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## JAPONICA.

FIRST PAPER.—JAPAN THE COUNTRY.

*By Sir Edwin Arnold.*

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.

THERE are two Japans. One commenced its national life, so says mythical history, six hundred and sixty years before our era, with the accession of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno. The other, everybody knows, came into existence about twenty-three years ago, in "the first of Meiji." Neither of them can be ever at all completely understood even by the most intelligent and indefatigable foreign observer. You ought certainly to have been born under one of the great Shogunates, the last of which fell amid battle and revolution in A.D. 1868, to comprehend in any intimate way ancient Japan; and you should be native-bred, a living part of the present brand-new order of things, to have a reasonable chance of feeling as this people feels and looks upon the outer and inner world with their eyes. Let nobody, therefore—least of all a mere traveler—venture to theorize too boldly about Japan and the Japanese. He is pretty sure to go wrong somewhere if he does. The first impressions which a fairly intelligent stranger may form of men and cities, manners and customs, in this de-



Sir Edwin Arnold's House at Azabu, Tokio.

lightful but incomprehensible "Land of the Rising Sun," have their value if carefully recorded, and his conclusions may not prove wholly without interest about its past, present, and future, when he has learned something of the language, and discovered how much he can never learn upon a hundred intensely attractive points. Even the artists have not really found out Japan yet; nor realized what color, what novelty, what refinement, what remarkable things in Nature and Art and Humanity she keeps awaiting them in the silvery light of her atmospheres, along with all sorts of absurdities and grotesqueries. There are many and many landscapes, in the hills and along the sea-shores of these fair islands which would present a new world to real lovers of scenery; and in the little, girlish steps of a *musumē*, cross-

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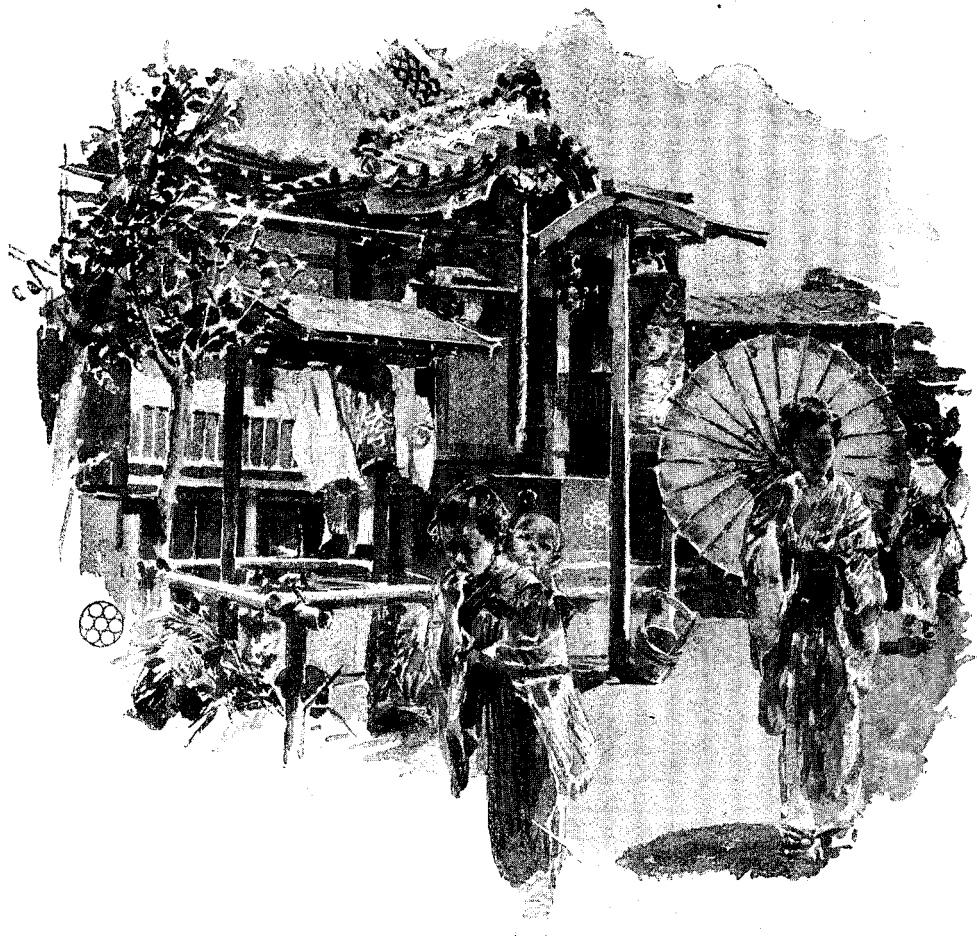
ing the mats of the tea-house, or tripping down the street on her wooden clogs, there is oftentimes a grace of special movement—a delicate, strange play of folds and feet—which no Western painter has thus far caught, and which is something midway between the pacing of fantail pigeons and the musical gait of Greek maidens on the friezes of the Parthenon.

The two Japans are, of course, perpetually blended. The younger nation, which has only just come of age, is all for railways, telegraphs, and European developments, including some of the least desirable and profitable. Yet the older nation lives on, within and around the Japan of new parliaments, colored wide-awakes, and Parisian costumes, and from time to time fiercely asserts itself. My lamented friend, the late Viscount Mori, Minister for Japan to Washington, and afterward to London—and one of the most enlightened of her modern statesmen—was assassinated in Tokio on February 11, 1889, really as an enemy to the independence of his country on account of his reforms, but ostensibly because he had lifted up the curtain of the shrine at Ise with his walking-stick. Only a few weeks back, in a neighboring district, the editor of a Japanese journal was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully in a leading article about that very ancient dignitary the Emperor Jimmu. Considering that the potentate in question—albeit first of all Mikados—was so vastly remote as to be declared grandson or grandnephew of the Sun Goddess herself, and is said to have conquered Japan with a sword as long as a fir-trunk and the aid of a miraculous white crow's beak, one would think criticism was free as to His Majesty "Kamu-Yamato-Iware-Biko." But the Japanese administration generally, and the censorship of the press in particular, will have no trifling with the established traditions of Dai-Nippon. Japan took from China, along with her earliest imported religion (Shintoism), a measureless respect for ancestors, however fabulous; and, strangely enough, while her educated people disbelieve the legends of the gods, they seem to accept, or, at any rate, demurely repeat, the his-

torical stories which relate how an empress stilled the waves of the sea by sitting down upon them, and how emperors had fishes for their ministers, and were transformed into white or yellow birds. Afterward, from China, came Buddhism, and with it the all-important tea-leaf and tea-cup; and Confucianism, if it had features deplorably materialistic, yet inculcated that loyalty to chiefs and that reverence and devotion to parents which have formed the keystones of the Japanese social system.

Nihon or Nippon—like our own word Japan—are corruptions of the Chinese Jip-pên, which means "The place the sun comes from." Marco Polo's Zipangu is derived from the same word, for it was by way of China that Japan was first heard about. In classic Japanese the land is styled "O-Mi-Kuni," the "Great August Country," and the learned Mr. Chamberlain gives, among many appellatives, yet another name, which probably you would not wish me to repeat very constantly—"Toyo-ashi-warano-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-hono-kuni"—which signifies "The Luxuriant-Reed-Plains; the Land-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears; of a-Thousand-Streams; of Song; of Five-Hundred-Autumns." It should meanwhile interest all Americans to be reminded that their great country was discovered, quite as an accident, by Christopher Columbus on his first trip, while he was really looking for Zipangu; which region he still endeavored perpetually to reach, on all his subsequent voyages to America.

Japan is so broken up, so *accidenté* in surface and contour, that not more than fifteen per cent. of her soil lies available for cultivation, and only two-thirds of it has, as yet, been brought under the *suki* and *kurwa* of the blue-frocked Japanese farmer. That hard-working person has little or nothing to learn from Western science, cultivating his land, as he does, with not less skill than industry. Half his time is passed knee-deep in the sticky swamps of the rice-grounds; but he seems to mind this no more than the odors of the liquid manure which is so carefully hoarded and distributed by ladlefuls with rash disregard of the traveller's nose. The climate suits him a great deal better than it



Temple Grounds with Buddhist Shrine, Uyeno Park, Tokio.

does the mere resident or the tourist. Really it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the evergreen peaks of Nippon; while in winter, so great is the influence of the neighboring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiû-Shiû—which lies in the same latitude with the mouths of the Nile—sees the thermometer sometimes below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has certainly divine caprices; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, dur-

ing the chilly and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, and the summer days are golden. For this the tea-plant, the young bamboo-shoots, and the other subtropical vegetation, wait patiently underneath the snows; indeed, all the sun-loving plants of the land have lurked, like the inhabitants, to “wait till the clouds roll by.” Some of the most beautiful know how to defy the worst weather with a curious hardihood. You will see the camelias blossoming with the ice thick about their roots, and the early plum-blossoms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and delicate than the petals with which it thus mingles.

The landscape in Japan takes a double character, from her subtropical latitude,

and her Siberian vicinity. The zones and kingdoms of the North and South meet as on a border region, in the beautiful islands. You might think yourself in Mexico or India on many a July or August day, for the strong sun and the palms and bamboos. April and October, with peach, azalea, and cherry flower at one time, and peonies and chrysanthemums at the others, make one recall Italy and southern England; and then again at December, the bare deciduous trees, with dark patches of pine and laurel, bring to thought Kamchatka or Scandinavia. On the whole, though a fairly healthy climate, and excellent, apparently, for children, it must not be greatly praised. Autumn and spring are the best seasons. The June rains are followed by six sultry weeks called *dô-yô*, which prove very "muggy" and trying, and from November to March the cold is extremely bitter, and the

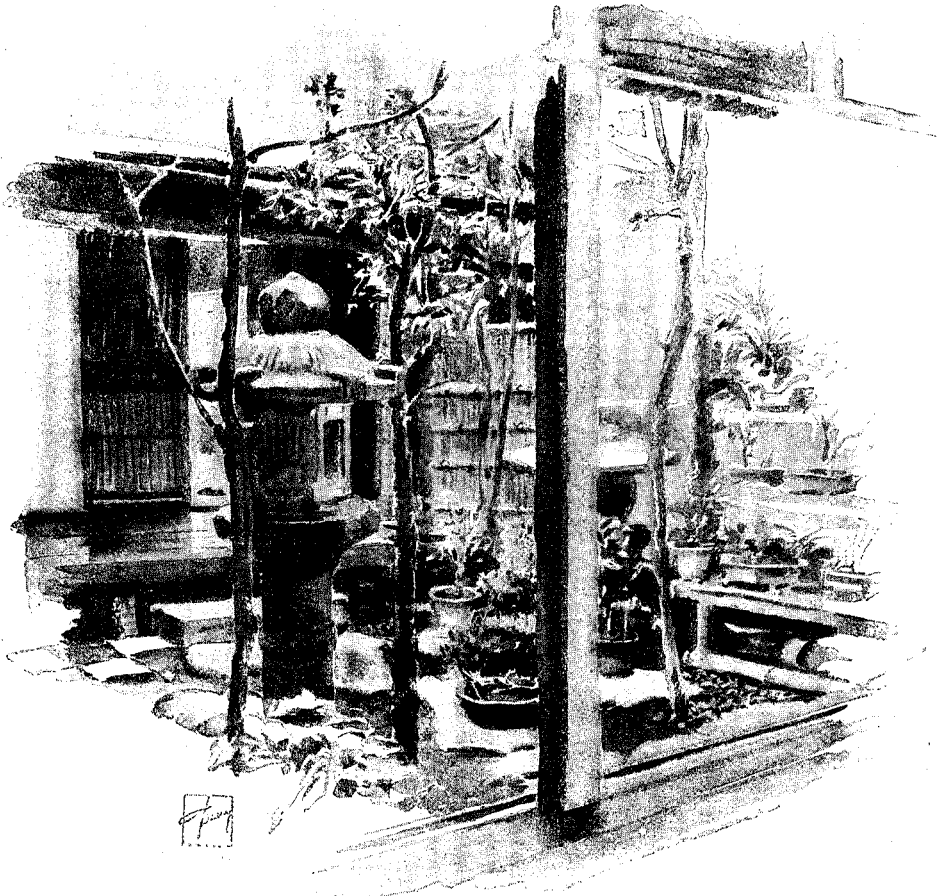
winds oftentimes savagely bleak. Tokio has 58.33 inches of yearly rainfall, as against 24.76 at Greenwich. Grass lawns, for all that, do not turn green until May. By an unhappy arrangement of nature, north winds blow steadily in the winter, and the southerly winds pretty constantly all the summer; but one must remember, while thus generalizing, that Japan is a large and long country, touching the Arctic circle at the Kuriles, and the Tropic of Cancer at the Loo-Choo group, and exhibits, accordingly, many climates.

Countries always seem to me to possess, as much as individuals, a countenance, features, lineaments, composed in some manner, more easily felt than defined, of geological, floral, botanical, zoölogical, and other local characteristics in looks and colors, so that I think I should know India, Egypt, Norway, Palestine, Italy, Greece, and America, in fact, whatever regions I may have visited, in whatever nook or corner of them I chanced to be dropped. So, after a while, one forms an ideal of the "face of Japan"—and fair and noble, and very fitted to awaken patriotic attachment is that face. The normal landscape in Japan is not grotesque, nor in the least unnatural, as some have perhaps imagined who judge it by the screens, the fans, and the lacquered boxes of its artists. This people loves to play with Nature, dwarfing her trees, twisting them into fantastic forms, filling a little clay backyard with boulders of granite or limestone; piling up miniature mountains in a bit of a garden, and creating upon them minute forests, tiny lakes, and bridges for fairies to cross. But Japan herself, and at large, is as sane and sweet of aspect as Scotland or New England; with a general *cachet* about her scenery, less of what is wild and grand than of what is reposeful, charming, and gracious. The typi-



In a Rice-field.





A Little Clay Backyard.

cal Japanese landscape along the southern shores between Kioto and Tokio is distinctly special to the country; more so than the hill regions, which remind you of many other wooded and mountainous districts, until you note the vegetation closely. Wide flats of land, either levelled by alluvial action or carefully laid out in terrace along the whole course of a valley, are seen marked off in regular squares and oblongs for rice and other moisture-loving crops. These are kept almost perpetually under water, divided by narrow banks of earth, where the cultivators can just pass in single file, and in winter present a rather dreary vista of gleaming swamps and black rice-roots. At Nagoya, in the great military manoeuvres, it was a curious spectacle to see a large body of

infantry suddenly thrown into one of these rice-valleys, to cross to the opposite hills in order to deliver an attack upon the Emperor's central batteries. For soldiers, loaded with arms and ammunition, the rice-fields themselves were impassable, and the four or five thousand men engaged spread out in long strings upon every slender bank, like a swarm of ants defiling along the lines of a chess-board. Overhanging the rice-plots are generally hills covered with groves of bamboo, fir, paulonia, and beech, with long glens running into them, which are all terraced for rice and wet crops. At the foot of the hills, or in single long streets on either side of the main road, running beneath them, gather the villages, all on the same model, except that the ridge of the

thatched roof, perhaps, will be differently fashioned in different localities. Some may be newer and cleaner than others, some large, and some very humble ; but all contain the same kind of apartments, raised about two feet from the ground, with the clean mats which no boot or shoe ever profanes ; the sliding-paper, *shoji*, and *amado*, or rain-shutters, the fire-box, the hanging picture on the wall, the pot of flowers or bunch of lilies in the bamboo stand, and a "Butsamono," a shrine of Buddha. Somewhere amid, or near, the houses rises the village temple, being in architecture merely a rather superior sort of hut, but dignified, if Shinto, by a torii, a "bird-perch" built across the paved way, or steps leading to it. This is a gateway of stone posts and a twofold lintel, the latter with up-curved ends, after the Chinese fashion. If it be a Shinto fane, white paper—cut in connected squares, and intended to signify and to replace offerings of cloth—will dangle and flutter from the curved stone beams. Round about the shrine—which will have no image if it be *Miya*, i.e., Shinto, but will disclose a gilded Buddha or one of the Buddhisats if it be a *tera*, a Buddhist holy place—is usually seen a dense and shadowy grove of trees—bamboos, cryptomerias, black and red pines—*sawara*, *hi*, and *maki*—with the *avogiri*, from which are manufactured the wooden patterns of the Japanese. The old idea was thereby to supply timber to repair or rebuild the temples ; but as the trees grow older they become sacred and are girdled with a band of straw rope to denote this. Shinto, which is not Confucianism, can hardly be called a religion, since it has no doctrines, no scriptures, no moral code ; originally it was a worship of the Powers of Nature, and of ancestors as gods. Ama-Terasu, Goddess of the Sun, bequeathed to the first and to all succeeding Mikados a mirror, a sword, and a jewel, which used to be guarded by a virgin daughter of the ruling emperor in the great shrine at Ise. Buddhism, entering Japan six centuries after Christ, put Shinto aside, or greatly modified it, down to A.D. 1700. The Buddhist priests assimilated the Shinto gods, and their religion became, as it is, indeed, now,

that of the people at large during all this long period. Then Iyeyasu, the great Shogun, first printed the Confucian classics, and the principles of the arch Opportunist of China then mingled with the already much mixed Ryōbu-Shinto to contribute the state of things, social and civil, which was subverted, at least politically, in 1868. Then everything was commanded to go back to "pure Shinto," and to the ancient system of the Sun Goddess, but only the civil side of this revolution has ever really triumphed. Buddhism, in a diluted degree, is more than ever the religion of the nation ; but it is difficult to describe how lightly the Japanese take the spiritual side of life. They are an extremely undevotional people, without being on that account irreligious. They blend every *Ennichi* or *Matsuri*, that is to say, their "Saints' days," with a fair or festival ; and "divine service" consists with them of very little more than pulling the rope of the gong at the temple entrance, clapping the palms, repeating a whispered prayer with bowed head, and then throwing a copper coin on the matted floor or into the offering-box. It is, however, very proper to wash the hands before doing all this in a stone cistern near the gate, and serious people often purchase from the priests slips of paper inscribed with the name of a god, or with the formula *Nama Amida Butsu*, and hang these sacred treasures up at the doors of their houses to keep away robbers and fire ; or else put them before the family shrine along with the little brass lamp and the stick of Senko.

The typical Shinto temple, with its emblems, is well described by Mr. Satow. All that is visible to the eye of the worshipper is a bundle of paper cuttings attached to an upright wand, or a mirror in the centre or back of an open chamber. But behind the grating in the rear is a sanctum, within which not even the chief priest may intrude, except on rare occasions, where the emblem of the god is kept enshrined, box within box, and enveloped in innumerable wrappings of silk and brocade. Tradition alone informs people in each case what this emblem, or *mi-tama-shiro* (representation of the august spirit) is. Sometimes



A Japanese Girl.

The little girlish steps of a musumē tripping down the street on her wooden clogs.—Page 664.

it will be a mirror, or a sword, a curious stone, or even a shoe, the mirror being characteristic of the female, the sword of male deities.

Along the southern shores orange and lemon trees will be seen upon the sunny uplands, and everywhere, indeed, this blending of subtropical with temperate and frigid vegetation characterizes the changeful and charming face of Japan. Barley and rice, bamboo and pines, wild weeds of England with thickets of Corsica or California are found growing side by side. Dr. Rein has specially named this Japanese region "the kingdom of magnolias, camellias, and arabias," but it is a real paradise of botanists for variety. Japan counts, in forest trees alone, 165 species and 66 genera, against 85 species and 33 genera of the continent of Europe; and it is a curious fact that eastern America and Japan possess no less than 65 genera in common.

Well does Japan deserve these forest

long as it may in its own fashion. The bright and glossy pine-planks, of which the houses in every town and village are constructed, soon change color, of course, under the sun and rain, into the subdued gray of weather-worn fir stuff; but the general hue is still sober and pleasing with the contrast of the black and white tiles, the white *shoji*, the dark polished platforms, and spotless mats. In the interior of the house the Japanese citizen revels in the variety and tints of the timbers furnished by his forests. He will have a natural cherry-tree trunk in the middle of his principal apartment, and pine-stems, merely stripped of their bark, at the corners of each room; while the ceiling will perhaps be composed of broad planks, selected for their beauty, of cryptomeria. A curious taste, however, prevails for beams and boards of worm-eaten wood. Your Japanese builder or householder loves the strange pattern into which the *Teredo*

*Navalis* or the Dabbling insect will drill a pile or a trunk. He saws and planes these just enough to show the fantastic filigree of those strange creatures, and then proudly puts them up as gate-posts or bressumers. He will cut a partly hollow tree into many planks, and glory in the quaint patterns which he obtains by laying these side by



Another View of Sir Edwin Arnold's House.

riches. She knows how to value the beautiful variety in the grain of her timbers, and to produce with them, in house-building, cabinet work and joinery, all manner of delightful effects. Nowhere will you see in this country the abomination of wood grained by the painter in imitation of something which it is not. It is rare even to observe paint anywhere placed upon wood at all; even the junks and sampans are unpainted and unpitched. A Japanese carpenter and shipwright takes care to have his wood well seasoned, and then leaves it, naked and natural, to last as

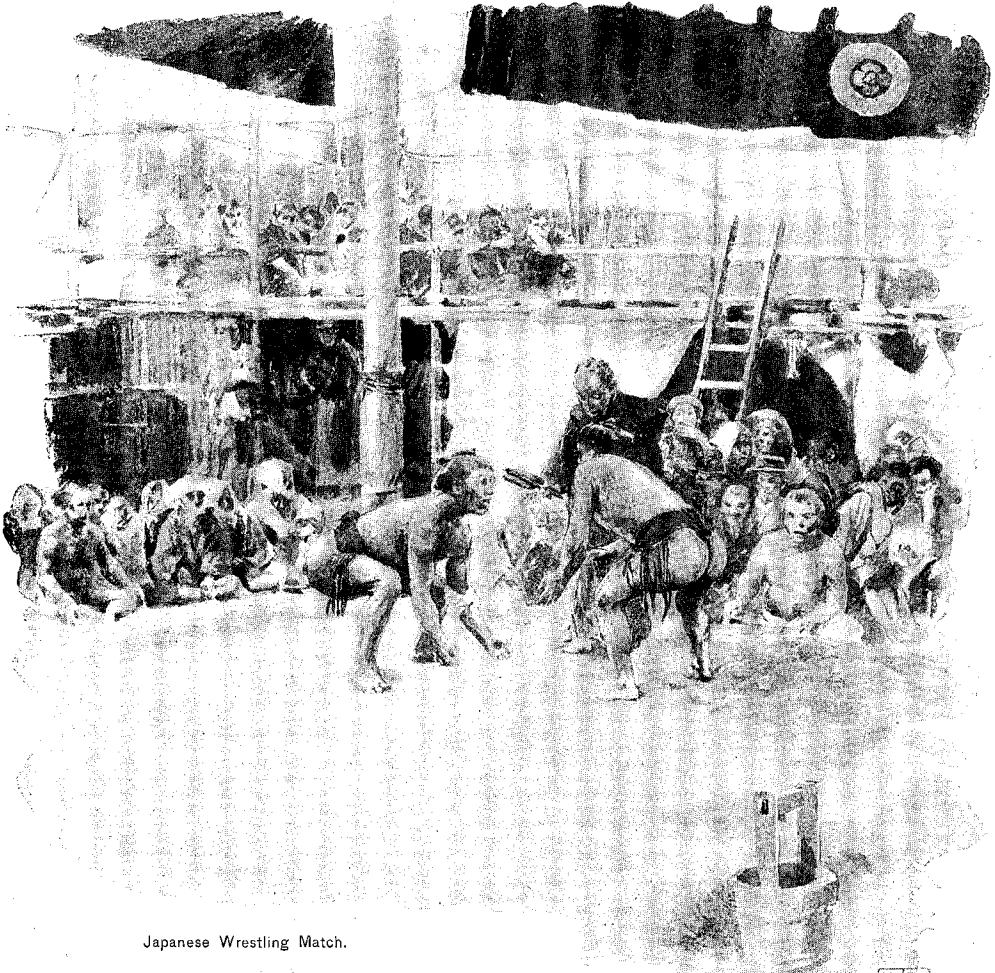
side together along the front of his abode. He knows how to get from cross-sections and slices of bark and root all kinds of new lines and colors; and there are towns and villages in and about the hills, like Yumoto and Miyanoshta, where scores of shops sell nothing but slabs of carefully sawn timber, and where hundreds of ingenious articles are turned or fashioned from every tree and root and bark that can be found in the forest.

Special in their love and use of wood the Japanese are also as peculiar and as much apart from the West in their regard for, and their dealings with, flowers.



But by "flowers" they mean less and more than we. They include all handsome and ornamental leaves, stems,

Those who would understand to what a pitch Japanese fancy has raised this art of flower arrangement should study

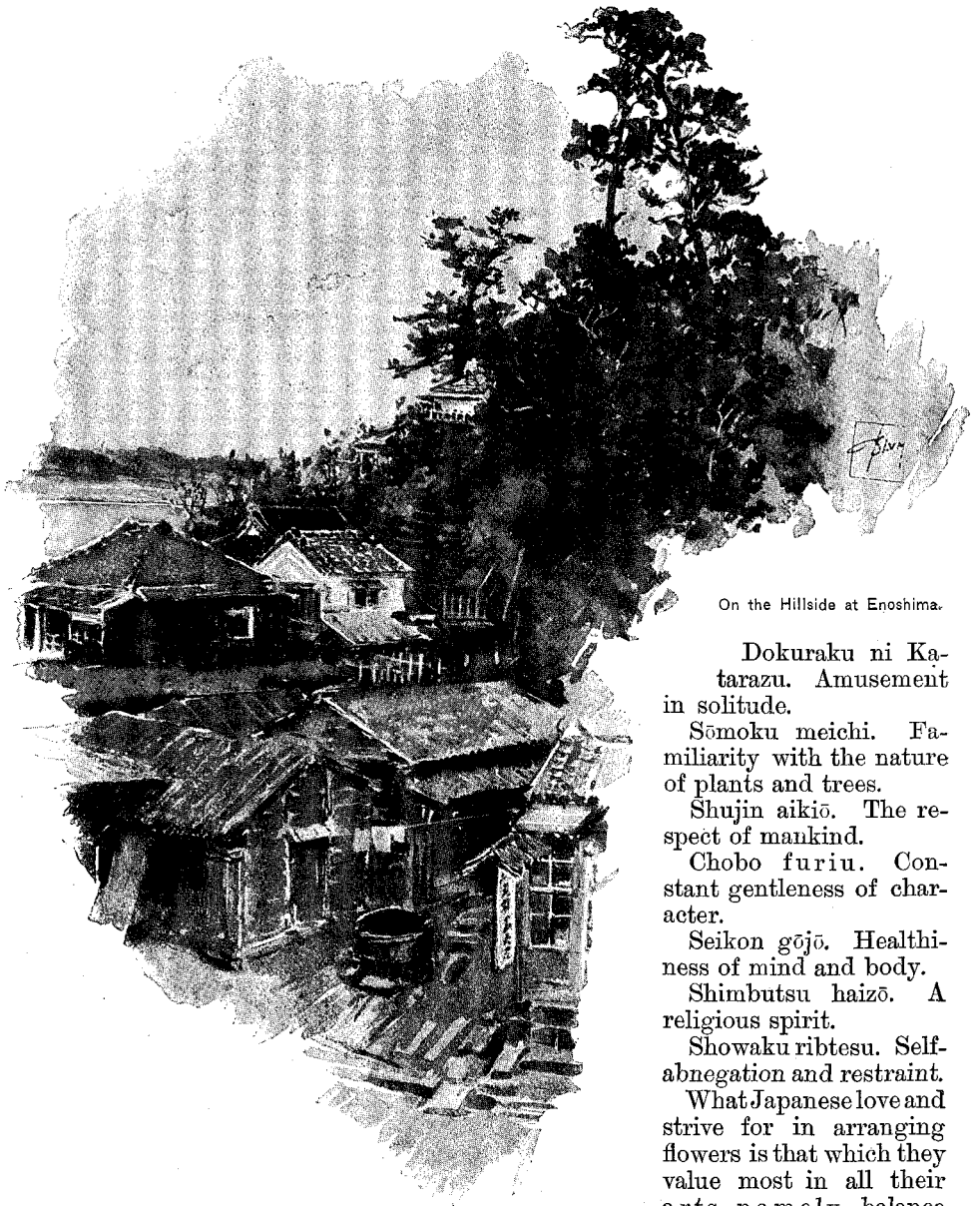


Japanese Wrestling Match.

branches, and even stumps and roots. The blossom is for them, though they love color, rather a detail than the central point, and a great spray of pine, of cedar, or of maple ranks above most of mere blooms. There is an aristocracy of flowers with them very severely defined. The seven princely or primary flowers are the *Kiku*, or chrysanthemum; the narcissus, or *Suisen*; the maple, or *Momiji*; the cherry, or *Sakura*; the peony, or *Botan*; the wisteria, or *Fuji*, and the evergreen rhododendron, or *Omoto*. The iris is also of princely dignity, but must not be employed at weddings because of its purple color.

a most erudite article published in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" upon this fascinating subject. Without the aid of this, your Japanese gardener would, indeed, make you understand in a very little time, by the daily floral adornments which he constructs, how little you, as an European or American, know upon the topic, and what scientific ideas ought to govern it. But we must go to Mr. Conder to get a

just notion of true principles in floral decoration. Those who well understand Muitannen. A serene disposition and forgetfulness of care.



On the Hillside at Enoshima.

Dokuraku ni Katarazu. Amusement in solitude.

Somoku meichi. Familiarity with the nature of plants and trees.

Shujin aikiō. The respect of mankind.

Chobo furui. Constant gentleness of character.

Seikon gōjō. Healthiness of mind and body.

Shimbutsu haizō. A religious spirit.

Showaku ribtesu. Self-abnegation and restraint.

What Japanese love and strive for in arranging flowers is that which they value most in all their arts, namely, balance and beauty of line. The

charm of their dancing—of which I shall hope to speak more at length later on—springs from the same “language of line,” and he who does not know and feel the subtle secrets of this will vainly seek to derive from Japanese art of any kind the exquisite pleasure it can impart to the

them are declared to possess, by simple force of such superior knowledge, the subjoined ten virtues:

Koishikko. The privilege of associating with superiors.

Sējijō jōkō. Ease and dignity before men of rank.

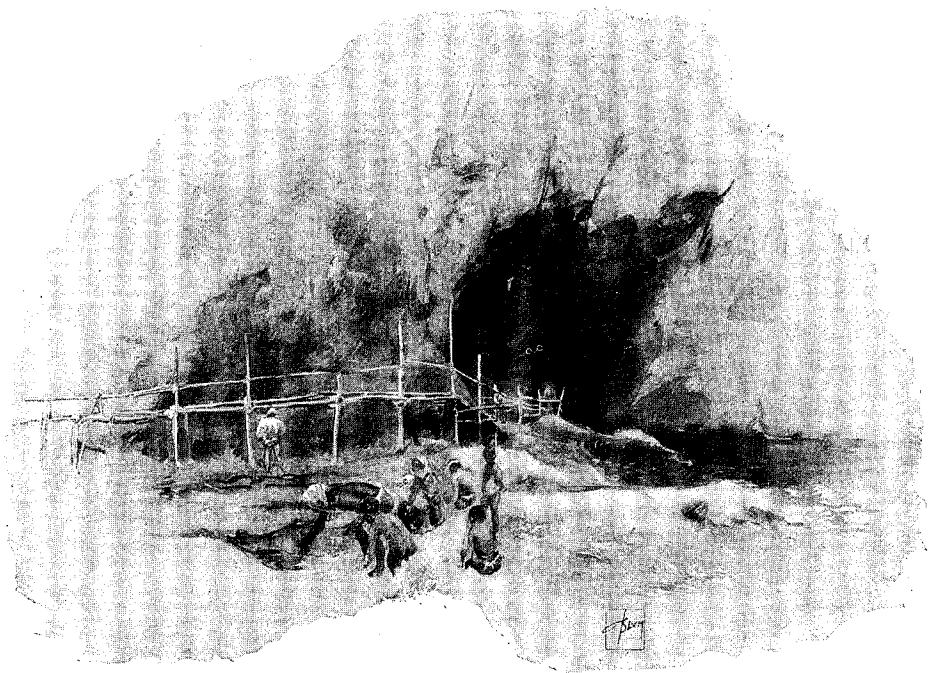
charm of their dancing—of which I shall hope to speak more at length later on—springs from the same “language of line,” and he who does not know and feel the subtle secrets of this will vainly seek to derive from Japanese art of any kind the exquisite pleasure it can impart to the



eye. Your European florist—who masses together his roses, and gardenias, his maiden-hair ferns and calla-lilies, surrounding them with a dish of green, and an outer overcoat of lace paper—appears to the Japanese lover of flowers lower than a barbarian. He has lost—to the Japanese mind—the chief charms of flowers and leaves, which consist in their form of growth, their harmonious asymmetry, and their natural relations. Every school of flower arrangement in Japan would scorn his rural bow-pot or guinea bouquet, and teach him far nobler thoughts. Each school possesses its own secret traditions, called *Hiden*, only imparted to the very proficient. The most popular of modern floral schools

keeping in mind the particular season, in the proper use of buds, open flowers, withered leaves, dew, etc.

What the floral artist in Japan most contemns and avoids is tame duplicated symmetry. Nature will have none of it, nor he, her scholar. If, as in her butterflies and double leaves, she must be equilibrated, she redeems it with gorgeous color or by a varied back or edge to the leaf. But you may balance asymmetry, which the Japanese flower-lover effects by a scientific disposition of his stems and leave-masses. It is not possible to give here the elaborate nomenclature of his *shins* and *sôs*. He has names for all important parts in the display of his flower-vase: For a triple



Benten Cave, Enoshima.

is the *Enshin*, founded by Kobori Totomi no Kami, a servant of the great Shogun Tyemasu. This school observes three chief rules: The first, called *Kioku*, is the art of giving feeling and expression to compositions; the second, called *Shitsu*, is the art of conveying the particular nature of the growth, and the third, called *Ji*, refers to the principle of

arrangement the terms of *Chichi* (Father), *Haha* (Mother), *Ten* (Heaven) are used. For the quintuple form, *Chiuwō* (Centre), *Kita* (North), *Minami* (South), *Higashi* (East), *Nishi* (West), also *Tsuchi* (Earth), *Hi* (Fire), *Mizu* (Water), *Kane* (Metal), *Ki* (Wood), also *Ki-iro* (Yellow), *Aka* (Red), *Kuro* (Black), *Shiro* (White), *Ao* (Blue), are all employed. There

must by no means occur "nagashi," or long streaming sprays, on both sides of the grouping. Certain defects in the

The lowly craftsman in forwarding his tribute made the humble request that so unworthy an object should be em-



Fuji San. From Gotemba.

cross-cutting of branches or stalks must be heedfully guarded against; "window-making," when these intersect so as to suggest loop-holes; "lattice-making," when they cross to give the idea of trellis-work. Parallelism is held detestable; it must be presented from no point of sight; and albeit the flower-structure is intended to be studied and enjoyed where it stands upon the *tokuno-ma*, or "place of honor," from a front view, still the composition must endure to be regarded with artistic satisfaction from right or left. The vessels or stands to receive the flowers obey, in their shape and material, certain well-fixed rules. Many are very splendid pieces of bronze, carved wood, or porcelain, but this is not imperative. The illustrious Yoshimasa, an ancient and accomplished patron of this refined art, preferred wicker-baskets, after Hakoji, a Chinese weaver, had offered him one.

bellished by an ornamental stand when placed before the Regent. Yoshimasa, it is said, was so pleased with its simple elegance that he ordered it to be placed immediately upon the polished dais without any stand or tray. Hence the custom of dispensing with the stand or tray used under similar flower vessels. Hakoji returned to his mountain cottage and continued his occupation of basket-making with the assistance of his daughter Reshojō, who herself originated a basket of somewhat different shape. Hence the two kinds of flower *Kago*, the one-called *Hakoji gata*, and the other *Reshojō gata*. Quite as popular-favored a receptacle as any is the simple bamboo stick, cut into flower-holders, and not less than forty-two methods are solemnly named for notching and shaping the cane. They begin with the *Shishi guchi gata*, or "Lion's-mouth shape," and there is the "travelling pillow," the



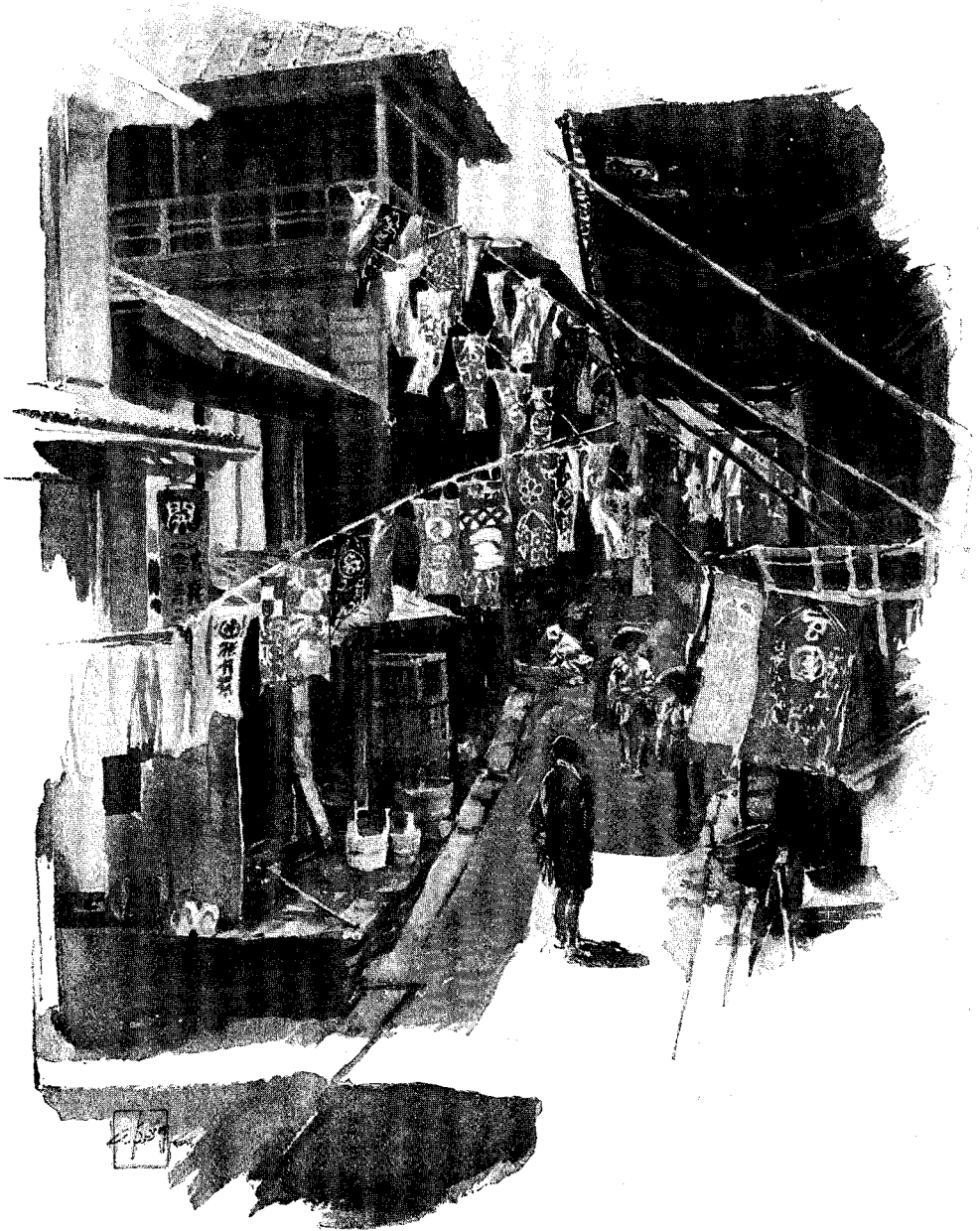
"singing mouth," the "shark's jaw," the "oar-blade," the "lantern," the "climbing monkey," the "five storeys," the "icicle," the "bird-cage," the "flute," the "bridge," the "stork's neck," the "bell," the "top," the "cap," the "conch shell," the *bento*, or "dinner box," and, lastly, the *taki-robori-ryo gata*, or "cascade-climbing-dragon's form." The astonishing fertility in invention of the Japanese carpenter moulds the natural bamboo-cane into all these shapes for flower and branch holders. It is customary to suspend behind them a tablet of wood, lacquered black and inscribed with a poem in golden

letters. Sometimes the bamboo is cut into fantastic forms of boats and rafts and junks. Flowers and branchlets are disposed in these with symbolical meanings and in strict accordance with natural propriety. Mr. Conder says: "In all compositions, single or combined, the special nature and character of the different materials employed are carefully kept in mind, and anything at all suggestive of the inappropriate most scru-



Head of the Street, Enoshima, Showing the Entrance to the Temple Grounds.

pulously avoided. An important distinction is made between trees and plants, and another distinction is made between land and water plants. The locality of production, whether mountain, moor, or river, considerably influences the arrangements in composition. Each flower has its proper season or month, and many flowers, which continue throughout sev-



A Street Scene, Enoshima.

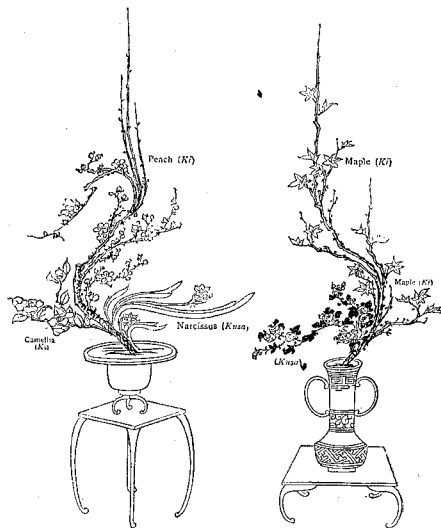
"Strung across the street are little banners that different societies and clubs give to the inn-keepers on passing through the town. Every *matsuri* brings them out by the hundreds. The two men coming down the street are pilgrims belonging to some such society or club, tramping to certain places, visiting the temples, etc., and carrying a square piece of matting slung loosely from their shoulders. They are dressed in rough white garments that sometimes are quite spotted with the red seal imprints from different temples."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

eral seasons, have special characteristics peculiar to the different seasons. Such different characteristics are carefully observed and followed in the artificial arrangements, subject, of course, to the general rules of art." And again: "In combining several species in one composition it is laid down as an important law that the branches of a tree, technically called *Ki*, should never be 'supported' on both sides by a plant, technically called *Kusa*, nor should *kusa* be 'supported' on both sides by *Ki*. In case of a treble arrangement two *Ki* may be combined with one *Kusa*, but the *Kusa* must not be in the centre of the composition. As an example of defective arrangement may be taken a composition with an iris (*Kusa*) in the centre and branches of azaleas and camellia (*Ki*), on either side. A correct composition would be that of the pine (*Ki*), plum (*Ki*) and bamboo (*Kusa*), with the pine in the centre and the plum and bamboo on either side. The plum might equally well be placed in the centre, and the pine and bamboo on either side." Thoroughly to comprehend this intricate and dainty art one must either observe the daily practice of the Japanese flower-composer, who is a veritable poet of the *parterre*, or study the plates which enrich Mr. Conder's most admirable article. Here is one illustrating the last-mentioned rule and giving an idea of the *Shin-Gio-So* style.

For these consummate flower-artists there are sexes, as has been said, in flowers and foliage, apart from botanical science. The front of leaves is male, the back female; buds and over-blown blossoms are feminine, full blooms are masculine. These must be fitly wedded, having regard to the dignity of rank and color, for the colors have also respective rank and sex. The idea of respective rank is applied principally to colored flowers of the same species. In most cases the white flower of every species takes highest rank, but there are exceptions to this. Among chrysanthemums the yellow kind ranks first; of peach blossoms, the pale pink; of the *Yamabuki* (*Kerria Japonica*), yellow (although a white species exists); of the iris, purple; of the camellia, red; of the wisteria, pale purple in preference

to white; of the tree peony, red; of the *Kikiyo* (*Platycodon Grandiflora*), light purple; of the *Shakuyaku* (*Peonia Albiflora*), light red; of the convolvulus, dark blue; and of the cherry blossom, pale pink, take, respectively, first rank.

Among colors, red, purple, pink, and variegated colors are male; and blue, yellow, and white are female. Colors which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers. Among leaf colors a rich deep green ranks first. Common flowers, *Zokwa*, must not be employed; nor cereals, *Gokoku*; nor poisonous plants, nor those with a very strong odor, and there is a long list of blossoms utterly prohibited for felicitous occasions—a kind of gardener's "Index Expurgatorius"—upon which figure many a favorite flower of the West, such as aster, dianthus, azalea, daphne, poppy, magnolia, orchids, gentian, rhododendron, ipomœa, smilax, thyma, and hydrangea. Herein, it must be confessed, our Japanese masters seem rather arbitrary; but they adduce grave reasons for the ostracism of these



Proper Combination of Species.

and forty or fifty other denizens of the garden. In the *Koureino-hana*, or wedding decorations, red is regarded as male, and white as female. Hence, in the case of a *Muko* (a son-in-law adopted by marriage into the family of the bride), the bridegroom is virtually regarded as



the guest of the occasion, and therefore the *Shin* or central line of the floral design must be of the male color—red; while the *Soye*, or supporting line, is of the female color—white. On the other hand, when a *Yome*, or bride, is adopted into the family of her husband the female color—white, has the central position in the arrangement. In both cases the stems of the flowers used must be firmly connected at the base to signify union, and bound with colored ribbon, called *Mizuhiki*. Purple flowers are prohibited for weddings, as also willow branches and other drooping plants. Hanging vases (*Tsuru no mono*) are also to be avoided.

Each household in Japan has generally two shrines—one to the *Kami*, or household gods of the old Shinto cult, and the other to the *Hotoke*, or spirits of deceased relatives, which is Buddhist. For arrangements of flowers before the *Kami* a full and powerful composition is required. All ugly flowers, those of strong odor, or those having thorns, are prohibited. A special branch, called *Kao muke no eda*, or facing branch, must be used behind the *Shin* or central line; and before a Buddhist shrine a full and crowded composition must be employed and the *Tamuke no eda* introduced.

It is part of this delicate art to prescribe the way in which the lovely arrangements should be admired and praised. Seriously impolite would it be to look at the flowers with a fan in the hand, or to peer behind the branches of the composition; and you must express delight softly, as befits the gentle company of the blossoms, and with appropriate epithets. Be pleased to call white flowers, *Kiasha*, "elegant;" blue flowers, *migoto*, "fine;" red are *utsukushii*; yellow, *Kekko*, i.e., "charming" and "splendid;" and purple blossoms may justly be styled *Kusumu*, "modest." It is a great compliment when a guest, who is known to be more or less an adept in the beautiful science, finds himself invited by the host to make an extemporary arrangement of flowers and sprays. The master of the house provides the vase, the water, the tray of cut blooms and branchlets, the scissors, knife, hempen cloth, and little saw; altogether called *Hana Kubari*. Should the host

produce a very rare and valuable vessel for the flower arrangement, it is polite for the guest invited to make the floral arrangement to show diffidence, declining to use so precious an article on the plea of want of sufficient skill. If pressed, however, he must attempt a simple and unassuming composition. When the arrangement is completed the host and any other visitors present, who have meanwhile remained in the adjoining room, approach in turn the *Toko no ma*, salute and inspect in the manner previously described. The scissors are left near to the flower arrangement as a silent and modest request to correct faults. The designer turns to the host, apologizes for the imperfections, and begs that the whole may be removed; the host refuses, saying that the result is everything that could be desired. At such flower-gatherings it is particularly recommended that visitors should not attempt bold and ambitious designs. Below is a result such as a modest connoisseur on such an occasion would produce with pine, plum-sprays, and the bamboo-holder. Finally, I borrow from Mr. Conder's invaluable pages the simplest example he gives of the right and wrong way of arranging an iris-root [p. 679]. If I have allowed this fascinating topic to lead me into a long digression, it is that the

Anglo-Saxon world may modestly learn its utter and hopeless ignorance of the proper use and disposition of flowers for festal and æsthetic occasions. We crowd our blooms and sprays together until they are like the faces of people in the pit of a theatre; each lost in the press; a mass, a medley, a tumultuary throng. The Japanese treats each gracious beauty or splendor of the gar-

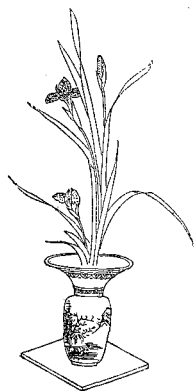
den or of the pool as an individual to be honored, studied, and separately enjoyed. Each suggests, and shall provide for his eyes a special luxury of line, suf-



Arrangement of Pine Branch (*Matsu*) and Plum Branch (*Ume*), in Vase of Natural Bamboo (*Shō-chiku-bai*).



ficing even with one branch, one color, one species, to glorify his apartment and make the heart glad with the wisdom and the grace of nature. An arrangement with one



Defective Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

leaf is attributed to the famous artist and philosopher, Rikiu, who on a certain occasion having observed a fence covered with convolvuli, gathered one flower and one leaf, honorably grouping them in a vase. On being asked why he adopted so humble a design, he replied that as it was impossible to rival nature in its magic of design, our artificial arrange-

ments should be as simple and modest as possible; even one leaf and one flower were sufficient, he said, to call for admiration. The forests and gardens of Japan have beguiled me into this *discursus* about her flowers. But besides her green mountains, her rice-flats, and her foothills, she displays every variety of landscapes, many of them of marvellous beauty and picturesqueness though not often grand and imposing. Among the scenes which will linger in the memory of every wanderer in southern Japan must first, I think, be mentioned Nikko, with the great "hills of the Sun" scattered round about in a country full of lovely water-falls, running streams, and bright Asiatic moorlands. The dark groves of ilex and pine, shutting in there the splendid temples, brilliant with scarlet and gold and black lacquer, and the proud tombs of ancient Shoguns, might furnish an artist with subjects for many a noble canvas. The road thither from Utsunemiya, which few will now traverse, because a railway has been completed thence, has the most majestic avenue of giant trees to be seen perhaps in all the world. They are cryptomerias, and rise to an average height of one hundred feet, with immense trunks, and dense, glossy foliage, furnishing for leagues and leagues along the narrow,

shaded road a stately gallery of rugged stems and towering crests, along which the traveller proceeds in a dim green light, as delicious as it is solemn, reminding him of a vast cathedral lighted only by windows of one cool, quiet, sombre color. Then Kamakura, with the great bronze statue of the Buddha—Dai butsu—rising colossal over the bamboos, oak-trees, and magnolia bushes of the sea-bay which rolls in by Misaki point. The verdant hills here, full of caves and cherry orchards and temples, and the fertile plains which were once covered with cities and castles, and are now back again in the charge of Nature, offer a lovely combination of Japanese wood and wold, animated by the placid, picturesque country life of the people. There are mountain-hollows and long hill-ranges near Nagoya, which, when I saw them, at the military manœuvres, covered with the lilac blossoms and wild azaleas, seemed as lovely as the world could show; and again between Kodzu and Gotemba, on the Kiyoto-Tokio line of railway, there lies a stretch of Tyrol-like highlands, with rushing streams and rocky precipices, the beauty of which must linger in the mind of the most travelled. Yet there are three scenes of all the many familiar in Japan which will always come first, I think, to my memory. One is Enoshima, the next my own delightful little garden at Azabu, in the heart of the green and busy capital of Tokio, and the third the peerless mountain Fuji San, with all that district from which rises her stately sacred peak.

The island, or rather the peninsula, of beautiful Enoshima somewhat resembles Mount St. Michael on the Cornish coast. It is the same abrupt and isolated crag, wooded and crowned with buildings, and separated from the mainland in the same manner by a causeway of sand, which is only at very high tides covered by the sea. But Enoshima, besides being intensely Japanese in



Altered and Correct Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

character, vegetation, and surroundings, looks, on both sides, upon a lovely shore, a veritable *concha d' oro*, stretching eastward along the coast of Kamakura and Misaki, and westward round the splendid sweep of Tzu. There, from the Twamori tea-house is a charming though distant view of the Lady of Mountains—Fuji San—and many a delightful hour I have passed sitting on the mats of the “Inn of the Grove of the Rock”—learning to talk Japanese, and to admire, as they deserve, the great peak of Oyama and Fuji, the queen of all eminences. The sandy neck, by which you cross from the rice-fields to the island, is always lively with groups of fishermen and market-people, with boats coming and going, and seine nets being drawn, with merry choruses, to the flats. Entering the rocky islet under a stone torii, you walk up a steep, picturesque street—one of the oddest in the world—lined on each side with shops where fresh fish is cooked, and others where they sell all sorts of articles made of coral, sea-shells, and various products of the ocean. Here you may buy, very cheaply, the lovely and wonderful *hyalo-nema*, the rarest of sponges, with huge crabs, measuring twelve feet between the nippers; and you may dine, on the white mats, from such a collection of fish as would stock a museum. The *awabi* is specially taken here in great quantities, better known as the *haliotis*, or “Venus-Ear” shell. A strip of the membrane of this is put into the folded, colored paper—*noshi*—which accompanies all Japanese gifts, the mollusk in question being a symbol of long life and prosperity, and also representing the fish which used to accompany every formal present. When you have dined, you will wander by many slopes and steps, to the temple of the goddess Benten—for at the back of the island is a cave, formerly inhabited by dragons, who devoured the little children of the neighboring coast. But, if legends are true, there appeared in a storm one night, two thousand years ago, a beautiful lady of divine form, who brought the island along with her, and, setting it up in its place, drove away the dragons and established her own worship on the fair rock, as

Goddess of Beauty and of Mercy. If you should hesitate to believe the tradition, close at hand, in the cemetery of Koshigoye village, stands the tomb of the rich man who lost all his sixteen children by the dragons. No less than three times Benten has been seen, riding on the dreadful creatures which she subdued for the sake of her Japanese people. On one occasion she was heard to say, “All the world is mine, and shall belong to beauty and love! All its beings are my offspring! Now it is an evil place, but I will make all dwell securely and happily in it.” It is related that one of the ancestors of the Hōjō family, Tokimasa, came to Enoshima to pray for his posterity. After three weeks of prayer the goddess Benten appeared to him, and told him that his merits were remembered by her. Promising a blessing, she vanished into the sea, riding upon a dragon. Tokimasa found on the ground three scales of the dragon-goddess, and, picking them up, arranged them in the form of a crest, which trefoil of dragon-scales became the badge of the Hōjō family. Benten is usually pictured with a dragon near her. Her aspect is always mild and motherly. She wears a tiara containing a torii. The spot where the dragons dwelt is at the back of Enoshima. Descending steep steps you reach the lower shore, and walk forward and round to the left to a cave. In the cave, which may be entered without danger at low water, is a shrine with the usual images, lights, white paper, etc. The true and original shrine of Benten was formerly kept here, and on a certain day in the year priests and worshippers, in a great procession, resort to the cave to remove the deity, air it, and return it with ceremonies. The long passage in the rock is said to have been made in digging for gold. According to tradition the cave was anciently the dwelling-place of two white dragons. What were these fabled dragons? Not large snakes, for the land never produced them; nor sharks, for they do not haunt these waters. At any rate, well is the gracious and kindly Benten throned and adored on shining Enoshima. If you had seen no more of Japan and her gentle people than that

one islet, you must like the land and think always of it with attachment and gratitude.

If I name my garden at Azabu among the scenes ever to be remembered in Japan, it is because it was typical of a city residence there, as well as being really a pretty spot, and full of "things Japanese." On pp. 663 and 670 are pictures of the native house which stood in the garden, and which we occupied for many happy months. Provided with an outer as well as an inner range of sliding *shoji*, we could make it warm in the winter as well as cool in the summer, although the outer plass (*amado*) would certainly rattle a great deal in a stormy wind or an earthquake, this latter phenomenon occurring pretty frequently. A Japanese house is really healthy as well as comfortable. Being built not in the soil, as with us, but above it, and freely ventilated by the airiness inseparable from its construction, and being entered only with bare or stockinged feet, it is always sweet and clean. The *tatami*, the mats, of such an abode remain so free from dust or dirt that the delicate silks or muslins of their kimonos are laid upon the floor by Japanese ladies without the least fear of soiling them. Cheap to build, beautiful in appearance, spotlessly pure, and, with proper arrangements, eminently salubrious, the Japanese domicile seems to me entirely admirable, and in almost all its good qualities rich and poor share alike. The palace of the emperor and the hut of the Kurumaman are practically on the same plan, and even in the smallest tenements I have seen apartments so clean, so neat, so bright, and so charming that they might have been boudoirs for the empress instead of the back-room of a mat-maker's or a carpenter's abode.

Japanese servants are excellent, if you choose them with discretion, and treat them with the established consideration of the country. There is a universal social compact in Japan to make life pleasant by politeness. Everybody is more or less well-bred, and hates the man or woman who is *yakamashu*—noisy, uncivil, or exigent. People who lose their temper, are always in a hurry, bang doors, swear, and "swagger," find themselves out of place in a land where

the lowest coolie learns and practises an ancient courtesy, from the time when he wobbles about as a baby upon his mother's back. Therefore, to be treated well in Japan, as perhaps indeed elsewhere, you must treat everybody, including your domestics, well; and then you will enjoy the most pleasant and willing service. Your cook will doubtless cheat you a little; your jinrickishaman will now and then take too much *saké*, the musmu and the boy's wife will gossip all over the place about everything you do; and the gardener and the coachman will fight cocks in the yard when your back is turned; but if conscious of your own, you can forgive the little sins of others. You can hardly fail to become closely attached to the quiet, soft-voiced, pleasant people, who, as soon as they have learned your ways, will take real pleasure in making life agreeable to you. A present, now and then, of a kimono to the maids, of toys and sweetmeats to the children; a day's holiday now and then granted to the theatre or the wrestling match, are richly rewarded by such bright faces and unmistakable warmth of welcome on arriving, and of good speed on going, as repay you tenfold. Respectful as Japanese servants are—and they never speak except on their knees and faces—they like to be taken into the family conversation, and to sit sometimes in friendly abandon with the master and mistress, admiring dresses, pictures, or Western novelties, and listening sometimes to the samisen and koto, as children of the household.

Tokio is a vast city with a million and a quarter inhabitants, the greater part of it built on a plain, but full of hills and hollows covered with pine and bamboo. You may therefore live in the city and yet have green gardens and verdant scenery all around you, which was our happy case at Azabu. The house was planted upon a little hill, looking over crowded bazaars of wooden huts to many other like leafy hills; and in the absence of smoke, due to the cleanly charcoal *hibachi*, trees and flowers flourished, birds built their nests, and Nature might be studied almost as well there as in the woods and mountains. In the morning a colony of great black

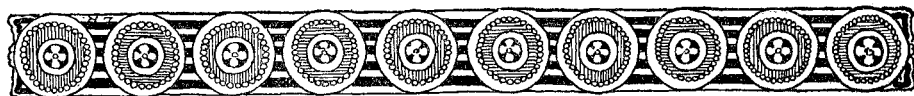
crows, and screaming kite woke us from our slumber. All day long the painted thrush, the starling, tits, chaffinches, and wagtails, the latter a most important bird in Japanese mythology, with the ubiquitous sparrows, played on the lawn or in the bamboos; at evening the storks and bitterns flew in long clamorous lines from the seashore to the hills. The art of the Japanese gardener had turned our little plot of a couple of acres into the appearance of a large and various pleasaunce, with miniature hills—from which you could see the towering snows of Fuji San—fish-ponds, rock-works, trellised arbors, and clumps of flowers and bushes, which gave us an unbroken succession of floral wealth. Scattered about the grounds were stone lamps called *Ishi dōrō*, and grotesque demons, and quaint water-cisterns in stone with Chinese inscriptions. Around these first came into bloom, defying snow and frost, the beautiful red and white and striped camellias. When these had fallen the white and pink and rose-red plum flowers filled the eye with beauty. Afterward the azaleas blazed, like burning bushes all round the lotus pond; and these were followed by a delicious outburst of pale, rose-tinted cherry-blos-

soms, making an avenue of beauty and glory all the way from the Shinto temple at our gate to the front door, where were suspended the little, indispensable, but useless fire-engine, and the bronze gong on which visitors beat with a little wooden hammer to announce their arrival. The wisteria and a second crop of camellias, and then some red and yellow roses took up the running, and the maple bushes came out resplendent with blood-red leaves; after which there were purple irises and callas flowering by the fish-pond, with orange and red lilies brighter than the gold-fish swimming in it, and the lawn became covered with a pretty little flower called the *Ne-ji-bana*, the pink buds of which, growing diagonally and reaching round to get the sunlight, twisted the stem into the shape of a corkscrew. Thus along with the sprays of the firs and loquats and ornamental shrubs, our gardener—whom we christened the “Ace of Spades,” out of “Alice through the Looking-glass,” and who wore a blue coat with white dragons upon it—was never destitute of delightful material wherewith to exercise the high art, previously described, of decorating our rooms after the great æsthetic *Enshin* fashion.



A Japanese Gardener.





## HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

*The Translation by Helen Leab Reed.*

1.

MÆCENAS, scion of Tyrrhenian rulers,  
A jar, as yet unpierced, of mellow wine  
Long waits thee here, with balm for thee made ready  
And blooming roses in thy locks to twine.

2.

No more delay, nor always look with favor  
The sloping fields of Æsula upon;  
Why gaze so long on ever marshy Tiber  
Near by the mount of murderer Telegon?

3.

Give up thy luxury—it palls upon thee—  
Thy tower that reaches yonder lofty cloud;  
Cease to admire the smoke, the wealth, the uproar,  
And all that well hath made our Rome so proud.

4.

Sometimes a change is grateful to the rich man,  
A simple meal beneath a humble roof  
Has often smoothed from care the furrowed forehead,  
Though unadorned that home with purple woof.

5.

Bright Cepheus now his long hid fire is showing,  
Now flames on high the angry lion-star,  
Now Procyon rages, and the sun revolving  
Brings back the thirsty season from afar.

6.

Seeking a cooling stream, the weary shepherd  
His languid flock leads to the shady wood  
Where rough Sylvanus reigns, yet by the brookside  
No truant breeze disturbs the solitude.

7.

Ah, who but thee is busy now with state-craft?  
Thou plannest for Rome's weal, disquieted,  
Lest warring Scythian, Bactrian, or Persian  
Should'st plunge the city into awful dread.