we must dig to some little depth, otherwise the sinking might go on and no good end be attained. We had prepared a plan showing the position in which, according to the best historical authorities, the various persons had been interred, and we determined to commence operating on the north side of the chancel, where it was believed, and indeed pretty certain, that Anne Boleyn was buried.

There was a thrill of emotion upon every one

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present when, at two feet from the surface, we came upon the bones of a woman of from twenty-five to thirty years of age, as Dr. Mouat certified. Anne Boleyn was twenty-nine years old at the time of her death, and there could be no doubt that this was indeed the unhappy Queen. The bones were slender and beautifully formed—narrow feet and hands, delicate limbs in excellent proportion, the vertebræ very small, the atlas (the joint nearest the skull) tiny (remember her laughing at her “lyttel neck” on the eve of her execution!) Every particle of earth was carefully passed through a sieve, so that not a splinter of bone should be left, and all the remains were piously gathered together for reburial. It was evident that at some time, certainly not less than a century previously, the earth had been disturbed, for the bones were not lying lengthwise as a complete skeleton, but had been carefully gathered together and replaced. The bones were evidently those of one person, and no other female bones were found near them.

There could be no sadder duty than the unearthing of these precious relics: none could have been more reverently performed. We spoke in whispers, tears were in our voices. The spell of the place was upon us. The very workmen who dug, and sifted the earth, touched the fragments as delicately as if the spirit of the dead Queen had been watching them. It was Lord Mayor's Day, and an alderman had been elected out of a ward lying near the Tower: as we worked, deeply penetrated with the tragic sense, the trumpets and kettledrums of the procession, braying out some

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trivial march, were passing outside. I can hear now, after all these years, the music of a gaudy pageant breaking in upon what must remain as a solemn memory to the dying day of every man present. But the contrast! Outside the Tower a newly fledged Lord Mayor carried, with all the circumstance of civic pomp, to his turtle and his dignities; inside the church a murdered Queen lying in the silence of an almost forgotten tomb. Sadly we carried the remains in a box under lock and key to the Governor's house, to be kept there until the chapel should be ready to receive them once more.

Two feet lower down we came upon the cause of the sinking, the carelessly constructed grave of one Hannah Beresford, who was buried in 1750, and to make room for whom Queen Anne Boleyn's skeleton had been removed, but happily not scattered.

Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's brother, was buried immediately under the north wall of the chancel, and close to her. There was no structural necessity for removing the earth here, and indeed it would have imperilled the Blount monument so to do, so no disturbance took place. Northumberland and Somerset the Protector were buried between the two Queens, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. When on the 11th of the month we continued the work, digging to the south of Anne Boleyn's grave we found the bones of a tall and stalwart man, corresponding to the description of the Duke of Northumberland, but it was disconcerting to find the skull—surely the skull would be exposed on London Bridge as the "he-

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of a traitor": was not this a death-blow to all possibility of identification of all the remains? If in one case the identification were disproved, a doubt at the very least must be cast on all. With faint hearts we turned up the records and found that after the execution of Northumberland the head as a matter of grace was not exposed, but was allowed to be buried with the body. In this way what seemed to raise a doubt became an indirect witness of accuracy. In every place indicated by tradition or record we found remains exactly tallying with the descriptions of the persons who had been buried. Somerset's bones were found displaced. In the spot reputed as the grave of the good old Countess of Salisbury, the bones of an aged woman, tall and delicate, with tapering hands and narrow feet; near her the skeleton of a younger woman, without a doubt Lady Rochford. Of Katherine Howard not a trace, but she was so young that the greedy lime would make short work of eating her hardly developed bones. Under the altar it was recorded that Monmouth lay, not, as is usual, east and west, but north and south, and there sure enough was a dead man lying as indicated. With such a chain of confirming evidence could there be any doubt as to our having held in our hands the very bones of Anne Boleyn and the other victims of those unforgiving times?

The actual whereabouts of the graves of the saintly Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley was unrecorded: we found nothing to clear the mystery.

On April 13, 1877, the work about the chancel

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having been completed and the ground and walls made secure, we re-interred the relics in seven solid leaden caskets, fastened down in oak boxes one inch thick. On each box was fixed an escutcheon of lead on which was engraved the name of the person whose remains it was supposed to contain, with the dates of death and re-burial. The caskets were placed in the positions in which the bones were found, and a plan on vellum recording the various spots was deposited among the records of the Tower. The Chaplain of St. Peter's, the Reverend E. Jordan Roberts, was present at the solemn ceremony. The remains were at last and for the first time decently committed to the earth, it may be hoped never again to be moved, and the reproach of Lord Macaulay's stinging words was wiped out.

The work at St. Peter's was now finished, but much remained to be done if the Tower was to be reinstated in its old dignity. Every available nook and corner seemed to have been filled with some degraded shanty put up without the slightest regard to the beauty and romantic interest of the place. Even the White Tower, which above all should have been held sacred, had been defaced by plastering ugly nondescript annexes against it. On the south side was the hideous horse armoury ; on the east a calamitous set of sheds with grey doors marked governmentally with the letters of the alphabet, occupied in some military way as store-houses. Happily heavy settlements and cracks sealed the fate of these abominations, and so Gundulf's great tower was revealed in all its

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grandeur.* Then there were the so-called Irish barracks, a nest of filthy slums filling the space between the inner and the outer fortifications. All these noisome outgrowths festering upon the walls were removed : they are now a thing of the past, and the Salt and Broad Arrow Towers stand out unveiled.

So far as the picture was concerned—and indeed it is a picture the value of which no one with the faintest care for the glories of the past, or for the beauty of the present, could deny—it was obviously on the south or river side of the fortress that the most difficult part of our undertaking was awaiting us. The outer fortifications had practically disappeared ; what remained of the Well and Cradle Towers was in a pitiable condition. The Well Tower, at the eastern angle of the outer wall, was surmounted by a crazy upper storey of brick, which on two sides rested on projecting wooden beams ; the Cradle Tower, so far as its upper portion was concerned, had been destroyed, the structure having been cut down flush with the wall and asphalted over. What remained of the head, legs, trunk, was used as a powder store. There could be no question as to the propriety of replacing the two Towers. The inner Ballium wall with the Lanthorn Tower, where Henry III. had his private apartments, had perished in the great fire of 1788. Their place had been filled by huge unsightly warehouses the despair of antiquaries and art lovers, to which an additional storey had been

* It was during the sweeping away of these stores that remains of the Roman fortifications were discovered.

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added during the Crimean War. Cranes lifting bales of military stores of all incongruous kinds were rattling their chains from morning to night. If this indignity was to be perpetuated, hiding our noblest national monument from the river as if it had been indeed, as Gray called it, a thing of shame, we should in all truth deserve to be branded as a nation of shopkeepers. Happily this great Georgian monster had been condemned as unsafe, and it would cost more to restore it than to find elsewhere fitting shelter for blankets, boots, and out-of-date muskets. The building was doomed, and with ample plans before us, together with the guidance of the old foundations, we were able to replace it by a correct presentment of the inner Ballium, with the Lanthorn Tower; thus showing to the Thames once more the great White Keep by the building of which eight centuries and more ago William made the good citizens of London quake with fear.

Once more I must repeat that all the credit for the execution of this work is due to Sir John Taylor. His judicious treatment, and his knowledge of the subject gained by careful study, were above praise. One discovery of his should be noteworthy. The White Tower had for centuries been pointed to as the one Norman Keep inside of which there was no well. Such an omission on Bishop Gundulf's part in a fortress which might have to stand a siege was incredible. Sir John Taylor in the course of certain investigations in the lower part of the Tower found the lost well, and saved the tearful Bishop's reputation.

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The armoury at the Tower is such a pleasure to so many people that a note on its history with which I have been furnished by the kindness of Mr. Guy Laking, the Keeper of the King's armour, and one of the first authorities upon the subject, cannot fail to be of interest. All those who care for such things must join with him in congratulating themselves upon the knowledge that the collection is now under the loving care of that great antiquary and expert Lord Dillon.

The first important Royal armoury of which we have accurate record was brought together at the Palace of Greenwich, but the exact date of its formation is not known, but it was probably early in the reign of King Henry VIII. and perhaps at the time when he established the Almain armouries there in 1514.

It appears that an armoury house was attached to the Palace and built in the year 1517—it must, however, for twenty-five years have only partially fulfilled its purpose, inasmuch as in an inventory taken of Greenwich Palace in 1543 only arms are mentioned; though five years after that date a collection of arms, and much armour, is carefully described. This is in the inventory of the property of King Henry VIII. taken immediately after his death in 1547. The volume that records the armour and arms in the Palaces of Westminster and Greenwich, as also those at the Tower, is now preserved in the Society of Antiquaries of London: the remainder of the inventory, which deals with the household "stuffs" in the lesser palaces of King Henry VIII., is in the Harleian collection of MSS. 1419 A & B. It is this 1547 inventory that first records the contents of the armoury of the Tower of London. Despite the larger armoury at Greenwich, the Tower of London was apparently the show-place to which distinguished foreigners were taken, as there are numerous records of the visits of Ambassadors to the great store-house and fortress.

In 1515 Pasqualigo, the Venetian, writes that he had seen the Tower, where, besides the lions and leopards, were shown the King's bronze artillery mounted on four hundred carriages, also bows and arrows and pikes for 40,000 Infantry.

In 1535 Chapuis writes to Charles V., "The French Ambassador showed no pleasure at any attention that was shown him, even at the Tower of London and the Ordnance."

In 1554 Soranzo, the Venetian, reports: "His Majesty has a great

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quantity of very fine artillery . . . especially at the Tower of London, where the ammunition of every sort is preserved."

The combination of the Royal armoury of Greenwich with that of the Tower of London seems to have been between 1640 and 1644, as there are records of partial removals in the intervening years, the latest being dated 1644; although before that date, besides the artillery and weapons, particular suits of armour must have been exchanged, for in 1598 Hentzner mentions seeing certain suits at the Tower of London that in the 1547 inventory are recorded as being at Greenwich Palace. Much of the older armour in the Tower of London was, by command of Queen Elizabeth, in 1562 re-modelled, for we note the order "9 curates* of olde Almaine rivets, 785 pairs of splynts, 482 sallets, 60 olde hedpec's, and 60 olde curats of dimilances" to be altered and transposed with plates for making 1500 jacks for use of the Navy.

In 1635, Charles I. issued a commission to Mountjoy Earl of Newport to select armour for 10,000 men from the Tower, and to sell the remainder to persons in the country who had none. This, however, was not done. The civil wars did much to abstract armour and arms from the contents of the Tower armoury, both sides drawing from it on several occasions.

The following account of a visit to the Tower in 1672 by Mons. Teravin de Rocheford was published in 1672 in Paris, and is printed in Grove's "Antiquarian Repertory," IV. 569. It is interesting as showing the state, not only of the Tower, but also of antiquarian knowledge in those days:

"The great Arsenal consists of several great halls and magazines filled with arms of all sorts, sufficient to equip an army of a hundred thousand men. Our conductor showed us a great hall, hung with casques and cuirasses for arming both infantry and cavalry; among others were some which had been worn by different Kings of England in their wars; they were all gilded and engraved in the utmost perfection.

"We saw the armour of William the Conqueror, with his great sword; and the armour of his Jester, to whose casque was fixed horns; he had, it is said, a handsome wife. Moreover, they showed us a cuirass made with cloves, another of mother-of-pearl; these two were locked up in a separate closet.

"We passed into another hall, where there were nothing but muskets, pistols, musketoons, bandoliers, swords, pikes, and halberds, arranged in a very handsome order, so as to represent figures of many sorts. We saw William the Conqueror's musket, † which is of such a length and thickness that it is as much as a man can do to carry it on his shoulders. We ascended from this room to another place

* Curates = cuirasses. Sallet = a sort of helmet.

† (!)

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where there are the magazines of cannons, bullets, powder and match, and other machines of war, each in its particular place.

“But after all, this is nothing when compared to that of Venice. It is true that I saw, in a cabinet in the King’s Palace, many arms, which, for their beauty and exquisite workmanship, surpassed the rarest in the Arsenal of Venice. This was by the permission of Monsieur De la Mare, Keeper of the King’s Armoury.”

In the eighteenth century, the Tower of London was considered to be the most important of London’s show-places. After the Restoration, the armaments were refurbished up, Grinling Gibbons himself handling, with dramatic effect, the then much depleted armoury; indeed, even to-day his handiwork is manifest in some of the wooden horses on which certain of the figures are placed. Mistakes as absurd as those narrated by Mons. Teravin de Rocheford were made in the description of the armour and weapons. A coloured aquatint after Rowlandson published in 1781 shows a view of the so-called horse or Royal armoury of the Tower with a row of mounted figures, each suit accredited to some King, starting the series with that of William the Conqueror.*

In the year 1825, Dr. Samuel Rush Meyrick received the Royal commands to re-arrange the horse and Spanish Armouries, as they were then called; but instead of that learned antiquary being permitted to exercise his taste and knowledge to the extent he desired, he was hampered by the instructions of the War Office. He was allowed to arrange the armour upon principal equestrian figures in certain chronological order and to do away with the gross absurdity of exhibiting a suit of the reign of Elizabeth as one that belonged to William the Conqueror, but he was not permitted to entirely destroy the absurd “line of Kings,” or when he did, was ordered to appropriate the mounted figure to some great personage. Dr. Meyrick was knighted for his gratuitous services. His work was conscientious, he gainsaying nearly all the eighteenth-century absurdities of attribution. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, Mr. J. R. Planché, known to the world by his famous works on costume,† started a crusade against the War Office Authorities for permitting the gross irregularities that permeated the management of the Tower armouries. It was at this period, from the end of the thirties to the sixties of the nineteenth century, that purchases were made by the authorities in charge. These, for the most part, were puerile forgeries, nearly all the work of one Grimshaw, a clever artificer, who supplied each of his products with a so-called accurate account of its discovery. The building which then

* Compare the portraits of the Kings of Scotland at Holyrood Palace.

† Also as a herald, and author of the beautiful extravaganzas produced at the Lyceum, under the management of Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris.

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contained the armoury was simply an annexe,* through the roof and skylights of which Mr. Planché records that the rain penetrated, forming pools of water in the gangways and dripping upon the armour and weapons. Although Mr. Planché started his agitation for the improvement of the Tower armoury in 1855, it was not until 1869 that he was allowed to do all that was possible, hemmed in as he was with "red tape" of the time. In the seventies the wooden annexe was done away with, and the armoury was reinstated in the White Tower. Little was done for its more studious arrangement; indeed, it may be said the care of it, if possible, relaxed. Only twenty years ago the visitor was shown a suit of Eastern chain mail set upon an equestrian figure as that of a Norman Crusader, also other anachronisms almost as glaring. The late Mr. Barber, who had charge of the Armouries for many years, was conscientious, but unobserving. The armour under his care was vigorously scoured at given intervals by the troops of the garrison, by no means to its advantage. The advent of the Viscount Dillon to the Armouries as Curator has saved the National armoury from being what it was at one time, the laughing-stock of the Continental cognoscenti.

* Swept away as told above.

**ART AND THE EXACT SCIENCES:
LEONARDO DA VINCI**

ART AND THE EXACT SCIENCES.
BEING A PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS
TO THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC
SOCIETY, 1912

THE choice of a subject for his annual address must always be a very difficult ordeal for your President to face. It is, of course, desirable that the address should have some bearing, however remote, upon the aims of the Society. In my case, perhaps, for obvious reasons, the more remote the better. You may imagine, then, how puzzled I was to find for this evening's meeting some topic which might in any sense fulfil those conditions which I deem to be essential. I was in despair; my inventive powers were utterly bankrupt, and I was cudgelling my brains to solve the difficulty, when one morning the news arrived in London of the theft of the famous Monna Lisa from the Gallery of the Louvre.

It was a great burglary, a very notable achievement, which, in the world of art, will be of historic interest for all time. It must be a source of pride to its perpetrator, for it has lifted him at one stroke on to a pinnacle in the front rank of the members of his profession. Beside this heroic triumph the work of his predecessors in the art of commandeering sinks into mere dirty theft. Compared with this great unknown expert, Autolycus himself, the patron of thieves, Colonel Blood, who stole the crown jewels, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Charles Peace, are degraded into vulgar bunglers. The whole thing was a triumph of inventive genius

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carried out with the utmost distinction and delicacy. There was no shivering of glass, no violence, no alarm. Not a jemmy, not a centrebit was brought into play. The picture was there on the Sunday : on the Monday it had vanished—that is all. The Fairies of King Oberon's Court could not have spirited it away more deftly, more noiselessly, or more discreetly. You will perhaps ask what this burglary has to do with us here this evening. The answer is, as a burglary, absolutely nothing. I could not, however, refrain in the first place from paying my tribute of admiration for an artist of superlative eminence in his craft, even though his peculiar line of art should differ widely from that of the Royal Photographic Society. Besides, I owe him a debt of gratitude, for his most audacious deed led me into a train of ideas which seemed to open up a subject which I thought we might perhaps consider this evening, not without profit.

Do not be afraid, ladies and gentlemen, I do not propose to discuss the merits of that wonderful painting, one of the rare masterpieces which the world has received as the gift of genius. Far be it from me to add one more to the numberless dissertations and controversies upon that mysterious smile, into which the critics have read so many hidden secrets. We are all acquainted with the Moutons de Panurge. When a great æsthete like Théophile Gautier or a scholar like Waagen gives out an opinion, all the mutton-heads of the dilettante world must not only follow in the same path, but they must bleat in unison, or even try to

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outbleat the bell wether. It is enough to say that the picture, wherever it may be to-day, is one of the miracles of human effort, even though, as one irreverent iconoclast dared to hint, the lady should be a not very conspicuous beauty, and the famous smile only a simper. But our business is not with Monna Lisa or her charms. I want to talk to you about the painter and his many-sided genius. His life has always had a great fascination for me, and I venture to think that it should have a peculiar interest for those who practise your art, and more especially for those of you who make it their special business to penetrate the arcana of science upon which it is based.

Photography is of course intimately bound up with optics, with chemistry, with mechanics: indirectly therefore with mathematics. Now these are some few at any rate of the many branches of knowledge with which Leonardo da Vinci was more especially concerned, and in their pursuit, together with that of physics, of anatomy and others, his life gave the lie to that famous saying of Schopenhauer's to the effect that genius and the head for mathematics are contradictions which cannot coexist in the same brain. Other great artists there have been whose work might also be cited in refutation of Schopenhauer's axiom. Albrecht Dürer was certainly a genius—he wrote upon anatomy, upon geometry, and contended that the excellence of painting depends upon measurement, mathematical precision; moreover, he published a treatise upon "Proportion," and, as engineer, an "Instruction on Fortification of

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Towns, Castles and Places." Here then was a man endowed with the highest conception of art, who set such a value upon the teaching of exactness—that is to say, mathematics—that he constituted himself its Professor. Take again the case of Leonardo's rival, Michael Angelo, who as painter, sculptor, poet, stands conspicuous in the domain of imagination. Was he not a genius? Probably no man ever equalled him in inventive art—think only of the Night, Morning, Dawn, and Twilight on the Medici tombs—yet, as an architect and as an engineer, exact sciences in which mathematics play so conspicuous a part, he was the wonder of his age. And Shakespeare; an artist and genius if ever there was one—do his works not teem with evidence of exact observation and measurement of nature?

Schopenhauer has been called the most read of philosophers because he is by far the most readable, and, as Chamberlain says in a great work to which I shall allude presently, one feels almost ashamed to do battle with this man of exuberant genius when in support of his theories he brings forward the argument that Alfieri, who, by the by, was but a mediocre poet—and we all know what Horace said about mediocre poets—never could master the fourth proposition of Euclid, and an unnamed French mathematician, after reading Racine's "Iphigénie," shrugged his shoulders and asked, "*Qu'est-ce que cela prouve ?*" If these are arguments one might sum up the matter with equal truth by saying, inasmuch as Coleridge at the age of forty, although he lived in the country, had not

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realised that tadpoles turn into frogs, therefore no poet is fitted for the observation of nature.* The mischief is, as Chamberlain goes on to say, that when a man of Schopenhauer's fame gives out such a dictum it obtains wide circulation, and it is but one step further for men to flatter themselves with the thought that because they do not understand mathematics, therefore they are men of genius—an easy step and most comforting.

But we must return to Leonardo, for it is to the less generally known qualities of his mighty brain that I am desirous of calling your attention. I have gone to several sources to try to draw some little store of knowledge for retail consumption to-night. But my most stimulating fountain must be Chamberlain's brilliant monograph on Kant, to my mind one of the first books of the age. It is written in German and has, so far as I know, not been translated, but to those of you to whom German is familiar I commend it as a veritable treasure-house of learning. The scheme of the work is original. Taking the great philosopher of Königsberg as his subject, he brings him into contrast with five of the great thinkers of the world, Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Descartes, Bruno, and Plato; to each of these he gives a chapter, never losing sight of his principal subject by way of comparison. The last and longest chapter is on Kant himself. Of these the chapter on Leonardo is perhaps my favourite. One rises from its perusal with a feeling of satisfied delight such as one rarely enjoys, and if I can impart to you some of the

* See Chamberlain's "Immanuel Kant."

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pleasure which I have derived from it my task will be accomplished. Nay more. If I succeed, you will carry away thoughts which will encourage you to look upon the more mechanical part of your work with all the more satisfaction, in that you will see that its pursuit does not necessarily divorce you from striving for those giddy heights of human endeavour which are the throne of genius.

“There were giants in those days.” When one considers the roll of honour of the sixteenth century one is almost staggered by the multitude of great names in every branch of life’s energies. At that time monarchs not only reigned but ruled. Henry VIII., Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., Francis I., wielded powers far greater than those of a Kaiser or Tsar to-day. Indeed I once heard a great Russian statesman say, “Yes, the Tsar is powerful so long as he obeys the counsels of his ministers—whenever a Tsar has been obstinate means have always been found to get rid of him.” In the great century the position was very different: it was the minister, not the Sovereign, who disappeared. Among the statesmen, men like Sir Thomas More, Wolsey, Machiavelli, Leo X., and many others played a great part, shining conspicuous. Christopher Columbus, Magellan, Amerigo Vespucci, were making their great discoveries, little short of miraculous when we think of the means at their disposal. Martin Luther, that spiritual volcano, Erasmus, the friend of Popes, Emperors, and Kings, St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and his fellow-worker, St. Francis Xavier, greatest of all missionaries, Colet,

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dean of St. Paul's, were among the Churchmen. In poetry and literature we find Shakespeare, Rabelais, Ariosto, Spenser, Tasso, of whom Balzac said that Virgil was the cause of Tasso not being the first poet, Tasso the cause of Virgil not being the only one. I do but cite a few of the most famous names. But it is in art, perhaps, that the Cinque Cento produced the most egregious phenomena. In Europe we had a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Holbein, a Titian, besides many stars of lesser magnitude. But the superlative excellence of art was not confined even to one continent. India in the reign of the Mogul Akhbar was producing her finest wares, Persia luminous tiles of transcendent beauty; the smiths of Damascus were forging swords which to-day are priceless. In China, under the Ming dynasty, porcelain had reached its zenith, and never after the death of the last of the Lang family, about the year 1610, were the Chinese, clever imitators though they may be, able to reproduce the glorious colours and deep glaze which during the sixteenth century came from the furnaces of that race of potters. Even more startling is it to find that in far-away Kyōto, a then almost unsuspected city, the first artist of the Myōchin family was turning out his masterpieces of metal work at the very moment when Benvenuto Cellini was casting and hammering and chiselling in the service of Popes and potentates in Rome and Florence.

Although Leonardo's birth took place in the previous century it was in this marvellously art-favoured epoch that his greatest fame was reached,

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and it was among the inspired men whom I have cited that he won for himself a pre-eminence which stamped him as the greatest of them all. Had his paintings, of which there are, alas ! only too few, been his only claim to fame, they would have sufficed. But he was far more than a painter, far more than an architect or engineer ; he was a Seer, a Prophet gifted with an almost supernatural power of unveiling things that are hidden to the duller vision of the ordinary man. I shall hope to show you presently how he was able with that prophetic eye of his to pierce mysteries, the secrets of which were not revealed for many a long year after his death. For that mighty brain, with its cult for the exact sciences, nothing was too abstruse, nothing too difficult. His whole life was one long contradiction of Schopenhauer's sweeping, and none too wise, saying. For the exact sciences he entertained a love which was almost a religion. But what philosopher, what Schopenhauer, was ever gifted with so glorious a power of original thought ? Mathematician as he was, the wings of the boldest fancy carried him soaring through a lofty empyrean of knowledge in wild flights such as no human being had ever attempted.

Through the fairest valley of Tuscany, in the midst of scenery dear to the Italian poets, flows the golden stream of the Arno, bordered by cypresses and stone pines. Its homesteads lie among teeming groves of olive trees, fig gardens, and vineyards—for the nymph of the foaming mountain torrent which bursts out of the Monte Falterona in the Etruscan Apennines has with the touch of her

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magic waters conjured up the wealth of a vast and luxuriant garden. Near Empoli, between Florence and Pisa, stood the old castle of Vinci, and here it was, among the most poetical surroundings, that in the year 1452 Leonardo was born, the natural son of Ser Piero Antonio da Vinci. His father was a lawyer, apparently of good repute, a person moreover of some consideration, for he was notary to the Signoria of Florence, filling therefore an important public office. His mother was a peasant girl who afterwards married Accatabrina di Piero del Vacca di Vinci, a man of her own class in the village. Ser Piero soon after Leonardo's birth married a lady of gentle blood, but he acknowledged and did his duty by the boy, taking him to live with him, and giving him the best education. With the father, therefore, his connection until his twenty-third year was unbroken ; but I sometimes wonder whether the mother in her day-dreams amidst the duties of her humble farm life, harvesting the olives, treading out the grapes in the wine vat, cooking the chestnuts and polenta for the men's supper, or mending her husband's clothes by the blazing logs in winter, ever realised the greatness of the eagle that had soared from her nest. Men say that genius is the gift of the mother. The evidence of one of the most illustrious men of our time, one whom some of you may have known, is worth quoting : " Physically and mentally," said Huxley, " I am the son of my mother so completely, even down to peculiar movements of the hands, that I can hardly find a trace of my father in myself." Had Caterina, too, been touched by

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the finger-tips of the gods? Had they breathed upon her ever so slight a whiff of that divine afflatus which was meted out in such full measure to the nursling at her breast? The poor loving country lass must surely have a claim to some of the world-fame of her mighty son. It could not have been all inherited from the man of crackling parchment and crabbed law books. Nay more, Uzielli, who in 1869 traced the da Vinci family history, finds that out of Leonardo's five immediate forbears no fewer than four were notaries: a veritable legal dynasty. This is the despair of his biographers, who would fain have found some trace of artistic or scientific distinction among his father's progenitors, something to which they might cling in support of atavism. They forget that he had a mother. Ser Piero was married four times—the two first wives bore him no child, the third and fourth gave him nine sons and two daughters. Out of the eleven children and their descendants, who still exist, not one ever made any stir in the world. It was the love-child of the humble contadina that by his own glory saved his father's name from being forgotten and unknown. Leonardo must have been thinking of his own mother when he pointed out that you may find fairer forms and greater beauty under the ragged clothes of the hill maidens than among the grand ladies of the Court tricked out in their finery.

In spite of his marriage Ser Piero kept the boy in his own house. Quite apart from his genius, of which he gave early signs, he was physically something of which a father might well be proud.

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All his contemporaries speak of his great beauty and muscular strength. He was Apollo and Hercules welded into one. He could stop a runaway horse or bend a horse-shoe with his two hands as if it were of lead, and Vasari adds that "the splendour of his appearance, which was most beautiful, was such that it would bring back serenity to every troubled soul." As a mere boy he devoted himself passionately to the fine arts, to mathematics and mechanics. Music and poetry were a delight to him, and he sang divinely, accompanying himself on his lute, often improvising both words and music. Handsome, gay, witty, charming, full of accomplishments, he was the joy of all who came into contact with him. Princes by birth and princes by talent all came under the spell of the Prince Charming—and so he remained to the end.

Even though his father should have been as commonplace and matter-of-fact as seems to be generally supposed, he had appreciation enough to see that his boy's talent was of no mean order. He took his drawings to Andrea del Verrocchio, "goldsmith, master of perspective, sculptor, inlayer of woods, painter and musician," the man who wrought the Colleone at Venice, the finest equestrian statue in existence. Verrocchio was amazed at the precocious genius which these drawings revealed, and at once took the youth into his studio, where he had as fellow-pupils at least two men of fame, Pietro Vannucci, known as Il Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi. While working with Verrocchio, as the story repeated by Vasari goes, Leonardo painted the angel in the picture of the

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baptism of Christ which his master executed for the monks of Vallombrosa, and Verrocchio, put to shame by the fact that the angel, "the work of a mere child," altogether eclipsed his own performance, gave up painting for ever and confined himself to sculpture. It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, that though Leonardo helped Verrocchio with the Colleone, and though he spent sixteen years upon the model of the equestrian monument in honour of Francesco Sforza, with the praise of which all Italy rang, but which for want of funds was never cast in bronze and was destroyed in the invasion of Milan by the French, there is not extant any work of sculpture which can with certainty be attributed to him. The bust of Beatrice d'Este and the bas-relief of Scipio Africanus in the Louvre, the Discord at South Kensington, and one or two others, are all works of which the authenticity has been disputed. Have we not heard of a certain wax bust the stuffing of which was found to be rags of early Victorian manufacture? Richter considers it probable that Leonardo entered Verrocchio's school in the year 1470. In the June of 1472 we find an entry of his name in the account books of the Guild of Painters as an independent artist. The fees, by the way, with true artistic carelessness, appear never to have been paid.

Here as artist we must leave Leonardo. Volumes have been written upon his works ; more volumes will probably yet be written. This evening I wish to confine myself to the other side of his character. It is as the exponent of the exact sciences and as a

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genius of almost universal powers that I wish to bring him before you. Of the first forty years of his life very little accurate knowledge is available—indeed, not much more than I have sketched in above. He was thirty-two years of age when he left Florence for Milan. There is some reason to suppose that in the meantime he had spent at least three years in Eastern travel, during which he visited Egypt, Constantinople, and Armenia. Richter ingeniously brings forward in support of this story the numerous allusions to the East which are to be found in his writings. In a manuscript in the British Museum there is an allusion to the eruptions of Etna and Stromboli ; in the library at Windsor Castle a description of the Island of Cyprus : one of the MSS. in the Institut de France has the design of a bridge to unite Pera with Constantinople ; the Codex Atlanticus at Milan bears a still more convincing testimony in the shape of a draft letter to the Diodario (the Deratdâr) of Syria, in which he recites the work undertaken for the Sultan of Babylon, the name often given in the Middle Ages to Cairo. "Here am I," writes Leonardo, "in Armenia to carry out with devotion the work with which you entrusted me when you sent me hither. To begin with the districts which appear to be most suitable I went to the town of Chalendra. It is a town close to our frontier at the foot of the Taurus range," &c. &c. Again, "I do not deserve the charge of idleness, O Diodario, as your reproaches seem to suggest ; but rather as your kindness which is boundless has created the office entrusted to me, I feel bound to make

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experiments and to make researches into the reason of such considerable and stupendous effects"—the allusion being to the damage done by a hideous earthquake, the "grande e stupendo effecto" of which the Sultan had himself witnessed on a journey in 1477. In the face of this evidence one would think that there could be little doubt that Leonardo did actually undertake this journey, and that he was employed as an engineer by the Sultan Kait Bai. It is but fair to say, however, that writers so eminent as Muntz, Séailles, and Govio, hinting that the letters were part of a romance which Leonardo projected but never finished, receive the story only with the greatest reservation; for myself I have thought it to be at least of sufficient interest to be mentioned this evening, especially as it concerns the scientific and mechanical side of our hero's capabilities—the object being nothing less than the reconstruction of a city which had been flooded by the collapse of a mountain damming up a river.

Florence at the end of the fifteenth century was a fitting cradle for the development of Leonardo's special scientific genius. Art, industry, commerce, and finance flourished amazingly, and the acquisition by purchase of Leghorn from the Genoese gave the Florentine merchants and manufacturers facilities for the inlet of raw materials and the export of their finished wares. Cloth factories, the weaving of gold and silver brocade, dyes the secrets of which were a jealously guarded state monopoly, were among the chief industrial products. Machinery at work everywhere, a fever of commercial activity—what a stimulus must these

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surroundings have been to such a mind as Leonardo's! It was, as Hermann Grothe says, "the age of Pericles returned once more." The rattle and din of machinery were dear to Leonardo's heart—mechanics were to him, as he said himself, "the Paradise of sciences by the aid of which we reach the fruit of mathematics," and so we find him scheming, planning, inventing. At one moment he is designing a lighthouse; at another he is deeply absorbed in plans for making the Arno navigable, for converting it into a sort of Manchester Ship Canal. Hydrostatics, water, the waves of the sea, offer problems which enchant him. He perceives the power of steam, and tries to apply it as a motive power to boats and pumps: he constructs a steam gun, the invention of which, for some unknown and perfectly mythical reason, he attributes to Archimedes: he turns a roasting spit by the hot air of the chimney: he invents an instrument for planing and another for boring wooden pipes: his saw is still used at the quarries of Carrara: he makes cranes, levers, a weaving machine, a rain gauge: he discovers the topsyturvydom of the camera obscura: his studies in artillery, including a movable breech, are marvellous: optics engross him. He does not invent the telescope, but he sees the moon through a lens. Nothing is too great, nothing too small to occupy his attention. But perhaps his most absorbing experiments were those upon aviation, and in view of the progress which within the last few years has been made in that direction they are of supreme interest to-day. For thirty years, at Milan first and afterwards at

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Rome, he laboured at making a flying machine. He invented a parachute, and although the Montgolfier balloon was not invented until the end of the eighteenth century he had discovered the principle—for Vasari tells us that he was in the habit of making figures of animals in a thin waxen film which, when he had inflated them with hot air, floated about aloft to the great amusement of his friends. But Leonardo was much too keen-sighted not to perceive that it was not by using a machine lighter than itself, not by balloons or parachutes, that the air was to be conquered. If he did not succeed in his great endeavour, he at any rate perceived that if man is to fly it must be by some means similar to those with which the bird is endowed. The flight of the eagle poised in the air, the arrangement of the joints and feathers in the wing, all these were carefully observed and imitated, all that was wanting was the motor: he had only the muscles of the flying man himself upon which to depend, and so he failed. But with what a frenzy of excited interest he would have watched the evolutions of an aeroplane of to-day! The goal of his dreams, of the long endeavours of thirty years, reached at last! Man the Master of the Air!

It would not be possible, within the limits of the time that I must give myself, to go more deeply into Leonardo's mechanical work. He invented many things and made many improvements in the work of others. Whatever he did was distinguished by delicacy and lightness far ahead of the clumsy work of some of those who followed him.

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Leonardo was thirty years of age when, in 1483, Lorenzo the Magnificent sent him to Milan with a present of a lute for Lodovico Sforza il Moro, who was at that time at the height of his power. There are several versions of the story of his mission. We need not concern ourselves with them. It is enough for us that he went, and that he afterwards offered his services to the Duke in a letter which is of the greatest interest, as giving his own estimate of his capabilities. Here is Richter's version :

“ Having, most illustrious Lord, seen and duly considered the experiments of all those who repute themselves masters in the art of inventing instruments of war, and having found that their instruments differ in no way from such as are in common use, I will endeavour, without wishing to injure any one else, to make known to Your Excellency certain secrets of my own as briefly enumerated here below.

“ 1. I have a way of constructing very light bridges, most easy to carry, by which the enemy may be pursued and put to flight. Others also of a stronger kind, that resist fire or assault, and are easy to place and to remove. I know ways also for burning and destroying those of the enemy.

“ 2. In case of investing a place I know how to remove the water from ditches and to make various scaling ladders, and other such instruments.

“ 3. Item : If, on account of the height or strength of a position, the place cannot be bombarded, I have a way for ruining every fortress which is not on stone foundations.

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“ 4. I can also make a kind of cannon, easy and convenient to transport, that will discharge inflammable matters, causing great injury to the enemy, and also great terror from the smoke.

“ 5. Item : By means of narrow and winding underground passages made without noise, I can contrive a way for passing under ditches or any stream.

“ 6. Item : I can construct covered carts, secure and indestructible, bearing artillery, which, entering among the enemy, will break the strongest body of men, and which the infantry can follow without any impediment.

“ 7. I can construct cannon, mortars, and fire engines of beautiful and useful shape, and different from those in common use.

“ 8. Where the use of cannon is impracticable, I can replace them by catapults, mangonels, and engines for discharging missiles of admirable efficacy, and hitherto unknown—in short, according as the case may be, I can contrive endless means of offence.

“ 9. And, if the fight should be at sea, I have numerous engines of the utmost activity both for attack and defence, vessels that will resist the heaviest fire : also powders or vapours.

“ 10. In time of peace, I believe I can equal any one in architecture, and in constructing buildings, public or private, and in conducting water from one place to another.

“ Then I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta, also in painting I can do as much as any other, be he who he may.

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“Further, I would engage to execute the bronze horse in lasting memory of your father and of the illustrious House of Sforza, and if any of the above-mentioned things should appear impossible and impracticable to you, I offer to make trial of them in your park, or in any other place that may please Your Excellency, to whom I commend myself in utmost humility.”

The letter, as one critic, Mrs. Heaton, shrewdly observed, could only have been written by a genius or by a fool. The writer was certainly no fool. Those were stormy times, and the promise of all these death-dealing instruments probably carried great weight with Lodovico, who had, moreover, already been captivated by Leonardo's musical powers and by the charm of his conversation. His wit was proverbial. May I give you an instance of it related by Geraldi?

Leonardo was a very dilatory worker; for whole days he would remain in contemplation of his picture of the Last Supper, doing nothing. The Prior of the Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie was at last so angry that he complained officially to Duke Lodovico of the painter's slowness in finishing his great fresco. The head of Judas alone remained to be painted, and so it had been for more than a year, during which time he had not once put foot inside the convent. Lodovico sent for Leonardo, who answered, “The fathers know nothing about painting. It is true that I have not been inside their convent for a long time, but they are wrong when they say that I do not spend at least two hours every day on the work.”

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that be," said the Duke, "if you do not go there?" "Sir," replied Leonardo, "Your Excellency knows that there only remains to be painted the head of Judas, the greatest villain that ever lived: it is meet that his wickedness should be reflected in his countenance. For a year and more I have been going night and morning to the Barghetto, where, as Your Excellency knows, all the rascaldom in your capital congregates. I have not found a single face suitable. I can only suggest that the Prior should himself give me a sitting: he is admirably adapted for the part. My only hesitation has been owing to unwillingness to turn him into ridicule in his own convent."

Leonardo, having entered the service of the Duke, remained at Milan for nearly twenty years, which probably represented the period of his greatest activity, even though they could not be reckoned as the most fruitful in artistic work. His duties appear to have been chiefly concerned with engineering and with the more frivolous business of devising entertainments and pageants for the court, whose darling he was. In Art, "The Last Supper" and the great statue of Francesco Sforza were his principal achievements. Alas! centuries of damp and monkish neglect have all but obliterated the first; and the second, as I said above, died still-born in war.

Marvellous indeed were the speculations of this god-like man in every branch of natural science—speculations upon which he brought to bear the exactitude of the study of mathematics, which were to him a religion—*Non mi legga chi non e matematico*,

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he exclaims, "Let no man read me who is not a mathematician," and again, "No human investigation can be called true science unless it passes the test of mathematical demonstration," and "The man who despises mathematics nourishes himself with confusion." This, with the addition of experience, which he called "the common mother of all sciences and art," was the law which he laid down for himself in the conduct of his thoughts and experiments. But in order to appraise at their true value the scientific intuitions of this inspired brain, it is necessary that we should bear in mind the state of knowledge, and the conception of the universe which was the doctrine—nay more, the religious belief—of those days. The earth was a flat surface, ocean-girt, traversed by rivers and divided by seas, lakes, and mountains, created by Jehovah in seven days. Above the earth, separated from it by the air which we breathe, was Heaven, the abode of God Himself, where, surrounded by worshipping angels and saints, He was waiting to welcome the souls of the righteous into eternal happiness. Below the earth were Hell and the Devil. You may perhaps remember how nearly the great voyage of Christopher Columbus came to an end, because his crew, being mutinous and at the same time deeply religious, were convinced that they were approaching the rim of the earth, and that one fine day they would topple over and be hurled, ship and all, into the flames of Hell. Of a solar system, still less of many solar systems, there was not an inkling, for the discoveries of Copernicus were not made known to the world until a

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quarter of a century after Leonardo's death ; and then what a stir the *De revolutionibus orbium* raised among the orthodox when it was sent out from the death-bed of its paralysed author ! Martin Luther with his sledge-hammer oratory pounded the heretic who dared to assert a theory contradicting divine revelation. Melancthon, the most learned of Luther's helpers, called upon the lay lords of the earth to suppress it. The Roman Catholic Church was less intolerant ; but it is remarkable that though Copernicus dedicated his book to Pope Paul III., it was not until the year 1822 that books denying the revealed truth that the sun goes round the earth were removed from the *Index Expurgatorius*.

Leonardo's writings were copious and all-embracing ; unfortunately, though he appears to have meditated their arrangement and "publication in substantive book form," this was never done, and they remained as aphorisms—disjointed thoughts of the deepest significance scribbled, as they occurred to him, in note-books, one of which he always carried with him, or jotted down hurriedly on the margin or on the back of some drawing upon which he was engaged, staying his pencil in mid-course to record a fleeting thought. On the first sketch for the "Last Supper" is a geometrical problem with its solution in cypher ; on another sheet of paper, with studies for the heads of the Apostles and our Lord, is the plan of a machine with explanatory remarks (Chamberlain). These note-books and sketches are scattered among the museums of Europe, the chief part in England, and of 66

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these a vast collection is in Windsor Castle. Some of the notes have not yet, so it is said, been deciphered. And indeed the deciphering is no small labour ; for Leonardo, who, by the by, was left-handed, for some secret reason wrote in the Eastern fashion from right to left, so that the quickest way of reading him is to hold the sheet up to a looking-glass. Possibly he adopted this method to puzzle would-be pirates ; possibly, as it seems to me, since his views were anything but orthodox, to avoid falling into the clutches of the Inquisition. It is true that the Holy Office was by no means so bloodthirsty in Italy as it was in the Spanish Peninsula ; still, it was a terror.

Pregnant indeed were some of the thoughts thus jotted down. *Il sole non si muove* : the sun does not move. Here in seven syllables is the kernel of the Copernican system. Again—"The earth is not in the centre of the sun's orbit nor in the centre of the world." He goes a step further—"There are many stars which are many times greater than the star which is our earth." He sees that the moon has no light of its own, but only light reflected from the sun, and that our earth seen from the moon must have the same appearance that the moon has to us. He argues that the earth must be almost spherical and revolves upon its axis.

So much has been written about this wonderful Leonardo, notably by Séailles, Muntz, Richter, Arsène Houssaye, Goethe, and above all by Ravaisson Mollien, who with infinite pains has deciphered and translated his manuscripts in the

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library of the Institut of Paris, that it needs no more than mere scissors-and-paste work to show you how they forestalled the discoveries of following centuries.

His eye, *finestra dell' anima*—the window of the soul—as he called it, was ever at work. “Seeing,” he said, “is the noblest of the senses”; and he saw. He more than guessed at the secrets of geology. He recognised the power of water carving out mountains and depressing valleys. He reasoned out the stratification of rocks, and traced the evidence of prehistoric seas in the marine shells and deposits among the hills. The fossil plants teach him new and unsuspected lessons in the world’s history. Would it be too much to call him the Father of Geology?

The botanists of the latter half of the seventeenth century have been accredited with the discovery of the laws of phyllotaxy, that is, the arrangement of the leaves on their stem. Leonardo had described it and carefully drawn it a hundred and fifty years earlier. Hear what he says: “Nature has disposed the leaves of the last twigs of many plants in such a fashion that the sixth leaf is always over the first. This is doubly to the advantage of the plant. First, inasmuch as the new twig or fruit is borne in the following year at the juncture of the leaf, the water which falls upon the twig can travel down and feed the bud. Secondly, when the new growth takes place in the following year the new twigs do not cover one another, for the five twigs are borne turned in five different directions, the sixth being borne

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above the first at a considerable distance." In the same way he saw that the concentric rings on the cut stem of a tree showed its age—a discovery not made public till the seventeenth century.

"Anatomy," says M. Séailles, "occupied him during his whole life." Showing thereby what he had endured himself, he warned the student that he must face much that is disgusting and terrible. It was by autopsy and dissection that he penetrated many of the secrets of life and death. His greatest discovery was the circulation of the blood, which he noticed just a century before William Harvey delivered his famous lectures. His anatomical studies, illustrated by careful drawings, show with what pains he analysed that most complex of all machines, the human body—the bones, the muscles and tendons, the veins, arteries, and viscera. The eye, *finestra dell' anima*, was always searching, probing, discovering. To comparative anatomy he gives special attention—he compares man with the ape; the lion, the tiger, and other felines with the cat; the bull with the buffalo, the stag, the buck, and the roe; and the horse, his special favourite among beasts, with the ass and the mule. He shows where the distinctions between different genera and species lie; he traces the points of similarity between the arm of the man and the wing of the bird. He shows how all the animals of the earth are constructed upon a homogeneous plan. Muscles, bones, and nerves are common to all, varying only in length and size.

In an age when black magic was an article of faith, and every pope and king had his adept in

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league with the Prince of Darkness hunting for the philosopher's stone, it would be strange indeed if Leonardo, with his encyclopædic curiosity, had not investigated the claims and the powers of the sorcerers and alchemists. His mathematical mind quickly disposed of them. Palmistry and the line of life he dismissed in these words, "If you take the markings of the hand to predict the future, you will find that great armies and numerous equipages have succumbed at the same hour, and that nevertheless the markings were absolutely different in each individual." Further, "Of all human opinions we must regard as the most foolish the belief in necromancy, the sister of alchemy." It was pretended indeed by some persons that Leonardo had himself given encouragement to these impostures. If he did have aught to do with them, it was obviously only for the purpose of exposing their falsehood.

Upon the last years of Leonardo's life I will not dwell. Evil days had fallen upon Milan, where he would fain have remained to cast the mighty statue of Francesco Sforza, and gather together in one vast all-embracing work the voluminous notes which he had been collecting during so many years. If that could have been done, the world's knowledge would have been advanced by an immeasurable time, for it was not till centuries had elapsed that the scattered wisdom of the man was deciphered, but, alas! never put together. The fates had willed it otherwise. Many a man earned fame, and justly earned it, by the discovery of facts new to science, but which had been known to, or suspected by,

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Leonardo, buried rather than recorded in the secrecy of his cryptic and disjointed writings.

He became a wanderer. He travelled in Central Italy and returned to Florence, and became attached to Louis XII. He went to Rome and worked for the great Medici Pope Leo XII., who treated him somewhat shabbily, but left that city to join Francis I., at Pavia, and after once more visiting Milan, the scene of so many triumphs, so many memories, and so much disappointment, he followed the king to France in 1516. Francis gave him as his home the Château de Cloux, near Amboise, where the court often went. Here he lived peacefully for three years, but the end was not happy. Prematurely aged, for he was only sixty-four years old, crippled by paralysis, worn out by the vast energies of his genius, the great handsome man, the profound thinker, the prophet of science, the incomparable artist, commending his soul to the Virgin Mary, to St. Michael and all the saints, passed into eternity, and a great light was extinguished. Two men wept: his friend, pupil, and executor, Melzo, and the great king who loved him dearly.

I am afraid that I have sorely tried your patience, and yet I must ask you to bear with me for a few more minutes, in order that I may show you why I have chosen this subject for our consideration this evening, and what are the lessons and the encouragement which, unless I am mistaken, the photographer may derive from it.

Photography has been reproached with being a mere mechanical process. In a sense that is true; and yet, in spite of that, it is capable of being

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inspired with such poetic grace and beauty that it may well claim the right of entrance into the holy of holies of Art's temple. Only think how Leonardo, the man to whom the mechanics were "a Paradise," would have revelled in this "mere mechanical process"! What imagination, what divine poetry he would have pressed into its service! Yet, grandly as he would have turned it into account artistically, we may be sure that it is the mechanical perfection, the mathematical sincerity of your art, its high value as the helpmeet of science, that would have appealed to him. Penetrated as he was by the artistic aura, it would have been impossible for him to have approved those recent methods by which the photographer tries to trespass upon the province of the painter, and in which he so signally fails. He would most surely have recognised and welcomed those powers which are the monopoly of the photographer—such, for instance, as the reproduction of the fleeting and evanescent forms of clouds, the structure, shape, and movements of waves, upon which he thought and wrote so much, the motion of trees or of the corn-fields under the action of wind (another subject which occupied his busy pen). He would have acknowledged the assistance which those powers may render to the painter, but he would have shuddered at and sternly rebuked the degradation of an art, the essence of which is truth, by plagiarisms which throw into the shade the vilest falsehoods of the incompetent limner. Above all, he would have driven home the value of perspective. That was to him, as to Albrecht Dürer, the first and

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foremost essential in all art. "Perspective," he said, "is the bridle and rudder of painting." Here is a passage which might have been specially written for the benefit of the photographer: "Among all studies, natural causes and reasons, light is that which the most delights those who contemplate it. Among the grand effects of mathematics it is the certainty of demonstration which above all other things elevates the mind of the investigator; for this reason perspective is to be placed above all human studies and disciplines, because in it the line of light is combined with mathematical demonstration"—and he ends with a characteristic prayer: "May the Lord who is the light of all things, deign to give me light that I may treat of light." What would he have said to the wilful violations of the laws of perspective which we see in so many photographic exhibitions? Ships cut off at mid-mast in order that a great ladder of distorted ripples, all out of focus, may drag out a meaningless and hideous reflection—a poor trick indeed, torturing the old Greek poet's lovely image of "the countless smiles of the sea" into the vulgar grins of a circus clown. In another frame we see a delightful old ruin—castle or monastery—perched up in miniature at the top corner of a picture, the bulk of which is eaten up by a Brobdingnagian expanse of gravel, or by a field of grasses which look like sugar canes and castor-oil plants. In portraiture we are shown mere faces, flat and without any sense of the subtle mysteries of aerial perspective—faces all blotches and scars that might well serve as charts to illustrate some medical book on skin

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diseases. And yet, in this very room, on these walls, what delicate, refined work we have seen in landscape, seascape, and portraiture ; work in which the secrets of nature have been recorded with loving truth and enthusiasm—genuine triumphs of skill and of the appreciation of the beautiful—showing what are your capabilities. Can we doubt for one moment to which of these methods a Leonardo would have given his blessing ?

I cannot help thinking that his advice to the photographer would have been “the cobbler to his last.” The photographer has at his command powers which are of the highest value and which no painter possesses. See from one last quotation how Leonardo would have appreciated instantaneous photography. “If a battle is to be represented,” he says, “the poet would have worn out his pen, dried up his tongue with thirst, exhausted his body with want of sleep and hunger, before having described what the painter with his science shows in an instant.” How much more rapid and accurate for such work is the photographer ! He can teach the painter much : many truths the depths of which few artists have sounded. From the painter he has little to learn beyond the elements of composition. His school is elsewhere. It is to Nature herself that he should go and not to any copy, however skilful. That indeed was Leonardo’s advice to all artists. A painter, he says, will produce but poor stuff if he takes as his guide the paintings of others ; and that came with no small force from the master who so rendered the foreground of his great picture, *La Vierge aux*

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rochers, that, as Richter puts it, "each flower is given with such exquisite truth that to classify it botanically is an easy matter." The true artist, he again says, is the son of nature—the copyist only her grandson—"nipote."

This is a subject which might be drawn out at great length, but I hope that I have said enough to show you that a study of the life and achievements of this great artistic genius, in some respects indeed the greatest that ever lived, may well serve as an encouragement to you to follow his teaching, by practising in your art all that is most truthful, most beautiful, and most satisfying to the *finestra dell' anima*, to the eye that sees as Leonardo's saw. Above all his example and doctrine bring ample comfort to the photographer, who never need blush when it is cast in his teeth that he is dealing only with mechanics. "With mechanics," he may reply, "yes! with the Paradise of Leonardo da Vinci."

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THERE are some folk who object to the planting of exotic trees and shrubs in English pleasure grounds. They say that such manifestly alien plants give a foreign and un-homelike appearance to the garden, that they are out of place, fantastic, and what not beside ! Are not the Briar Rose, the Holly, the Gorse, the Hazel, and many others, far more beautiful than all the plants which have been brought from abroad with infinite pains and at great cost ? No one denies the loveliness of the Briar Rose and its companions, but even their charms can be shown to greater advantage when set out with other and still more brilliant plants, which, though not natives, are at any rate willing refugees here. Rubies and diamonds are not found in England, yet our English women are no less fair for wearing them, and would be sorely troubled if sumptuary laws were to be passed restricting them to the use of British pearls. Our gardens, like our dames, challenge the world for natural beauty. Their ornaments, from time immemorial, they have drawn from over the seas. It is right that we should take everything that is beautiful wherever we may find it ; it is certain that we shall hit upon some spot in which it will blend harmoniously with what already exists ; and it is in the discovery of that fitting place that we shall show our skill and our knowledge. But

* This chapter on landscape gardening comes from my "Bamboo Garden," published in 1896, and now out of print. As the book will never be reprinted, I thought I might insert it here.

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there has been so much heretical doctrine preached upon this subject, that I would fain have my say in defence of my Bamboos and other fair plants which have been so unjustly vilipended, taking for my text Bacon's famous saying, "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."

Many years ago I was travelling with a companion in Asia Minor, and we passed some days in the Troad. It was before the days of Schliemann's great discoveries, and we, full of young ambition and presumption, thought that perhaps for us the centuries might have guarded the secrets of King Priam's treasure-house, and that to our lot might fall the glory of fixing the site of the buried city. In vain we sought, thermometer in hand, for the warm springs at which the deep-bosomed Trojan dames were wont to wash peplum and chiton; in vain we tried to fix the positions of the great gates, and dug in every mound for relics of the mighty dead. We were not possessed of the talisman which should charm the guardian Afrits into revelation of the mysteries committed to their charge, and we went away no wiser than we came. Had we but been armed with King Solomon's seal we should have been famous, and Schliemann an unknown nonentity. Fate willed that it should be the other way.

If, however, we did not find the city of Troy, we nevertheless were not without our Homeric experiences. Well do I remember how, on one occasion, the god descended into the River Scamander, and there was a mighty flood, and we, wet to the

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bone under torrents of rain, were separated from our baggage for two days, and had to take refuge in a Turkish farmhouse, where during the hideous nights we fed the hungry myriads that formed the subject of the famous riddle that drove Homer to despair and death. Happily, however, memory makes light of mischances, and it is the loveliness and delight of the days that followed which remain crystallised in my mind—days when we wandered through the Ida Range amid scenes so entrancing that one understood how the burning imagination of the Old Greek poets peopled them with gods and goddesses, wood nymphs and water nymphs, Beings more ethereal and more beautiful than the children of men, and yet capable of revealing themselves to, and even of loving, and being loved by, those few happy mortals to whom the supreme gift of the favour of Olympus should have been vouchsafed. I remember how, during the lower part of the ascent of Mount Ida, we rode through the enchanted forest and among the pastures where young Paris tended his flock, and Aphrodite used to console the solitudes of Father Anchises. (How hard it is, by the way, that Paris should seem always young, as young to-day as when he went a-courting Helen, while Anchises, who charmed the Queen of all charms, is nothing but a bleary-eyed wreck, in order to bring into relief the everlastingly priggish piety of pious Æneas! a strange case of poetic injustice!)

I remember how one longed to stop and dream away the lovely noontide under the shade of the great trees—Oaks and Chestnuts and Pines, and

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others whose names I knew not ; but it was enough for me that they were the descendants of the very trees of Homer, as it was enough for me to know that every tiny rill that whispered over the great moss-grown stones, glimmering through a carpet of daintiest wild flowers, would fight its way down to join the rushing Scamander in the plain, just as it had done in the days of the ten years' siege. It was my first taste of the East.

The sunshine was brighter, the shadows were darker than any that I had seen before, and over dell and glade and rockbound burn there was a glamour of sensuous beauty, new, strange, and bewildering. Nor was there room to doubt that Homer himself must have travelled through the mountain forests that he described. For as we went upward, the vegetation, so luxuriant below, became scantier and scantier until it dwindled into mere scrub, and finally ceased altogether ; then came a stiff climb across loose shingle, where hardly a lichen was to be found, and over which we had painfully to drag our unwilling horses until we reached the summit. There, wonder of wonders ! after the long and weary tramp over barren rock, there burst upon our view the very carpet of flowers which marked the spot where the Lady Hera, having borrowed the girdle of the Goddess of Love, decoyed the cloud-compelling Zeus. Old Homer must have seen this strange sight, and invented the pretty fable to account for it. He could not have been born blind.

Ah ! Mother Ida ! many-fountained Ida ! "your beauty haunts me like a fever dream !" Crags and

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fells, groves and streams, all are visions of supreme loveliness. It is the gardening of the gods, inimitable, unapproachable, and yet conveying a great lesson. Happily for the world, though there are few scenes to match those which inspired the old Greek poets, there are yet not many countries where Nature has not dedicated some favoured school to teach man the same object-lesson, if he would only profit by it. And yet there are still men whose ambition it seems to be that their Neptune shall throw up a spout of water a yard higher than somebody else's Triton, and who would fain, according to the measure of their means, ape the extravagant vulgarities of Versailles or Sydenham. They forget that these masses of stone abominations, though they may be triumphs of engineering skill, are no more gardening than are the fortifications of Vauban, and that, the highest art being the concealment of art, that man is the greatest gardener who shall, on however humble a scale, have successfully imitated the master touch of Nature. In the garden of Eden there were no flower-beds, and the fairest and most bewitching scenes of this earth are those in which we can picture to ourselves Adam and Eve, before sin and carpet-bedding had been invented, wandering hand in hand, happy, childlike, innocent—contented with the mere sense of life and beauty and love, surrounded by the bountiful profusion of Nature, and soothed by the rushing music of sweet waters. Such a spot I can yet see in my mind's eye far away on an island of the Malay Archipelago—a lovely vision of a crystal clear pool, fed by the glistening jewels of an overhanging cascade,

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sheltered from the heat of noon by a network of Palms and Bamboos, and strange vegetation draped with giant climbers. Birds, and butterflies as big as birds, of every dazzling colour of the rainbow, flit from bough to bough. The air is heavy with the scent of spices; Orchids and mysteriously shaped flowers peep out as surprises amid the giant foliage; while great apes, chattering with uncontrollable fun, fight mimic battles with tropical fruits for ammunition, or gravely assist in one another's toilet. Here again is the gardening of the gods—no formal beds, no torturing and trimming of *Alternantheras*, no setting out of geometrical patterns with House-leeks. And yet what beauty of form! what incomparable harmony of colours!—a memory the light of which the changes and chances of nearly fifty years have not been able to extinguish.

It is good to be able to record the fact that though there are still found prophets to bless the so-called architectural school of gardening, and even to write books advocating its adoption, the professors of these heresies find fewer acolytes year by year, while men more and more consult Nature as the true fountain-head of the gardener's craft. As for those books and their writers, have they not been pilloried and annihilated and utterly wiped out by the accomplished author of the "English Flower Garden"—himself a true apostle of Nature, and a deadly foe to the intrusions of the stonemason into the garden that he knows how to love? And yet I would guard myself against being misunderstood. There are, of course, many gardens where

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the natural configuration of the site has made a terrace, or even a succession of terraces, a matter of necessity, where, in fact, nothing could have been achieved without them. There are many such where great beauty has been attained by the skilful combination of architecture with plant life. Who can deny the merits and distinction of some of the famous Roman Gardens, or of many of the Scotch and Welsh hillside pleasaunces? What I am chiefly concerned to criticise are the acres of paving stones surrounded by balustrades, and bespattered by jets of greater or lesser size, which were dear to the French architects. In these stones there is no beauty and but one sermon: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity." Versailles is a wreck, and the rays of the Roi Soleil are extinguished for ever.

In these heavy masses of masonry there is only dignity for those who admire that which is costly. The poetry of gardening lies in another direction. Who can conceive a Dryad making her home in an Orange-tree incased in a green wooden tub? What nymph who respects herself would bathe her dainty limbs among the glorified squirts of Sydenham? Another test: Could a painter paint these formal gardens of ashlar? Could a poet find inspiration in them? Would Saint Bernard say of them what he said of the woodland, "*Aliquid amplius invenias in sylvis quam in libris*"?

He who would lay out for himself a paradise*—I use the word in old Parkinson's sense—cannot do

* "*Paradisi in sole Paradisus terrestris,*" &c. By John Parkinson, Apothecary of London, 1629.

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better, having the needful leisure, than set out to drink in wisdom in Japan. Not in the Japanese gardens, for, as we shall see presently, nowhere is the gardener's work more out of tune with Nature than in that country of paradoxes; but on the mountain-side, in the dim recesses of the forest, by the banks of many a torrent, there the great silent Teacher has mapped out for our instruction plans and devices which are the living refutation of the heresies of stonemasonry. There are spots among the Hakone Mountains, not to mention many other places, of which the study of a lifetime could hardly exhaust the lessons. One reason which makes Japan such a rich field for observation is that perhaps in no other country will you find so many types of vegetation within so small an area. The sombre gloom of the Cryptomerias, the stiff and stately Firs, Pine-trees twisted and gnarled into every conceivable shape, flowering trees and shrubs in countless varieties, combined with the feathering grace of the Bamboo and soft curtains of wild Vines and Wistarias—and all growing as if the kindly function of each plant were not only itself to look its very best, but also to enhance the beauty of its neighbours—present a series of pictures difficult to realise. Fancy a great glen all besnowed with the tender bloom of Cherries and Peaches and Magnolias in spring, or blazing with the flames of the Maples, the “brocade” of the Japanese poets, warming the chill October, and in its depths a great waterfall leaping from rock to rock for some hundreds of feet! Here and there the soft brown thatch of some peasant's cottage, or the

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quaint eaves of a Buddhist temple, jut out from the hillside, while far down below you are the emerald-green patches of paddyfield, with great white cranes stalking about in solemn state. In such a glen you may sit hour after hour, feasting your eyes in wonder, and learning how to get the fullest value out of your treasures at home. Few, if any, of the plants which you are admiring are too tender to be grown in some part of England, and the fair landscape before you furnishes the key to their successful adaptation.

The Japanese are true lovers of scenery; no people have a keener feeling for a beautiful landscape; to them a moon rising over Mount Fuji is a poem, and their pilgrimages to see the almonds in blossom or the glories of the autumn tints are almost proverbial—and yet, strange to say, in their gardens they seem to take a delight in setting at defiance every one of those canons which Nature has laid down so unmistakably for those who will be at the pains to read them. The Japanese garden is a mere toy that might be the appanage of a doll's house. Everything is in miniature. There is a dwarf forest of stunted Pines, with a Lilliputian waterfall running into a tiny pond full of giant gold-fish—the only big things to be seen. There is a semblance in earth and stones of the great Mount Fuji, and in one corner is a temple to Inari Sama, the god who presides over farming, and is waited upon by the foxes. Stone lanterns of grotesque shape spring up here and there, and the paths are made of great flat stepping-stones set well apart so as not to touch one another; shrubs, Cycads,

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and dwarf Conifers are planted, not without quaint skill and prettiness, but there are no broad effects, no inspiration of Nature. It is all spick and span, intensely artificial, a miracle of misplaced zeal and wasted labour. Attached to what were the Daimios' palaces in the old days there were some fine pleasure grounds, well laid out, rich in trees, and daintily kept. The gardens of the Mikado, by the shore of the Bay of Yedo, are beautiful. But the average Japanese garden is such as I have described it—a mere whimsical toy, the relic of an art imported from China, and stereotyped on the willow-pattern plate.

In my little garden at Tokyo—such a lovely spot overlooking the bay!—there was a small pond in which myriads of mosquitoes used to live and love, bringing up innumerable families, and making life almost intolerable. At last I could bear it no longer, so I filled up the pond and made a sort of bog garden of it, the chief feature of which consisted of great clumps of *Iris Kämpferi*. It was wrong, it was heterodox, it almost broke my gardener's heart. For if there are laws, sacred, immutable, as to the disposal of a few flowers in a vase, how much more is the laying out of a garden a matter not to be lightly tampered with! And yet when the iris came into bloom the following year, even the greatest sticklers for precedent among my Japanese friends were enraptured at the beauty of an innovation only pardonable in a barbarian.

The secret of the success lay in the massing of the plants—another lesson learnt from Nature, but nowhere better taught than in some of those lovely

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valleys of Mongolia which lie beyond the Great Wall of China. I was travelling in those regions in 1866. I knew nothing, but my comrade was a good botanist and an ardent lover of flowers, and I can well remember how he kept jumping off his horse, as it seemed to me every few yards, to gather some precious rarity. We must have trampled treasures under foot which I, blind bat that I was, should have ridden past uncaring and unthinking but for my friend. Yet, in spite of ignorance, it was impossible even for me not to be struck by the picturesque and bold grouping of the flowers with which the valleys were enamelled. Nature had laid on her colours from a rich and generous palette. I can even now call to mind a great isolated crag some five or six hundred feet high, standing out from the mountain wall, on the summit of which, by efforts little short of miraculous, a small Buddhist temple had been made to perch. Every cranny and fissure of that great mass of rock seemed to be filled with lovely flowers and ferns, and at the base was a flame of scarlet Turk's-cap Lilies growing by scores against a background of some scrubby Pine or Juniper. That day I felt that I learnt how Nature intended Lilies to be planted ; and that, as we know from Ovid, was how Tarquin grew them. As I have said before, at that time my ignorance of plant life was complete ; but I had a great leaning to all that is beautiful and picturesque, and so my travels in many lands were insensibly an education in gardening. It is true that it was the beauty of the garden and not the species of the flower that attracted me, but the joy that I took in the one led to the study

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of the other, and so the great love of both was built up.

To return to my lilies. It is strange how the value to be obtained by planting great masses of one flower together is forgotten or neglected. How often, for instance, does one see stowed away in some corner a single plant of *Erica carnea* or *Omphalodes verna*, which ought to be grown by the hundred, or rather by the thousand! How rarely do you find the pretty little blue *Lobelia* planted otherwise than in a thin, ineffective line! and how charming it is when you do come upon a great clump of it!

I know a garden to the west of London where there is a really fine collection of plants, especially of herbaceous plants.

They are grown with loving care; they are all planted in soil scientifically prepared to suit their several natures, and scrupulously labelled, so that every plant stands out with its rank and titles ostentatiously set forth in English and Latin.

No new rarity is announced in the nurserymen's catalogues but what it at once finds its way into those all-absorbing borders, of which there are hundreds upon hundreds of yards.

All the treasures of the uttermost ends of the earth seem to be gathered together there; but none is allowed to gladden the eye by showing off its true beauty. Background there is none; and if there be six or sixty, or any number of one species, they are all dotted about singly, separated from their fellows, and compelled to consort with any uncongenial stranger that chance or the

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gardener's trowel may have established by their side. In winter, when the leaves have died down, the labels in the long dreary borders look like a procession of Lilliputian tombstones—a very necropolis of plants. Here are love, money, and labour lavishly expended, and all lost for want of a little attention to that teaching which Nature so unmistakably gives us. If a man is making a pleasance for himself, then, as it appears to me, beauty is the first object, and this in any garden may best be obtained by having a few varieties liberally displayed in such a framework of other plants as will set them off to the best advantage.

If a botanical collection be the aim in view that is another matter; but then the plants should be set out according to families and in purely scientific array. That is a great and laudable object. But to turn what should be a garden of delight into a mere living illustration of the advertising lists—to look upon rarity and crackjaw names as the highest goal of the gardener's ambition, that is a view with which I for one have no sympathy. And yet it is a vice of which there are many amateurs. Fiends there are who haunt flower shows, and are assiduous attendants at lectures, bores from whom there is no escape—mostly feminine, but some apparently neuter, flinging painfully acquired sesquipedalian names at their victims' heads with an air of conscious superiority. It is strange that one never hears of those plants a second time. I believe that if they ever existed they die of despair, killed by their names!

When all is said and done, it is certain that

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although there are many bad and ugly gardens in England, still there is no country in the world that can show so many really beautiful pleasure grounds, and that the number of these is increasing as taste improves and larger views prevail. Washington Irving is not the only traveller who has done homage to our skill as landscape gardeners. There are many reasons which combine to give England the pre-eminence in this respect. In the first place, there is the much abused climate. Foreigners may sneer as they please at our fogs and our grey skies, but with all their contempt where can they show such turf and such trees? and are not these the foundation of all gardening? It was a wise as well as a gallant Frenchman who asserted that the most beautiful thing in Nature is an English girl, mounted on an English horse, on English turf, and under an English tree. True it is that the rays of the sun caress rather than scorch up our plants; but our vegetation is the greener, and our flowers last the longer, not meeting the fate of Semele. After all there is some malice and not a little envy in the attacks upon us. If I were asked to quote the most insolent speech that ever was made in polite society, I think I should cite the reply of the Neapolitan ambassador (to Sir Robert Walpole, I think) when he was asked to admire an effect of sunlight on the Thames at Chelsea, "La lune du Roi mon maître vaut bien votre soleil." After all we may be contented with a climate that admittedly gives us beautiful women, beautiful horses, beautiful turf and beautiful trees. But that is not all; it is certain that, in spite of fickle

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weather, we can and do cultivate more varieties of plants than can be seen in any other country. What quarter of the globe is there that has not been laid under contribution to enrich and beautify our gardens? There are many English pleasaunces which are in themselves a liberal education in geography. Here are pines from California, China, Mexico, Sardinia; fir-trees from the Black Sea and Colorado; great Flame Flowers, Tritomas, from the Cape of Good Hope; a carpet of *Acæna* from New Zealand; Tulips and other bulbs from Asia Minor; herbaceous plants from Central Asia; Bamboos from China and Japan and the Himalayas; the Chusan Palm; the Edelweiss of the Alps; the Honeysuckle of the Pyrenees; and every recurring season tests the resisting power of some new plant. It is a never ceasing wonder that all these, and thousands of others, all different in nature and in origin, can find such a congenial home in this Protean climate. Perhaps it is the very fact of the variations in our weather that gives us this boundless and varied wealth to choose from.

Then there is the extraordinary power inborn in the Englishman of making a home for himself wherever he may be. Not only does he travel more than other people, but wherever his fortunes lead him—whether as colonist, soldier, or diplomatist—there he at once sets about establishing himself as if the remainder of his life were to be spent there, and his ambition is to “settle”—a word untranslatable in any other tongue, because the idea is absent. In a French colony there is no such thing as the “settler”—the man who comes prepared to

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stay if needs must, and perhaps even found a family. The Frenchman, differing in this from us, dreams only of the day when he shall return to his beloved café on the Boulevards, and in the meantime is content to sip his absinthe in as good an imitation of that same café as circumstances will admit. The Spaniard, the Italian, the German are better colonists than the Frenchman, but the idea of making a home, even for a short time, is peculiar to the Englishman ; and of his home the garden is an essential feature. In many lands are such gardens found, and they exercise an influence over much of the work that is done in this country. There are hundreds of gardens in England which have some feature inspired by the memory of the owner's little patch of pleasure ground thousands of miles beyond the seas ; others there are that, furnished with seeds of plants from some banished friend, reflect the descriptions given in his letters. But even when men have simply travelled much, keeping their eyes open to see what is beautiful, without of necessity remaining for any length of time in one place, they come back with new ideas insensibly acquired, pictures indelibly fixed in their minds, which they cannot but strive in some measure to reproduce when the chance occurs. And so it is that in English gardens and pleasaunces there is so often a memory of many lands enshrined amid the charms of our own scenery.

In gardening, as I said before, there is a school that prides itself on having purer methods than those that are followed by the general. To these purists it is a sin that we should introduce foreign

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trees into our pleasaunces. "England for the English" is their motto, and they resent the intrusion of any foreigner among their Elms, and Oaks, and Ashes, and Chestnuts. But then they should be consistent. It suits them to forget that these very Elms and Chestnuts which they look upon as the legitimate ornament and pride of their landscape are themselves aliens, the one an Italian, the other an Asiatic. "Time," say the objectors, "has washed from them the stain of birth and given them the rights of citizenship"; time will perform the same kindly office for many another beautiful plant. Sadly, indeed, would our plantations be shorn of their glories if all evergreens save those which are indigenous were to be banished from them, and we were restricted to the natives which you may count on the fingers of your two hands.

No! our gardens, like our race and our language, owe their merits to the continual infusion of new blood. Indeed, it would seem as though race and language were in far greater danger from intruders than our Flora, for every steamer that reaches our ports discharges a load of indigent aliens, while even in the days when Dryden was king over the wits of the coffee-houses he complained that "if so many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them." In rightly using, then, the great gifts which we have received from beyond the seas, we should, to borrow Dryden's phrase, "assist the natives," not "conquer them."

For there are undeniably certain characteristics

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peculiar to the English landscape with which it would be treason to interfere. As I write, I look upon a great rolling tract of park land studded with patriarchal Oaks that were saplings in Plantagenet and Tudor days, giant Ash-trees, Elms and Thorns planted in the reign of good Queen Anne. Far be it from me to introduce any change in such a scene. It is thoroughly English and perfect of its kind; no impious hand should dare to tamper with it. But farther up the hill there is a spot snugly screened from the cruel blasts which come from north and east, where, when the great Oaks and Elms, shorn of their summer bravery, are mere gaunt skeletons, there is still some shelter and some warmth.

Here, amid the sparkling glitter of a holly grove, are all manner of beautiful evergreens—rare pines, steeping fir-trees, rhododendrons, cypresses, junipers. A tiny rill trickles over the green velvet of the rocks, with ferns creeping out of the crannies in which many an Alpine treasure is hushed to rest, waiting the warm kiss of spring and the song of the birds, that, like Orpheus with his lute, shall raise the seeming dead from the grave.

Tall rushes and gracefully arching Bamboos, hardly stirred by the wind, nod their plumes over the little stream from which the rays of a December sun have just strength enough to charm the diamonds and rubies and sapphires; a golden pheasant, all unconscious of human presence, is preening his radiant feathers by the water-side. It is a retreat such as the fairies might haunt, and where in the bitter Christmastide a man may

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forget the outside world, and for one too brief hour revel in a Midwinter Day's Dream of glorious summer. In the planning of this sun-trap surely the most captious critic will not cavil at the addition of such strangers as may seem best suited to fill in a scene which may not be English, and yet is in harmony with, and lends a new charm to, the surroundings with which it is contrasted.

Whatever may be the cause—and now that one may put a girdle round the earth in little more time than it took to ride post from the Land's End to John o' Groat's and back a hundred years ago, it seems evident that travel has much to say to it—the improvement in our gardens is most conspicuous. And in truth we have unlearnt as much as we have learnt. To own an historic house and gardens, like Levens, for instance, which have been undisturbed and unchanged by the revolutions of centuries, is a matter of which a man may well be proud. Nor is it only the interest of antiquity which attaches to such relics of a bygone age, for there is a certain impressive beauty in their stateliness which cannot be denied. Yet would it be unwise to plant in that way to-day. The stamp of nobility which time alone could give would be wanting. Yew or box trees fantastically carved and tortured into all manner of whimsical shapes cannot be achieved but by patience and long years of waiting. Better results may be obtained with much less labour and greater rapidity, and the *Ars Topiaria* is happily dead. Not so the hedge of holly or yew, which is a grave, dignified, and even necessary feature in many gardens, modern as well

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as ancient. Indeed, I have in my mind such a screen planted some thirty years since, sheltering a long row of beehives in a beautiful Scotch flower garden, the effect of which is most charming ; but the birds and men and beasts, ships and teapots and the many other conceits of the pleacher—nay, the very pleacher himself—are as extinct as the dodo or the great auk.

Then there was a moment when the folly of fashion spent itself in the construction of abominations in the shape of grottos—probably inspired by the grand tour and the study of Virgil ; when every man who had completed his education by a journey in Italy, or, if he could not afford that expensive luxury, by reading a friend's letters from Naples or Syracuse, must needs contrive in his garden a den the walls of which he lined with shiny pebbles, shells, bits of glass, and every incongruous rubbish that he could gather together. Among the most famous of these were Pope's grotto at Twickenham, "composed of marble, spars, gems, ores and minerals," and that of the Duke of Newcastle at Oatlands Park, which was afterwards the residence of the Duke of York. Dr. Johnson's account of the former in his "Lives of the Poets" is too good not to be transcribed :

"Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention ; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossil bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto—a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends

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and himself that cares and passions could be excluded. A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun ; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage."

After all, therefore, there was some excuse for Pope's folly, but what can be said for that of the Duke of Newcastle, over which the county history gloats with honest pride ?

"The pleasure grounds are beautifully laid out ; and a delightful walk through the shrubbery leads to a romantic grotto, which was constructed at a great expense for the Duke of Newcastle by three persons (a father and his two sons), who are reported to have been employed in the work several years. It consists of four or five apartments, the sides and roofs of which are incrustated with satin spar, sparkling ores, shells, crystals, and stalactites ; some of the quartz crystals are unusually large and fine. There is also a bath-room, in which is a beautiful (marble) copy of Venus di Medici, as though going to bathe. The rocks forming the exterior are built up with a whitish-coloured perforated stone, a kind of tufa. In the upper chamber the late Duchess of York passed much of her time when the Duke was in Flanders during the revolutionary war with France."

Like a cavernous Madame Malbrook ! Grottos

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have gone out of fashion now ; as Dr. Johnson pointed out, they did not suit the climate ; and then they were so manifestly incomplete : what is a spelunca without a great clumsy Polyphemus ogling his Galatea with his one saucer-eye ?

Of carpet gardening—a disgrace which has sat heavily upon us these many years—there is no need to say much ; it avails not to flog a dead horse, and this, if not dead, is at any rate dying ; as Bacon said of the fashion consequent upon it, of tricking out patterns in coloured earths, sands, or pebbles, “ You may see as good sights, many times, in tarts.”

The truth is that in every good garden there is poetical or spiritual beauty with which these crude and flaunting artifices are out of tune ; the air which breathed o’er Eden still in some mystic sense pervades our groves. “ God planted the first garden ” ; and if man was formed in His image, may we not believe that certain more favoured spots still reflect the idea of that first Divine Garden ? To catch the spirit of these is the supreme art of the gardener, and leads him to the realisation of the next proposition of the text, “ the purest of human pleasures.”

I look upon gardening as one of the fine arts, and, rightly understood, not one of the least difficult. The painter or the sculptor makes his effects at once, and obliterates, or models and remodels, until he has attained that at which he is aiming. But the gardener has to consider not what his work is now, but what it will grow into ten, twenty, fifty years hence. He has to take

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into account not the present aspect of his materials, but what are their capabilities in the future and their relative powers of development. If he has a background ready made to his hand he is lucky, but if he has to make it he has to do so with trees which are mostly far slower of growth than the more immediately effective plants which it is their office to set off. He has to balance questions of soil, light, moisture. All this involves not only the poetic sense, but also great and patiently acquired knowledge. He has no Aladdin's lamp wherewith to bid trees spring from the earth and form a sheltering background, yet background is the soul of all gardening, rarely, alas! seen at its best by him who has devised it. If the background be unfitting all the work is thrown away. Colour, form, light and shade, grouping, all have to be studied in the composition of one of those living pictures which the gardener paints from a living palette.

In these days his choice of subjects is varied indeed, for there is scarcely a portion of the globe from which he cannot borrow some landscape with the aid of the wealth of plants that the last half-century has given us. Are all these chances and opportunities to be thrown away? Are the lessons that have been learned to be a vain thing? It seems to me to be rank folly that we should fetter ourselves by rejecting all the beauties of form as being incongruous, when no one dreams of excluding those of colour. No one ever repudiates a beautiful flower because it is an exotic; it is inconsistent, then, to refuse admission to a lovely tree.

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In Nature it is to form, far more than to colour, that the fairest pictures owe their charm. You may have to hunt for a flower, but the grace of a Palm or a Bamboo springs into notice of itself.

So far as our present knowledge goes, with the single exception of Fortune's Chamærops, the hardy Bamboos are the only plants which help us to give, in certain appropriate places, some faint idea of the mysterious vegetation of warm climates. Outlanders it must be confessed that they are, with the impress of their foreign origin stamped on every feature, differing in that from many an impostor, too often undetected, that raises its bragging head with as much effrontery as if it could trace an English pedigree back beyond the Crusades. The impostor is admitted without a word, but give a place to the more honest and charming outlander, and you are a Goth, a destroyer of the English landscape when, turning an alley, you bring the purist to some secluded spot framing a picture which he cannot understand, and in his superiority will not admire, but which to you brings back something like a subtle fragrance of the dim far-away.

THE HISTORY OF PAPER

THE HISTORY OF PAPER, BEING
ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS
TO THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC
SOCIETY

IN preparing my presidential address, it occurred to me that there might be some interest in leaving the ordinary groove of such discourses and attempting to throw some light upon the subject of any one of those many materials which we have in daily use, and which are so familiar to us that we have almost ceased to consider that they, too, have their life history, that they, too, have gone through many vicissitudes, which it may be instructive at any rate to trace.

In the course of a somewhat desultory way of reading, which it is my wonted habit to follow, I had occasion lately to inquire into the history—the very ancient history—of Paper. I came upon much that was new, at any rate to me, and much which I thought might specially interest some of you as photographers; for although paper is one of the most familiar necessities of modern life, there are, perhaps, few people who are more indebted to it than the men of our craft. It seemed to me then that, rather than weary you with any futile disquisition upon matters in which you are past masters and I a mere tyro, I might perhaps venture to ask you to follow me in examining one subject upon which in late years the labours of two eminent Austrian scientists, Professors Karabacek and Wiesner, of Vienna, have thrown new and most interesting light. These two gentlemen,

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working quite independently, the one as an eminent Arabic scholar, the other as a no less distinguished microscopist, have arrived at the same conclusion, and it is upon the result of their work that the remarks which I shall lay before you this evening are based.

It has been a common creed that our modern civilisation and culture is due to the invention of printing with movable type by Gutenberg in the year 1450. This, as Houston Chamberlain has shown in his "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," is putting the cart before the horse. "If there be any one," he says, "who shares Janssen's opinion that it is the art of printing that has given wings to the human mind, be so good as to explain to us why it is that the Chinese are without wings." Chamberlain gives the glory to the discovery of paper, which, by furnishing a cheap and handy material upon which to work, gave the impetus which led to the spread of printing with such rapidity that, while Gutenberg was type-founding at Mayence, other men were striving in the same direction at Bamberg, at Haarlem, at Avignon, and in Venice, and within twenty-five years printing presses were busy at work in almost all the chief cities of Europe; and this was the outcome of the invention of paper, a new, cheap, and fitting vehicle for the diffusion of knowledge, which took the place of papyrus, silk, leather, and vellum, not to speak of the little cakes of clay upon which the Assyrians wrote their business notes, their official despatches, and perhaps their love letters! Think, when you sit down to write a note, of the great

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King of Assyria, Hamurabi, who lived a thousand years before Moses, and who, wishing to summon three recalcitrant officials from a distant province, sent for a lump of clay like a cake of soap, wrote his royal command upon it in cuneiform characters, sent it to be baked, and enclosed it in an envelope, also of clay, addressed and baked! That very despatch, with its envelope, is now in the British Museum, with many others.

In printing we may also say that there was no absolutely new idea. The head and inscription stamped on a coin or medal were forms of printing, the impression of a seal was nothing else, and seals were in use, as we know, thousands of years before the days of the Patriarchs. The founding of movable type was of course a giant's step in advance of the block which was the first form of true printing, and which is still in use in China. But it was an improvement rather than an invention, and the improvement was due to the facilities offered by paper.

It is a matter of common knowledge that paper made of the fibrous pulp of plants was of Chinese invention. The wên fang ssü pao, the four treasures of the library, are the pencil, ink, ink-stone, and paper. Leaving on one side the papyrus of ancient Egypt, that paper was the invention of the Chinese, about the year 95 A.D., is generally admitted, though there is a supposition that it might have been introduced from India, where tradition, in this case I believe absolutely false, claims that it was in use a century or more earlier. In the days of Confucius the Chinese wrote upon the thinly pared bark of bamboo,

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etching the characters with a style. The first paper seems to have been made of bamboos by a primitive method described in the Chinese Repository III. p. 265 : "The stalks are cut near the ground, and then sorted into parcels according to the age, and tied up in small bundles. The younger the bamboo the better is the quality of the paper which is made from it. The bundles are thrown into a reservoir of mud and water, and buried in the ooze for about a fortnight to soften them. They are then taken out, cut into pieces of a proper length, and put into mortars with a little water, to be pounded to a pulp with large wooden pestles. This semifluid mass, after being cleansed of the coarsest parts, is transferred to a great tub of water, and additions of the substance are made until the whole becomes of sufficient consistence to form paper. Then a workman takes up a sheet with a mould or frame of the proper dimensions, which is constructed of bamboo in small strips, made smooth and round like wire. The pulp is continually agitated by other hands while one is taking up the sheets, which are then laid upon smooth tables to dry. According to others the paper is dried by placing the newly made sheets upon a heated wall and rubbing them with brushes until dry. This paper is unfit for writing on with liquid ink, and is of a yellowish colour. The Chinese size it by dipping the sheets into a solution of fish-glue and alum, either during or after the first process of making it. The sheets are usually three feet and a half in length and two in breadth. The fine paper used for letters is polished, after

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sizing, by rubbing it with smooth stones." By degrees the bark of *Broussonetia papyrifera*, the paper mulberry, *Bœhmeria nivea* (a plant of the Nettle family), rags, silk refuse, linen, &c., came into use. What is known among Europeans as rice paper, that curiously brittle, pure white material used for the marvellously minute drawings of figures and birds, flowers and fruit, in which the artist of the Middle Kingdom delights, is made of the pith of an araliaceous plant; rice does not enter into its composition.* It is the migration of paper from China to Europe that constitutes the interesting part of its history.

During the early centuries of our epoch Samarkand, which lies on the borders of Bokhara, and which had been taken in war by Said, the son of the Caliph Osman, in the year 676, was under the rule of the Caliphs of Bagdad, a fact which, by the by, gives us some idea of the length of their arm and of the power which they wielded. It is a far cry from Bagdad to Samarkand; if you look at their relative positions in the map of Asia, taking into consideration the nature of the intervening country, you will be amazed at the might of an influence which could reach such a distance with the means of transport available at the time. Central Asia was then, as it has been in more recent years, the theatre of wars, prompted by international jealousies and racial ambitions. It happened that in the raid which ended in the

* The true rice paper made from the rice straw is the coarse cheap yellow paper used for packing. The so-called rice paper was so named owing to its dazzling whiteness, like that of the finest rice.

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capture of Samarkand the Arabs took prisoners a number of men, some of whom were probably Chinese workmen skilled in the art of paper-making. These men, establishing themselves among their captors, began to ply their trade in peace, and Samarkand became the recognised home of paper-making. But the Chinaman, who is capable of invention, perhaps above all other men, seems to be incapable of improvement; indeed, to him all progress is odious. He invents, is contented, and there it ends; witness the centuries upon centuries of block printing, though here there are great excuses. Movable type was introduced in China as early as the eleventh century. But the ideographic writing in which every character represents a word was a formidable difficulty. Consider the number of separate types for such a word as "is" required to print a book! Think of that and then give thanks to Heaven for Cadmus and the alphabet. At Samarkand paper fell into the hands of a people of a race totally different from the Chinese. Chamberlain, the scope and aim of whose book is to prove the superiority of the Indo-European to all other races, is careful to point out that the people of Samarkand, though subject to Semitic Arabs, were in fact Iranian Persians—that is to say, members of the same great Aryan family to which we ourselves belong. These Aryans, then, having received the idea of paper-making from the Chinese, were not slow to improve upon the invention, and the result was the development of the art, and the employment of a new material, linen rags, in the manufacture.

And here we come to an old friend in the

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person of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, the Caliph who is so well known to us on account of his nightly wanderings through the city of Bagdad, attended by Giafar the Grand Vizier and Mesrour the Chief of the Eunuchs, as they are told in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Indeed, that potentate has become so mixed up in our minds with Jinns and fairies, one-eyed Calenders, slaves of the Ring and slaves of the Lamp, that one is apt to think of him as a nebulous being, something like Sinbad the sailor or Aladdin himself. As a matter of fact, he was not only a very real personality, but also was a very great and powerful ruler, whose fame was so far spread that in days when newspaper correspondents were not, and interviewing had not yet become a fine art, it reached his European contemporary Charlemagne, who even sent an embassy with a view to cultivating his friendship, receiving in return a mission from the Caliph which brought him a present of a clock, worked by water, striking the hours by means of balls dropped on to a kind of drum, and adorned with little movable images of warriors and nobles. Nine years after his succession to power, Haroun Al Raschid, in the year of the Hejira 179 (corresponding to 795 of our era), sent for artificers from Samarkand, and established a paper manufactory at Bagdad, where the industry was maintained as a state monopoly, the secret of which was carefully guarded: and so it remained until the thirteenth century, a space of nearly five hundred years, time enough, as has been pointed out, for this wonderful intellectual weapon to have

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developed into a world-power had it been in capable hands. But the Arab when he leaves his tents for the city deteriorates to an extent which has become proverbial; as a child of the desert he is brave, hospitable, a cruel enemy if you will, but a loyal friend, and in many respects a noble specimen of humanity; as a citizen he becomes mean, vicious, dishonest—incapable above all of any intellectual effort. During the five hundred years that paper remained his monopoly its results were absolutely nothing—beyond bills, notes of hand, official documents of no value, and I.O.U.s, nothing but a few worthless, tiresome, barren manuscripts, the lack of which, had they never been written, would have left the world no poorer. And so things might have gone on had not war for a second time played a decisive part in the life history of Paper. It was the Crusaders who lifted the veil of the mystery of paper-making, and by them, in the last years of the twelfth century, the art was introduced into Europe. The result was phenomenal. Even in the days before the establishment of printing presses the spread of knowledge by means of paper manuscripts was fabulous; especially was it noteworthy in the spread of the New Testament—we may judge of it by the report of a Dominican monk, who was sent out against the Waldenses in the first half of the thirteenth century, and who said that all these heretics were pre-eminently well versed in Holy Scripture, and that he had seen uneducated peasants who could recite the whole of the New Testament by heart. With this prodigy of memory, by the by, may be compared the story

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of the preservation of the Chinese classics. When, some 200 years B.C., Shih Hwang Ti, Prince of Chin, had destroyed the feudal system in China and established himself as the "First Emperor," as his style implies, he was jealously desirous of obliterating the glory of every past emperor, especially that of the States of Chao, whose history was commented upon in the works of Confucius and Mencius, so he commanded that all the books of the sages should be destroyed. For attempting to save their precious books some four or five hundred learned scholars were put to death. But the act of barbarism was as vain as the Great Wall of China itself (Shih Hwang Ti's other great work, the one being of destruction, the other of construction), for there were men enough who were able from memory to re-write the sacred books, and so they were preserved. Doubts have indeed been expressed as to whether the destruction could have been so complete as was said, but, as Wells Williams in his monumental "Middle Kingdom" says, "If the same literary tragedy should be re-enacted to-day thousands of persons might easily be found in China who could re-write from memory the text and commentary of their nine classical works." And I have no doubt that Wells Williams is not exaggerating. It was from the Chin dynasty that the name *China* was derived.

Knowledge in the possession of Europeans is a very different matter from what it is when buried in the minds of Chinese, of Iranians, or of Arabs. It spreads like the beacon fires which from height to height told of the fall of Troy's citadel. Improve-

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ment followed upon improvement until the first scientifically equipped paper mill was established in Ravensburg in the year 1290. Printing came next, almost as a matter of course, and even in its primitive form, during a hundred years, gave out many books printed from wooden blocks—especially the Scriptures. The world had but to wait fifty more years for the invention of the fount; that was the final perfection of the great double engine of civilisation, Paper and Printing; but of these two Paper must be held to have been the more important power, for without it Printing would have been of comparatively little value. Only think how few copies of any given book could have been printed on such costly and cumbersome materials as parchment or vellum, and you will realise the disseminating value of the new invention and its influence in the furtherance of all human knowledge.

It is difficult to say what would provoke in a German philosopher the pruritus or itching of investigation. It appears that certain persons of the baser sort, writers in cyclopædias, journals, or other publications issued for the spreading of error, had had the audacity to assert that the artisans of the paper factory of Samarkand were in the habit of using cotton as their chief material. This was clearly not to be tolerated, and so the two Professors Karabacek and Wiesner, carrying on their inquiries, as I have said before, independently, set to work to demolish this false doctrine. The one brought to bear upon his enemies the heavy artillery of his Oriental learning, the other the no less deadly and

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searching powers of his microscopic mitrailleuse. Professor Karabacek tells us, in the introduction to his great monograph on Arabian paper, that he was engaged in the examination and study of the collection of the papers belonging to the Austrian Archduke Rainer, and it makes one giddy to read that he has examined, tested, and catalogued some 12,500 Arabic documents without having exhausted its contents! In the course of his studies he became aware that in order to arrive at a correct knowledge of the history of paper a minute examination of the material by a man of science was indispensable. With this idea he persuaded Professor Wiesner to study the subject microscopically, and as he tells us in a note, the scientists worked apart, Professor Wiesner not being made acquainted with the researches of his colleague. From this examination it results, to quote Karabacek, "that Wiesner has proved by his microscopical investigation and histological criteria that there never has existed a paper made of raw cotton, but that the manufacture as practised in the East and in Europe begins with the making of rag paper."

And now as to the date of the first making of paper. Wattenbach, in his treatise on writing in the Middle Ages, says: "The preparation of paper from cotton is said to have existed in the remotest times, and became known to the Arabs when they conquered Samarkand about the year 704"—a mis-statement which Karabacek annihilates from beginning to end. There is no proof that the Chinese ever put cotton to this use, for which, by the by, it is ill adapted, and which is never

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mentioned in their lists of materials for the making of paper, nor is this to be wondered at, for the cotton plant was not introduced into China from Southern India until the reign of Kublai Khan in the second half of the thirteenth century. That the Chinese were the first inventors of paper is admitted, but the date is uncertain. The first mention of paper is referred to the year 650, when it is said to have been introduced as an article of commerce into Samarkand from China; but all the dates given are confessedly misty and uncertain, nor indeed have they any very great importance or significance: the main facts are known, and it is perhaps enough that we should recognise the fact that the various sorts of paper which the Chinese carried into Central Asia were made of the pith or the pulp of plants, amongst others of the Paper Mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*), which is still in use to-day, and of the refuse of silk. The confusion as to the whole question, not only of the introduction of paper, but as to the material employed by the Arabs is further entangled by passages in the native histories of Ali Ibn Muhammed el Farifi and Abu Ali Muhammed el Ghazali, who severally fixed the date at the years 704 and 707 A.D. Both state in effect that paper was introduced into Mecca by one Yusuf (Joseph), the son of Amru (or named Amru himself), who had learned the art in Samarkand, and taught it to others. According to these authorities, which are considered, and indeed proved, to be apocryphal, it was to Mecca and not to Bagdad that paper first found its way from Samarkand. The story is

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quite impossible. It is proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the final victory of the "true believers" over the "unbelievers" in Khorâsân did not take place until the month of July in the year 751, and the introduction of paper into Islam may safely be assigned to that year. All the stories of a great battle at Athlah by Zijâd, the son of Salih, a personage whose very existence is a matter of doubt, may be dismissed as idle tales, and with him disappears into the limbo of the father of lies Yusuf, with his paper factory at Mecca.

As to the material which the Arabs used, following the recipes of their teachers in Khorâsân, there is very little mystery. It is true that the word which is used in the old Arab MSS. is El-Kattân, but that is probably due to the fact that flax was not cultivated in that country, and that the Arabs mistook linen, made from *Linum usitatissimum*, for cotton, with which they were not acquainted. Jahiz, an Arab author who died in the year 869 of our era, writes: "All men know that Khorâsân is the land of cotton, Egypt the land of flax." Such paper as that of the most ancient Arabian specimens in the Archduke Rainer's collection could not have been made from cotton, which with its very elastic fibres yields only a spongy, highly absorbent, porous material like blotting paper, which must be thoroughly sized before it can be used for writing. Now the paper of the Archduke's MSS. is conspicuously free from size. Inasmuch as the flax-plant was not procurable at Samarkand the paper-makers were driven to use the old worn-out stuffs which

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came to their hand, the fibres of which furnished the finest, the smoothest, and the thickest paper.

The making of paper from rags was not, then, the invention of the Chinese, who only became acquainted with it about 200 years later. It was due to the ingenuity either of the Iranians (Persians) or of the Arabs; probably the former, for the Arabs adopted the Persian word *Kâghad* or *Kâghid* for it—a curious word derived from the word *Kagh*, noise, alluding to the rustling sound made by paper. This is one of those refined derivations which philology furnishes in support of, or as a clue to, history.

Six sorts of paper were made at Bagdad, and it is not a little interesting to find that one of them was named *El Giafaridsh*, after the vizier of *Haroun Al Raschid*, the unhappy Minister who, after being for years the sovereign's favourite, was one of the victims of that tyrant's massacre of the *Barmecides*, the clan to which he belonged.

In the eleventh century the paper of Bagdad seems to have deteriorated, but *Samarkand* pushed the industry forward as much as ever, and the paper of *Samarkand*, "*Sultan paper*" and "*silk paper*," made of course of linen, were famous all over *Persia*. The silk paper, so called because of its thin and delicate texture, was cunningly but very lightly sized with soap, and it was smoothed to a shining surface with a polishing stone. The influence of *China* continued very great here and along the whole eastern boundaries; and in the paper industry, as in many others, Chinese workmen were employed.

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So much for the manufacture of this ancient paper. It was when paper left Samarkand and was distributed east and west over the civilised world that, as Karabacek says, it became epoch-making in the history of the culture of mankind. It will, I hope, not be without interest to trace the way in which it asserted its superiority over all other materials for writing. In the earlier days of Islam papyrus was a vehicle for all documents, acts, and business records of the Caliphs. When the first Caliph of the Abbaside dynasty came to power, in the year 749, parchment was substituted for papyrus. But this was only possible because of the great wealth and luxury of the Bagdad of those days. When Haroun Al Raschid succeeded as fifth Caliph of that dynasty, the two brothers, Giafar, of whom I have already spoken, and El Fadl, being in high favour, the one became Grand Vizier and the other was appointed Governor of Khorâsân, with a residence at Samarkand. This latter appointment was pregnant with results for the world at large, for he it was who, seeing the extravagant expenditure on parchment for the daily increasing needs of the Government and Public Offices, advised the Caliph to substitute paper, which for some forty years had been manufactured in Samarkand. The experiment was a brilliant success, and we are enabled to fix the date of the establishment of a factory at Bagdad, the City of Salvation, at the year 794 or 795. Once started there was no standing still; the industry grew and flourished to such an extent that, as Professor Karabacek puts it, "As in the case of

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other Oriental products, weaving and ceramics, for instance, we may, instead of inquiring where was paper made, invert the question and ask where was paper not made?" Tihama, Yemen, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, North Africa, the Spain of the Moors, Persia, India, followed the lead of Samarkand and Bagdad. Is it not wonderful, is it not almost miraculous, that this invention which was destined to revolutionise the civilisation of the world should have remained for centuries the monopoly of the most unlearned and retrograde of the so-called civilised nations? What were the Romans about? Their arm was long enough, one would have thought, to have wrested this great engine from the almost savage hands which held it in their grip. Europe had to wait, for although there was a manufactory at Shâtiba, the modern San Felipe of Valencia in Spain, it must be remembered that it was a Moorish and not a Spanish industry. The secret was well guarded. You know how it was revealed and to what the revelation led.

I should gladly have laid before you more of Professor Wiesner's discoveries, confirming and confirmed by Professor Karabacek's philological studies; but I feel that I have already detained you too long. One fact ascertained by Wiesner is worth recording. He found that such sizing as the Arabs used in Bagdad was made of wheat starch. In other places, in Palestine for example, the roots of the asphodel were used as size. Both were employed in Egypt, where their use was jealously watched—for the asphodel starch was turned to account by roguish silk vendors to

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increase the weight of the silken thread, a practice which was strictly forbidden by law. It is consolatory to find that even in those ancient days adulteration was not unknown: it is not a new invention.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the time has come to relieve you from my tedium. I have endeavoured to give you the pith of the very minute and searching labours of Professors Karabacek and Wiesner; and if I have succeeded in any degree in arousing your interest you will agree with me that though the scholarship and learning of the German scientists may sometimes seem to be a little meticulous, we owe them much gratitude for the unravelling of knots which would be a cruel trial to men of less patience.

One word I may add: I have omitted any mention of Japan, because in all these matters of invention up to the time when Japan adopted Western methods and Western machinery, Japan is included in China. The art of paper-making came to Japan from the Celestial Empire. The art of writing came to Japan in about the sixth century of our era, and Chinese paper came at the same time. Therefore, when speaking of paper as of Chinese origin, it became unnecessary to allude to Japan, in spite of the beautiful papers produced in the latter country. Whatever advance the Japanese may have made in the art of paper-making, the fact remains that it was a Chinese and not a Japanese invention, and I have confined myself to the country which produced the first kind of paper which was known to the world.

**AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT
THE ART SCHOOL AT CHIPPING
CAMPDEN IN 1904**

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE
OPENING OF THE AUTUMN SESSION
OF THE ART SCHOOL AT CHIPPING
CAMPDEN IN 1904

LADIES, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I AM not sure that I owe a very deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Ashbee* for placing me in the position in which I find myself to-day; in fact, a man who comes to talk to artists about art, and to craftsmen about their craft, is rather in a trap—he is in a very difficult position. However, with age comes that wariness which prevents us from easily falling into such gins as these. You may rest assured that I shall not talk to you about your blow-pipes, your crucibles, your printing presses, your bookbinders' tools, your enamelling processes. I shall continue to look at them from a distance with respect and awe. I must try and find some point upon which we stand together upon more level ground; and so I shall take for my subject to-day "The Divine Doctrine of Discontent"—not that vulgar form of discontent which snarls and growls at fortune because some neighbour is more prosperous, more lucky, as it is called, than ourselves; but that high form of discontent which prevents a man when he has executed a piece of work from looking at it and seeing that it is good. That is only possible for the omnipotent Divine Creator. Man, with his limitations and his imperfections, should look at his work and see that it might be better. I do not myself believe that there ever

*The head and founder of the school.

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was any first-rate piece of work done in this world in the frame of mind which is known as content. In literature, in art, in science, discontent is that which has ever been leading men on to higher things, and enabling them to achieve something nearer to that ideal for which they are striving. We know how amongst writers, for instance, old Horace told us the secret of his work was that he was always turning his pen ; we know how Charles Dickens was the terror of the compositors, so crossed and re-crossed and scratched were the manuscripts which he handed in to them. It is impossible to conceive that the great works, the masterpieces of the Greek writers, were produced in any other way than by continual erasion and correction. The story of Demosthenes, the poor stammerer, out-roaring the scolding of the sea, until he became the greatest orator of his own or of any other age, if a fable, is yet a useful one.

But it skills not to dwell too much upon this one point. It is a matter which I fancy every one will concede. But I should like to remind you of one anecdote which I have used once before, but not here ; and at any rate it is a story which has had so much influence upon me that I always feel as if it could scarcely be too often told.

In one of those charming essays on Italy by my old friend Mr. Storey, the American sculptor, there is a tale told how one of the Cardinals was driving into Rome from the Coliseo on a bitter February morning. The wind was blowing and snow was falling ; it was a regular blizzard. The Cardinal curled himself up in the corner of his coach, nestling

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in his warm furs, and pitied the wayfarer who must be outside. All of a sudden, as he came nearer to Rome, he saw a pathetic figure struggling against the storm, his cloak closed tightly round him, a staff in his hand—a resolute, sturdy old fellow doing battle with the elements. To his surprise, as he drew near he perceived that he was Michael Angelo—Michael Angelo, the poet, sculptor, painter, engineer, architect, the Wonder of his age. The Cardinal stopped his coach. He said, “Michael Angelo, what are you doing here?” “Eminence,” replied the old man, “I was going out to the ancients to learn something.” Here was the spoilt child of science and art, still learning, still eager to acquire, still animated by the Divine Spirit of Discontent.

But I wish to show you how this spirit has affected the soul of a whole people, and what a part it is playing in the history of our times. At the present moment we have before us an example of the gayest, the brightest, the sunniest nation in the whole world—I was going to say the most contented nation in the whole world—the Japanese; and yet there is no people in the world that has given such evidence of being stirred by the Divine Spirit of Discontent as they have done. Take their art. For the most part, when a European artist has reproduced some object of Nature, in metal work, in ivory, or in any other material, he is satisfied and contented if the result of his labour shows a presentment of the form which he is striving to copy, in so far as it is seen. That is not enough for the Japanese. The Japanese will produce a bird, and he knows that

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that bird will have to stand upon two clamps fixed to a stand ; he knows that only the upper part of the feet will be seen, but it will not suffice him that only the upper part of the feet should be worked. The lower part of the feet will be worked with the same assiduity, the same care the same loving, caressing hand as all the rest of the work which will come before men's eyes. It does not matter to him that the thing shall not be seen ; it would be imperfect if it were seen therefore the work must be done. Now that is to my mind the highest form of conscientious love of art.

But it is not only in art that this wonderful nation has given us an example of what can be achieved by patient perseverance, and conscientious striving after high ideals.

Nearly fifty years ago I was in Japan ; and the Japanese then bought from an American firm of the name of Walsh, Hall, and Company their first man-of-war. They had owned a small ironclad which had been presented to them by the United States, but this was their first purchase of a man-of-war. It was an old monitor that had done service in the American War. When the Japanese came to pay over the dollars and take possession of the ship, Messrs. Walsh, Hall, and Company offered them to send their engineer on board and show them how to work the engines. They were grateful for the offer, but they declined it. They said that they knew all about engines, and that they did not need any help whatever. They took over the ship, and got up steam, and sailed away.

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gaily into the Bay of Yedo ; but having got up steam, they did not know how to shut it off again. They had to go round and round in a circle until the fires went out and the boilers cooled. In less than forty years from that time that nation became one of the first naval powers of the world. Is not that an astonishing instance of what can be achieved by people who set before themselves an ideal, and, striving to reach it, are never contented until they have done so ? Suddenly they emerged from the gloom of the thirteenth century to the brilliant light of the nineteenth. Yet were they not content to don the nineteenth century ready made from any country as a man might buy a coat at a cheap tailor's. No ! they must cull the best wherever it might be found, and so mould and fashion and shape it as should best serve their ends. Professors were brought from all the headquarters of civilisation and progress. Bands of students were sent out into all lands—and how they worked ! Jurisprudence, surgery, medicine, political economy, finance, science, the art of war by sea and by land, railway organisation, and all those numberless branches of knowledge which combine to make a people great, were assimilated and even improved upon, until now the pupils bid fair to become the masters of their masters.

These things were open for all men to see. What some of us who had known Japan well in the old days of the feudal system, when swashbucklers ruled the roast, did not see was the fact, of which there is now ample evidence, that hand-in-hand with the material change there had taken place an

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inner and more subtle transformation, yet more marvellous than the mere adoption of modern inventions. Some of us said and wrote things which had better have been left unsaid and unwritten. I, for one, confess with no little shame that I was utterly wrong.

These splendidly discontented Japanese, then, gave themselves no peace until they had brought themselves into the first rank among the nations. And so it came to pass that when they were pitted single-handed against what was regarded as the most formidable power in Northern Europe, their triumph by sea and by land was complete.

There is another force which counts for much in moulding the Japanese character—the Yamato Damashi—the spirit of old Japan, which makes every Japanese a true patriot. Bound up with this is the much famed Bushi-Dō—“the way,” or, as one might almost translate it, the “religion,” of the warrior.* I will give you an instance which occurred during the recent operations against Port Arthur. I suppose all of you have heard of the heroic Commander Hirose, who went out to try and block Port Arthur with one of those ships that the Japanese endeavoured to plant in the passage. He succeeded in leaving the ship there and went back to his boat. When he got to the boat he missed a midshipman. He went back to try and save the midshipman. He found the midshipman dead on the deck of the ship, and he came back to his boat again. Once more it occurred to him that

* The Chinese word Tao, road or path, of which Dō is the Japanese transcript, is often used in the sense of religion, just as our word Path is.

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he had left his sword behind him. No Japanese could leave his sword behind him without being disgraced. So he went back once more, and that time he was blown to pieces. But that is not the whole point of the story. Amongst his effects was found a letter to his family, saying that it was his intention to go on attempting to block Port Arthur until he either succeeded or died in the attempt. But even if he should succeed, and if he should return alive from his most hopelessly perilous mission, they must still never expect to see him again, for this reason: He was a sailor and an officer of the Japanese Empire. To his Sovereign and his country all his efforts were due; every drop of his life's blood was theirs. But he could not forget that he had been sent to St. Petersburg as naval attaché, that he had made many friends there and learnt many useful lessons. Therefore in the event of his succeeding in doing the Russians this great injury, it would be necessary for him, as a man of honour, to go on board the Japanese flagship and perform *hara-kiri* on the quarter-deck, thus discharging his debt.*

Now is not that the sublimest form which the Divine Spirit of Discontent can take? We in this country are apt to look on *hara-kiri* as a barbarous and even theatrical form of suicide. It is nothing of the kind. It is indeed the sublimation of all those ideas of honour which constitute the very essence of chivalry. The first doctrine which is

* This is the story as it was sent to me by the late Admiral Sir Assheton Curzon Howe, who was commander-in-chief on the China Station at the time

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instilled into the mind of the young Japanese is that death is preferable to dishonour, and that no amount of worldly prosperity and no amount of success are worth having unless the honour of the man be as spotless as the steel of his blade. This spirit is carried into all relations of life, and it is the dominant influence which forms the character of the Japanese.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I must apologise to you for having wandered too far afield from the realm of art ; but I think you will see that it is only in appearance that I have done so. I have been desirous of showing you how the most artistic and the most accomplished nation of the day derive their spirit, not only in art and in science, but in moral philosophy, in the duties of the subject to the ruler, and in all the higher relationships of life, from a feeling that it is not sufficient to leave a piece of work alone until you are perfectly certain that it cannot be made better.

We all of us owe great thanks to Mr. Ashbee for having started these schools in this neighbourhood. I think that the schools themselves cannot fail to gain by being nestled in one of the prettiest towns in the Cotswold Hills. I am sure that the neighbourhood will be the better and the happier for the opportunities that are afforded to those young men who have talent and perseverance of effecting something more in life than they could have done under the old system. Again, I think that Mr. Ashbee has been wise in bringing the town to the country. Every movement that tends to lessen the congestion of the great towns is an

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imperial movement of the greatest importance. I think we all of us know enough about this institution that Mr. Ashbee has been the means of founding here to be sure that under him and Mrs. Ashbee there exists and flourishes a colony whose happiness and prosperity are their first care in life.

Gentlemen—May the work of your hands prosper; may your schools flourish and bring forth great and noble and far-reaching results; and above all may you yourselves be animated by that Divine Spirit of Discontent upon which I have preached to you to-day. And some day, years hence, when perchance some one of you, now full of the hopes, the ambitions, and the lusty vigour of youth, shall have waxed old—when the eye shall have grown dim and the hand uncertain—then, and not till then, may such a one, looking back upon some dainty piece of work into which in the long, long ago all his artistic soul, all the poetry of his being had been poured, be able to murmur gently to himself: “Aye! that was well done.”

**A SECOND ADDRESS, DELIVERED AT
THE ART SCHOOL, AT CHIPPING
CAMPDEN IN 1905**

A SECOND ADDRESS AT THE AUTUMN
SESSION OF THE CAMPDEN ART
SCHOOL, IN 1905

LADIES, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the countless myths which the rich fancy of the ancient Greeks has bequeathed to us, none, as it seems to me, is more beautiful, none more pregnant with meaning, than the story of Pandora. She, you will remember, was the first woman, the mother of all men, the Eve of classic mythology. To her the Gods entrusted a precious casket containing every good gift for mankind—but it might not be opened. That was a solemn injunction. Now she, womanlike, bitten with curiosity, could not refrain from opening the box, if it were only for one peep at its contents. She looked, and alas for the good God-sent gifts! They flew away, never to return. Terrified, she shut down the lid, but it was too late—only one gift remained, but it was the best of all: Hope. That, at least, was saved.

Yet I venture to think that in some corner or cranny of the casket there must have lingered yet another gift; one closely allied to Hope, and almost as enriching to all of us. That gift was Imagination, and of that I wish to speak to you to-day. It is well for us that the lid was closed before Hope and Imagination had had time to escape.

I do not know whether there be any of you here present who are not familiar with Boswell's "Life of Johnson." If such there be let me urge you to

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repair the omission without delay. For not only is Boswell the first of all Biographers, but he is also a most excellent Master of the Ceremonies, who will introduce you to the very best society. Johnson himself, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and a host of others. Where else can you enjoy the conversation of such a galaxy of wit and learning? Nay more, if you would listen to the talk of the King, is not His Majesty's interview with Johnson accurately recorded? But that belongs to another story.

On Tuesday, July 5, in the year of grace 1763 Boswell called upon Dr. Johnson, who told him that he had been looking into the poems of a certain Scots Presbyterian Minister, but "could find nothing in them." Boswell, ever eager to take up the cudgels for a brother Scot, said, "Is there not Imagination in them?" Johnson replied: "There is in them what *was* Imagination, but it is no more Imagination in *him* than sound is sound in the echo. And his diction, too, is not his own—we have long ago seen 'white-robed innocence' and 'flower-bespangled meads.'"

In all expression of thought, then, we should remember that "white-robed innocence" and "flower-bespangled meads" are something to be avoided by all those whose ambition it is to achieve any good thing in this world of much evil.

Perhaps you may be inclined to object, "This is not a school of Poetry," and to ask, "What have *we* to do with these commonplaces?" In a sense you will be right. If Poetry be confined to musical

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metres and jingling rhymes, then this is not a school of Poetry. But you must consider what was the original meaning of the words "Poet" and "Poem." They are derived from a Greek word signifying to make or create. The Poet was the man who made something, the Poem was that which he made; and it is worthy of remembrance in this school that in the first instance the word *poiema*, Poem, was exclusively applied to metal work. By degrees the words were extended to works of the Imagination, and the Romans, who affiliated them into their own language, used them in that sense exclusively.

The Romans were great warriors and great lawyers; indeed, they laid the foundations of jurisprudence for the whole world. But in works of the Imagination they were singularly deficient: their art was feeble, and even of their two greatest Poets, the one, Virgil, was a translator, adapter, and imitator, the other, Horace, was a society verse-maker—both first-rate in their way, but how inferior to the creative Imagination of the Greeks! For Poetry the Latins had not even a word in their own language. They borrowed the Greek word in its second intention, and so it was handed on to the rest of the world, becoming crystallised in almost every modern European tongue.

Poets, then, in the oldest acceptation of the word—that is to say, makers or creators—you here aspire to be; and the technical school which fulfils its mission is in very truth a school of Poetry. This being so, it behoves you to lay to heart Dr. Johnson's criticism of Dr. Ogilvy, and to take heed

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lest you lay yourselves open to the charge of borrowing or adapting to your own uses what *was* Imagination in somebody else.

The gift of Imagination appears to be the peculiar privilege of man. The architecture of the beaver is clever and ingenious, but the work of one beaver differs only from that of his fellow in the shape and nature of the wood at their respective command. The cells of a honeycomb, beautiful and mathematically correct as they are, differ in no particular from those in every other bee's construction. Every village boy knows that one thrush's nest is repeated character for character in that of another. With you it is different: each one of you can put something of himself into his work, and unless he does so he becomes a mere copyist, an echo and not a sound, a purveyor of "white-robed innocence" and "flower-bespangled meads."

Of course I do not pretend to say that every one, be he never so diligent, never so enthusiastic, can achieve the success of originality. The great Art-poet is as rare as the great Song-poet. But the humblest Craftsman, if he only have appreciation, for which some share of Imagination is required, can and will infuse into his work some spark of originality, some measure of the sense of beauty which is in him. That, I take it, is the meaning of the writing upon your walls:

Give to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance.

And here I would fain utter a word of warning.

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The true Artist will not allow his fancy so to run riot as to annul the utility of his work. If your barrows will not wheel, if your trays be so fashioned that they will not carry cups and saucers in proportion to their size, if your pans will not fry your food, then your art becomes mere faddism and you are better without it.

I remember the erection of a great public office by a famous architect some thirty or forty years ago. In order to suit what he conceived to be essential to his elevation, the highest rooms had no windows but what could be formed out of the tops of the arched windows of the third floor. Now these rooms were meant for men to write in. Their only light came from the level of the floor, reaching four feet or so upward. The rooms had to be turned into store-rooms. Was that good art? The first function of a window is to give light and air. These windows gave only cruel draughts round feet and legs, and absolutely no light by which a man might work.

The first thing needful in a house, a barrow, a tray, or a pan is that it should serve the purpose for which it was intended. That end being achieved, embroider as you please, adorn as your genius may prompt you, as your imagination may dictate.

For all the great work that has been done in the world, for all the great discoveries that have been made, we have to thank this sublime gift of Imagination—Imagination backed by courage.

When men saw the sun rise in the east, cross the great arch of the sky, and drop down out of sight

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in the west, what was more natural than that they should suppose that the sun revolved round the earth? So much was this the case that the belief became an article of religious faith; and when there came thinkers whose Imagination was so strong that it could not refrain from working, and who saw that it was the earth and not the sun that moved, their newly found knowledge, now the property of every infant, was combated by all the horrors of the Inquisition. The Imagination of these men would have been little worth had it not been wedded to courage. Nothing needs more audacity than the denial of worn-out faiths, the attacking of threadbare opinions. Is there a finer picture in the whole history of human thought than that of the brave old philosopher Galileo, past seventy years of age, daring the Inquisitors with his famous speech *eppur si muove*, saying of the earth, "For all that, it moves"? The spirit of modern Scepticism casts a doubt upon those words, but even if he did not speak them, he acted them, and deeds are more than speech. Thus was the Copernican system asserted and maintained, maugre the thunders of Popes and Potentates.

See the great liners of to-day racing across the Atlantic! Leviathans of many thousand tons, crowded with hundreds of passengers, setting time and space at defiance! And then think of Columbus straining his bold, yearning eyes seaward and westward, and dreaming of a great continent in the existence of which no man believed. With the eye of the Poet, with the eye of the Prophet, he sees what no other eye can see—visions of a Greatness

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yet unborn, visions of Possibilities how much more than fulfilled. During upwards of twenty years never for a moment did his courage fail to uphold the belief which was in him, the solemn creed of his Imagination. Wandering hither and thither, from Lisbon to Genoa, from Genoa to Venice, from Venice back to the Peninsula, scouted and flouted as a visionary by dullards and muddy brains, at last he finds his way to Spain. Travel-stained, foot-sore, weary, dying of starvation, he comes to beg a crust at a convent-door, and here at last he finds an ear to listen, a brain to comprehend. The Abbot, a man of shrewd perception, possessing great influence at Court, is struck with the noble bearing and lofty thoughts of this poor faltering Mendicant. His cause is pleaded with the King and Queen, the famous Ferdinand and Isabella, and happily they have faith enough to fit out an expedition. In command of three small vessels, two of them not even decked—think of that!—trusting in God and in the surety of his own Beliefs, he sailed into the great trackless waste of unknown waters. But his troubles were only begun—hunger, thirst, and mutiny were the deadly foes against which he had to fight. Yet his stout heart never forsook him, and in spite of all dangers and difficulties he reached the goal of his Imagination.

His subsequent voyages and adventures, the faithlessness of the king whom he had served so loyally, his chains, his degradation, and the tardy honours bestowed upon him after death—all these are thrice-told tales which need not be insisted upon here. I have but cited this great Hero

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as an exemplary instance of what Imagination can do when held up by the courage of a Columbus.

In Science, to the full as much as in Art or in that branch of Art which we call Poetry, Imagination has been the great benefactor of mankind.

A kettle is boiling on the hearth. To the ordinary man the steam bursting out from the spout suggests only a measure of material comfort. The more thinking man perhaps regards it as water in a gaseous form. But the imagination of the creative man, the Poet in the first sense of the word, sees in it a force and a propelling power, and in our own county of Gloucester, just two hundred and fifty years ago, the Marquis of Worcester was the first man, in England at any rate, to succeed in utilising it as such.

How many men had seen apples fall to the ground before Newton? He saw it and great were the results. His imagination was excited and the law of gravitation was discovered. A boy of eighteen, watching the movement backward and forward of a lamp which some chance had set a-swinging in the Cathedral of Pisa, was roused to think, and the issue of his imaginings was the invention of the Pendulum as one means of measuring time.

Consider for a moment all that the Imagination of the most gifted men has done for us during the last hundred years. How we compass in a day a distance over which at the beginning of the nineteenth century it took three weeks or more of travel. How the goods and produce of foreign

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countries, tea, sugar, coffee, once the luxury of the very rich, have been brought to the humblest door, and have become the necessities of the very poor. How the very lightning has been captured and made to serve our purposes. Think of the great engineering works—the tunnelling of the Alps, the cutting of the Suez Canal—think of the advance in surgery rendered possible by the antiseptic methods of a Lister! Verily we are driven to the reflection that in all material progress of life there is more difference between our days and those of King George the Third than there was between his days and those of William the Conqueror. And all this, I cannot repeat it too often, is due to the working of Imagination.

The dreams and ambitions of Kings, Warriors, and Politicians: some successful, some the reverse; some making for the good of mankind, and some working unmitigated evil—these I purposely leave on one side. With the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Mahomets, the Napoleons, the Bismarcks, the Cavours, we have no concern to-day. Imagination they had in plenty, but their achievements and their failures are outside the scope of our inquiry.

And now I wish to consider this very school in which we are gathered together to-day as being itself an important and I hope most successful work of Imagination—the outcome of the thought and care of one man.

For upwards of half a century I have known this beautiful old town. I well remember the first impression which it made upon me. The old seventeenth-century stone buildings, which are such

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a precious inheritance of our hills: the town hall, the market-place—all pictures speaking of a time long since passed away, of days when the Cotswolds were a great wool-growing district, when every man was a flockmaster and every woman span. It was lovely, it had the perfume of a bygone age, like something that has been laid up in lavender. But—it was fast asleep. Except the rush from the grammar school at playtime, and now and again the eager bustle of market days, there was little stir in the place, nothing which told of active life. Now all is changed. Imagination has touched the dear drowsy old town with its Magician's Wand, and we stand amazed at the awakening. A guild of arts and crafts, with a depôt in London, finds a home here for strenuous work—work beautiful in itself and inspiring in others. The printer, the bookbinder, the carpenter, the jeweller, the enameller, the smith, and I know not how many others, are all busily plying their trades—everywhere the hum of cheerful Industry! Nor has the leisure hour been left unprovided for. Music, reading, manly games, gardening, even swimming—which seemed most hopeless in our dry country—are here at command. But that is not all.

These schools, of which the autumn session opens to-day, have been established, and it would pass the wit of man to foretell to what their influence may lead. When we reflect that out of a small population of some 1500 souls no fewer than 205 young folk have eagerly flocked here to take advantage of this teaching, we can form some

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estimate of its power and of its value. And this leads to the further thought of the debt of gratitude owing to the Magician who has wielded his Wand to such good purpose.

It is true, as I said before, that all who come here cannot aspire to take a foremost place in Art. That is reserved for the elect, and in the course of the centuries these have been few indeed. But even so, taking the humblest and least hopeful view of what is being done, we may say that many lives which would otherwise have been dull will have been made bright, if only by acquiring the power of appreciating the work of the great Masters. And not a few, maybe, will have been saved from what is ugly and bad by the love of what is beautiful and good.

You then who are scholars I urge to cultivate Imagination, which is the parent of all true Poetry and all good and noble work. Reverence the Art-poets of the past, bearing in mind that the best work of the Artisan and Craftsman is as much a Poem as "Hamlet" or "Paradise Lost." To those who are not scholars I pray your leave to say a word, begging them by every means in their power to encourage the good work that Mr. Ashbee has initiated. Mr. Ashbee, I know, sets a high value upon the assistance which he has received from his Co-Trustees and from the local Committee. Far be it from me to belittle their good influence, yet it must be plain to us that to him belongs the credit, as upon him rests the responsibility, of this work of his Imagination. That being so, to us at least there need not attach the *dis*-credit of leaving

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him to bear his self-imposed burthen alone and without encouragement. A little Sympathy, a little Help, will fall like summer dew upon the good seed which he has sown, and which we may expect to see bearing so rich a harvest of happiness and well-being.

A TALE OF OLD AND NEW JAPAN

A TALE OF OLD AND NEW JAPAN,
BEING A LECTURE DELIVERED
BEFORE THE JAPAN SOCIETY OF
LONDON, NOVEMBER THE 14TH,
MDCCCCVI

WHEN your Secretaries did me the honour to request that I should read a Paper at the Opening Meeting of this Session of your Society, I felt that I could not refuse so flattering a compliment, but I made it a bargain that they, not I, should choose the subject.

They were good enough to suggest that it might be "a contrast between Japan as it now is and what it was some years since, with the title possibly of 'A Tale of Old and New Japan.'"

It will be seen then that I am responsible neither for the text nor for the title of my discourse. It is true that your Secretaries gave me as an alternative subject "some incident in reference to the recent Garter Mission"; but with that I have to the best of my ability dealt in another manner, and, even so, it will be difficult to keep the experiences of that expedition out of our consideration. For if my life during former years in the Far East gave me some knowledge of the Old Japan, it is my recent journey with its many and astonishing experiences which opened my eyes to the full appreciation of that New Japan which has burst upon an astonished world.

It has become the merest platitude to talk of the progress of science during the last fifty years, that pregnant epoch, the teeming mother of many

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inventions ; but if the material progress of mankind during the half-century has been a wonder, producing results which would have seemed to our forefathers something beyond the craziest dreams of a moonstruck imagination, the political history of the same period has been no less astounding. Empires and dynasties have been brushed away ; worn-out kingdoms and duchies, impotent in their arrogant smallness, have been welded together into new and mighty fabrics defying the world ; in the Far West a long and terrible war has washed out in blood the dark stain of slavery. Manifold have been the cataclysms which we, the old men of to-day, have witnessed ; but of all the changes that have occurred none is so altogether amazing, none so far-reaching in its consequences both at home and abroad, as that which has taken place in Japan. To describe in some way, necessarily imperfect, this great upheaval is the task which is before me this evening. A difficult task if ever there was such ! For this contrast which I am bidden to paint is one of such violence that I doubt whether my poor palette holds colours bright enough for the work.

And here I must utter one word of apology to His Excellency* and to my Japanese hearers. I do not think that any of you here present will accuse me of want of sympathy with the Old Japan. The poetry, the fascination, the charm, that made up the dainty joyousness of the life in that land of beauty as I first had the happiness to know it, have built for me a rich storehouse of precious memories,

* Baron Komura, Japanese Ambassador, was in the chair.

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some of which I have in the past endeavoured, however feebly, to impart to others. Indeed, I sometimes think that no retrograde or reactionary Samurai of the old school could look back on those times more regretfully than I do. Who could help being fascinated by the chivalry, the heroism celebrated in many an old-world legend—by the poetry of myth and fable which cast a glamour over all those who, coming from the humdrum and commonplace of the West, were spellbound as by a wizard's magic? And then the setting of it! A country so lovely, so dainty, so wildly fantastic in its beauty, that it seemed to be a fitting home for fairies and giants and dwarfs, such as troubled the brain of Don Quixote—if human beings there were, they must be knightly figures and lovely princesses that might have stepped out of the illuminations of an Eastern Romance of the Rose. And yet those were dark days, black days, which, love them and cherish their memory as we may for the sake of their mystic charm, we must needs paint in sombre colours if we are to give due expression to the glorious sunshine by which they have been followed. After all, it is a question of chiaroscuro: what gives value to the high lights is the gloom of the deep shadows; and so you must bear with me if, in order to show the suddenness and the perfection of what Japan has achieved, I dwell with some stress upon what she has cast aside.

I spoke just now of the history of the last fifty years, and of the dominant place which Japan must occupy in it. What shall we say of the fifty years which preceded them? In the story of mankind

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during the half-century ending in 1853, it is no too much to say that Japan, which must of necessity loom so large in the following half-century will not once be mentioned. By her own choice she stood alone, unknown to the rest of the world of which she herself was entirely ignorant. The small Dutch trading guild which lived in mercantile imprisonment in the island of Deshima had been for well-nigh 250 years the one link between Japan and the rest of mankind; and, with a few solitary exceptions—such, for instance, as the eminent Bavarian Doctor von Siebold—the Guild was not composed of men calculated to illuminate Japan as to the outside world; whereas of Japan herself they spread the most astounding figments—figments all the more mischievous in that they tended to hamper those who first attempted to establish sound relations with her.

In these days of swift ships and transcontinental railroads, when we rival Puck himself in girdling the earth, and when a man may wander where he will through the lovely Islands of the Rising Sun, it seems almost incredible that when I first entered the public service in 1858 there was not a living Englishman who could say that he had ever set foot in Japan. I remember the excitement when it was announced that Lord Elgin had sailed from China to negotiate a treaty in that terra incognita. To-day there is not a city, not a seat of learning in Europe or America that has not held subjects of the Mikado, eager students in every branch of learning, law, medicine, philosophy, the economic arts, science in all its branches, men who

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have worked out to their profit the deepest problems of Western lore, to say nothing of all that appertains to naval and military knowledge; at the time of which I speak not a single Japanese had ever been seen in Europe.* How remote it all seems in its impossibility, and yet, measured by what has been achieved, how short a time has elapsed!

The knowledge of the average European about Japan was limited to the fact that in some remote corner of the Eastern seas there lived a mysterious nation of cunning craftsmen, skilled in the making of pottery and lacquer, deft workers in bronze and other metals, carvers of wood and ivory, whose masterpieces were eagerly sought after by lovers of art. We heard the wildest tales—stories made in Holland—about a spiritual Emperor and a temporal Emperor, and about a form of government in which spying had been brought to a fine art. So crass was our ignorance that even educated men were for the most part under the impression that the Japanese language was identical with, or at any rate a dialect of, the Chinese.

But it signifies little what might be the fallacies which Europeans held about Japan fifty years ago—indeed, it signified little then. What was far more important was the opinion entertained for us by the Japanese. It was not flattering, and out of it sprang no little trouble. I well remember, even so late as a few years after the opening of Japan, seeing a handbill which was sent out broadcast by certain anti-foreign fanatics at Kyōto in which all

* That is to say, of course, since the Missions of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

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men were warned to preserve the land sacred to the descendants of the Gods from being defiled by the barbarians, who were the offspring of dogs and cats and apes. To travel abroad was under an edict of Iyémitu, the third Shōgun of the Tokugawa dynasty, punishable by the extremest penalties of the law. No Japanese might leave the country under pain of death, no foreigner might enter it, save and except that handful of Dutchmen alluded to above, who drove a none too respectable trade cooped up in Deshima, content to suffer indignities unspeakable—among which *é-fumi*, trampling on the sacred images, bore a conspicuous part—so long as they might buy and sell, making a huge profit out of the exchange in gold and the monopoly of an interesting commerce. So exclusive was the anti-foreign policy of Iyémitu, so determined was he that the outer barbarian should have no footing in his country, and that no Japanese should have dealings abroad, that he actually forbade the building of sea-going ships.

Now Iyémitu was certainly one of the strongest of the old rulers of Japan, a worthy descendant of his grandfather Iyéyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shōguns. What was it that led this wise man, this really great potentate, to take so violent a line against all foreign intercourse?

It is a common fallacy to suppose that Japan was from the beginning of time a hermit kingdom, neither giving nor seeking hospitality, keeping herself aloof from the rest of mankind, hugging her solitude, looking upon the sea as a barrier never to be crossed, whether for pleasure, for profit, or for

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conquest. Nothing could be further from the truth.

That we may rightly understand the situation in Japan at the first coming of foreigners fifty years ago it is necessary that we should sketch, however briefly, the circumstances which led to her isolation.

Throughout the Middle Ages the Japanese were kings of the Eastern seas. No Vikings struck more terror into the West than they did in their raids upon the Chinese and Corean coasts. Their junks, bristling with the spears of fierce warriors, and manned by crews whose daring and spirit of seamanship live again in the bluejackets of Admiral Togo's fleet, knew no repulse, carried mastery whithersoever the winds and the waves might waft them. Yet, be it noted, the annexation of foreign territory formed no part of the national policy of Japan. Provinces might be overrun, towns taken, sacked, and burnt, but the rulers of Japan held aloof. Such piratical raids were the work of privateers, and if these obtained a hold in a distant land, as was once the case in Siam, where two freebooters made important conquests, no attempt was made at any lasting result. For colonisation Japan had no taste, yet she had her Raleighs, her Drakes, her Frobishers, just as to-day she has her Nelson. That such men, instinct with the genius of the sea, born navigators, dare-devil privateers, should have submitted to laws which not only held them in chains at home, but even forbade the building of ships, must ever remain a lasting wonder, a witness to the boundless power of Iyémitsu.

When in the year 1452 the Portuguese first

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appeared on the coasts of Japan they were received with warm hospitality. There was no prejudice against them or against their commerce; in no way were they hindered in their free dealings with the people—on the contrary, the advantages of foreign trade appear to have been fully recognised as a boon to the country and a new source of wealth. Other merchants followed and were made equally welcome, the Shogun himself issuing an edict that they might go and trade whither they listed; and so matters might have gone on, pleasantly, profitably, had not a disturbing influence speedily arisen. We hear much of “*das ewig weibliche*”—the eternal feminine—less of “*das ewig priesterliche*”—the eternal priestly—and yet the one has hardly wrought more discord in the world than the other.

On August 15, 1540, there landed in the Island of Kiushiu a most remarkable man. Father Xavier, afterwards canonised as St. Francis Xavier, was a young gentleman of Navarre, who had adopted Letters as a profession, and was already, at twenty-two years of age, Professor of Literature in the College of Beauvais, when he came under the influence of the Biscayan, Ignatius Loyola, by whose preaching he was persuaded to abandon his literary career and to become one of the seven founders of the famous Society of Jesus. He had chosen the Far East as the theatre of his missionary work, and was known as the Apostle of the Indies. For him perils by sea, perils by land, had no terror. Through all, and in spite of all, he must carry the Cross. And so it came to pass that after many adventures and several years of arduous work he

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was in the Malay Straits, where he became acquainted with a young Satsuma gentleman who had found his way there, and who became his disciple. With him he set sail, with him he cast anchor in the lovely bay of Kagoshima, and with his assistance he began his missionary labours. When he quitted Japan some two and a half years later he had, in spite of many difficulties and no little discouragement, achieved much. He left behind him the foundations of a structure which was destined to attain a great height before its final overthrow. He never came back, for he died of fever in the Island of Shang Chuan on December 2, 1552, being only forty-six years of age.

For thirty years or more the new creed flourished exceedingly. Captain Brinkley tells us that "two hundred thousand converts were won; three monasteries, a college, a university, and upwards of fifty churches were built"; and it seemed as though the thirty-six provinces of which Japan then consisted might soon be included in the pale of Christendom.

During the early days of the power of Ota Nobunaga in the latter half of the sixteenth century, that great ruler appears to have been favourably disposed towards the Christians; indeed, he seemed inclined to use Christianity as a lever against Buddhism, which at that time had become violently aggressive. Apparently, however, in all countries the priestcrafts have been unable to confine themselves to the task of preaching and saving souls. Sooner or later political power has been the aim of their ambition; even the disciples of the

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gentle and meditative Buddha, the mystic who attained wisdom under the peaceful shadow of the Bodhi tree, were not proof against the temptation to achieve temporal power, and at Kyoto the followers of the teacher to whom all killing was a crime had formed themselves into a monastery of thirty thousand monks armed to the teeth, threatening the palace itself and even the sacred person of the Emperor. Against these turbulent monks the Christians might be a valuable reinforcement so for a while the new religion was in high favour at Kyoto; land and emoluments were showered upon the Fathers, who for a few years basked in official sunshine. But this favour was short-lived. Soon they too were suspected, like the Buddhists, of political aspirations, and Nobunaga determined to rid himself of their presence. Treason, however, put an end to his career and his life before he could carry out his plans. He was succeeded by the famous Taiko Hidéyoshi, the greatest ruler of Old Japan. The Taiko was a man of humble origin, who by his military talents and mastery of statecraft raised himself to the proud position of Regent. He was the living embodiment of the Japanese proverb, "The lotus-flower springs from the mud." The change of ruler boded no good for the Christians. Hidéyoshi had long distrusted the professors of the new creed. The way in which they used their growing power and wealth convinced him that their aims were political, their ambitions temporal. Laws and Proclamations were set at naught; cruelties at which the Inquisition itself might have stood aghast had taken the place

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of the gentle methods, the pious example, and the persuasive teaching of St. Francis Xavier. In the south, where the Christians had their stronghold, the sword and the stake were the arguments for conversion. In temporal matters class was being set against class, and the whole political fabric of the country was in danger. If this faith was to be the antidote to Buddhism it seemed clear that the remedy was worse than the disease. By their turbulent lawlessness the Christians brought upon themselves the just wrath of a ruler with whom there was no trifling. Yet, although in one or two instances the penalty of death was exacted, and one Daimyo was degraded, there was so far no general persecution of the Christians. The Regent contented himself with warning them that their violence and aggressiveness would not be tolerated. The Franciscans brought the religious question to a head, and wrecked the chances of Christianity, just as they did a century later in China, where the Jesuits had achieved such marked success under the enlightened friendship of the Emperor Káng Hsi.

Under the cloak of a Spanish diplomatic mission a party of these Franciscan friars came to Kyōto, and started a propaganda in opposition to the Jesuits. The latter pleaded not only a Bull of the Pope which appointed them to be the missionaries to the Islands of the Rising Sun, but also the authorisation of the former Regent. The Franciscans paid no heed to either, but continued to preach. The Taiko interfered and ordered them to desist. In vain! They defied the power of

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the Regent as they had rejected the remonstrances of the Jesuits—and so they rushed upon their ruin. When the Taiko heard that his orders had been set at naught his wrath was aroused. The Franciscans with three Jesuits and some twenty Japanese converts were made prisoners, carried to Nagasaki, and there executed.

I do not propose to go at any length into the story of the early Christians in Japan. It is a matter of common knowledge that they were expelled, and that there was much bloodshed and cruelty in carrying out that policy. But we must remember, as regards the latter aspect of the case, that in those times religious intolerance was no less violent in the West. We must moreover bear in mind that in the Island of Kiushiu the Christians had themselves set an example of persecution; they reaped as they had sown. What is important for us in drawing this contrast between the Old and the New Japan is to consider the aspect of the case as it presented itself to the successive rulers of Japan, and how the attitude of the Christians led to that isolation which lasted for two centuries and a half. Those who wish to study the question more intimately—and it is well worth the trouble—will find it admirably set forth in the third volume of Captain Brinkley's monumental work on Japan, from which treasure-house of knowledge I must here largely draw.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the famous Iyéyasu had become Shōgun and had founded the dynasty of Shōguns which ended when Prince Tokugawa Keiki abdicated in the revolution

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of 1868. That Iyéyasu was fully alive to the danger which menaced his country from the intrigues of the Christian priests is evident from a passage of the Edict of 1614, in which the Shogun, stung by a new Bull of the Pope throwing open Japan to all the sects in defiance of his authority and that of his predecessor, condemned the Christians to banishment and made their creed anathema. The Christians moreover had banded themselves against Iyéyasu on the side of those who, in the civil war which arose on the death of the Taiko, were fighting to put the son of the latter in possession of the Regency. What wonder then that Iyéyasu should have looked upon the Church as a hotbed of political intrigue. Here are the words of the Edict as they are given by Captain Brinkley: "The Christians have come to Japan not only to carry on commerce with their ships, but also to propagate an evil creed and subvert the true doctrine, to the end that they may effect a change of government in the country and thus usurp possession of it. The seed will produce a harvest of unhappiness. It must be eradicated." The Dutch and the English traders, who were jealous of the Portuguese, fomented the animosity of the Japanese against the Fathers, accusing them, with some show of reason, of designs of annexation and colonisation. The fiat went forth. It was the beginning of the end, though the curtain did not fall on the last act of the Christian tragedy in Japan until 1638, when Iyémitsu, the grandson of Iyéyasu, was Shogun.

Such, very briefly told, were the circumstances

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which culminated in the famous Edict closing Japan, making it death for her sons to travel and forbidding the building of sea-going ships. The Christians had themselves to thank for the horrors by which it was preceded. When they first came to Japan they were made welcome, and had they contented themselves with preaching the Gospel, and teaching, as St. Francis did, by the example of a holy life, they might have achieved great things. Sacerdotalism, grasping at temporal power, ruined all, and for 250 years Japan was isolated from the rest of mankind. Of what took place in those long years, of the internal politics, jealousies, intrigues, I shall not speak—with them we are not concerned this evening.

We must now skip from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. In the interval the nations of the West, spurred on by rivalry and the eagerness of competition, had made giant strides forward in every branch of knowledge. Japan had stood still—she had cut herself off from all intercourse with her fellow-man, of whom, with the exception of her dealings with the Dutch and a few petty and abortive raids by Russia in the north, she had seen nothing. Such as she was when Iyémitu issued his fulminating Edict, such she still was when in 1853 the American Commodore Perry with four small ships appeared off Uraga not far from Yokosuka. Great was the consternation when the news reached the Shōgun's court. The numbers of the foreign ships and crews were grossly exaggerated. When we read again the story of what took place at that

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time it seems outside the bounds of possibility that a nation which by its feats of arms has won a foremost place among the naval and military powers of the world, should so short a time ago have been thrown into an agony of panic by so puny a force, coming indeed with no show of hostile intentions. Looking at the Japan of to-day, it makes one smile to think of the great measure taken by the Shōgun's Government in their dire extremity to repel the intruders. They called out the fire brigade, and ordered the fire bells to be rung so soon as the black ships should appear off Yedo! Remember, you younger folk, that this took place in the memory of men of my age, and then talk of contrast! Well! the fire bells were not rung, for Commodore Perry, having invited the Shōgun to conclude a treaty, sailed away, and did not return until the following year to see how his advances might be met.

I said just now that Japan had stood still. I ought rather to have said that, so far as the government of the country was concerned, she had gone downhill. It is difficult to believe that rulers of the calibre of Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, Iyéyasu, or Iyémitsu would have so entirely collapsed as the Government of the Shōgun did in circumstances which indeed were not altogether unexpected, for they had been warned by the King of Holland of what was likely to occur. But when the time for action came the power of decision was not in them. The moment was certainly critical. The answer to the question whether Japan should accept the overtures of the foreigner or attempt

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to repel him] from her shores was fateful. The great men of old would proudly have taken upon themselves the responsibility of giving the answer in one sense or the other. The Bakufu, the Government of the Shōgun, effete and shrinking from the adoption of any bold measure, took two steps, either of which was enough to seal the fate of the Shōgunate. It must be remembered that the Shōguns still wielded an autocratic power, the Emperor having for centuries delegated to them the cares and responsibilities of government. The Daimyos, moreover, the great feudal chiefs, although invested with almost royal authority in their own provinces, were still chafing under the galling yoke which had been set upon them by Iyēyasu and tightened by Iyēmitsu ; in the affairs of the Empire as a whole they had no voice. The Bakufu in their dismay reported the advent of the foreign ships to Kyoto, and called upon the Daimyos for counsel. Two suicidal steps—a renunciation of the delegated authority, and the admission of those whom they claimed as vassals to a consultative voice in the councils of the Empire.

Of course, there was a difference of advice. I do not think that anything could give a better idea of the state of public opinion at that time than the account given of the crisis in the *Genji Yumé Monogatari*.

The old Prince of Mito, the father of the last of the Shōguns, seems to have been a leading spirit in the party which was for expelling the foreigner. Here is his argument as given by the Japanese

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author quoted by Adams in his "History of Japan." He maintained that foreigners would be the ruin of Japan. "At first," said he, "they will give us philosophical instruments, machinery, and other curiosities, will take ignorant people in, and trade being their chief object, they will manage bit by bit to impoverish the country; after which they will treat us just as they like; perhaps behave with the greatest rudeness and insult us, and end by swallowing up Japan. If we do not drive them away now, we shall never have another opportunity. If we now resort to a dilatory method of proceeding we shall regret it afterwards when it will be of no use."

The Government, on the other hand, were wiser in their generation. They must have known better than anybody that Japan at that moment was not equipped for armed resistance. Their argument was: "If we try to drive the foreigners away, they will immediately commence hostilities, and then we shall be obliged to fight. If we once get into a dispute, we shall have an enemy to fight who will not be easily disposed of. He does not care how long a time he will have to spend over it, but he will come with several myriads of men of war and surround our shores completely; he will capture our junks and blockade our ports, and deprive us of all hope of protecting our coasts. However large a number of ships we might destroy, he is so accustomed to that sort of thing that he would not care in the least. Even supposing that our troops were animated by patriotic zeal at the commencement of the war, after they had been

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fighting for several years their patriotic zeal would naturally become relaxed ; the soldiers would become fatigued and we should have to thank ourselves for this. Soldiers who have distinguished themselves are rewarded by grants of land, or else you attack and seize the enemy's territory, and that becomes your own property ; so every man is encouraged to fight his best. But in a war with foreign countries a man may undergo hardships for years, may fight as if his life were worth nothing, and as all the land in the country has already owners, there will be none to give away as rewards ; so we shall have to give rewards in words or money. In time the country would be put to an immense expense, and the people be plunged into misery. Rather than allow this, as we are not the equals of foreigners in the mechanical arts, let us have intercourse with foreign countries, learn their drill and tactics, and when we have made the nation as united as one family, we shall be able to go abroad and give lands in foreign countries to those who have distinguished themselves in battle ; the soldiers will vie with one another in displaying their intrepidity, and it will not be too late then to declare war. Now we shall have to defend ourselves against these foreign enemies skilled in the use of mechanical appliances, with our soldiers whose military skill has considerably diminished during a long peace of three hundred years, and we certainly could not feel sure of victory, especially in a naval war."

Such was the perplexity, such were the hesita-

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tion and vacillation in which the Shōgun's ministers made their appeal to the sacerdotal Court of Kyōto—not that it brought them any great help in their difficulties. Its only result appears to have been an Edict enjoining the offering up of prayers at the great shrines for the safety of Japan and the extermination of foreigners.

When the American commodore returned in the following year he found the Government ready to grant his request. But the arrangement that he made was but the thinnest ghost of a treaty: no more than leave to use three ports as harbours of refuge. It was not until four years later, in 1858, that Mr. Townsend Harris on the part of the United States, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros on behalf of England and France, concluded the definite Treaties with Japan under the provisions of which the foreigner was entitled once more to reside and trade in Japan.

When we consider the grim determination with which Japan set her teeth to face the huge difficulties of these later years it seems almost incredible that so short a time ago her rulers should have been thrown into dismay by the modest request for admission to three harbours of refuge. I think that I said no more than the truth when I described those days as black days. But Japan had reached that darkest hour which proverbially heralds the dawn.

The advent of foreigners was now, after 1858, an accomplished fact. That they were not altogether welcome guests is certain. There were many collisions and not a few tragedies, but these are so

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much a matter of common knowledge that I do not propose to dwell upon them at any length. Yet they were so important a feature of those days, a feature of which the disappearance is such a marked phenomenon of these modern times, that I cannot altogether pass them by unnoticed. Looking back dispassionately through the long vista of years, it seems to me now that those tragedies, deplorable as they might be, were in fact inevitable. We must remember all the circumstances in which Japan found herself in 1858. For more than two centuries the policy which inspired the laws of Iyémitsu had been deeply graven in the hearts of the people. They had been taught to believe that the presence of the foreigner, however plausibly he might announce himself as a man of peace, whether as an apostle of Christianity or of commerce, meant nothing less to Japan than the ultimate loss of national existence. They saw the sacred person of their Emperor reduced to a feudatory, their fatherland conquered and colonised, their countrymen shackled and enslaved. It seems difficult to-day to believe that such fears should have existed. But it was so. The documents of that time prove it. Then as the months and years rolled on foreign intercourse led to a state of things which was of necessity unique, because in no other country did the same conditions at any time exist. The great feudal lords—men like Shimadzu Saburō, of Satsuma, Mori the Prince of Chōshiu, Yōdo of Tosa—were no longer content as vassals to allow an over-lord to stand between themselves and their

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Emperor. The casting off of a hated allegiance by the abolition of the Shōgunate was a dream of fascination. Some saw its realisation in throwing in their lots with the foreigners; others in entangling the Shōgun in foreign complications; to this latter end the means were simple. There existed at that time a class of unattached Samurai—Rōnin, or Wave-men, as they were called—men who had left their clans, owning allegiance to no master, restless and free as the waves of the sea from which they took their name. Armed with a deadly weapon—the famous Japanese sword, sharp as a razor, heavy as a mallet*—these men, setting their own lives at naught, ready for any fray, were a standing difficulty to the Shōgun's Government. Enthusiasts, fanatics, patriots, call them what you will, some of them were deeply imbued with the idea that to rid the land of the pestilent foreigner was a sacred duty which they owed to the ancestral Gods of the country.

Another motive power which worked fiercely against the Western was the Yamato Damashi, the spirit of Old Japan—sentiment if you will, but sentiment which fostered a love amounting to worship for all that pertained to the ancient glories of the Island Empire. We must remember that this sentiment was the expression of a culture which was more than twelve centuries old when we first came in touch with it, bringing with us new ideas, every one of which was the direct negation of its tenets. No one has yet been found to deny that this culture which added the dignity

* "Le marteau rasoir," as Admiral Du Petit Thouars aptly called it.

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of age to a deeply poetic afflatus was one of very lofty aspirations. I am speaking of those elements which were purely national. Of course it is admitted that in her philosophy and her ethics Japan borrowed freely from China. From India, through China and Corea, she received Buddhism, a new religion which was largely grafted upon the old Shinto stock. But her history and her poetry were her own. Not all the teachings of Confucius and Mencius, not all the mystic abstractions of Buddhism, could have given birth to that wonderful Spirit of Old Japan which, outliving the centuries and all the changes that have taken place, raised the cry of "Banzai!" in the midst of the hell-fire of shrapnel, drowning the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, when Port Arthur had to be stormed, when the enemy had to be driven out of Mukden after the greatest battle that the world has seen—and when the Armada of Rojdestvenski had to be scattered in the Sea of Japan. The myths and legends of the Kojiki and the Nihongi still excite the imagination and stimulate to deeds of derring do; while the poems, the Naga-uta and the Tanka of the Manyōshū, the collection of Ten Thousand Leaves, inspire the deepest veneration and affection for the Fatherland. When we remember that these annals and poems, dating from the days of the Heptarchy, have been for twelve hundred years and more the Helicon at which Japan has drunk, we may perhaps realise the power which they exercised at the arrival of the newcomers. We may read them for ourselves. The works of Satow, Aston, and others have placed

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them within our reach—and now, a week or two ago,* has appeared a new book of Japanese texts, translated by that eminent scholar, Mr. Dickins, which will give the world some idea of the beauties and riches of the Ten Thousand Leaves. Mr. Aston's version of the Nihongi opens up for us the legendary lore of the annals ; the labours of various scholars, many of whose inestimable additions to our knowledge have appeared in the Transactions of the Japan Society, bring under our ken ancient ideas by which Japan was dominated.

There were then many forces at work which rendered far from easy the task of those enlightened men who saw that the future greatness of their country depended upon her entering the comity of nations : it is necessary to take note of those forces so that we may understand the order of national thought in Japan in the middle of the nineteenth century, but in the limits of one evening's discourse it is impossible to do more than glance at so pregnant a subject.

There was another difficulty—and here I come to a disagreeable confession. It must be admitted that many of the troubles which arose took their birth in the conduct of the foreigners themselves. I can call to mind a really brave despatch of Sir Rutherford Alcock's, in which he described in unsparing language the stones of offence raised by the newcomers. There were amongst them men, happily a small minority, whose overbearing and discourteous behaviour was not calculated to conciliate a proud and highly cultured nation. The

* 1906.

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Japanese at that time had not sufficient knowledge of Europeans to be able to discriminate between classes, and the ways of an open port were not always such as to encourage admiration. Sir Rutherford's despatch was not to be contradicted; its censure was bitter, but it was not more than the facts warranted. The vast majority of our pioneers were as noble men as ever set sail eastward or westward; but of that flotsam and jetsam of disreputable humanity for which new shores, and especially new ports, have such an attraction we had more than our just share. The good which is in the world is for the most part a negative condition, and passes unobserved; the bad is positive, and attracts instant attention; so the good suffer for the bad.

Such was the condition of parties in Japan during the middle sixties. Strong prejudice against foreigners and a hatred founded upon a mistaken notion of patriotism on the one hand; on the other a powerful band of men, few in numbers as yet, but full of hope and enthusiasm, determined that their country, shaking off the slothful isolation of the past, should take her place among the nations.

So far as outward show went, Japan had altered very little since the days of Iyémitsu when I landed in Japan in the month of October 1866—just forty years ago. But to those who were brought into more intimate contact with the ruling classes it was evident that a change was not far off. The feudal system was worn out: the great territorial nobles were in a fever of

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discontent : revolution was in the air. The Bakufu or Shōgun's Government had, as I have shown above, lost all its prestige, and its power was tottering. The picturesque old mediæval days had lingered in Japan for centuries after they had vanished elsewhere. Now, here also, they were to sink into the limbo of the past. At a bound Japan leapt out of the darkness of the Middle Ages into the fiercest light of the nineteenth century. This is not the occasion to dwell upon the intrigues and the many startling episodes which marked the transition. When the story comes to be adequately told it will be seen that all the records of mankind can hardly furnish a more romantic tale. Pieces of it you may gather indeed from various books—here a little and there a little—but, so far as I know, as a comprehensive whole it has still to be written. Perhaps the days are yet too close to us for any unbiased account to be possible. It was an upheaval in which the deepest sentiments were stirred, and though most of the actors have passed away, some yet remain whose feelings must be spared. Suffice it to say that it was a passionate convulsion, though perhaps no revolution of equal magnitude has ever been carried into effect with less shedding of blood, or accepted in the end with less bitterness of spirit.

In 1869 the Mikado died, and the present Emperor came to the throne. The style adopted for the new reign was Meiji—"brilliant government"—an auspicious combination of words which the future promptly justified. From the first the new Emperor, although a mere boy in years, showed

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himself to be actuated by liberal principles. In nothing did he show it more than in the attitude which he observed towards foreigners. The first year or two of his power were beset by complications which must often have been a source of great difficulty to the young Sovereign and his advisers. But they came through them all triumphantly, and the era Meiji, in foreign as well as in domestic affairs, witnessed the inauguration of a new order of things. Surrounded by wise and prudent ministers, the Emperor, in the policy which he has from the beginning fostered, has given proof of no ordinary strength of character, while his generous attitude during the great war aroused the admiration of the whole world.

The example of a liberal policy towards foreigners which the Emperor set, the people were not slow to follow. Attacks upon foreigners from the year 1870 were a thing of the past. But who at that time would have foretold the spontaneous enthusiasm with which the whole nation was so soon to hail a foreign alliance? Who that remembered the old days, with their hatreds and animosities—feelings which must long have smouldered even where they were concealed—could even have dreamt of the whole-hearted welcome which was one day to be given to the Royal mission of a friendly Sovereign?

Perhaps no indication of the depths of this change is more significant than that of which the present aspect of what is generally called "society" is an earnest. When I first arrived in Japan it was seldom indeed that any foreigner was privileged

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to enjoy the society of Japanese ladies. There were indeed one or two of us who were fortunate enough to be introduced to the wives of some of our friends, but these were rare exceptions. Now Japanese ladies, many of whom have adopted European fashions, freely enter into society; attending the balls and receptions of the Diplomatic Body; and one of the striking features of the ceremonies to which we were invited at Court last spring was the presence of the Princesses of the Blood and of the great Ladies of the Court.

The Empress Haruko, it is true, was not present, the regrettable cause of her absence being that Her Majesty was away ill, so we had not the opportunity of seeing that illustrious poetess who has made herself famous by her many charities and good works, and has earned no less admiration for the writings which bear witness to the graces of her mind than by those deeds which spring from the goodness of her heart.

Of the marvellous successes of the Japanese arms by sea and by land I need not speak here. They have been recorded by experts—we who looked on from a distance of twelve thousand miles stood amazed. But if we marvelled, what must have been the wonder of the older generation in Japan itself—men yet living who remember the days of swords and spears and bows and arrows? How can we in any way produce something like an analogy? Picture to yourselves the archers of Crécy or Agincourt looking on while their boys handle the huge artillery of to-day. Fancy the captain of the *Harry Grace de Dieu*—the battle-

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ship of which King Henry the Eighth was so proud—watching his son take the mighty *Dreadnought* into action. That may perhaps bring home to you what a Samurai of 1860, the man whose sword was his soul, may have felt on reading of the storming of Port Arthur, of the northward driving of Kuropatkin through Manchuria, of the fateful naval victory, the greatest since Trafalgar, of the Sea of Japan. It is the marvellous rapidity of the transformation scene which the harlequin's wand of science has unfolded upon which I wish to lay stress.

The wand of science! Where in the future will be placed the orders which hitherto have enriched the shipwrights and the cannon founders of the West? What we saw this spring gave rise to the thought that possibly in the not very remote future the West may be the customer of the East for ships and material of war. At any rate Japan will most surely satisfy her own wants. Perhaps she may have something to spare for others, and may compete in the producing market with the Armstrongs, the Krupps, and the great firms which now supply the world. Nor is it in the destroying arts alone that Japan has won for herself a proud place among the nations. I can remember the time when Dr. Willis, a name which will always be received in Japan as that of a hero, first taught the Japanese what were the ideals of a hospital, and now the great surgical experts tell us that from the Japan of to-day we in our turn have much to learn.

Change, change everywhere! An Emperor or

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Japan, surrounded by the Princes of the Blood, goes down to a railway station to welcome an English Prince. Who would have thought of such a thing in 1866, in days when the Emperor was a mystery and the railway station something undreamt of? At a banquet in the old castle of Yedo, within which no foreigner had penetrated, the Tenshi proposes the toast of the King of England. An Imperial Princess opens a ball at the British Embassy with the Ambassador; a concert is given at Uyéno under the patronage of the Imperial family in which the music of Rossini, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Beethoven is performed by Japanese young ladies making up a full European orchestra, the first violin a favourite pupil of my old friend Joachim. Houses built in the Western style have taken the places of the old Yashiki with their long low ranges of guard-houses; whole quarters of the town are reserved for European buildings. Tramways cross the streets of the old Yedo: overhead the wind moans through a network of electric wires. What would Sir Rutherford Alcock, Laurence Oliphant, Sherard Osborne, the men who first described the Old Japan, say to all this? Above all not a sword to be seen, not a single swashbuckler ruffling his way through what was once the capital of the Shōgun. But perhaps the greatest wonder of all is to see the freedom in which Christian missionaries of all sects live in every part of the Empire.

Our appreciation of the changes we are recording would be clearly incomplete were we not for one moment to glance at the present financial position

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—not a picturesque subject, and yet one that is so full of meaning. For, to quote an old American saying, “the dollars speak.”

It was in the year 1870 that Japan made her first appearance as a borrower in the London money market. As soon as matters had quieted down after the first upheaval of the Goisshin, the great revolution, the new Government was in want of money with which to set to work upon that development which had been from the first its chief aim and ambition. I had just come home from the Far East, and there did not happen to be any one else in London at the time who had any special knowledge of the then very new Japan. I could not imagine why so many gentlemen with names absolutely unknown to me—many of them German—were so anxious to make my acquaintance. They drew the Foreign Office for me, they hunted my lodgings; at length one gentleman, Mr. Julius Beer, ran me to earth in my club. The secret then came out. Was it safe to lend Japan money? Was she solvent? Well, I was able to reassure my cross-examiner upon that point, and a loan was successfully brought out by Messrs. Erlanger and Beer. But under what conditions? It was but a small sum that was asked for—a million if I remember right—and for this pitiful accommodation Japan was to pledge the right of making railways and to pay the promoters twelve per cent., of which nine per cent. went to the public. Thirty thousand a year for a term of years was a fine plum out of which to pay the expenses of the city gentlemen; neither had the investing public any reason to

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complain of nine per cent. with perfect safety. Such was the back-breaking load which was laid upon Japan by the raising of her first loan

As to the present state of her credit and financial position let Mr. Takahashi speak. That gentleman has recently arrived in England on a mission connected with the conversion of the six per cent. Customs Loans. Let me quote from the *Times* of October 8 what he says as to the financial outlook :

“ At home money is very easy and the outlook is favourable. Development and progress as a result of the war are to be observed on all hands. The shares of the South Manchurian Railway which we acquired as one of the results of the late war have been eagerly taken up by our people, and a private telegram just received states that there is reason to believe that they have been applied for about 100 times over. Our people have become imbued with wider economic, financial, and industrial ideas. Everywhere one sees indications of a desire for improvement in every department on a greatly extended scale, and on all sides preparations are being made to embark upon enterprises of a much larger character than would have been dreamt of a short while ago.”

Well ! in finance as well as in other matters Japan has not stood still. She no longer needs the backing of an obscure attaché to enable her to borrow money at twelve per cent. Her financiers

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rank among the first in the world ; and when Mr. Takahashi appears among us as her Commissioner, he is welcomed as an honoured colleague by the magnates of New Court and Threadneedle Street.

Having touched thus briefly upon the many material changes which these forty years have witnessed, I must refer to one of which the glaring inconsistency is nothing short of startling. At the moment when Japan, casting to the winds the old musty methods and schooling of China, has been throwing herself heart and soul into the freshness and vigour of the nineteenth century, it is marvellous to see that every year she has more and more engrafted into her language the deformity of a mass of bastard Chinese words—a Chinese so mispronounced according to arbitrary Japanese methods that no scholar that ever took a degree in the Forest of Pencils at Peking would understand one syllable of it. The perversion is analogous to our own barbarous pronunciation of Latin and Greek. When I went back to Japan I was altogether at sea. But I was comforted by our greatest Japanese scholar, who told me that on returning to Japan after a few years' absence he found that he had practically to learn a new language. The old Japanese such as I learnt it was soft and musical, its rhythm was so perfect that it was called the Italian of the East. Among men of letters a few Chinese words were interspersed here and there, but there was a world of difference between that and the croaking staccato jargon which has replaced the old flowing many-syllabled and inflected words which made up the tender melody of a Japanese sentence. What can

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be the reason? Fashion is a wonderful magician! Constitutional government, parliamentary institutions, the thousand and one miracles of the modern world are certainly not of Chinese birth. Let who will explain why the discord of Chinese monosyllables should be necessary to give expression to them, setting out of tune a language whose beauty was the inheritance of the centuries.

There is at present an influential society, the Romaji hiromé kai,* the object of which is the substitution of the Roman writing for the ideographs of the Chinese. For us Westerns (and I venture to think for Japan herself) the attainment of this end is devoutly to be wished. Men of influence in the world of politics and in the world of letters are working hard to bring it about, and I believe that in time their efforts will be crowned with success. Perhaps the change may bring with it a reaction in favour of the old language, the tones of which were real poetry. It seems so contrary to the fitness of things that the adoption of the methods, the science, and even the music and costume of the West should go hand in hand with the growing tendency to introduce Chinese modes of expression into the pure well of Japanese undefiled.

It is perhaps overbold for a foreigner even to give utterance to a pious wish on such a matter, but then the whole subject of this paper is one requiring no little audacity. I have endeavoured briefly and no doubt very roughly to sketch some

* "The Society for the Promotion of the Use of the Roman Character."

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of the more salient phenomena which struck me during my recent visit to Japan. I found it at my first coming in 1866 in the middle of the thirteenth century. At my third coming it was in the middle of the twenty-first, for there are many phases of material progress in which Japan has outstripped her teachers.

When I left her in 1870 she was busy working out the problems of her own political salvation. I went back in 1873—she was then learning and toiling, training herself assiduously for the great part she was to play in the world's history. In 1906 I found a great and heroic nation emerging from a war in which she had shown not only those great qualities which gave success to her arms, but also the magnanimity and self-restraint in victory which are the greatest triumph of the conqueror. In forty years Japan, from being an unknown country, a negligible quantity in the councils of the nations, has raised herself to the rank of a first-rate Power, and from this time forth it is impossible to conceive any Congress, meeting to settle the affairs of the world, at which she should not be represented, and in which her statesmen should not have a powerful voice. This nation whose subjects might not travel, whose shipwrights might not build a sea-going vessel, has become a great maritime power with interests in every shore upon which the waves of the sea break. In her arsenals great battleships of 19,000 tons are ringing with the clang of the hammers beating against their iron sides; at Yokosuka, Sasébo, Kuré, myriads of workmen are toiling, moulding, fashioning, turning,

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fling, each man filled with the sense of the importance of his own task—the conviction that to him has been vouchsafed a mighty privilege, the honour-giving duty of contributing his mite to the glory of the Fatherland. Here is indeed a new outlet for the old Yamato Damashi, the Spirit of Old Japan. Success such as has aroused the wonder of mankind has not been followed by that spirit of puffed-up content which allows the sword to rust in the scabbard. Rather has it been a spur to further endeavour. By sea and by land; in dockyards, in hospitals, in laboratories, in schools and academies, work, strenuous work, work which represents the love of country and the pride of race, is going on. A restless ambition inspires the New Japan, the same glorious ambition which Hippolochus, the Lycian Prince, enjoined upon his son as his last farewell before the Trojan war, always to be the best and to tower above all others.* The Old Japan is dead, but its soul survives in a spirit of patriotism and chivalry as lofty as any that the world has seen. Daimyos and Kugés have disappeared. The feuds of the clans, the turbulent frettings of the Wave-men, have faded into the past. In the place of these elements of unrest we see the new birth of a noble people bound together by one great and glorious aspiration, following the guidance of an auspicious star leading them to heights of which their fathers never dreamt. There is no cement like that of blood split in a common and noble cause. The warriors of Satsuma, Choshu, and Tosa fighting

* αἶεν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον εἶμμεναι ἄλλων.—HOMER, "Il." 6, 208.

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shoulder to shoulder with the men of Aidzu, who held Wakamatsu against the Mikado's troops, have laid for ever the ghosts of past rivalry and hatred.

* * * *

My task is done. I hope that I have shown you that whatever greatness the future may have in reserve for Japan, it is not too much to say that the period Meiji must ever remain the most conspicuous landmark in her history. Never again can there come a turning-point of such portentous consequence. She may have good and noble Sovereigns; she will have none nobler, none better, than the august ruler who now sits upon the throne, and who for thirty-nine years has devoted his life to the service of the country which he loves so well. He will be remembered, and his name will live not in Japan alone. But nowhere will his memory be held in greater reverence than in the country which he has helped to unite to his own in the happy bonds of an alliance which, making as it does for the peace of the world, we hope may never be dissolved.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, BEING
A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE
JAPAN SOCIETY OF LONDON, NOVEM-
BER THE 13TH, MDCCCVII

I KNOW that I need make no apology for bringing before your notice this evening a matter which is of no little concern in our relations with Japan, from the point of view of the past, as well as from that of the present and the future. It is one in which our allies have shown the deepest and most generous interest, although it is certainly also one in which it is far more a duty for us to show zeal than for them. Although it has been my fate for many years to address various audiences on various subjects, never before have I attempted to put my hand in the purses of my hearers: never before have I preached anything resembling a charity sermon. To-night I stand before you a beggar, abashed indeed, though not ashamed; for the cause which I plead is a good one: I ask you to cooperate with our Japanese friends to perpetuate the memory of Will Adams, the first Englishman who ever set foot in Japan, and who lived and died there in circumstances so bewilderingly romantic that Defoe, had he known of them, might have been inspired to write a second "Robinson Crusoe." There are, it is true, no footprints on the sand; there is no "Man Friday." It is the simple tale of a sturdy British seaman, who, after going through perils innumerable, landing on a foreign shore, won by his honesty and force of character the respect and affection of those among whom

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the caprice of Fate had cast his lot, earning from the ruler of the land honours which had never been conferred before upon a Western man, and which no man has ever attained since. For some two centuries and a half Adams' tomb had been forgotten and hidden by an undergrowth of trees and shrubs; it was discovered in 1872 by Mr. Walter, and it is now proposed to maintain it for all time, appointing as its custodian an old sailor or soldier. For this purpose, and for the maintenance of the tomb itself, an endowment is necessary. The Japanese have subscribed most liberally, but more money is still wanted. The British Ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald, is exerting himself in the cause, and he has asked me to promote its interests on this side. I thought, therefore, that I could not do better than enlist the sympathy of the Japan Society. Will you help? Will you do what you can to prevent the tomb of the gallant Will Adams from the risk of falling into ruin?

Of the giants who made the glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign, none were more conspicuously worthy of admiration than the seadogs who manned her ships and carried her flag in triumph to the uttermost parts of the earth. In those days there were no floating palaces, no *Lusitanias* or *Mauretianas* in which men may set at naught the wildest ravings of the Atlantic. In mere cockle-shells they faced the rage of wind and wave. In craft of 140 tons, of 70 tons, and in one case even, if my memory serves me right, of 30 tons, trusting in God and in their own stout hearts, they sailed into the unknown space. That the Western land existed,

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that indeed they knew ; the problem had been solved a century earlier. But there were no elaborate surveys, no perfect charts pointing out every hidden terror, every rock and shoal and treacherous current in every possible harbour. Only think how the dangers of the crushing icebergs were magnified for those pigmy vessels ! Yet it is only fair to say that the ship measurements of those days must have been very different from those of our time. A ship of the size of those of the old mariners, measured by our standard, could not have held the number of men that they carried with them, let alone the stores and outfit. We have accurate information as to the proportion of men to tonnage in the five ships which composed the fleet in which Will Adams sailed : the *Hope*, 250 tons and 130 men ; the *Faith*, 150 tons and 109 men ; the *Charity* or *Liefde*, Will Adams' ship, 160 tons and 110 men ; the *Fidelity*, 100 tons and 86 men ; the *Good News*, 75 tons and 56 men. This, however, is a matter into which it is no part of my purpose to inquire. It is only interesting in connection with the subject which is before our meeting as being one more proof of the difficulties which our old seamen had to encounter.

The Raleighs, the Drakes, the Frobishers, the Howards of Effingham, and how many more ! All these were great men who built up the sea-glory of England, and made this little island the mother of vast States. But in spite of all their great and noble achievements, there was not one of them who went through more wondrous changes

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and chances of fortune than Will Adams, the humble Kentish pilot.* Fortunately there have been preserved some memorials of his life. There are letters of his own, published by the Hakluyt Society, together with a diary of Captain Cocks, "Cape Merchant" (that is to say, chief merchant) in the English factory in Japan, edited by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson in 1883, and there is the account of the voyage of Captain John Saris, who, in 1612, carried letters from King James I. to the Emperor of Japan, with a view to establishing trade relations with that country.

Let the old sailor tell his own story. On October 22, 1611, hearing that certain English merchants are lying in the Island of Java, he "ymboldens himself," with many apologies for his "stowntnes," to write to them. "My reason that I doe wryte is first as conscience doth binde me with loue to my countrymen and country. Your worships, to whom this present wryting shall come, is to geve you understand that I am a Kentish man, borne in a towne called Gillingam, two English miles from Rochester, one mile from Chattam, where the King's ships doe lye; and that from the age of twelue years olde, I was brought up in Limehouse neere London, being apprentice twelue yeares to Master Nicholas Diggines; and myselfe haue serued for Master and Pilott in her Maiestie's ships; and about eleven or twelue years haue serued the Worshipful Companie of the Barbarie Marchants, untill the Indish traffick from Holland (began), in which Indish traffick I

* Pilot here signifies, of course, master mariner.

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was desirous to make a littel experience of the small knowledge which God had geven me. So in the yeare of our Lord 1598 I was hired for Pilot Maior of a fleete of five sayle which was made ready by the Indish Companie: Peeter Vander Hay and Hance Vander Veek. The generall of this fleet was a marchant called Iaques Maihore, in which ship being Admirall I was Pilott." I suppose that "being Admirall" means that she was the flagship.

The fleet sailed on June 23 or 24, too late in the year to avoid passing the Line without contrary winds. By September they had to land some of their many sick men, only to die, on the coast of Guinea. Then they sailed for the coast of Brazil. But they had to meet many misfortunes, and it was not until April 6, 1599, that they reached the Straits of Magellan, "at which time winter came, so that there was much snowe, and with colde on the one side, and hunger on the other, our men grew weake." The southerly winds kept them in the Straits during the winter till September 24. Their stores were pretty well exhausted, and many men died of hunger and cold. At last they passed through the Straits and made for the coast of Peru. Storms and foul weather scattered the fleet, but they had given one another rendezvous at a point in Chili, where the first comers were to wait for thirty days in order to give the others time to join them and so to effect a meeting. After many troubles and disasters in which storms and Spaniards and savages played a part, Adams' ship fell in once more with the

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Admiral at the Island of Santa Maria: he had arrived there four days before, having lost the general, master, and all his officers, "murthered a lande,* so that all our officers were slaine, the one bemoning the other": of the five vessels only two remained.

The two ships set out together for Japan, having heard that there was a good market in that country for woollen cloth, of which they had a large store; but on February 23 the *Liefde*, Will Adams' ship, lost her consort in what he describes as the most wondrous storm of wind that ever he was in; and on April 19 they sighted land, having been four months and twenty-two days on the voyage from the Island of Santa Maria, "at which time," says Adams, "there were no more than sixe besides myselfe that could stand upon his feet."

In spite of the intrigues of the Jesuits and what he calls "the Portingals," who told the Japanese that he and his men were pirates and no true merchants, they were kindly received by the Daimyo of Bungo, and were allowed to land the Captain and their sick men, for whom a house "and all refreshing that was needfull" were provided. Out of the crew of 110 men, "we had when we came to anker in Bungo, sicke and whole, four and twenty men, of which number the next day three died. The rest for the most part recovered, saving three, which lay a long time sicke and in the end also died. In the which time of our being here the Emperour" (that is to say, the

* "A lande" for "on land," as "aboard" for "on board."

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Shōgun Iyēyasu), "hearing of us, sent presently five gallees or frigates to us, to bring mee to the Court, where his Highnes was, which was distant from Bungo about an eighty English leagues. Soe that as soon as I came before him, he demanded of me of what countrey we were ; so I answered him in all points ; for there was nothing that he demanded not, both consarning warre and peace between countrey and countrey ; so that the particulars here to wryte would be too tedious, and for that time I was commanded to prisson, being well used, with one of our marinery that came with me to serue me."

It must have been a wonderful interview that between the bluff English sailor and the Oriental potentate, the master of many swords, who had just established his power, and before whom all Japan trembled ; for at that time, although the Mikado, the Son of Heaven, was the Emperor, it was the Shōgun that governed in his name. Will Adams, alone, defenceless, and as we know from himself in hourly dread of being "crossed"—that is, crucified—might well have been forgiven if he had shown some fear. But never for one moment does he appear to have lost his head, and the impression which he made upon the great Shōgun must at once have been favourable. Of his second interview he gives rather more detail, showing how ready he was in answer.

"A two dayes after the Emperour called me agein, demaunding the reason of our comming so farre. I answered : we were a people that sought all friendship with all nations, and to haue trade in all

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countries, bringing such merchandiz as our Country did afford into strange landes in the way of traffick. He demaunded also as conserning the warres between the Spaniard or Portingall and our Countrey, and the reasons, the which I gave him to understand of all things, which he was glad to heare, as it seemed to me."

In the letter to his wife, of which a fragment is extant, he gives some further particulars as to the questions put by Iyéyasu and his answers: "Further he asked me in what I did beleeve? I said in God that made heaven and earth. He asked me diverse other questions of things of religion and many other things: as what way we came to the Country. Having a chart of the whole world I showed him, through the Straight of Magellan. At which he wondred and thought me to lie. Thus from one thing to another, I abode with him till midnight, and having asked me what marchandize we had in our shippe, I showed him all. In the end, he being ready to depart, I desired that we might have trade of marchandize as the Portingals and Spanyards had. To which he made me an answer; but what it was, I did not understand.

"In the end I was commanded to prisson again, but my lodging was bettered in another place."

For thirty-nine days he remained in this prison, during the whole of which time he was being denounced by the Jesuits and "Portingals," who "gave evidences against me and the rest to the Emperour that we were theeves and robbers of all nations, and were we suffered to live it should be

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against the profit of his Highnes and the land : for no nation should come there without robbing. . . . In the end the Emperor gave them aunswer that we as yet had not doen to him nor to none of his lande any harm or dammage : therefore against Reason and Justice to put us to death. If our Countreys had warres the one with the other that was no cause that he should put us to death : with which they were out of hart, that their cruell pretence failed them. For which God be for evermore praised."

Meanwhile Iyéyasu had ordered the *Liefde*, Will Adams' ship, to be brought to Osaka, and when at the end of forty-one days the Englishman was brought again out of prison to be questioned by the Shōgun the latter finally asked him whether he was desirous to go to the ship to see his countrymen. "I answered very gladly," says Adams, and so he departed and was freed from imprisonment. With a rejoicing heart he took boat and went to the ship, where he found the Captain and the rest recovered from their sickness. "And when I cam aboard with weeping eyes was received : for it was given them to understand that I was executed long since. Thus God be praised, all we that were left alive came together againe."

One serious disappointment awaited him—during his imprisonment the ship had been robbed, so that the clothes in which he stood were all that remained to him ; worst of all, his precious instruments and books were all stolen. When Iyéyasu heard of this he was indignant, and ordered instant

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restitution to be made, but this was impossible ; the things were all scattered and could not be got together again, so he ordered compensation in money to be made to the ship. A sum of fifty thousand reals was given, and his compensation led to a mutiny on board. As Adams puts it, the men would abide no longer in the ship, every one would be a commander, and perforce would have every one part of the money that was given by the Shōgun. But this seems to have taken place later, after Iyéyasu had decided to retain the ship, and not to allow the crew to leave Japan.

In the meantime the ship was ordered to proceed to Yedo, whither the Shōgun was now going. Contrary winds and the fickleness of that ever restless sea delayed the ship and made her voyage a long one, so that she arrived in the Bay of Yedo long after the Shōgun, who travelled by land.

Adams from this time forth remained permanently in the neighbourhood of his mighty patron. His influence seems to have increased day by day, and we see the strange picture of the old pilot, "not unknown," as he puts it himself, "in Ratcliffe and Limehouse," no aristocratic quarters even in those days, blossoming out into the confidential friend, adviser, and even teacher of a powerful ruler at the other end of the world. Truly a wonderful story. There seems to have been but one limit to his power. Home he might not go, as we shall presently see, and even as to that there is something to be said.

Although Adams' letters breathe a spirit of deep

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affection for the English wife from whom he was so cruelly separated, and for his daughter Susan, as years went on he took to himself a Japanese wife, by whom he had two children. Of this marriage, so far as I know, there is no record. All that we learn is that the lady existed, and that her monument stands to this day at Hemin by the side of his own. The story of the marriage has been woven by a Japanese playwright into a melodrama, the first performance of which was given at Tōkyō last year.* The story of the play is romantic enough: Otsu, the daughter of one Giheigi, is loved by a Rōnin named Iwai. The latter, a man of notoriously bad character, is about to carry her off, when Will Adams, in a flaxen wig and Elizabethan costume, comes up and rescues her. He in turn is carried off by Iwai, who comes back with a band of Rōnin. The old father appeals to Iyéyasu, who sends a party of Samurai to rescue Adams. The Rōnin are defeated and Adams brought back. A Dutch vessel had arrived in Japan at this time, and Adams was hoping to go home in her. But Iyéyasu confesses that feeling that Adams' presence in Japan was necessary in view of the extension of intercourse with foreign countries, he has sent the Dutch ship away. He says that a woman's hair is proverbially strong enough to bind even a big elephant, and that a Japanese girl will soften the pains of exile for the old pilot, and so the marriage takes place, Otsu becoming the bride, and Iyéyasu in person presiding over the ceremony.

* 1906.

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There is in the play one little touch which is not without its significance. When the marriage has been arranged Iyéyasu admits that although he had pretended that he had sent away the Dutch vessel, that was but make-believe. The ship has not left Japan, she is still at Hirado. Does Adams still wish to return by her? The old father and Otsu await the answer with great anxiety, but Adams declares that he will remain in Japan. I shall have to return to this question as to whether the old pilot's continued exile was altogether against his will. The play, which was beautifully mounted, was received with the greatest enthusiasm in honour of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Historically the play has an especial interest, and one which is especially significant to us, as showing how, after a lapse of three centuries, the Japanese still look upon Will Adams as a man who played a considerable part in the international politics of his day. Iyéyasu, as we see, is made to refuse Adams' permission to go back to England on the ground that he could not be spared at a moment when there was likely to be an extension of foreign relations. His utility could not be only that of an interpreter, for there were Dutch and Portuguese linguists; and Adams' own first interviews with Iyéyasu were carried on through the medium of Portuguese. As a matter of common knowledge Iyéyasu had formed a high estimate of his worth, and was clearly loth to part with so useful and faithful a servant.

Adams remained at the beck and call of the

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Shogun, who seems constantly to have sent for him, and ultimately bade him build a small ship for him. Adams answered that he was no carpenter and had no knowledge thereof. “‘Well, doe your endeavour,’ saith he; ‘if it be not good it is no matter.’” So Adams built him a ship of eighty tons or thereabouts, with which the Shogun was highly pleased. Adams was now in high favour and taught Iyéyasu geometry and mathematics with other things. “I pleased him so that what I said he would not contrary.” His influence was so great that his old enemies the Spaniards and the “Portingals” came asking for his friendship and intercession, and he records with much simplicity how he returned them good for evil. “In the end of five yeeres I made supplication to the King to goe out of this land, desiring to see my poore wife and children, according to conscience and nature, with the which request the Emperour was not well pleased, and would not let me goe any more for my countrey: but to byde in his land. Yet in process of time, being in great favour with the Emperour, I made supplication again.” The Dutch Captain was allowed to go, but Adams must remain, and so he goes on: “Therefore I do pray and entreat you in the name of Jesus Christ to doe so much as to make my being here in Japon knowen to my poor wife: in a manner a widdow, and my two children fatherlesse; which thing only is my greatest grieve or heart and conscience. Therefore may this letter come to any of their hands or the copy: I do know that compassion and mercy is so that my friends and kindred shall

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haue news, that I do as yet liue in this vale of my sorrowfull pilgrimage." Adams goes on to tell the Java merchants how in the year 1610 he made another and a larger ship, in which the Governor of Manila, who had been shipwrecked in Japan, was sent home to Acapulca, and then he continues :

" Now for my service which I haue doen and daily doe, being employed in the Emperour's service, he hath given me a living, like unto a Lordship in England, with eightie or ninetic husbandmen, that be as my slaves or seruents : which, or the like president, was never here before geuen to any stranger. Thus God hath prouided for mee after my great miserie ; and to him only be all honour and praise, power and glory, both now and for euer worlde without ende."

Thus, having first commended himself to Iyeyasu by the tact and diplomatic ability of his answers to his questions at Osaka, and having subsequently given proof of his practical value as shipwright and mariner, the apprentice of Limehouse had become a small daimyo in Japan, ruling over his lands at Hemi, and enjoying an amount of favour that must have been envied by the mightiest Princes in the land. The acknowledgment which this feudal Lord paid to the Shōgun was the daily gift of a Tai, or Sea-bream ; and for two hundred and fifty years after the old pilot's death, until the Shōgunate was abolished in 1869, the daily tribute of fish from Hemi continued to reach the Castle at Yedo.

And so the years passed on until 1613, when we come to a new episode in the story of our hero.

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In the year 1611, the East India Company being anxious to open up commercial relations with Japan, the Governor, Sir Thomas Smythe, wrote a letter upon the subject to Adams, who was known to be in that country, and who was looked upon as a person who would, from his position at the Shōgun's Court, be able to render valuable assistance. Captain John Saris was placed in command of the outfit, which consisted of three ships, the *Glove*, the *Hector*, and the *Thomas*. Saris received orders to place himself in communication with Adams, and "if on his leaving Japan Adams should importune you to transport him to his native country to visit his wife and children, we pray you then to accommodate him with as convenient a cabin as you may, and all other necessaries which your ship may afford him." Saris sailed on April 18 and reached Bantam in October 1612. Augustin Spalding was at that time "Cape Merchant," or head of the factory at Bantam. He had written to Adams in regard to the prospects of trade, but Adams did not answer his letter for some months, when the *Glove* was already on her way to Japan.

Adams, foreseeing rivalry and jealousies if the English attempted to establish themselves at Hirado, alongside of the Dutch, had been anxious that the British factory should be situated near Yedo. But it was too late. The *Glove* arrived at Hirado, which had always been regarded as a most excellent base for trading operations with China, which was above all things the most coveted object of the Company.

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When Saris arrived Adams was at Yedo, and he did not reach Hirado until some seven weeks later. It must be confessed that neither in his letter, nor in regard to meeting Saris, did Adams show any great alacrity, nor indeed was his letter to Spalding in any way encouraging. He seemed to wish to throw cold water upon the whole scheme. When at last he did join Captain Saris he was well received, but from the first there seems to have been no love lost between the two men. Adams would not accept Saris' invitation to lodge with him, preferring to remain with his own colours—a St. George's cross made of coarse cloth hanging out of the window of a poor house. He would not associate with the merchants or "go alone in company with them in love, but he entreated the contrary, as some were not well pleased, thinking that he thought them not good enough to walk with him."

In short, not to put too fine a point upon it, according to Captain Saris, Adams gave himself great airs. He, on the other hand, was equally annoyed, considering that he had been treated with scant respect. I think that the accusation of want of patriotism which was brought forward against him cannot be maintained. His whole subsequent conduct, as recorded in the diaries of Captain Cocks, who remained in Japan as head of the factory, gives the lie to that, nor can he be justly charged with having favoured the Dutch, as Saris pretended. He never pushed their interests unless they were identical with those of his own countrymen. That he should have disliked

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“walking in love” with the merchants may be explained on other grounds. Adams had by this time been for many years a feudal chief, and in the old feudal times in Japan trade was held to be degrading. The merest peasant who tilled the soil had a higher social consideration than the trader. It is quite possible that Adams may have felt that if he, a territorial noble, were to be seen hob-nobbing on equal terms with the merchants, he would lose his position, not only among his own dependents, but also at the Shōgun’s Court. To me this seems a far more plausible explanation of his conduct than the charge of treachery to his own countrymen. Nor do I believe that it arose from pique at his advice not being taken in regard to the choice of a factory near Yedo. That Saris had affronted him is certain ; that together with the reason which I have suggested would account for all.

However this may be, Adams accompanied Captain Saris to Court and obtained for him all the privileges for which he sought. On this occasion Iyéyasu, who had now retired from the Shōgunate in favour of his son Iyétada, but still continued to exercise the real power, cross-examined Adams pretty closely as to the north-west passage which had been the dream of the old pilot’s life. “Now in my simple judgment,” he says, “if the north-west passage be ever discovered, it will be discovered by this way of Japan.”

Thus by the help of Will Adams the British factory was established at Hirado. We shall see

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presently that gratitude was not one of Captain Saris' attributes. Indeed, he appeared to be one of those persons who cannot forgive a benefit. Without Adams the mission was bound to be a failure. Adams saved the situation and Saris hated him accordingly.

And now comes the strangest part, from a psychological point of view, of a story the romance of which has always strongly appealed to me.

When the general business of the mission had been settled with the Shōgun, Adams writes: "I did seek unto the Counsel to speak in my behalf to get leave to go for my country; but the Secretary with no other would not speak for my liberty to go for my country, knowing that I have divers times made request, and he would not let me go. So I nevertheless made myself somewhat bold. Finding the Emperor in a good mood, I took out of my bosom his broad seal concerning certain lands, and laid it down before him, giving his Majesty most humble thanks for his great favour unto me, desiring leave to go for my Country. At which request he looked earnestly upon me, and asked me if I was desirous to go for my country. I answered most desirous. He answered, if he should detain me he should do me wrong: in so much that in his service I had behaved myself well, with many other words of Commendations, the which I leave. So I thank God got my liberty out of my long and evil service."

Adams was now free—free as air—to go whither he listed. Saris was shortly about to sail and all

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was ready for his return to England. What did he do? He remained in Japan.

When Captain Saris asked him what his intentions were, he replied that he was most anxious to go back to England, but that, being a poor man and having been able to put by no money, he wished to wait another opportunity in order that he might make a purse for himself. Moreover he would not sail with Saris. "The reason I would not go with him was for dyuers injerues doun against me, very strang and unlooked for, which things were wrytt I cease, leuing it to others to make rellacion thereof." Saris then asked whether he were willing to serve the East India Company, and after much haggling, in which Saris kept trying to beat him down, he was engaged at a salary of £100 a year.

Some doubt has been raised as to whether the old pilot really desired to return to his English home and his English wife. In order to form our opinion we must consider the circumstances. The ill-will which from the very outset of their intercourse had arisen between him and Saris would have made the voyage home one long misery to him. The life which he had led as Lord of Hemin would hardly fit him for submission to any form of petty tyranny, or make him patient of slights. Of his affection for his wife there can be no question. He was separated from her by what he always looked upon as a cruel fate; but he kept her memory in his heart. Moneys that had been advanced to her by the East India Company he repaid in full, and in his last will and testament,

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which was for some two centuries preserved by the East India Company, but has now unfortunately been lost, he left half his property to her and to his daughter. That he should have wished, after a banishment of so many years, not to return empty-handed seems to me a most natural desire. If ever a man was entitled to some provision for his old age, surely he was. But that Will Adams was anything but a good, true, and loyal Englishman I refuse to believe. I rely upon the testimony of Captain Cocks.

Saris then sailed from Japan alone, but before leaving Hirado he fired a Parthian shot at poor Will Adams. Here is the document called "A Remembrance" which he wrote for the guidance of Captain Cocks, who was left as chief of the factory. "And for Mr. Adams he is only fittinge to be M^r. of the junke, and to be used as linguist at Corte, when you have no employment for hym at sea. It is necessary you stirr him, his condition being well known unto you as to myself, otherwise you shall have littell service of hym, the countrye affording great libertye, wheare unto he is much affected. The forsed agreement I have made with hym as you know could not be eschudd, ye Flemings and Spaniards making false proffers of great intertaynement, and hymselfe more affected to them than his owne natyon, we holye destitute of language." I care not to inflict more of this poisonous document upon you; it goes even further than what I have quoted, imputing or hinting at dishonesty. The measure of its truth may be arrived at in the words "it is necessary

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you stirr him." That was not the experience of Iyéyasu, nor was it the experience of Captain Cocks, who, after twelve months, wrote to the Company: "I finde the man very tractable, and willing to do your wourship the best servis he can, and hath taken great paine about repairing our juncke 'The Sea Adventure,' otherwayse she would not have been ready to have made the Syam voyage this yeare." Again, writing to a member of the factory, he says: "I pray you have a due care to give Captain Adams content, which you may easily do if you use him with kind speeches and fall not into terms with him upon any argument. I am persuaded I could live with him seven years before any extraordinary speeches should happen betwixt us."

Adams remained with the Company for three years, during which he undertook several voyages in the *Sea Adventure*, notably one to Siam. But the factory was doomed to failure, largely owing to the neglect of Adams' advice as to not settling in immediate proximity and rivalry to the Dutch. After the year 1616 Adams sailed and traded on his own account, but he seems to have continued to help Captain Cocks diplomatically at the Court of the Shōgun, and was to have joined the latter at the Court of Iyétada, whose father, Iyéyasu, was now dead. But the poor old pilot was himself taken ill and died, on May 6, 1620, probably at Hirado, for it was there that the inventory of goods was made a week later.

With the death of Adams following upon that

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of his generous patron Iyéyasu, the influence of the English waned. The factory at Hirado, which had never greatly flourished, dwindled, the Dutch were masters of the Eastern seas, and the Company retired from what had been from the first a disastrous competition.

Adams was undoubtedly a great Englishman. He was a man of high courage, determination, and diplomatic ability. Had he not been possessed of conspicuous force of character he could not have attained the influence which he gained over the great Shōgun Iyéyasu. His memory is yet green in Japan, and in the city of Tōkyō, near the famous Nihon-bashi, there is a street named Anjin chō after him, Anjin the Pilot being the name by which he was known all over the country. Let me read you an extract letter from Captain Cocks, chief of the East India Company's factory at Hirado, reporting the death of Will Adams. It is interesting and significant as showing what the brave old sailor's position was. It is preserved in the Hakluyt Papers, and was reprinted in the *Japan Gazette*. It is dated December 12, 1620:

“Our good frend Captain Wm. Addames, whoe was soe long before us in Japon, departed out of this world the vj of May last; and made Mr. Wm. Eaton and myself his overseers: giving the one halfe of his estate to his wife and childe in England, and the other halfe to a sonne and daughter in Japon. The coppie of his will, with another of his inventory (or account of his estate) I send to his wife and daughter, per Captain

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Martin Pring, their good friend, well known to them long tyme past, and I have delivered one hundred pounds starling to diuers of the James Royall Company, entred into the purser's book to pay two for one in England, is two hundred pounds starling to Mrs. Addames and her daughter, for it was not his mind that his wife should have all, in regard she might marry an other husband, and carry all from his childe; but that rather it should be equally parted between them: of which I thought good to advize your wourship. And the rest of his debts and estates being gotten in, I will either bring, or send it per first occasion offred and that may be most for their profit: according as the deceased put his trust in me and his other friend Mr. Eaton."

Again: "I cannot but be sorrowful for the loss of such a man as Captain Will Adams was, he having been in such favour with two Emperors of Japan as never was any Christian in these parts of the world, and might freely have entered and had speech of the Emperors when many Japon kings stood without and could not be permitted." Captain Cocks' "two Emperors" were, of course, Iyéyasu and his son, the two first Shōguns of the Tokugawa family, and the "kings" were the great Daimyos, or feudal chiefs.

It is interesting to note the account given of the Japanese by an Englishman of three hundred years ago.

Adams wrote: "This Island of Japon is a great land, and lyeth to the Northwards, in the lattitude of eight and fortie degrees, and it lyeth east by

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

north, and west by south or west south west, two hundred and twentie English leagues. The people of this Island of Japon are good of nature, curteous above measure and valiant in warre: their justice is seuerely executed without any partialitie upon transgressors of the law. They are governed in great civilitie. I meane, not a land better governed in the world by civill policie.”

Again, writing to Spalding, the Cape Master in Bantam: “In this land is no strange newes to sertify you of: the whool being in peace: the peopell veri subject to thear governours and superiores: also in thear relligion veri zellous. In justis very seuer, having no respect of persons. Ther cittis governed with greatt civility and love; for ye most part nonn going to lawe on with another; but yf questiones be between naybour and naybour, it is by justiss commanded to be pressently taken up, and frindship to be mad with out dellay. No theef for ye most part put in prisson, but pressently executed. No murther for ye most part can escap: for yf so bee y^t ye murtherer cannot be found, ye Emperour commands a proclimation with a wryting, and be ye writting so much gold as is of vallew £300 starlinge; and yf anny do know whear ye murtherer is, he cooms and receueth the gold, and goeth his way with out anny further troubell. Thus for the lukar of so much money it coumes to light, and their citties you may go all over in ye night with out any troubell or peril, being a peepell * * * to strangers. Ye lawe much lyk the Ind * * * truth. Thus by the way in hast I have imboldened

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

myself to writ somewhat of ye coustome and manners, &c."

Truly a striking picture of Japan in the early days of the seventeenth century.

In the lovely woods which crown the hills by which the harbour of Yokosuka is hemmed in stand the two monuments for which I am pleading. It is a romantic spot, rich in all the beauty for which the fairyland of Japan is famous, and it is singularly appropriate as the last resting-place of the man who first built a ship on foreign lines in that country. For from the fief in which Will Adams was chief you may look upon the great arsenal in which last year* I saw the building of the mighty *Satsuma*, a great ironclad of between nineteen and twenty thousand tons. I could not help thinking of the spirit of the old pilot watching over the place; the throbbing of machinery, the hissing of steam, the clank of iron beating upon iron, the thousands of workmen swarming over the hulls of the great ships—is there not some fitness in these surroundings? Adams sleeps; but the spirit of stress and strain in which he gave the lead is awake, and the grand old seaman, if he can look down and see all these wonders, may well view with pride the great work-place which has grown out of his humble shipyard. And we, the Englishmen of to-day, we, too, may be proud, when we see how, after three centuries, the great chiefs and leaders of thought in Japan are uniting to do honour to our countryman, the first who set foot on their shore, and

* 1906

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
left behind him so fair a fame, so undying a
memory.

Before sitting down, let me express my thanks
to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who has lent
me books and most valuable notes ; to Mr. John
Sparkes, who has also lent me a book which was
new to me ; and last, not least, to you, ladies and
gentlemen, for so kindly giving me your attention
to-night.

FEUDALISM IN JAPAN

FEUDALISM IN JAPAN, BEING A PAPER
READ BEFORE THE AUTHORS' CLUB,
NOVEMBER THE 6TH, MDCCCXI: MR.
LUCIEN WOLF IN THE CHAIR

I HOPE that it is hardly necessary for me to say how deeply sensible I am of the honour which you have conferred upon me by inviting me to be your guest this evening. The compliment is enhanced by the very gracious way in which you have received the flattering remarks of my kind friend, Mr. Lucien Wolf. *Laudari a laudato* is the highest form which praise can take. I would that it were better deserved. But, gentlemen, your generosity places me in a difficult position. How can I hope to serve up for your banquet a literary dish worthy of the occasion and of the company? I feel somewhat as a commonplace Athenian gentleman might have felt if on being invited to a symposium in the learned groves of the Academia he found himself forced to harangue the assembled sages and philosophers to whom he would have felt it an honour to listen—himself silent. You, gentlemen, are the keepers of the sacred fire which burns upon the altar of the Goddess of Letters. How can you, even for one evening, be patient with the dull glimmer of an old-fashioned rush-light? It is your privilege to instruct, and, while instructing, to charm the world. It is ours to gather up your gift words, carrying home with us, as your precious gift, new ideas and new illuminants. From me I am afraid you will glean but little. It is true, as your chairman has told you, that I have

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witnessed certain curious episodes in the world's history, and had I the skill which some of you possess I might hope to enchain your attention. However, you, being strong, will I know be indulgent. At any rate you will be as kindly as the violoncellist whom Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) in one of her wittiest essays described as "bearing his cross meekly in a world over-peopled with Amateurs." Your secretary has kindly left me the choice of a subject on which to address you. I have chosen Feudalism in Japan.

Besides myself and the Wandering Jew, there are not many people still remaining who can boast of having lived in the thirteenth century. As the years roll on fewer and fewer continue to "make their number." Soon that weary and footsore man will be left as the sole representative of the rapidly dwindling band.

Just forty-five years have elapsed since, after a furious voyage from Shanghai, in the tail of a typhoon, I stepped ashore on to the loveliest and most fascinating island in the universe, and, rubbing my eyes in amazement, saw myself in a world younger by six centuries than that which I had left behind me. In a country which since the year 1636 had cut itself aloof from all intercourse with other nations, not only excluding the undesirable alien, but making it a crime punishable with death for any Japanese to leave the fatherland, the clock had stood still. Even before the famous law of Iyémitsu the Japanese had only had experience of a few missionaries and traders. The Japan that I first knew differed in no respect from the Japan of Will

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Adams, the master-mariner of Queen Elizabeth's time who became the trusted friend and adviser of the great Shōgun Iyéyasu, the grandfather of Iyémitsu. The mere handful of Dutch merchants, cooped up in their very profitable prison in Deshima—where, not to speak of other sources of gain, they bought gold for four times its weight in silver—were a negligible quantity so far as exercising any influence was concerned; indeed, had they been possessed of any such power they would hardly have used it. Their advantage certainly did not lie in the direction of opening the eyes of the then simple folk with whom they were dealing. All those who visited the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition last year must have seen the very clever historical groups illustrating the dresses, manners and customs of Japan in different centuries, and they can hardly fail to have been struck by the very slight changes which the years had brought about. If the Japan which I found showed but insignificant alteration from the Japan of the seventeenth century, equally it may be said that Japan under Iyéyasu was much the same as it was when in the last days of the twelfth century the death of Yoritomo ended the cruel wars of Gen and Hei. Those were the wars which enriched the legendary history of the country with so many tales of derring do, of chivalry, and of devotion, of heavenly beings siding with this or that party as in the Homeric poems, tales the glamour of which has borne rich fruit in our days at Port Arthur and in the storm-vexed sea of Japan. Yes, gentlemen, the clock had stood still. It had stood still for many

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centuries, and I, during the first eighteen months of my sojourn in the land of Sunrise, felt as if I had been put in possession of that magical flying machine, the invention of a distinguished and brilliant member of your fraternity, by means of which a man might fly backwards or forwards in time or in space at his pleasure, and I had touched the backward button, in obedience to which my fairy aeroplane wafted me away into the days of the feudal system. It was a singular and wonderful experience, which never can be repeated, for of feudalism Japan was the last stronghold. Feudalism is dead, but its ghost haunts me still. I shut my eyes and see picturesque visions of warriors in armour with crested helms and fiercely moustachioed visors—processions of powerful nobles with their retinues marching along the cryptomeria avenues of the Tōkaidō, the road by the Eastern Sea—and I hear the cry of “Shita ni iro, Shita ni iro” (Be down, be down), at which all men of low degree go down upon their knees and bow their heads in the dust while the great man passes, silent and gloomy in the loneliness of the norimono.*

There was practically little difference between the feudalism of Yamato † and that of Europe ; of course “East is East and West is West,” and all institutions must be in harmony with the civilisation of the country in which they exist. The highly complex civilisation of the Old Japan rested on widely different foundations from those upon which the

* A sort of palanquin borne by men.

† The old name of Japan—taken from the Province of that name—
“Pars pro toto.”

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European system is based. Yet they had much in common. Rather perhaps I should say that there was a certain mysterious atmosphere, which must be felt but could hardly be described, something as evanescent and at the same time as memory-awakening as the breath of a perfume—something which made one feel as if a Saint Louis would not be quite out of place in the white simplicity of the monastic Court of Kyoto, while one of the old Mikados, surrounded by his attendant Kugé,* might with stately dignity have assumed the purple of a European monarch. The divinity that doth hedge a king was nowhere more recognised than in Japan. The Emperor was more than Royal, he was Divine. For twelve hundred years, from the time when the Fujiwara family ruled Japan—always, be it noted, in the name of the Tenshi†—the Mikado had remained behind the curtain. Men knew that an august Being, a phantom served by a court of other phantoms hardly less mysterious than himself, cloistered in the sacred seclusion of Nara, Kyoto, or whatever other city might be his capital at the time, was engaged in the performance of rites and ceremonies with which the whole welfare of Japan was bound up. Following the traditional example of Jimmu Tennō, the founder of the dynasty, he was himself the High Priest of Shintō,‡ and Mr. Aston, in his masterly book upon that obscure religion, gives a picturesque account of one of the liturgies in which he was wont to take part.§

* Nobles of the Court.

† The Son of Heaven.

‡ The indigenous religion—"The Way of the Gods."

§ A Japanese writer thus describes the modern form of this ceremony (Nai-shi-dokoro, the place where the sacred jewels or regalia are kept):

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Like the Sun in his Heaven, he might be hidden from sight by the clouds of dim and misty centuries, but he remained a Power, a name to conjure with as the events of 1867-8 proved. The civil wars which raged during the Middle Ages, and only came to an end when Iyéyasu established the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns at the beginning of the seventeenth century, giving Japan a peace which lasted for 250 years, were not attempts upon the sacred rights of the Emperor; they were the struggles between the chiefs of clans grasping at the executive power. For instance, the wars of Gen and Hei have been compared to our wars of

“Within the palace there is a large hall, the Kashiko-dokoro, or place of reverence, constructed of milk-white, knotless timbers, exquisitely joined and smooth as mirrors, but absolutely devoid of decoration. At one end stands a large shrine, also of snow-pure wood, with delicately chased mountings of silver gilt. It encloses models of the divine insignia, and a number of long, narrow tablets of pine, on which were inscribed the posthumous titles of all the emperors since the days of Jimmu. Within the folding doors of the shrine hangs a curtain woven of bamboo threads. At the appointed hour, generally the grey of morning, sakaki boughs are laid beside the shrine, and provision of incense is made; after which the officials of the Bureau of Rites and those of the Imperial Household file in and seat themselves on either side of the hall. The doors of the shrine are then opened, and offerings of various kinds—vegetables, fish, cloth, and so forth—are carried in and ranged before it, solemn music in Japanese style being performed the while. Thereafter the princes of the blood and all officials of the two highest ranks, as well as the peers of the ‘musk-chamber’ and the ‘golden-pheasant-chamber,’ enter, and when they are seated the Emperor himself appears, and proceeding slowly to the shrine bows his head, takes a branch of *Saka-ki* (a certain tree) with pendent Gohei (paper tassels), and having waved it in token of the purification of sins, ignites a stick of incense and places it upright in the censer, thereafter repeating a ritual (*norito*). So long as his Majesty is present in the hall all the officials remain standing. His Majesty then retires, and on his departure worship of the same kind, but without any prayer, is performed by a representative of the Prince Imperial, and subsequently by the other members of the Court.”

“Shintó, The Way of the Gods,” by W. G. Aston, C.M.G., pp. 291-2.

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the Roses : both were fierce and bloody civil wars; but while the latter were a fight for the Crown itself, the former were wars of ambition between families of Minamoto and Taira, each seeking to establish its chief as the Vicar of the Emperor, but neither daring to strive for the divine inheritance of the Throne. That was an impossibility. Secure in his mysterious and heavenly origin, the lineal descendant of the Gods who were the first rulers of the world which they had themselves created, the Mikado's kingship was above all intrigue—beyond all rivalry. It was the possession of his sacred person which alone conferred power. Whoever held that in pledge was the actual ruler of Japan, the head of the feudal system.

Here perhaps it may be interesting to point out how the development of the kingly power took in Japan a diametrically opposite direction to that which it followed in ancient India. There is evidence in the oldest hymns of the Rig Veda which tends to show that the Aryan Kings were in the habit of themselves conducting religious ceremonies and offering sacrifice—in fact, that the duties of the priesthood formed part of the kingly office. But by degrees the kings, wearying of formulæ and ritual, employed the Brahmans to act as their deputies. Little by little the priestly caste, thus encouraged, grew to be masters, and although, as Max Müller says, “they left the insignia of Royalty to the military caste (the Kshatriya), woe to the warrior who would not submit to their spiritual guidance, or who would dare to perform his sacrifice without waiting for

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his Samuel. There were fierce and sanguinary struggles before the king consented to bow before the Brahman" ("Chips," vol. ii. p. 334). In Japan the reverse took place: the King became Priest, and the sword governed the Robe. The revolution of Buddha-Shakya-Muni, himself a royal Kshatriya, was mainly directed against the priestly hierarchy and encroachments of the Brahmins.

Again, let us compare feudalism in Europe. If a people in Europe wished to do away with feudalism they must first rid themselves of its visible head, the king, or, at any rate, under some form of constitution strip him of his omnipotence. In Japan, on the contrary, the people had but to restore the supreme power of the Emperor for the feudal system to tumble to pieces like a house of cards.

During the last few years of the rule of the Tokugawa Shōguns there were manifest signs of discontent and unrest. At the head of the Nobles were eighteen Kokushu Daimyos,* autocrats or nearly so, with power of life and death in their own provinces, possessed of great wealth, each with a government and small army of his own. Their wealth was calculated in kokus of rice, varying therefore in accordance with the current price of the article. The Prince of Kaga was reputed to be the richest, having a revenue of over a million kokus. The Prince of Satsuma, if I remember right, had something like 800,000 kokus—the average value of a koku being probably about £1 sterling. Those eighteen powerful Princes, and a

* Kokushu = Land Ruler ; Daimyo = Great Name.

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host of other lesser men, were fretting and chafing under restrictions and obligations which must have been galling indeed to such proud nobles as Shimadzu Saburō, the Chieftain of Satsuma, Mori, Prince of Chōshiu, Yōdo of Tosa, and other grandees. Part of every year they must spend in the Shōgun's capital, and if they went home they must leave their nearest and dearest behind them as hostages. Imagine what those travellings backwards and forwards, some of them extending to many hundred miles, must have meant! There were no railways—no carriages. The long weary journey had to be accomplished at a foot's pace in a litter borne by coolies, guarded in the case of some of the greatest men by an escort of several hundred retainers. And the expense of it! The system of spies, too, with which the Shōgun's Government fenced itself must have been intolerable.

What a city was Yedo, which is now called Tokyo, in the days of the Shōgun! Every Daimyo had his palace or palaces—not only the eighteen great magnificoes, but others of lower rank, some two hundred and seventy in all. The great straggling city swarmed with men-at-arms, some of them retainers of the different nobles, others Rōnin,* desperadoes who had cast off their clanship and ruffled it on their own account, ready to draw on any or no provocation. Clan feuds, broils in which much blood was shed, were of common

* Rōnin = wave-man, a man who had thrown off his allegiance to his prince and clan, wandering hither and thither as wild and as irresponsible as a wave of the sea.

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occurrence in that City of the Sword. *Kataki-Uchi*,* a Japanese version of the Corsican Vendetta, was one of the sacred duties of the Samurai. "You killed my brother—I must kill you; and, cutting off your head, I must lay it upon my brother's grave, leaving the small knife of my dirk in your ear, as a gallant gentleman should, in order that your brother may recognise the murderer and come and kill me—if he can." The tea-houses of Shinagawa, the suburb of Yedo nearest to Yokohama, could tell many a story of deadly encounters. More than once, riding through that sinister and ill-famed quarter at early dawn, we would come upon bloody traces of the night's debauch. Under the heady fumes of the hot saké men's blood would boil to fever-point. They were all armed with one of the deadliest of weapons, a heavy sword with an edge that would cut a piece of tissue paper: an angry word, a fierce dispute, a cry of hatred, a flash of cold steel—and a headless body would be spouting blood upon the mats. Hard by at the roadside was the execution ground, a place of gruesome sights. I remember once passing by there when a crucifixion had taken place. The manner of the execution was peculiar. The body of the criminal was tied to a double cross and the executioners, *Etas* or *Pariahs*, drove spears through it till he died. In this case there was no suffering. The vengeance of the law was wreaked upon a corpse, for the man, who had murdered his master, died in prison of gaol fever; so the remains were packed into a huge earthenware jar, like those of the

* *Kataki-Uchi* = literally, enemy-slaying.

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Forty Thieves, and covered with salt to preserve them until the day fixed for the execution should come round. Then the jar was carried to Shinagawa, where it had to be broken in order to release the stiffened body ; the limbs were cut through so that it might be stretched upon the cross, and the spears were driven in as they would have been into the living man. As I went by, the Etas, resting from their hideous toil, were smoking their pipes peacefully, watching by what looked like a shrivelled brown doll. Enough of these horrors ! mercifully they are a thing of the past. No part of the town has changed more than Shinagawa. It is now a quiet, respectable neighbourhood with shops and factories and even fashionable residences. Not long ago I asked a great Japanese lady where she lived—“Oh !” she said, “in Shinagawa,” giving a number. I should hardly have been more surprised had I heard the Duchess of Flamborough say that she lived at No. 1129 Ratcliffe Highway ! Yedo was like the Edinburgh of the olden days with the cries of the clans and the clash of arms ringing in its wynds and alleys, and a Walter Scott is needed to tell the tale. Those were rough days, wild days, but after all, the feudal system, such as I saw it, bore some good fruit. Death rather than dishonour was no barren phrase. The Samurai did not talk, he acted ; and it is the sons of those men, or perhaps their grandsons, brought up in the traditions of a heroic age, who cheerfully laid down their lives for their country in its death struggle. “My life for my Lord” was the old cry. “My life for the Son of Heaven” is the new. The Yamato Damashi, the spirit of Old

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Japan, is not dead. It lives in very deed. It lives as, I hope and believe, the spirit of Crécy and Agincourt lives with us.

It was the nineteenth century which furnished the magician's wand which, with one touch, dispelled the clouds of twelve hundred years, of which I spoke just now, and enabled the sun of the Empire to shine once more. The advent of foreigners rang the knell of the Shōgun's power and of the feudal system. It was said, and probably with truth, that the murders of foreigners, and the attacks upon the Legations, which caused so much trouble in the early days of our intercourse, were to be ascribed to political intrigues aimed at involving the Shōgun in hostilities with Western nations. However that may be, it would not be difficult to show how large a part foreign intercourse played in the crisis. But I must not allow myself to be led astray from my subject.

The Shōgun, a military chieftain (the very title Sei-i-tai-Shōgun means "Barbarian-expelling commander-in-chief"), was the head of the feudal system. Ruling by the sword, he represented the Government and exercised sovereign powers as Regent for the Emperor. The great Kokushu Daimyos were not unlike the Dukes of Brittany, Burgundy, and the other turbulent nobles of the Middle Ages—ever a danger, ever a difficulty. But here again there was a difference; whereas the European Dukes and Princes were practically independent, the Japanese Daimyos, even the greatest of them, as I have already shown you, had to obey the behests of the Shōgun. In the government of

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their provinces, where they were petty sovereigns, they were assisted by their Karō, literally “elders of the House,” who, being the heads of the chief families and often kinsmen of their chief, were hereditary councillors; but although these Karō were persons of great consideration, the real work of the administration was performed by Yōnin,* men selected for their talent. It is noteworthy that the men who came to the front in the revolution nearly all came from this class, while the Karō disappeared with the feudal system. Prince Ito was a Yōnin of Chōshū; so was Kido, the ablest of a brilliant brotherhood, a charming personality and a great friend of mine. He, alas! died young, but his name lives. Terashima occupied the same position in Satsuma, Gotō in Tosa; they were, as Mr. Longford has said, the “brains of the clan.” These men, with the Karō, corresponded exactly to what the Romans called the *comitatus* of the chieftain. It was only natural that when the days of storm and stress came, they should make felt a power which up to then had been working in silence and unseen.

No notice of the feudalism of Japan, not even one so compressed as this necessarily must be, would be complete without an allusion to the Inkiyo, who played so great a part in the *politia* of their country. It was a common custom for the great chieftains, when they grew weary of the ceremonial and restraint of their position, to become Inkiyo—that is, to abdicate their position in favour of their sons or heirs. But though they freed themselves

* Yōnin, literally, use men—men of business.

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in this way from irksome obligations, they retained their power and influence: whenever a crisis occurred or some big question had to be decided, the Inkiyo was pretty sure to make his influence felt—he threw away the shadow, he kept the substance. Yōdo, the Inkiyo of Tosa, was one of the chief movers in the restoration of the Mikado's power; Daté, Inkiyo of Uwajima, also played a leading part and was at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs; Shimadzu Saburō was no longer nominally the head of the Satsuma clan when in the early sixties he made such a name for himself—a name almost of terror. An Inkiyo was a force with which men had to reckon.

It must be something more than a coincidence that under a feudal system, wherever it occurred, literature and art should have flourished as they did. Froude, in one of his delightful lectures defending that most adorable of all professional begging-letter writers, Erasmus, alludes to this. "Allowance must be made for the times," he says; "a rich patron was then the natural support of a struggling author; and perhaps better books were produced under that system than the public are likely to get under free trade and in an open market. We shall not see another 'Hamlet' just now, or another 'Don Quixote.'" Literature, it must be confessed, has not been among the greatest achievements of the Japanese. Mr. Aston's book on the literature of Japan, which appeared in 1899, and is the authority upon the subject, is written, as the reviewer in the *Times* put it, "in a sober but not unsympathetic spirit"—Mr. Aston sums up its

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characteristics in a few very justly conceived lines : “ It is the literature of a brave, courteous, light-hearted, pleasure-loving people, sentimental rather than passionate, witty and humorous, of nimble apprehension, but not profound ; ingenious and inventive, but hardly capable of high intellectual achievements, with a turn for neatness and elegance of expression, but seldom or never rising to sublimity.” Japan has never produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Dante, a Cervantes, a Goethe. It has produced some charming novels and not a few exquisitely fanciful poems. In history, the drama, essays, sermons, and a vast miscellaneous output it has been prolific. Such as it was, the feudal times did much to foster it, and as Mr. Aston has himself said, Yedo as Iyéyasu established it “ was to Japan for literature what London is to the United Kingdom or Paris to France.”

It is difficult to say enough about the art of the feudal times without saying too much. We all know what art owed to its great patrons in old Italy. We know how it was fostered by men like Lorenzo dei Medici, Lodovico Sforza, Leo X. Under such bountiful patrons the artist's life was secure, he had not to think for the morrow. There was no torturing fear for the necessities of existence, no struggle, and therefore no hurry. In France it was the same ; the great Leonardo da Vinci ended his glorious life, as the king's loved and honoured guest, at the Château de Cloux near Amboise. Clouet, sometimes called Janet, was “ Valet de chambre et peintre du Roi ” under Francis I. and Henri II. In Spain Velasquez was

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the cherished companion of Philip IV. In England Holbein, arriving with a letter of introduction from Erasmus, is lodged and maintained by Sir Thomas More, and when he had finished painting his patron and all his family, Annie Roper, Pattenson the jester, and the little lapdog, Sir Thomas More's frugal mind thinks it time to curtail the expense, so he gives a great garden party in honour of the king. Henry VIII. comes up the river in state to Chelsea, his barge gay with banners and musical with trumpeters. Sir Thomas More receives him with all dignity, and shows the king over his house and grounds. There were pictures on every wall, and Henry, who was no mean judge of art, amazed at Holbein's masterpieces, exclaimed, "Is such a painter yet alive, and to be had for money?" and Holbein was produced out of a closet and transferred to the king's patronage. One of his commands, by the by, put him in dread of his head, for Henry sent him abroad to paint a portrait of Anne of Cleves. It was a ticklish duty. If he produced a beautiful woman, woe betide him when the king should see her in the flesh! If he made her ugly, was she not the king's intended bride? Was ever poor painter in such a dilemma? The miniature is in the Salting Collection at South Kensington. Truly the lady was no beauty, yet far from deserving Henry's cruel description when he called her "a great Flanders mare."

Whether art was so actively favoured by the grandees of Japan I am unable to say. There is certainly much reason to suppose that it was. The great works of the famous painters, artists in

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lacquer, and sculptors are hardly to be found outside the palaces of the chief nobles or the ancient temples. The Princes and Abbots of the olden time were great æsthetes, and they loved to surround their lives with all that was dainty, refined, and beautiful. We may smile at some of their ceremonials, such as the *cha no yu*, the solemn tea-drinking, or the still more fanciful *Kō Kiku*, "listening to incense," as far-fetched and extravagant conceits, but they went hand in hand with the encouragement of art, and when they were driven out by the grey commonplace of the nineteenth century, it seemed almost as if the knell of the beautiful art of Old Japan had been rung. The life seemed to be strangled out of it by unhappy imitations of base European imports, the dreariest cheap productions of Paris, London, and Berlin. And so it is that I for one still dwell with no little love upon the picture of some old noble of the Middle Ages, like Yoshimasa in the Silver Pavilion at Kyoto, with his familiar cronies in attendance, a dilettante in every form of culture, but ready at a moment's notice to leave his frivolities and rush to the helm when the ship of State might be in danger. The partnership of feudalism and art, whether in Europe or in far-off Japan, was something that it is good to look back upon with no little gratitude and admiration.

This would be but a dull and a sorry world without the glorious inheritance of the Middle Ages. In the East as in the West they have bequeathed to us all that is most picturesque in life, all its romance. To them we owe most of what

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is precious in architecture, painting, sculpture, in poetry, and in the wide realm of letters. Even their follies and their crimes have borne fruit for us. In the alembics and crucibles of the alchemist, crazy seekers for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life—perhaps even in such devil's brewages as the Aqua Tofana, the elixir of death—lay the beginnings of modern chemistry and science; a Nostradamus in his lonely tower reading the fates of his royal dupes in the courses of the planets through the twelve houses of heaven, a Lilly casting nativities and selling “the sage opinions of the moon,” played their part in the development of astronomy. If these gifts were not all good, they at any rate led to results which were; but the greatest of all the legacies of the Middle Ages comes to us from Feudalism. It was Feudalism that gave birth to the spirit of Chivalry, a spirit that still breathes in that loyal and self-denying patriotism which was the religion of the Samurai, the religion of the Christian knight. Some sixty years ago, in his speech of admission to the French Academy, the Duc de Broglie said: “Le respect du passé est la piété filiale des peuples” —golden words, worthy to be graven in our hearts! We may well cherish the lessons which they teach, nor deny to a noble Past the respect of a grateful Present.

HOLIDAY IN JAPAN NEARLY
FIFTY YEARS AGO. IN TWO
PARTS—PART I

A HOLIDAY IN JAPAN NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO—I

THE rainy season was over, but not the rain. It had been an unusually wet year, even for Japan, and we, the inhabitants of the plain of Yedo, had been living in the midst of mire and slosh not to be described. For weeks we had been stewed in a moist, unhealthy heat ; shaving-tackle, knives, and guns were covered with rust unpleasant to the touch ; boots and shoes bore a rich crop of unwholesome fungus ; and such portions of our crazy wood-and-paper built cottages as had been spared by the violence of a recent typhoon smelt of mould and damp : the very people one met in the streets looked mildewed and sodden, as if being hung out to dry would have done them, as well as their clothes, a world of good. It was evident that, for health's sake, a trip to the hills had become necessary, and accordingly I determined to make a start of it.

Being anxious to make my trip a means of collecting some of the old legends with which the country along which my route lay abounds, I persuaded a native scholar in my employ, named Shiraki, to come with me. He, being a Samurai, a man of gentle blood, did not like to confess that he was no horseman, but having ascertained that he could procure a confidential nag of quiet manners, given neither to kicking, shying, nor running away, he put a bold face upon the matter, and professed delight at the idea. As for my Chinese servant, Lin Fu, I felt no uneasiness on his score ; he was as adaptable as moist clay, and whether riding on an

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ordinary saddle or on a pack-horse, or pinched up in a native palanquin, he was equally at home and equally happy. My groom and three of the Bettégumi, a native corps raised some years back to escort, protect, and spy upon foreigners, completed the party. Stay—I had forgotten one most important companion, at any rate the one that created the greatest sensation by the way, and the only one besides myself that understood English—my dog Lion, a black retriever of great beauty, born of English parents some eighteen months back in this distant land. As he went frisking and gambolling along the road, the women and children would cry out in astonishment, “Oya! oya! Look at the barbarian and his ‘Come-here’! *Kirei da ne!* What a pretty creature!” The Japanese believe* that “Come here” is English for a dog, for when our countrymen first reached Japan they brought dogs with them, and hearing them call out, “Come here! Come here!” when their pets strayed from heel, the natives took it into their heads that “Come here” could mean nothing but dog.

Travelling westward along the great high-road, and leaving the port of Yokohama on our left, we halted for the night at the village of Totsuka, some four and twenty miles from Yedo.† Having seen my horse rubbed down and bedded, I strolled out to smoke a cheroot. The day’s work being over, the country-folk were standing about their doors in picturesque groups—the men for the most part naked to the waist, and fresh from the bath, the

* This was forty-three years ago. They know better now.

† Now Tokyo.

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women almost always tidy, and sometimes even smart—enjoying the cool of the evening and chatting away in eager idleness, bestowing little or no notice upon the foreigner, whose presence among them has during the last ten years become a matter of familiarity : in sad contrast to their cheery rest, the unhappy inmates of the village stews were be-dizening and painting themselves for the night, and sitting down wearily at the open window to attract the attention of travellers. At one of these high-road pleasure-houses, by the by, I once saw a very melancholy sight : an unhappy girl, driven to despair in her loathing of the life to which she had been sold, had contrived to make her escape, in spite of the argus-eyed watching of her owner ; she was caught and brought back, and to punish her, having been beaten and ill-used, she was bound hand and foot, and exposed in that condition in the front of the house, as a warning to those of her mates who might attempt to follow her example. Turning down a country lane, I came upon a rustic scene of no little beauty. In the foreground was a farm-house, warmly thatched and cosy-looking, in front of which Miss O Hana, “the Flower,” was drawing water at the well and exchanging a friendly greeting with the laborious Genkichi, who, hoe on shoulder, was trudging home from his work in the fields. Round and about the house were rich groves of fir and pine, cryptomeria and bamboo, and among these ran a mound, shaped artificially, as such hillocks usually are, after Fuji Yama the Peerless Mountain, commanding a noble view over hill and vale, richly endowed by nature, and

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turned to good account by the handiwork of man. Every available square foot of land is made to bear its tribute of rice, millet, buckwheat, or vegetables, and the hill-sides are richly clothed with valuable timber. For the Japanese husbandman is a hard-working and industrious soul, toiling early and late, chiefly to make sure the rice-crop, of which he, poor man, may scarcely get a taste. *Sic vos non vobis!* He must content himself with coarser fare—millet, buckwheat, and a piece of salted turnip-radish for a relish.

Having given time for Lin Fu to arrive with the coolies bearing the baggage, unpack the same, and prepare my dinner—for on the journey he, handiest of men, is cook, and no mean cook either, in addition to his other functions—I return to mine inn to take such ease as may be found where there are neither tables, nor chairs, nor beds. The mats, soft indeed and white (but *nimum ne crede colori*), serve all purposes: on them we squat and eat; on them we lie down and sleep, when the fleas, exceptionally hungry and poisonous, with which they swarm will allow us a few moments' respite.

October 7. The clouds that had been gathering round the mountain-tops the night before were still hanging gloomily over the landscape when I awoke and looked out. A threatening, ugly morning. However, it wanted three good hours yet of our starting-time, so I squatted down and tried to write some letters, intending to send a man to catch the mail at Yokohama. But cramp interfered with iron hand—for it is no easy matter to write sitting on the floor without desk or table—

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and the letters which reached home by that ship were of the briefest.

At nine o'clock, after I had finished my breakfast of tea and eggs, Shiraki came in to say that horses and men were ready. A shout of *O Dékaké!*—"coming out"—is raised by Shiraki and taken up in chorus by landlord, guards, maids, coolies, and idle folk about the inn, and out I stalk, walking through a perfect avenue of obeisances, with a feeling of shyness which not even long use of Eastern courtesies has sufficed to remove. Now a Japanese can always look dignified under these circumstances, having a signal advantage indeed over the European; for he who would occupy the best rooms at a Japanese inn must take off his boots on entering the house, out of respect for the mats, which it would be treason to sully; and I hold it to be very difficult for a man to appear at his ease listening to a whole string of highly coloured compliments whilst he is struggling into a pair of butcher boots; while a Japanese shuffles on his sandals, which are handed to him by his sandal-bearer kneeling, and mounts his horse with the dignity of supreme indifference, leaving the host and the myrmidons of the inn still intoning their obsequious courtesies.

We now left the great high-road, and struck off to the left into a country lane. The rains had left the roads in a sad state. The horses could hardly struggle through the deep mire of thick holding clay, out of which they drew their hoofs with a noise as of sucking. The little Japanese ponies managed pretty well; but my own beast, a heavy,

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big-boned Australian, sank nearly up to his knees at every step, and I was forced to dismount and lead him—much to the joy of my friend Shiraki, who was glad enough of an excuse to follow my example. In this manner we slipped and slid along for about seven miles of lovely scenery, hill and dale, rice-fields (the crop, alas ! not ripening), and woodland. Many a shrine or holy niche stands by the wayside, or crowns some picturesque hilltop to which a flight of steps ascends. Nothing can be prettier than the scenery of these valleys. They are on a small scale, it is true, and it may be said against them that each dell is to the last as one Dromio is to the other ; but they are so bright and green, and the banks between which they lie are so charmingly wooded, with such varied tints in the foliage (especially while the autumn glory of the maples lasts), that the eye never wearies of looking upon them.

Among these hills lies the site of the ancient city of Kamakura, which we presently reach.

In the middle of the seventh century of our era there lived a certain prince whose name was Kama-dari. He was the most powerful noble of his day and in high favour at court. Now it happened that, having been sent by the Emperor to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of Kashima in the province of Shimôsa, he rested by the way at the village of Yui in Sagami, and as he slept he dreamt a dream, in which he was miraculously warned to go and bury the precious sickle (kama), which was the badge of his name, at the pine hillock on Mount Okura. This he did in obedience to the warning

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which he had received, and from that time forth the name of the place was changed from Okura (the great storehouse) to Kamakura (or the sickle storehouse), from *kama*, a sickle, and *kura*, a place of safety, or storehouse.

Prince Kamadari, who traced his descent in direct line to the gods, died in the year 669 A.D. Immediately before his death the Emperor visited him in person, and conferred upon him the family name of Fujiwara and the dignity of Tajjōkwan, an honour which had never been given before and has never been given since. For Kamadari had rendered great and signal service to the Empire in former years by ridding it of a certain minister named Isuka, who during the reign of the Empress Kōgoku (642-644 A.D.) had usurped the power and contrived to make himself a kind of dictator in the land.

After their father's death the sons of Kamadari came to great honour. From the eldest son sprang the five families in which were hereditarily vested the offices of Kwambaku, or Prime Minister of the Mikado, and Sesshō, or Regent, during the Mikado's minority, both of which offices, by the by, have been abolished under the new political system which began in 1868. The second son was appointed governor of the eight provinces of Kwantō,* and took up his residence here at Kamakura, which from that time forth until the sixteenth century became the military capital of the eastern division

* Kwantō, or "East of the Barrier," is the name given to the provinces of Musashi, Sagami, Awa, Kadzusa, Hitachi, Kōtsuké, and Shimōtsuké.

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of the Empire. When the family of Hôjô became all-powerful in the land, they transferred the seat of the government of the east to their own castle-town of Odawara at the foot of the Hakoné range of mountains, and Kamakura gradually fell into ruins. It is now a mere district consisting of thirteen villages, and, excepting the temples, not a trace remains of its former splendour. This is to be accounted for by the ephemeral character of Japanese houses, which, being built of wood and paper, once having fallen are swept away and crumble into dust. If the city of Yedo, vast as it is, were to be abandoned and allowed to go to rack and ruin, fifty years hence the walls of the castle and a few temples would probably be the only vestiges left to mark its site.*

It being my purpose to spend a couple of days among the groves and holy places of Kamakura, I put up at the not too clean inn which is at the foot of the great temple of Hachiman. A fat, good-natured Maritornes, sore afflicted with the complaint of her class, the itch, prepared a cup of tea, and having set before us certain thin, greasy biscuits something like wafers, announced that the Nanushi, or mayor of the village, was anxious to come and pay us a visit. Right glad was I to bid Shiraki go and welcome his worship, for he had been described to me as a perfect storehouse of old-world lore, knowing and loving every stone and nook within

* There is no fear of such a calamity now that the Emperor has made it his capital. Moreover, solidly built houses of Western architecture are springing up in whole quarters of the town. Will they resist the earthquakes?

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his jurisdiction, of which he would willingly do the honours, thereby saving me from the clutches of a certain guide, an old man of the sea, a bore of bores, cursed with that peculiar droning voice which is the characteristic of the professed cicerone all the world over.

Enter the mayor, a neat, cleanly shaved old man, modestly dressed, as becomes his station, in the plain grey taffachelass robe worn by the middle class, his dirk being politely left outside the door. Down he goes on his knees and head, drawing a long hissing breath in token of respect.

“Sa ! Shiraki ! call for some tea” (Shiraki claps his hands) “and offer our guest a cheroot.”

“Thank you, sir, thank you ! this is indeed difficult to obtain,” says the mayor, twisting the cheroot about in his fingers. But he does not like it all the same, and after painfully smoking a puff or two he knocks out the fire, and having rolled up the end in a bit of paper, stows it away in his bosom to be taken home as a curiosity, *pezzo di museo*.

“Well, Mr. Mayor, we’ve come all this way to see the ‘meisho,’ the lions of Kamakura, and under the shadow of so famous an antiquary we look forward to much enjoyment.”

“Nay, nay, sir ! I am but a dull old fellow, a very rusty blade ; still, if you will condescend to accept my poor guidance, I shall be glad of the honour of offering myself as your pilot.”

And so we sally forth from our inn, the good mayor leading the way.

The chief of the sites of Kamakura is the glorious old temple of Hachiman. Its groves, lotus ponds,

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stone stairs, heavy-eaved shrines rich with relics of bygone ages, albino horses sacred to the gods, uncanny pinked-eyed beasts, waxing fat upon the beans offered by pious pilgrims—all these have been described by every traveller that has visited the spot, nor need I dwell upon their beauties or oddities here. My object is chiefly to set before future travellers, in as intelligible a manner as possible, a few notes which may enable them to appreciate the interest which attaches to places along a route which they are sure to follow.

The latter half of the twelfth century was one of the most important epochs of Japanese history, for during that time raged the war between the rival houses of Gen and Hei, which ended in the victory of the House of Gen, of which Minamoto no Yoritomo was the chief. When he had conquered his enemies and made himself all-powerful in the land, he established himself at Kamakura, which he made the military capital of Japan, and shortly afterwards, in the year 1192, he was created Sei I Tai Shogun, or Barbarian-repressing Commander-in-chief, being the first who held that title. From that time forth until the year 1868, the Emperor, or Mikado, became a cypher, the executive power being in the hands of his commander-in-chief, and so it was that we heard many Dutch-born fallacies about spiritual and temporal Emperors.

In those days there stood at a place called Tsurugaoka, at Yui, a certain ancient temple in honour of the Emperor Ojin, deified as the God of War, whom the Buddhists have identified as their own Mars, Hachiman, not on account of any deeds

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of daring he performed by himself, but because it was when she was with child, before bringing him into the world, that his mother, the famous Empress Jingô, conquered the Coreans in the third century A.D., having first girt herself up and miraculously delayed her confinement, sealing herself with a magic stone, until she had gained the mastery over her enemies. This shrine, in the year 1191, Yoritomo caused to be removed to his own capital at Kamakura, where it was established in its present site.

Three gods are specially worshipped at the temple. First and foremost, occupying the place of honour in the centre shrine, at the head of the steps, is the god Hachiman. On the right is an altar dedicated to his mother the Empress Jingô, and on the left is another altar, sacred to the Princess Onaka. I have before me now one of the rude prints of the god Hachiman which are sold on the spot ; he is represented as a fierce warrior, with very slanting eyes, with a beard and moustache grotesquely trimmed, bearing a bow and arrows, and clad, not, as might have been expected, in armour, but in the flowing robes and quaint cap which make up the costume of the court. On the left of the chief shrine is a lesser one, in honour of a hero called Takénouchi Sukuné, a warrior who accompanied the Empress Jingô in her expedition to Corea, and afterwards served her by ridding her of a pretender to the throne. He has been canonised as Kôra Miyôjin, or Tamadaré no Kami. The two gods on the left and right of the gate are called Toyoiwamado and Kushiwamado ; they are deities of the Shintô, or indigenous religion of the country,

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which is a form of sun-worship and hero-worship combined. The main shrine is in the centre of a square, the three sides of which are occupied by small altars, in which are laid up sacred litters for the gods and relics, such as swords, portions of garments, pieces of armour, and other like curiosities, which belonged to Yoritomo, Yorituné, Takauji, and other heroes of the brave old days.

All this portion of the temple was burnt down about forty years ago, and rebuilt, but the pagoda and other sacred buildings below the grand stone steps are ancient. Although built of wood, they have been continually kept in repair, so that they stand now as they stood in the time of the splendour of Yoritomo.

On the left-hand side the steps are overshadowed by a tree of venerable aspect, of the species called Ichô (*Salisburia adiantifolia*, the maidenhair tree)—a tree of bloody memory, for under it was committed one of those crimes which stain the history of the Middle Ages in all countries.

In the year 1199 Yoritomo died, leaving behind him two sons, Yoriyé and Sanétomo. The elder of these two, Yoriyé, a youth eighteen years of age, succeeded his father as lord over the warriors of the country; but he was a foolish prince, and gave himself up to debauchery and drunkenness, being encouraged in his evil courses by his mother's father, Hôjô Tokimasa, who seized upon the real power. Two years later the Emperor invested Yoriyé with the full rank of Shôgun, which had been held by his father, but none the less did Tokimasa continue to be master. Yoriyé chafed

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under the yoke that was put upon him, and the city of Kamakura was distraught by plots and counterplots, the Shōgun being the head of one faction, while his mother and grandfather led the other. Not a little bloodshed ensued, and, among the victims, Yoriié's infant son was put to death by his own great-grandfather. Shortly after this outrage, Tokimasa spread a report that the Shōgun was conspiring against his life, and having seized the person of Yoriié, he forced him to shave his head and retire from the world into the priesthood. Nor was his vengeance thus satisfied, for in the following year he sent a man-at-arms to the Temple where Yoriié abode, with orders to kill him ; and the man, having watched his opportunity, cast a rope about the neck of the former Shōgun as he lay in his bath, and strangled him. In this way he died, being only twenty-three years of age.

Yoriié was succeeded by his younger brother Sanétomo, a boy twelve years of age, who dwelt in his grandfather's palace and issued his commands thence, so that Tokimasa lost none of his former power. This, however, did not content him, for he was minded to kill Sanétomo, that he might set in his place his son-in-law, who had married his favourite daughter. But this time the mother of the Shōgun, instead of siding with her father, protected her child, and having discovered the plot, removed Sanétomo from his grandfather's palace, and placed him under the care of her brother Yoshitoki. In the struggle for the power which ensued the army declared itself on the side of the young Shōgun, and the old man Tokimasa was

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banished to the village of Hôjô, in the province of Idzu, whence the family took its origin and name. Now, Sanétomo was a gentle and weakly youth, who loved the company of men of letters, and passed his days and nights drinking wine and writing poetry, and the Shôgun being steeped in such dissipation, his minister and uncle waxed more and more powerful, and ruled the Empire in his name.

The former Shôgun, Yoriiyé, had left one son, who, after various attempts had been made on his behalf to seize upon his father's power, had entered the priesthood at Kyôto, taking, at the same time, the name of Kugyô. In the year 1218 this Kugyô came to Kamakura, where, in spite of the intrigues of which he had been the head, he was received honourably, and made Abbot of the Temple of Hachiman. But he was not contented with his lot, for the imprisonment and murder of his father still rankled in his breast, and he looked with an evil eye upon his uncle the Shôgun Sanétomo, biding his time that he might be revenged.

Now, it happened that in the tenth month of this same year Sanétomo received from the Emperor the dignity of *Udaijin*, or grand minister of the right, and in the first month of the year 1219 he determined to go in solemn state to the Temple of Hachiman to return thanks to the gods for this favour, having chosen by divination the hour of eight in the evening of the twenty-seventh day as an auspicious moment for his purpose. Before leaving his palace he caused his wife, a daughter of the House of Hada, to comb and dress his hair; as

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she was doing this, a hair fell out and he picked it up and gave it to his wife, saying with a laugh, "Take this in memory of me." (This is Mr. Mayor's romantic version of the story. History, more commonplace, tells us that it was a male retainer who acted as barber. Good Mr. Mayor!)

So he went out with a thousand knights in his train, and his uncle and minister Yoshitoki followed him, bearing his sword. Just as they were about to enter the temple, Yoshitoki was seized with a sudden sickness, so he handed the sword of the Shōgun to another noble, and returned home. In the meanwhile, Sanétomo, having bidden the rest of his train to remain outside, entered the temple attended only by his sword-bearer; and when he had made an end of praying and giving thanks he descended the steps of the temple, and as he went down, a man sprang out from behind a tree on one side and, brandishing a sword, cut down the Shōgun and his sword-bearer, whose heads he carried away. It was now black night, and both within and without the temple there arose a great confusion and uproar; none could tell who had done the deed, until a loud voice was heard crying out, "I am Kugyō!"

Then Kugyō, bearing the head of Sanétomo, fled and went to the house of another priest, where he ate some food; but even while he ate, his hand never loosened its hold upon the head of the Shōgun.

Now, Sanétomo was twenty-eight years of age when he died by the hand of his nephew. At this time, Kugyō had as his disciple a youth of tender

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years, the son of a friend of his ; so he sent this boy home and bade him ask his father for counsel and help. But this man deceived Kugyô, saying that he would go forth with a company of soldiers to meet him ; and having sent this message, he privily reported the matter to Yoshitoki, who bade him take upon himself the duty of punishing the murderer of the Shôgun. Acting upon these orders, the false friend sent a trusty fellow with five stalwart men-at-arms to do the deed. In the meantime, Kugyô, who had waited in vain for the soldiers that had been promised him, had crossed a high mound which is at the back of the Temple of Hachiman, and was on his way to his friend's house when he fell in with the six men who had been sent to slay him. A desperate fight arose, but Kugyô, being overpowered, was killed, and his head was sent to Yoshitoki.

On the following day the Shôgun Sanétomo was buried with great pomp, and as his head could not be found, the single hair which he had jestingly left behind him was buried in its stead. His grave may still be seen at the Temple of Jinfukuji.

This was the end of the dynasty of Shôguns founded by Yoritomo ; only two of his descendants succeeded him, and the three only ruled for twenty-seven years.

Now, the great maidenhair tree, which may be seen to the left of the steps to this day, is the very tree behind which Kugyô hid himself to lie in wait for the Shôgun Sanétomo. So say tradition and my good friend the Mayor of Kamakura.

On the right hand side of the steps as you go up

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is the *Waka-Miya*, or "Younger Shrine," which was erected in honour of the deified Emperor Nintoku, the son and successor of Ojin, or Hachiman, a prince who made himself famous in history by a mild and loving reign. But the shrine is rendered more interesting by an episode in the life of the great Shōgun Yoritomo.

During the long and terrible wars which ended in his mastery over the Empire, Yoritomo's best friend and ablest lieutenant was his brother Yoshitsuné. Later in life, however, the poison of slander came between them, and Yoritomo's heart was turned against his brother by the guile of a treacherous friend. But fortune was on the side of the elder brother, and Yoshitsuné was compelled to fly to the northern provinces, whence he went over to the island of Yézo, and, as some say, crossed to the mainland. However that may be, his end is shrouded in mystery.

Now, among the ladies of Yoshitsuné was a certain woman called Shidzuka Gozen, whose rare beauty and skill in dancing have passed into a household word. When Yoshitsuné was hiding in the north, Yoritomo, knowing the love that his brother bore to Shidzuka Gozen, sent for her, and having taken his seat with his courtiers at the Younger Shrine of the Temple of Hachiman, bade her dance and play before him; and after she had finished dancing, Yoritomo asked her to reveal Yoshitsuné's whereabouts. But she either knew not his hiding-place or was true to her trust, and neither threat nor persuasion availed to open her lips. Hence it is that men still point to the

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Younger Shrine and tell how Yoritomo sat there in great state, but with all his pomp failed to awe the faithful dame who set at naught the might of the Shōgun in her love for her lord.

It will readily be believed that a holy place so old and so rich in historic interest as this temple has not been left without suitable endowment. Indeed, it ranks among the richest foundations in the country. The revenue which it derives from its lands alone amounts to 2500 kokus of rice yearly, and suffices to maintain a body of sixty-four priests, from abbot to acolyte, for the service of the gods. Besides this regular income, there are the offerings of pilgrims and pious persons, and twice a year, ever since the thirteenth century, when the custom was instituted by the Emperor Kaméyama, the Government has paid a small fee in return for the offering up of prayers for the prosperity of the country, officers being sent by the Shōgun's Government to attend the service. Nor have special gifts been wanting to beautify the temple. Of these, the chief are the three massive stone portals (Tori-i), grandly simple, standing in the street leading up to the temple, which were erected by the Shōgun's Government in the year 1668; and the more richly ornamented colossal stone lanterns, which were subscribed for by the merchants of Yedo at the beginning of the present century.*

Among the quaintest of the curiosities of the temple is a certain stone called Himé-Ishi, or the Princess Stone, which a freak of nature has fashioned into the semblance of the lower part of a woman's

* Of course the nineteenth century.

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body. Whence it came hither, or by whom it was brought, tradition says not. It stands in an out-of-the-way part of the grounds, and is surrounded by a small paling, on which are hung paper ex-votos and queues of hair, cut off in fulfilment of a vow, the offerings of persons who come to pray for relief from diseases of the loins and lower part of the body. Foreigners have an idea that barren women come and pray for children; but the priests claim no such fruit-giving virtue for the stone, and certainly they would be vastly shocked to hear their holy Princess called by the vulgar name she bears in the vile jargon spoken at Yokohama. Many and various, indeed, are the traps into which that same dialect leads the unwary foreigner, who at one moment is, in the innocence of his heart, using language that would disgrace the most foul-mouthed bargee, and at the next, with the utmost courtesy, addresses his groom as "my lord," and promises to have the honour of humbly offering up to his lordship a sound thrashing, a promise which his unfortunate lordship knows will faithfully be performed.

A little beyond the Princess Stone is a small wicket, which leads us out of the temple grounds, in which we have loitered so long, into a plain of rice-fields. On this plain stood the fashionable part of the old city of Kamakura. Here were the palaces of the Shōguns of the Minamoto and Ashikaga dynasties, and of the not less powerful house of Hōjō. Not a stick, not a stone remains to mark the different sites, the tradition of which alone remains—all is under tillage; so that the

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worthy mayor is somewhat difficult to follow when he traces out accurately the limits of each palace, and waxes enthusiastic in his flowery description of a grandeur which is now all mud.

At the foot of the hill which rises over against us runs the little river Naméri, concerning which rather a droll story is told. In the middle of the thirteenth century, when Hôjô Tokiyori was at the head of the administration, there lived a certain officer named Aoto Sayémon Fujitsuna. One night this man was going to his duties at the palace, and while he was crossing the river, as ill-luck would have it, he dropped out of his flint-and-steel pouch ten copper cash, which fell into the water. Although this was a trifle, which he might have passed on without heeding, he went at once into the shop of a merchant hard by, and having bought ten torches, for which he paid fifty cash, caused a search to be made for the ten cash, which were soon found. When they saw this, the people all laughed at him for wasting fifty cash in torches that he might get back ten. But Aoto, frowning, said: "Fools! Ye know not what is real waste, nor do ye care for the good of the people. If I had not just now sought for those ten cash, they would have sunk to the bottom of the river, and would have profited no man. These fifty cash that I spent in torches are this merchant's gain—what is the difference betwixt him and me? As it is, not one of the sixty cash has been lost to the world."

So he snapped his fingers with scorn at the people, whose laughter was changed to admiration. Now, when this story came to the ears of Hôjô

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Tokiyori, he was greatly pleased, and having summoned Aoto to his presence, he promoted him to high office—probably, not in the finance department.

In Indian file we follow our guide along the narrow raised paths which intersect the paddy-fields, making for the wooded hills, among which lies hidden and almost forgotten a simple little stone monument, which marks the grave of the mighty Yoritomo. No grand temple, rich with gold lacquer and bronze and cunning workmanship, such as we see in the burial-grounds of the Shōguns at Yedo, surrounds the spot, the whereabouts of which is unknown to the vulgar throng. The memorial is but a simple erection of largish stones in tiers, which would long since have fallen down had it not been for the pious care of the Princes of Satsuma, who have surrounded it with a stone fence ; but the name of Yoritomo will live in Japanese story long after the grand cemeteries of Yedo shall have crumbled into dust.

Near the grave of Yoritomo are three caves. Two of these are merely known as burial-places of ancestors of the Satsuma and Chōshiu princes ; but the third is a place of greater interest, having been the prison and scene of the murder of the unhappy Prince Moriyoshi, whose wrongs and sorrows form one of the most romantic episodes of Japanese history.

The days of the Emperor Daigo II., who reigned in the middle of the fourteenth century, were troubled by civil war, and for an interval of two years he was even dethroned, and another Emperor was set

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up in his stead. In the end, however, his cause triumphed, and this owing in a great measure to the valour and wisdom of his own son, Prince Moriyoshi, whom he appointed to be Shōgun. Now, there was a certain powerful noble, named Takauji, who enjoyed high favour with the Emperor, by whom he had been appointed to a military rank inferior only to that of Prince Moriyoshi. This Takauji hated Prince Moriyoshi, and coveted his office, while Moriyoshi looked with an evil eye upon Takauji, whom he suspected of treasonable designs. In this feud the Emperor inclined his ear rather to his minister than to his son, whom he sought to remove from the supreme command. When Moriyoshi saw this, he remonstrated with his father, saying: "Verily, the heart of Takauji is crooked, and I fear that, if your Majesty raises him to power, he will become a rebel like those whom we have defeated. Your Majesty knows the proverb, 'It is useless to drive the wolf from the front door, and let in the tiger at the back gate.' So long as this man lives, your Majesty's pillow will know no rest. Let your servant collect an army, and until I shall have punished this traitor, I will not return to my duties as high priest of Hiyeizan."

But the Emperor would not listen to the words of Moriyoshi, and continued to place all his trust in Takauji. In the year 1334, the Emperor, who was now given up to wine and women and was completely under the control of Takauji, banished his son Moriyoshi to Kamakura, and caused him to be imprisoned in a cave in the hill-side over the

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valley called Nikaido. In this dark and noisome hole, where he lived accompanied only by two faithful ladies, the exiled prince passed his time in studying the sacred books by the light of a torch. Takauji, however, was not yet content, but was bent upon the murder of his foe. Accordingly, in the following year, he went himself to Kamakura, and having arranged his plans, chose a certain knight called Fuchibé to carry them out.

On the twenty-third day of the seventh month, Fuchibé, with six followers, set out to do the deed, and having arrived at the cave, found Moriyoshi, as was his wont, engrossed in study. At first the murderer made a show of treating the prince with great respect, and pretended that he had brought a palanquin that he might escort him away from the prison. But Moriyoshi said, "Nay, not to escort me, but to slay me hast thou come," and springing upon Fuchibé, tried to seize his sword. Then Fuchibé, turning his sword, struck the prince upon the knees, and he, weakened in body by suffering, which had failed to quell his spirit, fell forward. Before he could rise Fuchibé rushed upon him, and bestriding his body, drew a dirk, with which he tried to cut off his head. But the prince, shrugging his shoulders so as to shorten his neck, seized the point of the dirk with his teeth. In the struggle for the dirk the point of it was broken, and more than an inch remained in Moriyoshi's mouth. At last Fuchibé threw away the dirk, and drawing a short sword, stabbed the prince twice in the breast, and then seizing him by the hair, struck off his head. Fuchibé rushed out of the cell,

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carrying his bloody trophy in his hand ; but when he examined the head in the daylight, the eyes were as those of a living man, and the teeth were still fastened upon the point of the broken dirk. Not liking to show so ghastly an object to his suborner, the murderer flung the head into a bamboo grove hard by ; and while the body and head were yet warm, and before the eyes had become glazed, the chief priest of the temple, called Richikôin, took the remains and piously buried them.

It was not long before the Emperor had cause to regret his son and to mourn over his folly in trusting to the faithless Takauji ; but with his fate we have nothing further to do. A shrine of fair white wood has recently been erected in honour of Prince Moriyoshi, with two lesser shrines for the two ladies whose love cheered his banishment, and who after his death returned to Kyoto ; and attached to the shrine is a lodge where the Emperor may rest should he ever be moved to come and visit the site. The priest of Richikôin—a temple of which a few remains may yet be seen at the foot of a hill not far off—placed a stone to mark the spot in the bamboo grove where he picked up the head ; and he set another stone and planted a fir-tree on the top of the hill on which his temple stood, to show the place where he buried the murdered prince. A steep flight of steps leads up to this venerable tree, from under the shadow of which there is a glorious view over the hill and plain of Kamakura.

It was now nearly sunset, and so we wended our

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way homewards. On arriving at the inn I found that two other travellers had arrived, Englishmen, one of whom was known to me; and as their stores had not come, they must have gone supperless to bed, or, at all events, must have put up with a sorry meal of boiled rice and salt fish, had they not fallen in with me. So we made common cause, and spent a very merry evening.

The next day turned out to be hopelessly wet. The rain fell in sheets, defying all protection in the shape of waterproofs. My companions of the night before had to start for Yokohama in spite of the weather, for one of them had to catch a steamer; so I was left alone to amuse myself as best I might, translating the scraps of history which I have given above, and wondering at the inscriptions with which former travellers have decorated the inn walls. The Germans always appear to me to be the greatest seekers of pencil immortality. No place is too sacred, none too mean, for them to scrawl over with their names and pleasantries.

One piece of doggerel has pleased its author so much that I have found it repeated over and over again—

Karl—aus Sachsen
Wo die Schönen Mädchen wachsen.

Here is a specimen of Swiss wit :

Vive la Confédération Suisse.
(Here follow three names.)
Nous maintiendrons la dive bouteille,
La vieille pipe et le pot fédéral.

Next comes "The Marquis Chisholm and a lot more, all Dryboots." Could the Marquis Chisholm

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have been a negro living at Yokohama? The Dryboots joke is of course a playful allusion to the Great Buddha, "Dai Butsu," which is near here.

With the morning came bright sunshine, dispelling all the clouds of weary boredom which had gathered round me during the last twenty-four hours of impatient chafing under imprisonment in a sixth-rate native inn. At eight o'clock I rode off, having taken leave of the good-natured mayor, with many thanks for his kindness. A short canter through the keen morning air brought me to the little village of Fukazawa, where the great bronze Buddha sits—*sedet æternumque sedebit*. The first time I saw it, in the autumn of 1866, the approach to it lay along an avenue of grand old ever-green trees, and the effect of the colossus, when seen from the beginning of the avenue, was most striking. Now, unhappily, the trees have been cut down by the avarice of the priests, who grudged the little bit of soil which might bear a few more vegetables, and who took advantage of the revolution to pretend that the trees had been destroyed by the soldiery. The beautiful vista is lost, but the figure must always rank among the most wonderful monuments of the world. As a work of art, its chief merit appears to me to be the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face, which is enhanced by the huge proportions and boldness of execution. Travellers in Siam talk about gigantic Buddhas 160 feet high, plated over with gold, and having feet of mother-of-pearl, but I defy any country to produce a nobler figure than this. The proportions of the statue are given as

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follows in a rough print sold by the priest on the spot :

	Ft.	in.		Ft.	in.
Height of the statue	50	0	Eyebrows	4	2
From the hair to the knees	42	0	Ears, long	6	6
Round the base	96	0	Nose, long	3	8
Height of pedestal	4	5	Nose, across	2	3
Length of face	8	5	Mouth	3	2½
Breadth from ear to ear	18	0	Locks of hair 830 in number, 8 inches high, and 1 foot in diameter		
Silver boss on forehead, the gift of the widow of a rich merchant at Yedo	1	5	Knees, across	36	0
Eyes, long	4	0	The thumb, round	3	0

The story of the erection of the Great Buddha is one more tale of woman's love. During the civil wars of the twelfth century, the great statue of Buddha which stood at Nara, one of the ancient capitals of the Empire, had been destroyed, and a certain priest, seeing this, undertook a pilgrimage through the Empire, begging alms wherever he went, until at last he had collected sufficient money to erect a new image. Upon the occasion of the festivals held in honour of its completion, the Emperor ordered the Shōgun Yoritomo to superintend the ceremonies, during which he was fired by the ambition to set up a like statue in his own eastern provinces, for the protection and welfare of his family and clansmen. Yoritomo died without having fulfilled his intention, which, however, had been made known to his wife and to one of the ladies of the palace named Ita. Upon the death of Yoritomo, Ita, protected by the Shōgun and by Yoritomo's widow, who had now become a nun, and enjoyed so great political power that she is known in history as the Nun-Shōgun, set forth on

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a pilgrimage, during which she collected a sum of money which enabled her to erect a great wooden Buddha and a temple to hold it, which were consecrated in the year 1228 A.D. But there came a great typhoon, in which the temple was blown down, and the wooden image, exposed to the rain and the weather, soon began to rot away. Nothing daunted, Ita only determined to try again, and this time she resolved that her work should be more lasting. Having obtained the Shōgun's leave, she started on a new pilgrimage, and so successful was she that at the beginning of the latter half of the thirteenth century she erected the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and a gate with two guardian gods. In the year 1495 all the buildings were destroyed and washed away by a tidal wave which swept over the country, and the Great Buddha, with his pedestal, alone remained standing. But the place became deserted and overgrown with grass and rank vegetation, so that its existence was almost forgotten until, some two hundred years later, it was cleared of the rubbish and brushwood by a famous priest called Yuten, aided by a friend from Yedo. These two built a small temple by the side of the great image, in which they collected as relics all that remained of the former temple, and of a still older shrine called Shōjōsenji, which had stood upon the same spot since the beginning of the eighth century, and which had been famous in its day as the repository of certain precious copies of the Buddhist sacred books, and of other relics which had been brought from China.

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The inside of the Great Buddha is fitted up as a chapel, in which is laid up a small shrine containing an image of the god Shaka Niyorai, which was once the property and family god of the Shōgun Yoritomo. The walls are much defiled with the names and inscriptions of foreign visitors, who have not even spared the stone on which is graven the prayer, "*Namu Amida Butsu*"—"Save us, Eternal Buddha."

I could not learn the name of the artist to whom the credit of the great work is due, but he is said to have been the ancestor of one Ono Goroyémon, a man then living in the west of the province of Kadzusa.

In the old days there were two colossal bronze Buddhas in Japan—the one at Nara and the other at Kyōto; but the latter, which was only erected in the year 1590, having been much damaged by a severe earthquake, was melted down and minted, and replaced by a wooden figure in the year 1662. The image which I have been describing was the least of the three—indeed, the one at Nara is said, by a popular fiction, to be so big that a man may crawl up its nostril; but all men are agreed that the big Buddha near Kamakura is much the most beautiful to see, for the Nara Buddha is inside a temple, so that it cannot be seen in detail, and far inferior as a work of art, while this glorious figure, standing out in the open air, may be looked upon from a distance, which enables the eye to compass it. The first time I came here the genius of the place was a venerable priest said to be a century old, certainly the oldest man to look at

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that I ever beheld, and all the more remarkable in that it is rare to see persons of very advanced age in this country. Indeed, I doubt whether the Japanese are in general a very long-lived race, although for many of their heroes in the dark ages they are fond of claiming the honour of years. One famous minister there was who died in the fourth century, having lived, as we are told, no less than three hundred and seventeen years, during two hundred and forty of which he was chief minister of six successive Emperors! Like the avenue of trees, the old priest has disappeared, and both have left a void in the picturesqueness of the place.

Can anything be more lovely in its way than the ride from the Great Buddha over the richly wooded hills to the sea? And then it is such a heavenly day, such a pure atmosphere! The sea, most treacherous of all seas, lies calm and blue before us, breaking in lazy ripples upon the dazzling beach, and looking as innocent and peaceful as though it had never engulfed ships and men and cargo, nor sent up a great, cruel tidal wave to sweep whole townships and villages to destruction before it. On the left are the wood-crowned heights and cliffs now bright with the many colours of autumn; to the right, in front of us, is the lovely island of Enoshima with its armour of rocks and crest of fir-trees, and beyond that again are the distant mountains above which stands out Fuji Yama the Peerless, its point just beginning to be capped with snow, from which, during the heat of summer, in spite of its 13,000 feet, it is quite free. From the hill-sides

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three or four streamlets, swollen by the heavy rains, come purling down to the sea, and into one of these Shiraki's little horse, who had probably only been waiting for a convenient opportunity to show his power, quietly landed my unfortunate scribe, who had been giving many signs of suffering under the unwonted exercise he had undergone. The bottom was soft, however, and so was Shiraki, so there were no bones broken and no damage done.

One of these little rivers is called the Yukiaigawa, or River of Meeting, from the following story: There is a certain Buddhist sect called the sect of Nichiren, after its founder, a priest who came and took up his abode at Kamakura in the middle of the thirteenth century. This Nichiren, not content with preaching his own doctrine, must needs teach that all other sects were damnable heresies, and in so doing he certainly did not show the wisdom of the serpent, for Hôjô Tokiyori, who was then ruling the country, was himself a priest of the Zen sect. At last he became so troublesome and made so great a disturbance in the city that Tokiyori lost patience and ordered him to be executed for a pestilent fellow. So Nichiren was carried off to the village of Katasé, opposite Enoshima, to the spot where the temple Riyukôji now stands, and the executioner's leathern carpet having been spread, he knelt down and stretched out his neck to receive the fatal blow. The sword was raised in the air and the headsman was poisoning it before striking, when suddenly the blade, by a miracle, was snapped in two, and the presiding officer, amazed by the portent, stopped the execution until he should have

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taken Tokiyori's pleasure in the matter, for he felt that of a surety this was no common accident. So he sent off a messenger with all speed to Kamakura to make known what had happened. In the meantime Tokiyori, on his side, had been warned by a miracle not to slay Nichiren, and had also despatched a messenger to stay the execution, and the two messengers met at this little river, which was called the River of Meeting from that day forth. The day fixed for the execution was the twelfth day of the ninth month of the year, and the anniversary is still kept as a great holiday, on which people flock from all parts of the country to the Temple of Riyukôji, the main hall of which is yet called the Hall of the Leathern Carpet; for Nichiren's teaching prospered greatly, and his sect has spread itself over the whole Empire, "being looked upon" (as a Japanese treatise upon the Buddhist sects says) "with as much affection as a cloud in time of drought."

Before crossing the narrow strip of sand which now joins the island of Enoshima to the mainland at the pretty little village of Katasé, we must travel backwards a long journey of many centuries into the realms of myth-land.

At the beginning of the sixth century the tract of land in which the city of Kamakura was afterwards built was a vast inland lake, inhabited by an evil dragon, the scourge of the surrounding country. His meat was the flesh of babes and sucklings, his drink their blood. Now there lived by the lake a certain rich man who had sixteen children, every one of whom the dragon stole and ate; so the

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father, mourning over the loss of his darlings changed his place of abode, and having collected the bones of his children buried them at a spot still called Chôja-dzuka, or "the rich man's grave." Then the dragon devoured the children of the peasants, who also fled in terror to a place which they called Koshigoyé, or "the place to which the children's corpses were removed," because they carried the remains of their little ones with them. After this the people consulted together, and agreed every year to offer up a child as a living sacrifice to the dragon, which used to come and fetch its victim at a spot at the village of Katasé, which is still called Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or "the dragon's mouth." This went on for some years, and the people were sorely afflicted at having to pay the tribute of their own bone and flesh to the monster. At last, in the year 552, there came a great storm of thunder and lightning, which lasted twelve days; the heavens rained stones, and the sea was troubled, and sand and stones were stirred up from the bottom of the deep. Then the island of Enoshima rose out of the sea, and twelve cormorants came and flitted about its rocks, whence it is also called U-Kitaru-Jima, "the island to which the cormorants came." At the same time a beautiful and shining figure of the goddess Benzaiten was seen to descend and dwell upon the island. When the evil dragon saw this, he was overawed by the divine power, and his cruel heart was changed, so that he became a patron saint of the neighbouring country, and a shrine was erected to him at Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or the dragon's mouth, where the peasants of the district

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still worship and pray. Further, as some say, after he had repented of his evil ways, the dragon married the beautiful Benzaiten, the goddess of mercy.

Benzaiten, or Benten, as she is more vulgarly called, is the special patroness of the island of Enoshima; she is represented wearing a jewelled cap, in the centre of which is a white snake, the head of the snake being as the head of an old man with white eyebrows. She has eight hands; in her left hands she carries a precious ball, a spear, a precious wheel, and a bow; and in her right hands a sword, a sceptre, a key, and an arrow. Fifteen attendant spirits minister to her. Above all things, as you value your worldly prosperity, be sure that you pay due reverence to the goddess Benzaiten, for he who serves her faithfully will find his poverty changed into wealth.

The little fishing village at the entrance to the island of Enoshima reminds one strongly of some small hamlet on the Norman coast. There are the same steep slippery streets roughly paved with irregular stones, the same smell of fish, the same amphibious population. The shops are all for the sale of shells, dried fish, corallines, and, above all, for that most beautiful of all products of the sea, the *Hosugai*, the work of some silkworm of the deep, which looks like sheaves of the purest spun glass, fastened together by a spongy, shell-covered cement at one end. I do not know its scientific name, but I believe that naturalists esteem it as a thing of great price. The likeness to a French fishing village is strengthened by the stalls for the

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sale of votive tablets, made of many-coloured shells, to be hung up at the shrine of the goddess or carried home as a fairing to wife, sweetheart, or children. The place might be called Notre Dame de Grâce, were it not for the strange tongue and the strange garments.

Lovely as is the little island, which, as the legend says, sprang during some volcanic upheaval from the sea, its temples are unworthy of it and of the beautiful goddess in whose honour they were built. The Buddhist priests, who swarm here, are rather unhappy just now ; for they dread disestablishment at the hands of a parental Government, which is showing signs of declaring that the true religion of the country is the Shintô, the indigenous faith.* In this case the poor shavelings will be swept away, with all their host of imported gods and goddesses, whose images will be replaced by the simple mirror, which is the emblem of the Shintô divinity, and Benten will have to admit that she is but a usurper in the island, which rightfully belongs to the goddess Uga, the daughter of the god Sosanoô, who represents the principle of evil in the Japanese mythology.

But this question of the contest between the two faiths is too long and too intricate a subject to be more than alluded to in passing. For the present Benten still reigns at Enoshima, and we must scramble over the hill to visit her famous cave, a dark grotto about six hundred yards long, the tide-washed approach to which is rather slippery and awkward walking. There is not much to say

* Their fears were vain. Tolerance has been one of the characteristics of the Go-issin—the Restoration.

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about the cave, but the gloom gives an air of romantic mystery to the litanies which the attendant priest recites by the dim light of a single paper lantern hung up before the altar. Outside the cave, a whole company of divers, men and boys, are always in waiting to astonish travellers with their feats, which are really remarkable, although the lobsters and *awabi* (a kind of shell-fish much affected by Japanese gourmets) which they bring up have been placed in wicker baskets beforehand. Who hides, finds! When the fun was at its highest, and a few copper coins thrown into the sea had made some twenty or thirty little brown urchins tumble in all together, there suddenly arose such a yelling, such a splashing, and such diving in pure terror that I fancied the water must be bewitched. The innocent cause of the tumult was Dog Lion, who, moved by a spirit of emulation, or perhaps by the ambition of retrieving some particularly small boy, had jumped in too, and was cheerfully swimming about in the midst of the throng. A shark in Cuckoo Weir at Eton could not have caused a greater astonishment and fright than a dog that would face the water did here at Enoshima. "The Devil take the hindmost" was the order of the day, and, in less time than it takes to write this, Lion was left in solitary enjoyment of his bath.

**A HOLIDAY IN JAPAN NEARLY
FIFTY YEARS AGO—PART II**

A HOLIDAY IN JAPAN NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO—II

A LONG morning's walk under a hot sun has made us more than ready for the luncheon which awaits us at the pretty little inn, nor is the prospect of an hour's rest unwelcome before proceeding on our journey. Had I had time, I would gladly have spent the night here, for assuredly the island of Enoshima is one of the fairest spots I have seen, but I was forced to hurry on that I might sleep that night at Fujisawa, a straggling town on the great highway.

The evening was far advanced when I reached Fujisawa and rode up to the *Suzukiya*, once a porcelain-shop, now a really excellent hostelry, where, to my astonishment and delight, I found the luxury of a table and a very hard, straight-backed chair, such as our great-grandmothers sat in and gave the law, such as we more effeminate vote to be an instrument of torture. The room was so natty, and tidy as to deserve a few words of description. The sliding panels were covered with a smart new paper, decorated with a pattern of fans sprinkled over it with marvellous effect; the *toko-noma*, the raised recess, which is the place of honour, was supported on one side by a wooden pillar, composed of a single tree stripped of its bark so as to be perfectly smooth, and contained one of those quaint zigzag sets of shelves which have their origin in a piece of obsolete etiquette. When persons of rank used to meet together in old days to drink and be merry, they would lay aside their

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caps and dirks, the man of highest rank placing his traps upon the highest shelf, those of lower rank not presuming even to allow their caps to take a precedence which did not belong to them. This is said to have occasioned the invention of those shelves which in lacquer cabinets must have puzzled collectors at Christie and Manson's. The mats and woodwork which are the pride of the Japanese householder were white and new, the beams decorated with carving of no mean taste. One solitary picture, executed with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented, in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus :

Useless even for drugs,
How happy are the frogs ! *

The literal translation must plead my excuse for the badness of the rhyme. I was not a little puzzled by the meaning of the couplet until Shiraki came to the rescue and solved the riddle.

"Sir," said he pompously, "here is a lesson of humility and content conveyed in a parable. It is a fact which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even as medicine."

"Very good food," I objected, "either in a curry as eaten at Hongkong, or with a white sauce as at Paris."

Shiraki smiled a smile that was incredulous.

* Kusuri ni mo naraneba,
Buji na kawadzu kana !

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“Some insects feed upon smartweed.* However that may be, we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So it is with the farmers: their position is lowly, but they have none of the cares which haunt greatness: therefore they should be contented, and the poet praises their modest lot.”

O fortunatos nimium! Has the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum been translated into Japanese? As for the frogs, I soon began to wish that some man would find a use for them, or that a new *Batrachomyomachia* might arise ending in the victory of the mice and the utter extermination of the croakers; for hardly had I got to bed, hoping for a good night's rest, when there arose from the neighbouring paddy-fields such a chorus of brekekekex koax koax, as has not been heard since the days of Aristophanes. The night long they sang their hideous song, banishing sleep: sometimes indeed there would come a sudden lull, bringing hope with it; but hardly had the heavy eyelids time to close before some deep-voiced, hoarse precentor would lead off again, the whole choir following one by one, until it seemed as if every frog that had ever been a tadpole had been summoned to take part in the concert. Until the first dawn of day they went on with what I remember to have seen in some old book is a serenade of love from the males to the females; with the dawn they rested, and so did I.

October 10. Whilst my people were packing up,

* A proverb equivalent to our “There is no accounting for tastes.”

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paying the reckoning, and making ready for a start, I wandered into the yard of the handsome temple opposite the inn. On one of the stone lanterns were graven the two Chinese characters Shên Tien—God's Field. What an exact reproduction of our expression "God's Acre"! That the daily wants of mankind should have produced such tools as the saw, the plane, the chisel, the plumb-line, and a thousand others, all the world over, seems natural enough; but it is astounding to find how the minds of men have hit upon the same expressions of thought. Almost all the proverbs of China and Japan have their fellows in our European languages, while some are identically the same; such as "Walls have ears"; "Birds of a feather flock together"; "Talk of a man and you will cause his shadow to appear"; "Silence is better than speech"; besides many more. Here in this Ultima Thule is "God's Acre."

A nipping and an eager air blowing over the mountains in our faces reminds us how fast the year is waning, and it is so chilly that we are glad to dismount and walk, in order to keep ourselves warm. But the rays of a scorching sun soon disperse the delicious crispness of early morning, and drive us to take shelter under the fragrant shade of the grand old pines and firs which border this portion of the high-road.

Journeying on in a westerly direction, we soon arrive at the little village of Nango, beyond which a sharp turn of the road brings us upon one of the views most esteemed by Japanese landscape-painters. The highway follows such a straight line that

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Mount Fuji appears almost always on the right hand of the westward-bound traveller. Here is one of the rare exceptions to the rule : the Peerless Mountain rises on his left, its glorious cone towering above the rugged outline of the Hakoné range, and the wilds of Mount Oyama, dark, gloomy, and lowering, a sacred haunt long guarded jealously from the profanation of a foreigner's foot. Among yonder mysterious glens, crags, and gorges is the home of the Tengu or Dog of Heaven, a hideous elf, long-clawed, long-beaked, winged, loving solitude ; terror of naughty children who refuse to go to sleep at the word of command, or are guilty of other infantine crimes : altogether an uncanny hobgoblin : and should you, losing your way among the hills, find its nest, which is built in the highest trees, go your way and disturb it not, lest some foul evil should overtake you. The enchanting scenes of this day's journey, which change and bring fresh charms before the eye at every turn in the road, would alone repay the pilgrim for the trouble of his expedition, and he will once more feel how legends and fairy-tales have grown around haunts so beautiful, so wild, and so lonely that they seem to belong to another and a better world.

A glance at the map of Japan will show that, the watershed being so close to the sea, it is impossible that there should be any rivers of importance ; indeed, there are very few that are navigable even to junks and steam-launches, and most of those are guarded by dangerous and almost impassable bars.* Here the rivers are mere mountain

* The bars at the mouths of the rivers at Osaka and Niigata have

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torrents, rising rapidly and *wickedly*, to use a Scotch fisherman's expression, and, in the absence of bridges, often putting a stop to all communication. The little river Sagami, which we presently have to cross, is in full spate; luckily, however, it is not yet so swollen as to stop our progress. At this point it is called Banin-gawa, or the Horse-Plunge River, from an adventure which happened to the Shōgun Yoritomo.

Yoritomo, it will be remembered, had reached the supreme power by a bloody road. Among the chief of the persons who perished in the civil wars were the infant Emperor Antoku (whose grandmother, clasping him to her bosom, jumped into the sea in despair) and Yoritomo's own brother Yoshituné. Now it happened, in the twelfth month of the year 1198, that a certain noble, named Shigénari, who had married the sister of Yoritomo's wife and had become a widower, built a bridge over the River Sagami and held a great festival, according to the Buddhist ritual, in honour of his dead wife. Upon the day appointed for the ceremony, Yoritomo, on account of the relationship which existed between him and Shigénari, set out to do honour to the occasion by his presence. Having arrived at the place, the Shōgun was received with due respect by his brother-in-law, who forthwith gave orders that the priests should begin their prayers and litanies. Then there arose

been frequently fatal to the lives and merchandise of foreigners. It was in crossing the bar at Osaka that the American Admiral Bell was lost, with his flag- lieutenant and all his boat's crew, in the month of January 1868.

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a great storm of thunder and lightning, and in the midst of the storm there appeared a hideous ghost mocking and gibbering, and a black cloud was seen dancing down the river on the top of the water. Startled by the apparition, the Shōgun's horse snorted and reared so that Yoritomo was thrown, and the horse, leaping over the parapet, jumped into the flood and was drowned—and this mishap gave the name to the river. But when the bystanders saw all these signs their hearts quailed, and they knew that some terrible calamity was about to happen. Nor was this the only portent which they were destined to behold, for when Yoritomo on his homeward journey reached the moor of Yatsumato, the ghosts of his brother Yoshituné and of another hero, called Yukiyé, appeared to him in anger, and at Cape Inamura he was met by the ghost of the Emperor Antoku, so that the Shōgun, terror-stricken by the sight, fell fainting from his horse. His attendants caught him in their arms, and carried him back to Kamakura; but from that time forth he sickened, until on the thirteenth day of the first month of the following year he died, being fifty-three years of age, and having ruled as Shōgun during eight years.

In justice to the character of the Japanese historical books, I should add that the story of the miraculous apparitions which preceded the death of Yoritomo is based merely upon tradition; but it is treasured nevertheless in the memory of a marvel-loving people.

Twice during the day we halted, first at Hira-

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tsuka for luncheon, and again in the afternoon at the village of Meida, for the intense heat of the afternoon sun made a rest and a cup of tea very acceptable. At Meida my groom fell in with a friend, and it was most amusing to see the two lads, half-naked, their wonderfully tattooed limbs showing the lowness of their class, meet one another, bowing and prostrating themselves with more ceremonious greetings than would be exchanged between two Western potentates :

“Welcome! welcome! Mr. Chokichi, this is indeed a matter of congratulation. You must be fatigued—let me offer you a cup of tea.” (All this, by the by, with the compliments thrown in most untranslatably at every step.)

“Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. *Kekkô! Kekkô!* delicious! delicious! Whence are you pleased to be making your progress?”

“From Odawara—it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of placing myself before your eyes.”

And so they went on, with truly Oriental courtesy, nor did there seem any reason why they should ever have stopped, unless I had given the signal for a start, when down they went again in renewed prostrations. Five minutes afterwards I overheard my groom telling one of the other horseboys a long story, the upshot of which was to show what a rogue, rascal, and villain was his acquaintance, with whom he had parted so affectionately with compliments coming as much from the heart as kisses exchanged between rival fine ladies.

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The left bank of a broad shallow river, upon which we presently come, is the limit within which, according to treaty, the foreigners resident at Yokohama are bound to confine themselves; and two white notice-boards inscribed with that announcement in French and English stand by an office for the examination of passports, which are now readily granted to those desirous of extending their observations. A third notice is very significant of the danger which the traveller yet runs should he fall in with a fanatic or ill-conditioned fellow: this proclamation is now stuck up at all the principal places throughout the Empire, in accordance with an agreement entered into by the Japanese Government with the foreign representatives after the attacks upon foreigners which took place in 1868. Translated, it runs as follows:

“Now that the Imperial Government has been newly established, in obedience to the principles of the Court, it has been commanded that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries, and that all matters should be treated directly by the Imperial Court.* The Treaties will be observed according to International Law, and the people of the whole country, receiving the expression of the Imperial will with gratitude, are hereby ordered to rest assured upon this point.

“Henceforth those persons who, by violently slaying foreigners, or otherwise insulting them, would rebel against the Imperial commands, and brew trouble in the country, and all other persons whatsoever, are hereby ordered to behave in a

* Instead of by the Tycoon, the head of the executive, as heretofore.

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friendly manner. Those who do not uphold the Majesty and Good Faith of their country in the eyes of the world, being guilty of most audacious crime, in accordance with the heinousness of their offence, will, even should they belong to the Samurai class, be stripped of their rank, and will meet with a suitable punishment. Let all men receive the Imperial commands, by which riotous conduct, however slight, is strictly forbidden."

The virtue of the proclamation lies in the words, "even should they belong to the Samurai class." From the common people, who are mostly well disposed and friendly, the foreigner has nothing to fear, unless it be perhaps a volley of stones at the hands of a party of merry-makers in holiday-time, and a few cuts of his horsewhip will amply avenge him; but that the privileged and armed Samurai should learn that in cutting down a barbarian he is not only not performing an act of devotion pleasing in the eyes of the gods, but is committing a crime which even deprives him of his dearly valued birth-right of self-immolation by *hara-kiri*, and puts him under the sword of the common headsman, is an immense point gained in our relations with Japan. The Son of Heaven, the lineal descendant and successor of the gods, himself takes us under his protection, and commands "that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries."

I do not of course mean to say that this law will of itself be sufficient to protect foreigners from insult and outrage in a land which numbers so many fanatic dare-devils, and where the *jô-i* or barbarian-expulsion party, who hold, with some

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truth on their side, that foreign intercourse has brought nothing but trouble upon the country, are yet very strong. But it is a step in the right direction, and now (1872) that railroads and telegraphs are an established fact in Japan, the advance in toleration will no longer be by steps, but by seven-league-booted strides. Thus I wrote in 1872; to-day, forty years later, it is all prehistoric—*mukashi*, as the Japanese say.

We must now pass through the ordeal of inspection at the *bansho* or guard-house, a wooden shanty entirely open on the side facing the road, in which are squatting over their braziers four or five rather ragged petty *yakunin*, literally "office-men," smoking in grim and sulky silence. One of them seeing me beckons with his pipe, and, in the vile jargon of Yokohama, bids me come up and deliver my passport. Shiraki and the chief of my escort are horrified at this breach of good manners, and rush to the front vying with one another in loud denunciation of the *chikushō* ("beast") who dares to take such liberties.

"If it be possible," says the polite corporal, apologising to me, "be pleased to exercise your august patience. This guard is a beast that knows no manners. Verily I have lost face."

After some wrangling, and no little abuse of the unhappy guard, who now looked thoroughly crest-fallen and ashamed of himself, my passport was pronounced to be *en règle*, and I was allowed to make my arrangements for crossing the river, on the bank of which a whole company of coolies were disputing and fighting for the job of carrying

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me and my party over. Forging the river on horseback was quite out of the question; it was running like a mill-race, and both in breadth and depth far beyond its usual measure. So we were placed man by man, each with his saddle by him, on a square deal board, and hoisted on to the shoulders of four stout brown-limbed coolies, naked save a loin-cloth, who bore us bravely across the muddy flood, although the stream threatened at every step to wash their legs from under them. The horses were left in charge of the grooms, who stripped (a process which, sooth to say, did not involve taking off very much), and, plunging in with them, drove them, somewhat frightened, poor beasts, in safety to the other side. Twelve hours later neither man nor horse could have faced the torrent.

We have no great distance to go now, up a gentle picturesque ascent, to reach Odawara, this day's goal. A pitiful, mean little town it is, with dilapidated houses much needing repair, whether seen from the moralist's or the builder's point of view. Poor in appearance as it now is, however, it still boasts a handsome feudal castle, with tower-cornered walls and a moat, and an official quarter for the dwellings of my lord's chief retainers, and in its day it has played no mean part in the history of the country, of which for some generations it was the military capital.

Just now the main street is full of bustle; scores of wayfarers travelling eastward are pouring in, and although the place is full of houses of entertainment (many of them, as I have hinted above, not over respectable), it becomes no easy matter to

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find suitable accommodation. As for my horse, at one moment I feared that I should have to leave him roofless to brave the storm that was evidently brewing as best he might, for there was not a stable in the place big enough for him to walk into. At last, by causing a rotten beam to be cut away from under an archway, I contrived to get him housed. All along the road his size had called forth a great measure of wonder, for Europeans when travelling usually content themselves with Japanese ponies ; but here, beyond the treaty limit, a horse over sixteen hands high created as much astonishment as a giraffe might in a Yorkshire village. By the same token, in these out-of-the-way regions, Dog Lion was taken sometimes for a bear, but more often for a sheep, an animal known by fame, indeed, but never seen out of the neighbourhood of foreign settlements.*

And now heavy black clouds were gathering overhead, and the storm began to bluster and scold among the mountains, at the foot of which we lay snugly sheltered, having washed away our travel-weariness in a hot bath, the one genuine comfort which is never failing in a Japanese inn. (Be sure, however, that your servant sees that you have the first use of it, unless, Japanese-like, you do not mind bathing in the same water after, perhaps, half a score of other persons ; not a pleasant idea, especially in a country where skin-diseases are so prevalent.

* It is said that sheep will not live in Japan, the soil being so rich and moist that they die of foot-rot ; but I take it that if the experiment were tried in some of the inland moorlands, they might be made to breed and thrive there ; as it is, we get our sheep over from Shanghai, and our mutton costs us half-a-dollar a pound. This was so in 1869.

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In the morning you may always be certain of virgin water, for the natives do not bathe until after the day's work is over, and before the evening meal.)

October II. Rain falling in sheets; the main street running like a mountain burn; a group of coolies dressed in mushroom hats, and raincoats made of long grass, looking like animated haycocks that had suddenly taken to themselves legs, and rushed under the projecting eaves of the houses to save the crop; a petty personage, closely shut up in his litter, being borne along at extra speed by naked bearers, all glistening with wet, his two attendants vainly trying to wrap themselves in their waterproof coats made of oiled paper, out of which stuck their swords like the tails of wooden monkeys; water dripping, water pouring, water running, a general sloppiness, beggaring description: this was the scene upon which I looked out the following morning. It was hopeless to think of starting in such a downpour; so having made as long a business as possible of shaving, dressing, and breaking my fast, in order to kill time, I sat down with Shiraki to learn what I could respecting the town of Odawara.

The arch-enemy of the Shōgun Yoritomo was Taira no Kiyomori, the head of the house of Hei. So great was his hatred of Yoritomo that he died saying, "After my death say no litanies for the good of my soul; all that I desire is that the head of Yoritomo may be laid upon my grave." This was his last will and testament. Now, when the house of Gen, with Yoritomo as its leader, rose to supreme power, it followed, as a matter of course,

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that the house of Hei became utterly ruined, its members being scattered here and there over the country, and forced to gain their livelihood as best they might. In the chronicles of the provinces of Idzu and Sagami* it is written that towards the end of the fifteenth century a descendant of Kiyomori called Hôjô Shinkurô Nagauji had, by the lapse of time, become reduced to the condition of a peasant, and was a wanderer upon the face of the earth. But notwithstanding his fallen condition, his valour and talents were worthy of the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and his spirit rebelled against the misfortune under which he was crushed. So he went to the capital, Kyôto, and having placed himself under the protection of one of the ministers of the then Shôgun, Ashikaga Yoshimasa, took up his abode at the fortress of Kôkokuji. Bent on raising himself to eminence, he took advantage of a feud which existed between the Shôgun at Kyôto and his representatives at Kamakura, and distinguished himself in many conflicts in the provinces of Idzu and Sagami, finally wresting the town and castle of Odawara from the Omori family, who belonged to the Kamakura faction. He now made the castle of Odawara his headquarters, and having so far pushed his way in the world, he entered the Buddhist priesthood under the name of Sôun ; but though he donned the scarf, he did not lay aside the sword, and his military power waxed stronger and stronger, until he became the recognised leader of the chivalry of the two provinces. The task of completing the glory

* Dzu-Sô-Ki is the title of the book.

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of the family was reserved for his grandson Ujiyasu, who, having put down with a strong hand the factions which disturbed the eight provinces of Kwantô, annexed them, and placed them under his own rule. Odawara now took the place of Kamakura as military capital, and here the Hôjô family ruled for five generations in the capacity, although not bearing the title, of Shôguns (which was still held by the Ashikaga family), until the time of Hôjô Ujimasa, who, having neglected a summons to go to court at Kyôto, was attacked by the famous general Taiko Sama, who determined to punish his disobedience. Taiko Sama invaded the eastern provinces with an overwhelming force, and pitched his main camp on mounts Ishigaki and Biyôbu, so distributing the rest of his forces as to overcast the town of Odawara with a cloud of soldiers. Ujimasa prepared to make a stout defence, and called all the troops of Kwantô to his assistance ; but they were no match for Taiko Sama, whose artillery played pitilessly upon them from the neighbouring heights ; and on the fifth day of the seventh month of the year 1590 Ujimasa surrendered at discretion, Taiko Sama refusing to hear his prayer for peace, and insisting that he must put himself to death. So Ujimasa disembowelled himself, and his head was sent to Kyôto, to be exposed as the head of a traitor ; his son Ujinao was banished to Mount Koya in Kishiu ; and this was the end of the great Hôjô family, which had held the castle of Odawara for ninety-seven years.

One day during the siege, as Taiko Sama and his general Tokugawa Iyéyasu were standing on a

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watch-tower which they had built on the heights above Odawara, Taiko Sama said, "I see before me the eight provinces of Kwantô. Before many days are over I will take them and give them to thee."

Iyéyasu thanked him, saying, "That were indeed great luck."

"Wilt thou live here at Odawara," asked Taiko Sama, "as the men of Hôjô have done?"

"Ay, my lord," answered Iyéyasu, "that will I."

"That will not do," said Taiko Sama. "I see on the map that there is a place called Yedo some twenty *ri** eastward from here. It is a fine position, and that is the place where thou shouldst live."

"I shall with reverence obey your lordship's instructions," replied Iyéyasu.

Now when the house of Hôjô had been annihilated, Taiko Sama fulfilled his promise, and made Iyéyasu lord of the provinces of Kwantô; and he became the founder of the last dynasty of Shôguns, and made Yedo the military capital, according to his chief's advice. So Odawara lapsed into insignificance, it being a matter of wonder, indeed, that a place so utterly at the mercy of an attack from the mountains which overhang it should ever have been chosen as a military stronghold.

The vacillation shown by the lord of Odawara during the siege has passed into a proverb. He was for ever saying, "To-morrow we will fight," "To-morrow we will make a sortie." But the

* One *ri* = 4320 yards.

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carrying out of his good resolutions was always delayed, so that the expression, *Odawara hiyôjô*, "deliberations of Odawara" (a sort of jingling play on the name *Hôjô* being also intended), is now a synonym for fatal procrastination.

During the whole morning the pelting rain continued, but towards one o'clock the hills began to unveil themselves, and a glorious afternoon rewarded us for the gloom in which we had been confined. My original intention had been to go straight up the Hakoné Pass by the main road ; but hearing that a great friend of mine, a native gentleman, one of the most distinguished members of the Government, was staying at Miyanoshita, a place among the mountains famous for the beauty of its scenery and for certain natural hot-springs, I determined to change my route in order to go and pay him a visit. For a short distance we rode, but when we had to turn up to the right by a steep, difficult mountain-path, it became evident that Shanks's mare was the best horse, so we sent our beasts back to Odawara to await our return, and proceeded on foot. We had some little difficulty in finding our way, as neither my escort nor Shiraki knew the road. As for the distance, like the Scotch "mile and a bittock" it seemed to be an unknown quantity, for the natives of whom we asked our way, eager to be hired as guides, always made Miyanoshita recede in proportion as we advanced, greatly to the indignation of the corporal of the escort, who at last lost all patience with one touting scoundrel, saying, "What do you take us for, you lubber ? The next time a

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country bumpkin passes this way you may talk like that, but it's no use your trying it on with a Yedo child"; and I had to interfere to save the poor wretch from a liberal payment of stick bakhshish. It was stiffish walking up the slippery hill-paths, but what a beautiful scene! The variegated trees sparkling with prismatic colours; the mountain torrents, swollen and foaming, dashing past lichen-covered rocks overhanging black pools, the home of many a tiny trout; such subtle effects of light and shade; such blue distances; the two famous twin mountains, Futago Yama, clothed in deep purple, ahead of us; a fresh keen air that was new life to men sodden with the hot damp of the plain; even the stout and elderly Shiraki rose in spirits notwithstanding the efforts of the scramble, and declared, gasping for breath, that this was indeed enjoyment. I think we were none of us sorry when we came upon a certain spring called Himémidzu, the Princess-water, where an ancient dame served us with cups containing the most delicious crystal-clear draught, as cold as ice, which we sat down and drank as if it had been nectar. The spring takes its name from a story that one of the princesses of the noble house of Hôjô was wont to come hither from Odawara with her ladies, and make tea *al fresco*. Close to the well the old woman has a little cottage, and she earns a scanty living by serving tea of the Princess-water to weary footpads like ourselves. Having rested ourselves, we made her happy with a small silver coin, a largesse about ten times as bountiful as she had hoped for, and went on our way.

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We must have gone some nine miles, as I should guess, since we left Odawara, when we reached the village of Miyanoshita, a most lovely spot lying lost among the hills. The little hamlet seems to be made up entirely of bathing-houses, which are also inns and shops for the sale of camphor-wood boxes, marqueterie and toys of different sorts, very pretty and tasteful, which the bathers take home as keepsakes to their families. It is a most fashionable watering-place, a sort of Japanese Tunbridge Wells. I never saw a place in such complete repose ; when we came upon it not a soul was stirring, not a dog was barking ; perhaps rest is part of the cure ; at last I found a native who told me at which of the inns my friend was staying, and was lucky enough to be able to secure an apartment in the same house. It will easily be imagined that in such a place the inns are perfection in their way ; the charm of that at which I put up quite passed my expectations. I was lodged in a beautiful clean set of rooms, with a balcony looking on to a lovely little garden full of dwarfed trees, rare shrubs and flowers, with quaint rockeries, and a pond full of gigantic gold-fish and carp, grown old and fat and lazy under a long course of feeding at the hands of generations of bathers ; behind the garden the mountain copses made a natural background of forest scenery. As I lay looking out on this pretty view, after a bathe in the hot water welling from the living rock, I was lulled almost to sleep by the plashing of a neighbouring water-wheel. I was aroused from my dreamy state by the entrance of my

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friend Katô, who had just come in from a country walk. He had been surprised not a little to hear of my arrival, and when I told him that I had come purposely to see him, he was profuse in his expressions of thanks. Seeing that my baggage had not yet arrived, he pressed me warmly to go across to his rooms and dine with him, an invitation which I was glad enough to accept.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with Katô's wife, a bonny little lady, though eyes less familiar with the custom than mine would have objected to the disfigurement of shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. She was very civil and pleasant, and had none of the shyness which I have usually met with in Japanese ladies; nor had she the servile manner which is another defect bred by the seclusion and abased condition in which women are kept; on the contrary, she took part in the conversation brightly and well, and did the honours of her husband's apartment with ease and grace. She had with her as companion and playmate a charming little girl about eight or nine years old, whose special function appeared to consist in being petted and stuffed with sweetmeats. The story of my host's marriage was a romantic one. During the political storms which preceded the outbreak of the revolution, Katô had brought himself into notice as a very active and dangerous man; a price was set upon his head, and he had to fly for his life: this young lady sheltered him and screened him from his enemies, and he fell in love with and married her. A very happy couple they seemed to be.

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Purposing to remain some weeks at Miyanoshita, Katô had surrounded himself with a number of comforts which gave his room quite a home-like air. Two or three smart rugs or small carpets, a luxury which has recently been borrowed from the West, gave a colour and warmth to the cold whiteness of the mats and walls; writing materials, books, handsome lacquer boxes, musical instruments, pipe-stands, and a sword-rack were strewed about the floor, and in the recess a bronze jar contained one of those bouquets the making up of which is a special and elaborate part of a Japanese lady's education. Further, lest he should find his villegiatura dull, he had gathered together a few friends, "companions of his solitude," to whom, as they came dropping in one by one, I was solemnly presented. First and foremost was the doctor, an intelligent young man of the Satsuma clan, who had studied medicine in the English school presided over by Dr. Willis at Yedo, and had acquired some little reputation in his craft: he spoke with enthusiasm of his kind and excellent teacher. Then there were two or three private gentlemen, remarkably pleasant men, learned in the lore of their country; a professor of the game of chequers, as elaborate a study as chess or whist; and, above all, a certain character who deserves a paragraph to himself.

This was an artist in lacquer, one of the drollest creatures I ever met, as grotesque as the devices upon his own boxes. He was a wit, a wag, a contortionist, cunning at legerdemain and all manner of tricks, which he was continually show-

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ing, and yet, somehow, he never was a buffoon. It was most excellent good fooling, and always in good taste. Although a rich man and the especial pet of the great and powerful on account of his social talents, he affected to be especially careful not to imitate their dress, but to abide by the old fashions of the *Chônin* or wardsmen, even in the cut of his hair, which was closely shaven to the tops of the ears, and brought forward in the tiny little queue which used to be a distinguishing mark of artisans. In his girdle, in the place of a dirk, he wore the wooden beater which his mother had used to pound rice, and which he had decorated with many a curious fancy in lacquer, and studded with gold coins. "What need had he to carry a blade?" he said. His playful sallies, the effect of which was heightened by a marvellously mobile face, kept us in laughter during the whole evening.

When we had finished dinner, our hostess produced her *samishen*, half guitar, half banjo, to the accompaniment of which she began singing, while the lacquer-man, not to be outdone in a matter of polite accomplishments, came in with a flute obligato. I cannot say in conscience that the result was pleasing to a European ear, but, as is often the case elsewhere, the music was the signal for and assistance to conversation, and we, the audience, began talking politics, leaving the performers to the enjoyment of their own sweet sounds. It was eleven o'clock when I wished my friends good-night, and I left Katô and the professor, heads on hands, as completely abstracted

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from all earthly matters as Buddhists in a state of Nirvana, lost in the solution of some impossible problem in the mysterious game of chequers.

The following morning (October 12) dawned in rare splendour, and the opened slides let in a waft of fresh mountain air, as exhilarating as good news from home. The garden, all ablaze with dew, its trimness in striking contrast to the wild nature beyond, was looking even more beautiful, if possible, than the evening before—a fitting spot in which to enjoy one of Heaven's own holidays. It is always a matter of regret to me that the beauties of Japanese scenery should have been done justice to by no gifted word-painter like John Ruskin. The shapes of the mountains, sometimes grand, sometimes fantastic; the marvellous gradations of the tree-colours, from the exquisitely tender green of the feathering bamboo, waving in the wind, slender and graceful, to the gloom of the sturdy pines and cryptomerias which spring from the more barren soil; the rocks streaked and patched with lichens and mosses, with many a rare fern and lycopod peeping out of chinks and crannies, are worthy studies for a great artist to paint with loving hand, and hardly will he succeed, limn he never so cunningly. To me the memory of these places is like that of a beautiful dream of fairyland, vivid and bright, but utterly beyond the pale of description.

At about nine o'clock I received a visit from Katô, who came to tell me that he was off to take his daily bath in the hot iron springs at Kiga, a lovely spot among the mountains, and proposed that I should accompany him that we might make

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a picnic luncheon together. At the time of his coming my room was full of sellers of camphor-wood boxes and toys, who had brought their wares for inspection ; directly they saw Katô their prices went down fifty per cent.—the rogues had been asking the foreigner something like three times the real value of their goods. I bought a few very pretty specimens of marqueterie and a certain camphor-wood cabinet (which now holds the flies and feathers of a distinguished salmon-fisher) at a reasonable price, thanks to my friend, with whom I presently started on our expedition, the whole of the party of the night before, with the exception of the lady, being of the company.

We had a very pleasant walk over the hills, Katô, on account of his delicate state of health, being carried in a litter, which, however, being open at the sides, did not prevent him from joining in the conversation and laughter with which we beguiled the way. Every now and then the doctor or one of the others would take me for a scramble to see some new point of view, some fresh beauty in the landscape, for these Japanese are passionate lovers of nature, so that after many stoppages, now to feast our eyes, now to rest Katô's coolies, it was noon by the time we reached Kiga.

Our picnic was a great success ; the doctor and the lacquer-man were with one consent elected chief cooks, and distinguished themselves by producing, the one a fry of delicious burn-trout, the other a savoury stew, in which the shortcomings of a rather lean old cock-pheasant were skilfully concealed. The *cordon bleu* of the establishment

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supplied the rest of the dishes, my contribution being sundry bottles of pale ale and porter, which were immensely popular, for the names of Bass, Allsopp, and Guinness are familiar now as household words to the Japanese. Through the heat of the afternoon we remained chatting over every conceivable matter, grave and gay, but chiefly discussing politics and the application of European principles of government to Japan. Of all subjects, this is the favourite among this improvement-seeking people. It is little wonder that, with their eagerness to learn and profit by the experience of other nations, they should have distanced their backward neighbours, the Chinese, in such matters as railways and telegraphs. In the cool of the evening we trudged home, and at a little distance from Miyanoshita we were met by Katô's wife with her little companion.

Towards eight o'clock we all met again in my rooms for dinner, Dog Lion, at the special request of the lady, being present, and exciting great admiration by his discreet and polite behaviour. He divided the honours of the evening with the lacquer-man, who outdid himself in efforts to make my party go off well. Shiraki, as chief retainer, did the honours, affording thereby an instance of Japanese manners and customs. No feature of Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his retainer (provided, of course, that he be of the military class) to his intimate society; but the retainer never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and

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having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine-cup to his man, as if he were an honoured guest, and for a while they would appear to any one not acquainted with the turns of a language most fertile in subtle distinctions to be upon perfectly equal terms. Yet, the moment the feast is over, the man retires with the same profound obeisances and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor ; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity, which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again. Feudalism strips service of servility, and, although the feudal system is a thing of the past, its traces must long remain.

The following morning (October 13), to my great regret, I was forced to leave Miyanoshita and my good friends, with whom I had passed such a pleasant time. We parted with many expressions of mutual good-will, promising to meet soon in Yedo. This morning's walk, as far as the sulphur-springs of Ashi-no-yu, was less interesting, for the mountain, bare of trees, is covered only with a rich growth of rank grass, mixed with wild flowers. There was no shade, and the heat of the sun was overpowering, so that we were right glad when, towards mid-day, we came down upon our halting-place.

The springs are certainly very remarkable ; the whole neighbourhood is full of volcanic signs, and in every direction the water wells out, charged with

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a rich sulphurous ooze. Close by is a crater, not active, indeed, but looking, with its sides covered with brimstone and lava, as if it might break out at any time. The baths of Ashi-no-yu are in the village street, but covered over with wooden shanties, that people may bathe with decency. Just as I came in sight of the huts, a matron, carrying a child in her arms, both as naked as they were born, came out, and tripped, she picking her way with her bare feet, across the street into a tea-house, where she had left her clothes. This is the only instance which I ever came across of a woman appearing naked in the street, although most travellers' books abound in stories of women tubbing in public, and of other outrages upon decency. Be it remembered, however, this was in a most out-of-the-way place, and at a time of day when the good woman might reasonably expect that, the men being all away at their work, she would be as free from the profane gaze of mankind as Lady Godiva ought to have been and was not. Her shame when she saw me knew no bounds. The European doctors of Yokohama have not been slow to find out the excellent properties of these baths, and I found established there for the season an Italian gentleman and his wife—rather wild quarters for a daintily nurtured lady to occupy, the only thing about the place which had an affinity with Europe being the smell, which might remind her of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Not far from Ashi-no-yu, on the road to Hakoné, half-hidden among the brushwood and long grass, are two remarkable monuments, shaped

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like the stone lanterns which the Japanese set up in their pleasure-grounds and temple-yards. To the right of these, near at hand, is a third and lesser stone. It can hardly fail to set the traveller a-wondering when he comes upon such traces of man's work in the midst of a wilderness, and he will readily guess that they mark some famous or sacred spot. The two stones mark the graves of the brothers Soga, the heroes of one of the most celebrated stories of vendetta in Japanese history, and the third is in honour of the woman, Tora Gozen, the true love of one of them.

In the summer of the year 1193 the Shōgun Yoritomo went out to hunt on the moors and waste lands about Mount Fuji, followed by the flower of the chivalry of the East, his train being swelled by a great company of camp-followers, mimes, jesters, musicians, and singing women. Among the nobles who went with him was one Kudō Sukétsuné. Now this Sukétsuné, many years before, having certain wrongs to avenge, had caused the murder of his cousin Sukéyasu, who died leaving a widow and two infant sons. Upon the death of her husband the widow wished to forsake the world, shave her head,* and enter a nunnery, but her father-in-law prevented her, so she married a second time one Soga Tarō Sukénobu, who took her two sons to live with him, and adopted them as his own children, causing them at

* The nuns of Japan, like the Buddhist monks, shave the whole head; hence the proverbial expression, *Bikuni ni Kanzashi*, "To ask a nun for a hair-pin," equivalent to our "You cannot draw blood from a stone," or better still, "Taking the brecks off a Highlander."

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the same time to take his patronymic of Soga. Happy as they were in their new home, the two boys never forgot the death of their father nor the debt of revenge which they owed to his murderer : when at play in their earliest childhood they would make figures to represent Sukétsuné that they might have the pleasure of torturing and destroying him in effigy, nor would they listen to the prayers and remonstrances of their mother, who in despair sent the younger brother, Soga Tokimuné, to the temple at Hakoné, that he might be brought up for the priesthood. But it was all of no avail, for the lad never for a moment relaxed his purpose, and at last, when he grew up and it became time for him to take the vows, he fled secretly from the temple and took refuge with the Lord of Odawara, who, taking compassion upon his orphan state, gave him shelter, and allowed him free access to his stronghold.

The hunting expedition of the Shōgun Yoritomo was the opportunity which the brothers chose for wreaking their vengeance on the murderer Sukétsuné.

On the 28th day of the fifth month there arose a great storm of wind and rain, and at night, there being neither moonlight nor starlight, the hunting camp was shrouded in thick darkness. In the dead of the night they sought the place where their enemy lay, but he had changed his abode, and their plan would have miscarried had they not received aid from a woman. This was a beautiful girl, called Tora Gozen, the inmate of a pleasure-house at Oiso, in the province of Sagami, and the

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sweetheart of the elder brother, Sukénari. When the two were in despair at not finding Sukétsuné, and were debating what they should do, she came forth and pointed out to them the place to which he had removed, and they, overjoyed, hurried to the spot where Sukétsuné lay fast asleep. Sukénari stood at his pillow, and Tokimuné, the younger brother, took his place behind him. Then Sukénari kicked aside the pillow, and shouted with a loud voice, crying, "Here stand I, Soga Sukénari, the avenger of my murdered father!" Sukétsuné, aroused by the cry, jumped up and tried to defend himself with his dirk, which lay by his couch; but the two brothers fell upon him with their swords and slew him.

Having now satisfied their revenge, they had no further wish left in the world, so they determined to risk their lives in an attempt to slay my lord the Shōgun Yoritomo, between whom and their own grandfather there had been a deadly feud. Now was their best chance of success, so, brandishing their bloody swords, they rushed into his tent with a loud shout. The guards who watched over the Shōgun did battle with them; but so desperately did they fight that they cut down, as it is said, more than fifty men before Sukénari, being tired, was slain, and the younger brother, Tokimuné, was pinioned by a page, disguised as a woman, who sprang upon him from behind.

The following morning Tokimuné was brought before the Shōgun, who examined him in person, saying, "Wherefore dost thou disturb my camp?"

"You were my grandfather's enemy," answered

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Tokimuné, unabashed, "and Sukétsuné was my father's murderer, so I hated you because you loved him."

The Shōgun was pleased with the youth's bold speech, and wished to spare his life, but Inubō Maru, the son of Sukétsuné, prayed that his father's murder might not be left unavenged; so Tokimuné was put to death, being at the time twenty years of age.

Now when Tora Gozen heard that Sukénari, the man whom she loved, was dead, she vowed a vow of chastity, and went to the temple at Hakoné, and became a nun at the age of nineteen. When she was quite an old woman of seventy-one summers, she started on a pilgrimage to a temple at Kumano, at Kishiu, but she died by the road, and it is said that the clothes she wore and the things she carried with her on the journey are still preserved as sacred relics at a temple called Jinguji.

The piety of the brothers Soga in avenging their father earned for them a rich meed of praise from every true and loyal warrior; and even Yoritomo, who had so narrowly escaped from their rage, approved what they had done, and caused their swords to be laid up in the temple of Hōjō at Hakoné, where they have been carefully preserved by generation after generation of priests. Their names live in history, and are treasured in the heart of every Samurai.

Near the graves of the two brothers is a figure of the Buddhist god Jizō Sama, graven in the solid rock, as some say by Nature herself; by others believed to have been miraculously wrought in a

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single night by the famous Kôbôdaishi, a priest who lived in the ninth century, and who was the inventor of the syllabary known as the I-ro-ha, in which he assimilated the letters of the Japanese language to the Bonji or Pali characters used in the Buddhist classics. The image is rude enough, but it is ennobled by the veneration of the simple mountaineers.

It was yet early in the afternoon when we came upon the blue waters of the Hakoné lake, lying like a sapphire mirror among the hills, unruffled by the gentlest semblance of a breeze. It would be strange, indeed, if so romantic a locality were to lack the ornament of some old-world legend. There is a tale told of a certain terrible dragon with nine heads that used to dwell in the lake, and troubled the people by raising great storms of wind and wave, in the midst of which he would appear and carry off little children for his food. But at last, in the eighth century, a certain holy priest, named Mangan, who was renowned for his piety, exorcised the dragon, and by the aid of magic arts tied him to a tree, which is still believed to be visible at the bottom of the lake, punishing the monster until it craved pardon for its misdeeds. When the fame of this exploit reached the Emperor's ears, he summoned the priest Mangan to Kyôto, but the good man died by the way, and entered peace at a place called Yanagôri, in the province of Mikawa ; so his pupils brought his remains, and buried them at the temple of Gongen, at Hakoné. Every year, during the night of the twelfth day of the sixth month, the eve of the great feast of the temple, the people still come to

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the lake, and make offerings of food to propitiate the dragon.

Of course we went and visited the Temple of Gongen, that ancient fane, the dwelling-place of many holy men during the dark ages, including Kôbôdaishi, Jikakudaishi, and others, and were shown the swords of the Soga brothers, and the dirk with which their enemy tried in vain to ward off their blows, with other curiosities. The position of the shrine, surrounded by lofty cryptomerias and looking down upon the lake, is most beautiful; but the buildings were greatly damaged in the war which ended in the ruin of the lords of Odawara, and have never been restored to their former splendour. At the foot of the temple we took boat, and so came to the little town of Hakoné.

Situated at the very top of a mountain-pass, some three thousand feet or more above the sea-level, Hakoné must—until the completion of the railroad which is to unite the two capitals, Yedo and Kyôto—always be a resting-place of some little importance, and allow a number of inn-keepers to drive a thriving trade; but until the year of grace 1868 it had also a great political significance as the barrier of the Tycoon's territory, which no man could pass without a passport—death by crucifixion being the penalty of an attempt to escape by any mountain-path. At the entrance to the town was a guard-house, strongly manned, flanked by a formidable stand of arms, holding spears and hooks and the other paraphernalia of Japanese police, on passing which every person, save those of the very highest rank, was required to dismount and do obeisance

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to the representatives of Tyconal power. The guard-house is swept away now, together with the other encumbrances and annoyances of the obsolete Government, and men may come and go as they list. It is more convenient, to be sure ; but there were a quaintness and picturesqueness about the old customs which the travellers who follow in our steps will miss. Now, even the old costume of the country is slowly but surely disappearing ; and when the railroad shall be an accomplished fact, travelling in Japan will have lost much of its charm. Four years ago we were still in the Middle Ages ; we have leapt at a bound into the nineteenth century—out of the dreams of poetry into plain, useful prose.

I had no time to stop at Hakoné, to my great regret ; for I should not soon have grown weary of looking out upon the lake washing the grand dark hills above which Mount Fuji raised its brilliant cone of white snow, and there are many nooks and hidden places among the mountains celebrated in history, in poetry, and in folk-lore. Down the mountain-pass we sped, each step revealing some new beauty : now a natural rock-garden, now some old gnarled stem of cryptomeria or Scotch fir, now a thicket of flame-coloured maples. It was getting late, and travellers, whether upward or downward bound, were hurrying to reach their resting-place. Even the coolies, heavily weighted beasts of burden, were putting on an extra spurt, the tension of the muscles in their marvelously developed legs showing what hard work they were doing. The shadows had lengthened and lengthened until they had passed away altogether

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(for we were now on the eastern side of the range) by the time we reached Hata, our halfway-house, a village of hostelrys, at the doors of which attractive little damsels, attired in their smartest garb, were standing and keeping up a continual shout of *O hairi nasare ! O tomari nasare !*—"Pray come in ! pray rest here !" Resisting the invitation of who knows how many decoy-ducks, I entered the *Honjin*, or chief inn of the village, and found a charming apartment overlooking a garden, the fame of which is known throughout the length and breadth of Japan. This little garden, fashioned around a real waterfall, which was tumbling over the most picturesque rocks, is the very ideal and dream of Japanese horticulture, and would be a fitting model upon which some native Lord Bacon should write an essay. Nothing more trim and perfect than its dwarfed trees, nothing more rugged than its rock-work, nothing fatter and larger and brighter than its gold-fish ; above all, a natural waterfall, dear beyond measure to the Japanese landscape-gardener. The honours of the establishment were done by O Také San, "Miss Bamboo," a nymph who would have been a little gem of beauty had her face not been marred by a most undeniable squint. There was no compromising matters by calling it a cast in the eye. There it was—a squint, and nothing but a squint. Besides this defect, for which she was not accountable, there was another, which might have been avoided—she was eaten up with the itch.

This being, in some sense, the turning-point of our journey, I gave Shiraki and the escort a feast, which they had richly deserved, for every man of

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them in his own capacity had done his utmost to make the trip go off well. When the shutters were closed, and the wine-cup going round, we were startled by a clatter of clogs in the garden. Shiraki and the escort jumped up and took their swords, and I made ready with my revolver. Miss Bamboo and another girl putting the gold-fish to bed in a rock-covered hole, for fear of otters, turned out to be the innocent cause of our alarm. Laughing at our fears, we made merry until it was time to go to bed.

October 14. Mist and rain. A pretty ducking we got as we walked, or rather slipped, down to Yumoto, the place which, as I have said above, gives its name to all the hot springs of the Hakoné mountains. As at Miyanoshita, the chief trade here is in camphor-wood boxes and marqueterie, of which I bought some more specimens, and having found out the right price from my friends at the former place, I was not robbed. Over against Yumoto are two noteworthy hills, Mounts Ishigaki and Ishibashi,* the former the site of Taiko Sama's headquarters when he attacked Odawara, the latter the hiding-place of Yoritomo when he was flying from his enemies before he rose to power. Here is the story. It shall be the last!

In the year 1180, on the twenty-fourth day of the eighth moon, Yoritomo was encamped on Sugi-yama, "the Mountain of Cryptomerias," and one of the captains of the house of Hei, with three thousand and more warriors at his back, was in hot pursuit of him. Yoritomo, knowing that he was out-numbered, and that there was no hope for him

* *Ishigaki* signifies stone-fence, and *Ishibashi*, stone-bridge.

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but in flight, went and hid on a remote mountain-peak, leaving two of his lieutenants to turn aside the attention of the enemy. When the immediate danger was past, Hojó Tokimasa, Yoritomo's father-in-law and most trusty friend, went and scoured the mountains far and wide, and at last found him hiding in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree. When Yoritomo saw himself in the midst of his friends he was overjoyed, but Sanéhira, who had accompanied Tokimasa, said: "Truly it is much to be thankful for that we should all have reached these heights safe and without hurt. Yet if we remain here in so large a company, it will be a hard matter for us to escape detection. Let my lord Yoritomo remain here alone, and his servant Sanéhira will find means of hiding him."

This counsel seemed good to them all, so they agreed to separate and went in different directions, Sanéhira alone remaining with his chief. In the meanwhile, the men of the house of Hei were hunting over hill and dale seeking Yoritomo; but one of their captains, who by some means had learnt Yoritomo's hiding-place, being a traitor to his own party, declared that he had searched Mount Ishibashi and found no trace of a human being, so the men of Hei spent their labour in searching the other hills.

One day, while Yoritomo was lying lost among the rocks of Mount Ishibashi, he took from his bosom a small figure of the Buddhist god Kwannon, and stowed it away in a secret cave. When Sanéhira saw this, he wondered, and asked what was the reason of this strange act.

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"I lay aside this sacred image," answered Yoritomo, "lest my head should fall into my enemies' hands and they should see the figure; for if they did, they would laugh at the chief of the house of Gen, saying that I am brave only because I trust in my patron saint. When I was a babe three years old, my foster-mother took me to the Temple of Kwannon, at Kiyomidzu, near Kyōto, and in the loving-kindness of her heart she prayed that I might prosper in the world. Fourteen days after this she saw a marvellous dream, and she gave me this little image of Kwannon two inches long in commemoration of it. This is why I have treasured it ever since."

Soon after this the others returned, bringing with them a horseload of provisions which they had received from the priest of Hakoné. Poor food it was—monks' fare—and they laughed as they set it before their lord; but the hungry man, be he lord or peasant, values any food above riches.

Those were the days of Yoritomo's deadly peril; how he escaped from the toils of his enemies and lived to be the ruler of the East, all these things are written in never-dying history.

From Yumoto to Odawara is but a short distance, and we reached our inn in time for the mid-day meal. The rivers were so swollen that they could no longer be passed, so we had to wait chafing for three days until the floods abated. Our route back to Yedo was along the great highway, past the places which I have already described: so of this happy expedition there is nothing left to say.

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