

were as unconscious as somnambulists. I have stalked them myself in the neighborhood of the camp, and twice became possessed of their arms, and covered them with their own rifles before they knew any person was near them. In sight of a village, or a hostile camp, or a surprised bivouac, they were well enough, but it was long before we could teach them to think, or experience could awake them to the realities of savage warfare.

Exaggerated as it may appear at first, I believe that the presence of a body of pigmies might, with a few months' more practice, be detected by the olfactory nerves alone, as easily as the pungent track of a wart-hog might be traced by the nose. They effuse a particularly sharp, acrid odor, as different from that peculiar to the ordinary negro as the smell of the latter is from that of a white man.

How many ages have elapsed since these dwarfed human beings made their homes in this vast forest of Equatorial Africa, no one can say with any approach to certainty. We know that they were there before Herodotus visited Egypt, even before Homer recited his marvel-

lous poems. We may venture to assert that they were not far off when Rameses, 1500 B.C., conquered upper Nubia—that is, thirty-five centuries ago. They might have remained buried in this gloomy region as many centuries yet, had not the railway and the press been invented. Without the former their fastnesses are unassailable, without the latter to inspire and arouse those who can construct the railway, it would be too costly and impracticable. The railway which is being laid to unite the lower with the upper Congo—and the growing flotilla of the Congo State—will enable the enterprising whites, with their following of armed men, rubber collectors, timber contractors and gum traders, agents of police and missionaries, to let light upon the trackless region. Though the pigmies are averse to light and sunshine, some will survive the great change, and in many a story of pioneering which will be written in the future, I have not the least doubt they will prove themselves to be very much like the rest of humanity, and quite as susceptible to the sentiments of love, affection, and gratitude as any of us.

## JAPONICA.

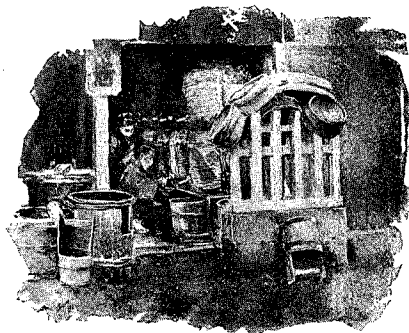
### SECOND PAPER.—JAPANESE PEOPLE.

*By Sir Edwin Arnold.*

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.

"*Sukoshi O aruki irrashai!*" "Condescend to take a little honorable walk" in Tokio. We will pass together—unknown but respected reader—from the house at Azabu, down its avenue of cherry-trees, leading to the Shinto temple opposite our gate. The sliding glass-doors of the porch are swiftly thrust back by Mano, the "boy," and O Tori San, plumpest and best-tempered of waiting-maids, both prostrating themselves on hands and knees to utter the *Sayonara* as we depart. The temple at the gate has pretty timbered grounds filled with children at play and women gossiping in the sun, their babies tied on their backs in a fold of the *Haori*.

VOL. IX.—3



"Where saké is sold."

That is where all babies live in Japan. If the mothers are busy in-doors, the

infant is strapped on the back of an older sister or brother ; sometimes, indeed, very slightly older. We shall see hundreds of children not more than five or six years of age carrying, fast asleep,

preternaturally good and contented. The doctrine of original sin really seems absolutely confuted by the admirable behavior of Japanese children ; they never seem to do any mischief ; possibly

because there is not much mischief to do. In the houses nothing of any value exists for them to break, there is nothing they will perpetually be told "not to touch." The streets, almost entirely, belong to them ; and yet, although they may do almost anything there, they never seem to do anything wrong. Observe upon how little a thing the whole character of the life of a city may depend. There is practically no horse traffic in Tokio ; a very few pony drags are to be seen, and tram-cars run in such main thoroughfares as the Ginza and the Nihon bashi, while now and then you will meet a Japanese officer riding on horseback, with a betto running at his saddle-flap, to or from the barracks. But these are exceptions ; and, consequently, the *Kuruma-men* can trot in safety round every corner, and the children disport themselves in the middle of every street without causing the slightest maternal anxiety. They are as charming to see,



Spence

"Its tiny head swinging hither and thither,"

on their small shoulders the baby of the household ; its tiny, smooth, brown head swinging hither and thither with every movement of its small nurse ; who walks, runs, sits, and jumps ; flies kites, plays hop-scotch, and fishes for frogs in the gutter, totally oblivious of that infantile charge, whether sleeping or waking. If no young brother or sister be available, the husband, the uncle, the father, or grandfather hitch on their backs the baby, who is, happily, from his birth,

these small Japanese, in their dignified wide sleeves and flowing *Kimono*, as they are gentle and demure in manners ; with beautiful feet and hands, and bead-like black eyes, which stare at you without fear or shyness. Everybody is friendly to them ; every fifth shop is full of toys and dolls, and sweet-stuff of strange device, ingredients, and color, for their delectation. Their innocent ways and merry chatter render every quarter pleasant. It must be confessed, with regard



"That is where all babies live in Japan."

to their flat little noses, that a want of pocket-handkerchiefs is distinctly observable, and that too many suffer from eczema and other of the simple skin diseases. But the fact is, Japanese mothers look upon this cutaneous eruption as rather a healthy sign for the future, and never attempt to cure it. It stops when shaving ceases, for children are shaved on the seventh day after birth, only a tuft being left on the nape of the neck. When the child goes to school they suffer its hair to grow. The infants are not weaned till they are two or three

and the swift ageing of the mother. The children have their special festivals. The third of March is the yearly holiday for all the little girls, when everybody buys for them *O hina Sama*, miniature models of everything domestic, including the entire furniture of the Japanese court; and the little maidens are dressed in the best that the household can afford, fluttering proudly about the town like butterflies or humming-birds. But, as compared with boys, girls are here at a sad discount. The great day of the boys, which falls on the fifth of May, is far more important. Then, from the door of every abode which has had boys born

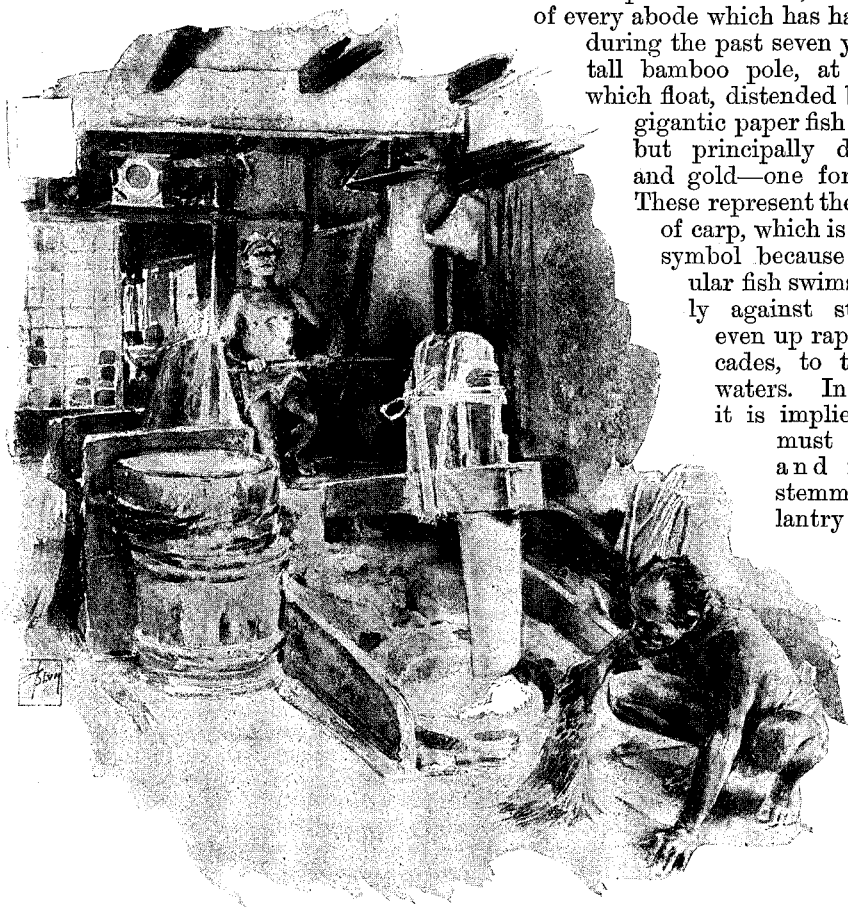
during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole, at the top of which float, distended by the wind, gigantic paper fish of all colors, but principally dark purple and gold—one for every son.

These represent the *Koë*, a kind of carp, which is chosen for a symbol because that particular fish swims very stoutly against streams, and even up rapids and cascades, to the higher waters. In like manner it is implied the boys

must be diligent and indomitable, stemming with gallantry the stream of life. A

less pleasant explanation was given me by a Japanese father. He said it

was the custom formerly, at certain feasts, to crimp the live *Koë*, and to place it, to be eaten raw, be-



"Where the proprietor, stark naked, pestles the paddy."

years old; and you will often see the small Japanese citizens leave their kites or jack-stones and run across the road to the maternal bosom. The consequences are—few children in the family;

fore the guests, the fish never moving under this cruel treatment, and only giving one last jump when the hot *wasabi* was squeezed upon his eyes. In like manner, the Japanese boy, my informant

said, was expected to endure all things patiently, and to prefer the most bitter death to loss of self-respect.

We turn the corner and traverse a bye-street full of humble shops, the

are made so cunningly and so cheaply; also the shop for wooden clogs and rope-sandals; another for lamps; another for teapots and crockery; another for rice and meal, where the proprietor, stark naked, behind a decorous screen of string, pestles the paddy with a prodigious hammer, himself

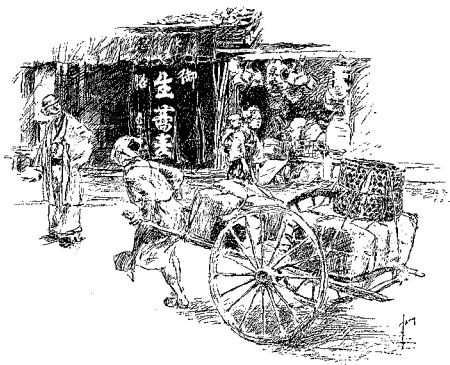
bathed in sweat. Flower-shops, tin-shops, bean-cake, and Buddha-shrine shops succeed, with, near at hand, the fish store of the neighborhood—not too sweetly savored in the hot weather—where you see gigantic cockles and enormous blue and yellow shrimps, with octopuses fresh and

dried, slabs of tunny, looking like dried wood; split and smoked salmon, sea-slugs (*iriko*) calamaries, and seaweed, along with all sorts of fresh live fish, from the ever-spread nets in the Japanese gulfs and rivers. With these are to be noticed little fish, like sardines, threaded on bamboo splinters, enormous *awabi*, and prodigious whelks, as well as tubs full of oysters taken from the shell. Fish, next to rice, is the staple article of Japanese diet; and, there is here indeed, an effect of Buddhism, which was always more indulgent to the fish-eater than to the



"Teapots and Crockery."

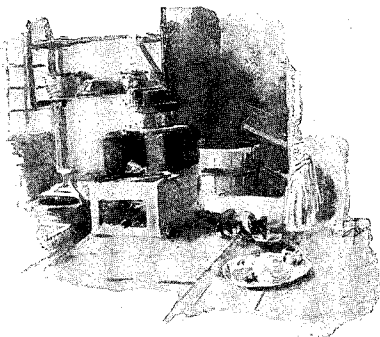
principal one being undoubtedly that where *saké* is sold. Good *saké* is excellent to drink, and imbibed hot, in the delicate, pretty porcelain cup that belongs to it, goes admirably well with Japanese cookery. This establishment is marked by the usual sign, a branch of *cryptomeria* fir, but may be instantly known by the wooden tubs of the liquor, painted gorgeously with characters and pictures, the superior qualities bearing the *hanazakari*, or "flower in full bloom." Then there is the "red carp"—the Chinese character *dai*, or the *Muso-ichi*, which means "second to none," and a great peony, which brand marks the *San tokushu*, or *Saké* of the three virtues. Next we see the joiners' shop, where they sell those boxes and bureaus, and *hibachi*, which



A Shop for Lamps.

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flesh-eater. Very little meat at all is eaten by the Japanese, and there is

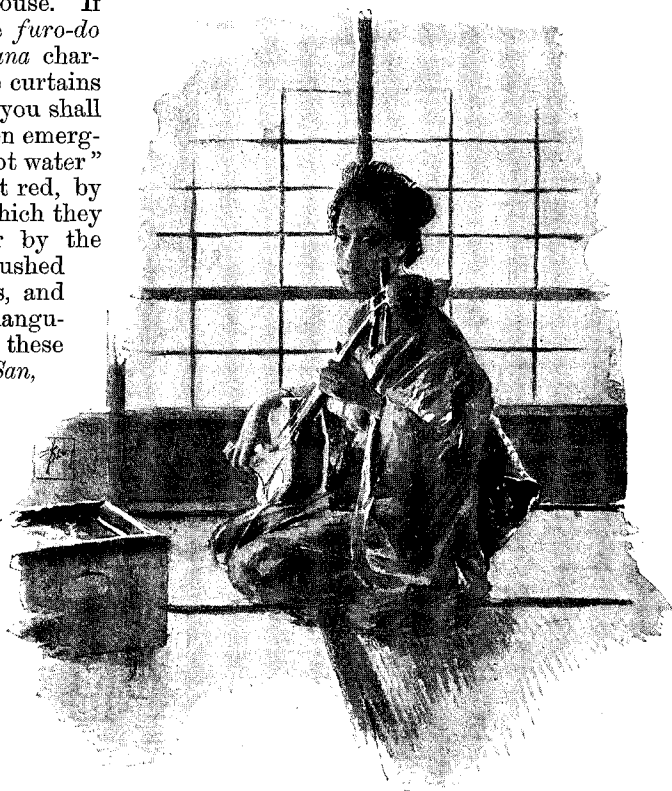


"Every good house possesses its own furo-do."

a silent, but strong public prejudice against it. You may see over an eating-house the announcement of venison for sale under the name of "Mountain Whale" (*Yama Kujira*). It is felt to be more respectable to eat it under that appellation.

Next comes the bath-house. If you do not recognize the *furo-do* by the Chinese or *hira-gana* characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you shall know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water" with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper. When these latter get home *O Kami San*, the *coiffeuse*, will come and dress their moist, black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the *mage* for married women, where the hair is drawn over a pad, in a solid shining, single boss; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, *mu-sumēs*, girls, and *geishas*, not to be achieved without much appliance of camellia-oil, gold and sil-

ver strings, and *Kanzashi*—the carved and tinselled hair-pins. Inside the bath-house are to be seen tubs, tanks, and a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a mere lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are not in the least ashamed of the body, the "city of nine gates," which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer-time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in the country villages, where the police are not particular, as sometimes they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it. He would be considered a very ill-bred person who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity at what the bath-house, or the toilet in the shop-front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses by this candor of

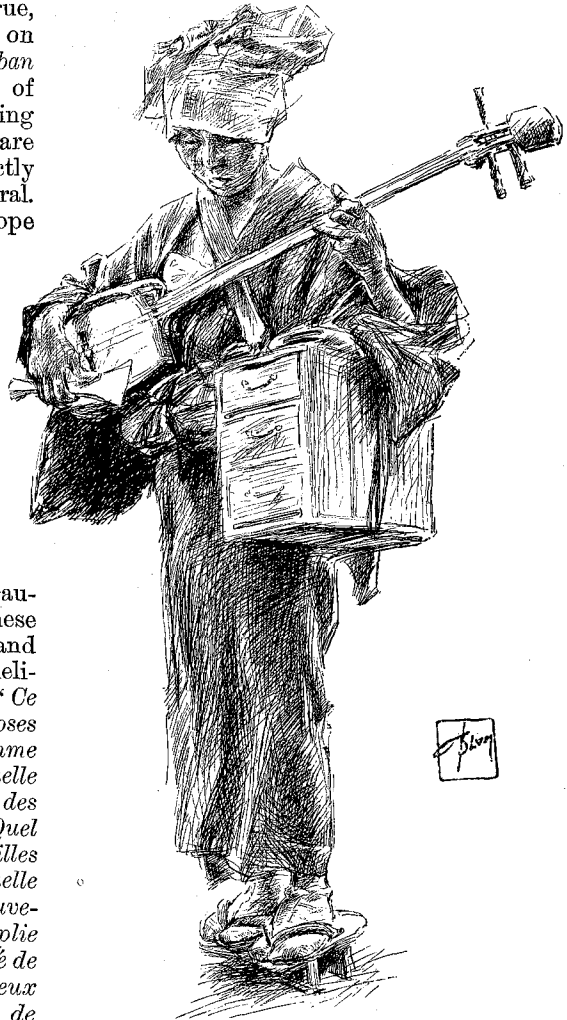


"O Tatsu San,"

Japanese manners as regards nudity; for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum. Meanwhile, mark well how the people frequent the *furo-do*; they are the greatest lovers of "the tub" in the world, and indubitably the cleanliest of all known people. A Japanese crowd has no odor whatever, and your *jin-rikisha* - man perspires profusely without the smallest offence to the nicest sense of his fare close behind. True, they wear no underlinen, and put on the same *kimono*, *fundoshi* and *juban* after the bath; but these articles of clothing are also constantly being washed. Note, too, how well-kept are all their hands and feet; how perfectly well formed they are, and how natural. The wooden *geta* and *waraji* of rope make, indeed, the sides and palms of their feet callous, and the string of velvet or grass which holds those on forces the great toe to grow apart from the others. But almost every foot, male and female, is comely to see; not like the sadly distorted extremities so often witnessed in Western men and women, the result of tight and pointed boots and shoes. Especially are the hands of Japanese women almost always good, and sometimes, absolutely charming. Theophile Gautier would have rejoiced to study these soft, symmetrical, brown little palms, and neat, close, roseate finger-tips, and delicate, supple wrists; he who wrote: "*Ce que j'adore le plus, entre toutes les choses du monde, c'est une belle main! Comme elle est d'une blancheur vivace! Quelle mollesse de peau! Comme le bout des doigts est admirablement effilé! Quel poli, et quel éclat! On dirait des feuilles intérieures d'une rose! Et puis, quelle grâce, quel art dans les moindres mouvements! Comme le petit doigt se replie gracieusement, et se tient un peu écarté de ses grandes sœurs! Je ferme mes yeux pour ne plus la voir, mais du bout de ses doigts délicats, elle me prend les cils, et m'ouvre les paupières, et fait passer devant moi mille visions d'ivoire et de neige.*"\* You would not understand one word of this exquisite French, O *Tatsu San!* or O *Hana San!* and your

\* From Mlle. de Maupin.

small hands are certainly not "vividly white," nor could they exactly recall "snow and ivory;" but fair and shapely, and full of tender lines and loveliness they are, for all that; and the artist is yet to come who shall do full justice to the flat and archless, but delightful little foot, and the brown and gloveless, but exquisite little hand, of the average Japanese woman of the middle



"Wandering Etas."

class as she emerges, dewy and blooming, from the bath-house.

There are eight or nine hundred public baths in the city of Tokio, where three hundred thousand persons bathe

daily at a charge of one *sen* three *rin* (about a cent) per head, and three *rin* (less than a farthing) for children. The poorest may therefore bathe, and always do; so that, lately, in the time of dear rice, when money was given to our poor, a tenth part was allotted to bathing-tickets. Besides the public bathing establishments every good house also possesses its own *furo-do*; and the first question of your servant on awakening you is, "*O yu ni irrashaimas ka?*" "Do you condescend into the honorable hot water?" Truly Japan does take her daily bath very hot! The people think nothing of 110° Fahr., though, it must be understood, they do not stay very long in this heated water. Most of all, they enjoy and largely patronize the innumerable hot springs welling up all over this volcanic land. Everywhere these are caught with pipes and pressed into service for pleasure or hygienic use; and as, for instance, those at Kosatsu, are so highly esteemed for all fleshly ills that the proverb runs: "Here everything can be cured except love!" Walking from Hakone to Miyanoshita on the mountains surrounding Fuji San, it was amusing to observe, at the place called *Ashi-no-yu*, where sulphur springs are caught and let into many bath-houses, how all of us together — coolies, pedestrians, chair-car-

riers, etc.—hastened to jump into the strong-smelling, but soft and refreshing, waters, and emerged with the look and feeling of men who had feasted satisfactorily, albeit with the odor of a box of bad lucifer matches.

Nearly opposite the bath-house, behind the flower-shop full of lotuses and lilies, and between a tea-garden and a bamboo grove, you see the graveyard of our quarter. It is crowded with four-sided, upright headstones, some bearing the figure of *Jizo Sama*, with a glory round his head and a bell in his left

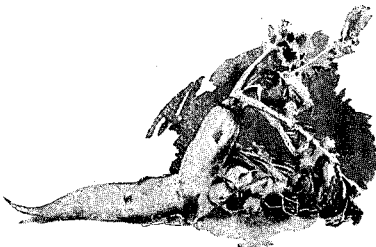
hand. He is the genius of travelers, including those who make the great journey. The graves are near together, because, for the most part, only the ashes of deceased persons have been here interred, and these naturally pack close. The inscriptions on the stones will not give the dead man's or woman's name, but only the *Kaimiō*, or posthumous title conferred by the priests after demise. These are very often highly fanciful and poetical. But it would be strange to Western ideas to come to look on the tomb of one beloved, and to find engraved, instead of the old, familiar appellation, that of "here lies," "the purple-cloud-and-heavenly-music-believing woman." A little cup is hollowed at the foot of the stone to hold water, if the spirit should wish to



"A Begging Priest."

drink, and on each side stands a bamboo-joint with sprigs of the *Shikimi*, the ever-green anise (*illicium religiosum*). Round a new grave thin laths of wood, called *Lotoba*, are placed, bearing Chinese and Sanskrit legends; one being planted every seventh day, until there are eight standing round. The sacred verses on them, coupled with the name of the dead, are thought to help him into heaven. Those who can afford it put also a memorial tablet in their temple, and another on the *Butsu-dan*, the family altar-shelf at home. When buried, and not burnt, the body is placed cross-legged in a coffin, with sandals on its feet, and a stick in the right hand, while in the left are laid six *rin*, wherewith to pay toll at the six cross-roads which you reach before coming to the other world. The distance thither is 3,600,000,000 *ri*; nevertheless, the spirit comes back every year on the night of July 15th, which is the Japanese *jour des morts*. On that night fires are lighted before the doors of those who have lost their friends, and lanterns are suspended in the *shoji* to guide them home at this date. It is a pretty fancy that a butterfly entering the house is a soul come back upon a brief visit.

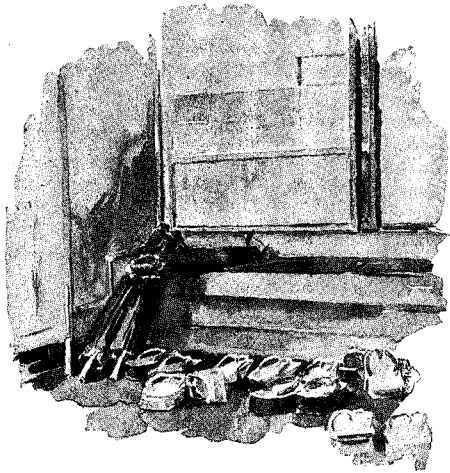
Sometimes, but most generally in the rural districts, you will see the *Nagare Kanjo* in or near a graveyard—the “Debt of the Running Water.” An oblong cloth is attached by its four corners to four rods stuck in the ground, so as to hold it near a little rivulet that runs from a bubbling spring on the hill-side. By the spring there will lie



“The great and dreadful radish.”

a small dipper. Stay a little, however hurried, and pour one or two ladlefuls full of water into that suspended cloth “of your charity;” for the *Nagare Kan-*

*jo* marks a gentle Japanese mother’s soul in purgatory. Behind it rises a lath, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Upon the four corners in the upright bamboo may be set bouquets of flowers. The



“Casting off your shoes.”

tall lath tablet is the same as that placed behind graves. On the cloth is written a name and a prayer. Waiting long enough, perchance but a few minutes, there will be seen a passer-by, who pauses, and offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on. He has read the story of sorrow at the brink of joy, of the mother dying that her babe may live. He is touched, as you must be, by the appeal of the *Nagare Kanjo*, made in the name of mother-love and mother-woe; for the inscription implores every passer-by, for the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain. “The Japanese” (Buddhists) says the author of “The Mikado’s Empire,” “believe that all calamity is the result of sin, either in this or a previous state of existence. The mother who dies in childbed suffers, by such a death, for some awful transgression, it may be, in a cycle of existence long since passed, for she must leave her new-born infant and sink into the darkness of Hades. There must she suffer and groan until the flowing invocation

ceases, by the wearing out of the symbolic cloth. When this is so utterly worn that the water no longer drains, but falls through at once, the freed spirit of the mother rises to a higher cycle of existence. Devout men as they pass by reverently pour a ladleful of water. Women, especially those who

middle. But the poor mother secures a richer tribute of sympathy from humble people.

From many a house as we pass, especially at evening, is heard the tinkling *samisen*, or the thrum of the stronger-voiced *koto*. Every house seems to contain a *samisen*, the three-stringed guitar



"The Ameya," \*

have felt mother-pains, repeat the expiatory act with deeper feeling.

The cotton cloth, inscribed with the prayer and the name of the deceased, to be efficacious, can be purchased only at temples. I have been told that rich people are able to secure one that, when stretched but a few days, will rupture. The poor man can only get the stoutest and most closely woven fabric. The limit of purgatorial penance is thus fixed by warp and woof, and warp and woof are gauged by money. The rich man's napkin is scraped thin in the

of Japan, having a long, black neck, unprovided with frets, and a square sounding body covered by stretched cat-skin. Every Japanese woman appears to know how to play it, with more or less skill, and, indeed, to do this is part of every girl's education; and the most important part, indeed, of those who are to be *geishas* and such like. It must be a difficult instrument to learn, as there is no printed notation for the music, but all is taught by tradition and constant practice, until extraordinary skill is arrived at; but there is no harmony in this sort of Japanese music, and to the unaccustomed ear not much melody. Certain little chansonettes upon the *samisen*, with their light-wandering accompaniments, live a little in the mem-

\* "Very interesting things they do certainly perform, and in a most simple manner, using the candy like a glass-blower his lump of molten glass, and producing results, if hardly as beautiful or durable, certainly as artistic and finished as regards workmanship."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

ory; such an old-fashioned verse as this, for instance, sung by a glossy-haired musumë on a winter day over the fire-box:

“*Haori Kakush 'te  
Sodè hikì-tomètè  
Dô demo Kiyo wa  
Ii tsutsu tatè  
Renji mado  
Shoji wo hoso-mè ni hikè-aketè  
Are miya san sè  
Kono yuki ni!*”

Which may be lightly interpreted:

“She hid his coat,  
She plucked his sleeve,  
To-day you cannot go!  
To-day, at least, you will not leave,  
The heart that loves you so!”  
The *mado* she undid  
And back the *shoji* slid:  
And, clinging, cried, “Dear Lord, perceive  
The whole white world is snow!”

Nor is it otherwise than very gentle and pleasant, particularly cold nights,



“For it is Matsuri.”

to sit round the *hibachi* in a Japanese household, with the little brass or silver pipes all alight, and the cups of tea or *saké* kept filled; listen to song after song in the strange, dreamy, suggestive

intermixture of the *samisen's* sharp string, with the voices of the women, sometimes high-pitched, sometimes sinking to a musical sigh divided into endless notes. Casting off your shoes at the spotless threshold of the little house, you enter, to sit on the soft, white *tatami*, amid a gentle shower of musical salutations, “*Ohayo*” and “*Yô o ide nasaimashita*,” and drinking the fragrant tea, and lighting the tiny *kiseru*, listen to the songs of the “Dragon King’s Daughter,” and dream you are Uroshima, who discovered the Fortunate Islands, and stayed there happily for a thousand years. On the wall will hang some picture of the life or teachings of the Buddha, whose compassionate peace has passed into the spirit of the land. The clean and shapely brown feet of laughing musumës patter on the floor in willing service, like the coming and going of birds. We fry *mochi* upon the brazier, and sip, in bright sobriety, the pale yellow tea. A spray of scarlet winter-berries, and the last of the yellow chrysanthemums, suspended in a bamboo joint, give points of lively color to the apartment, which is so commodious because it has no doors, and so neat and spotless because we do not make streets of our houses. When the *samisen* is not tinkling, the sound of light laughter makes sufficient music, for we are *Kokoro yasui*, “heart easy,” and life is never very serious in Japan. Listen a little to the gay, fragmentary love song *O Tatsu San* is murmuring to the strings, which she strikes with the ivory *bachi*:

“*Shote wa jôdan  
Nakagora giri de  
Ima ja tagai no  
Jitsu to jitsu.*”

Doubtless something real in her own little existence renders her brown eyes so soft and expressive as she thus sings:

“First 'twas all a jest,  
Then 'twas daily duty;  
Now 'tis at its best  
True faith, tender beauty—  
Both quite love possessed.”

“*Matta utatte kudasai!*” “One more little song, *O Tatsu San*, and replenish the honorable tea!” We could not



"The Amma."

"The blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed flute."

imagine Japan without the *samisen*; yet, personally, I like better the lively little *gekkin* from China, with three pairs of sister-wires, something like the mandolin of southern Italy. The *koto* is a horizontal harp with thirteen strings, and capable of very powerful and beautiful effects. The *biwa* is a lute with four chords.

At the *kuruma*-stand, where eight or ten of the little vehicles stand in a row, and the brown-legged, blue-clad human steeds are smoking tiny brass *kiseru* and chatting like jackdaws, a clamorous

chorus of invitation arises: "*Danna! 'rikisha? Danna! irrashaimas no des'ka? O ide nasai?*" "Will you ride, Master? Will you make the honorable entrance, Master?" One cannot now so much conceive Japan existing without her *jinrikisha*; and yet the invention now to be seen on every road and in every village of the country is not quite a quarter of a century old. No one positively knows who introduced it; but it struck such root that, in Tokio alone, there are at present between thirty and forty thousand of these two-wheeled

chairs; and they have spread to China and Malay, employing numbers of the working population, and adding an immense convenience to public life. *Jin-riki-sha* signifies "man-power vehicle," and if you have two men to pull you the phrase for that is *ni-nim-biki*, the letters being a little altered by what Japanese grammar calls "*Nigori*." The Tokio citizens call their little cab *kuruma*, which means "a wheel," and the coolie who pulls it is termed *kurumaya*. To fit him out with dark blue cotton coat and drawers, vest of cotton, reed hat, covered with white calico, and painted paper lantern, as well as blue cloven socks for fine weather and string sandals for the mud, costs about three American dollars. But he must, moreover, bring to the business lungs of leather and sinews of steel; nor does one ever cease to wonder at the daily endurance of these men. In hot and cold weather alike, streaming with perspiration or pelted with snow and sleet, they trundle you along apparently incapable of fatigue; always cheerful, always, in my experience, honest, and easily satisfied; sufficiently rewarded for running a league with a sum equivalent to three of your dimes. The natives, who make bargains with them before starting, go immense distances for incredibly small fares, and constantly ride two together in the same conveyance. I have seen a *kurumaya* cheerfully wheeling along a father and mother, with three children, to say nothing of the flower-pots, bird-cages, and bunches of *daikon*—the great and dreadful radish of the country—carried in the family laps. When not engaged in running, they wrap round their shoulders the scarlet, blue, green, or striped blanket—*ketto*—destined for the knees of a customer, and look then rather like Red Indians. They are said to be a prodigal tribe, quickly spending in *saké* and small pleasures the money which they earn; but they need some solace for the prodigiously exhaustive work they perform, and, so far as I have seen, no more temperate class can exist. At the end of a long run, a cup of pale tea, a whiff at the little brass pipe, and, perhaps, a slice of bread dipped in treacle, start them off again, fresh and lively, for another stiff stretch. The men who

took us to Nikko from Utsunomiya ran the entire twenty-five miles in four hours with ease, though much of it was up-hill, and would have returned, had we desired it, on the same day. A *jin-rikisha*—man in good case and fairly paid is not at all afraid of forty or fifty miles day after day; nor is it true that their work makes them specially short-lived, so far as my inquiries have gone. I am persuaded that very advantageous use could be made of this kind of transport in a campaign. A *kuruma* can go wherever there is a path, and to draw munitions, provisions, stores, or to convey the sick and wounded, a corps of *jinrickisha* men would be invaluable to an army. I noticed at the Nagoya manoeuvres that such employment was actually made of them, and very profitably.

We will not take *kuruma* to-day, but will walk, instead, down the *Kuboi-chô* to Shimbashi, where the rice-boats and manure flats lie at the bridge, and to the long and fashionable Ginza. "*Sore Kara O mi ashi de ikimasu!*" "You proceed, then, by the honorable legs!" says the *kurumaya*, smiling, and bows as courteously as if you had engaged him. How picturesque and special to Japan is the vista of this Tokio street, with the low, open houses on each side, all of the same sober, weather-tanned hue, of the same build, the same materials, the same frankly opened interior, the same little front shop, except where a fire-proof "go-down," more solidly constructed, breaks the uniformity with its heavy, ugly walls and windows of black lacquer. In a great conflagration these will be the only buildings left standing; and after any extensive *Kwaji* you see them surviving, isolated and scorched, like rocks upon a burnt moorland. The sombre color of the houses, and their black and white heavy roofs and ridges, would give a too subdued and almost sombre look to a Japanese street, if it were not for the gay contents of the shops, and the bright, good-tempered busy throngs in the roadway. The fruit stores, the doll-shops, the fan-shops, the flower-shops, the cake-shops, the small emporiums where they sell bed-quilts, and *Kimono*, and hanging pictures (*Kaki-mono*), and shrines for Buddha, and tinselled hairpins, and gold and

silver twist for the hair, and umbrellas, amply fill the scene with color. Then the people are so perpetually interesting! Stand by the apothecary's establishment, which has for its sign a pair of large gilded eyes and a catalogue of charms against all devils, while this funeral procession passes; a square, white box, borne shoulder high, by four bearers, within which, with head resting upon his knees, and the gold ball above him to denote "space"—whither he has gone—the dead takes his last ride in Tokio. You need not be too melancholy about it; nobody greatly dreads or dislikes dying in Japan, where religion has been defined as "a little fear and a great deal of fun." The clog-maker, the girl grinding ice in the *Kori-mizu* shop, the hawker with fried eels, the little naked boys and girls at play; the priest, the policemen in white, and the pretty, tripping *musumë*, look at the cortège a little, but with their laughter and chat only half suspended, as their fellow-citizen wends to take his turn at gazing into the *Johari-no-Kagami*—that mirror in the other world where, at a glance, you see all the good things and all the bad things which you ever did in this. The street, which had stood aside a little for the procession, fills anew with *miso-ku*, i.e., "coolies" or "leg-men," toiling at wheeling timber, assisted heartily by old ladies in light blue trousers; students in flat caps and scarlet socks; wandering *etas*, the Japanese pariahs; perambulating shopkeepers, such as the *moji-yaki*, or "letter-burner," who bakes sweet paste into characters, animals, or baskets; his fellow, the *ame-ya*, or jelly-man, who, from barley-gluten will blow you, by a reed, rats, rabbits, or monkeys; and the two priests, with long, embroidered lapels, one telling such a good story that the other, exploding with laughter, is heard to say, *Domo! Kimo tsubushita.* "Really! you have burst my liver!" If it be the season of kites, everybody will be flying them, in mid traffic, even the shopkeeper has despatched one aloft, worked by a string fastened to his *hibachi*, and

the barber's family launches one from the upper window of the house, marked by the conventional pole of red, blue, and white. The chiffonier of Japan—the *Kami-Kudsuhiroi*—is picking up rags and paper scraps with a forked bamboo; the sparrow-catcher goes stealthily along carrying a tall bamboo rod armed with bird-lime fatal to many a chirping bird; the gravely dressed doctor passes with a boy to carry his pestle-and-mortar box, and "the thousand-year life-pills;" the fortune-teller spreads on a cloth his fifty little sticks and six black and red blocks of wood, which can tell you more than man should know; the bean-cake-seller tinkles his bells and beats his gong to announce his sticky wares; the *amma*, the blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed-flute, and ready to pound and knead anybody's muscles into vigor for three-pence; while in a quiet corner, under the temple-wall, the street-artist, surrounded by admirers, constructs pictures and writes Chinese mottoes on the earth with handfuls of tinted sand. Into the temple-court—for it is *Matsuri*, and a great day—are pouring lines of people to say a brisk prayer at the shrine, and to buy some toys for the children at the innumerable stalls round the court. Religion and pleasure go hand in hand in Japan. Observe the old lady, with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth, belonging to by-gone Japan; her two daughters, who are of the newer style, and proudly carry European umbrellas, and even black silk gloves. They wash their hands from the temple well by means of a small wooden ladle; approach the altar, pull the thick cord which makes the gong sound, and, the attention of heaven having been engaged, they pray their silent prayers with bowed heads and clasped palms; throw a sen into the offering-box, and clapping their hands to let Divinity know their affair is finished, they turn aside, merrily chatting, to sip tea at the "Snow-white Stork" and purchase hairpins and playthings for the *Kodomo*.

## A TRUCE.

By Mary Tappan Wright.

*If Life had made a truce with Love,  
And hand in hand together  
Made earth as fair as heaven above,  
That day, my own, were mine alone,  
Of all Time's stormy weather.*

*If Life and Love fall out again,  
And frown at one another,  
Then Love shall laugh, for all his pain,  
Who stole a day from Life away  
That Life may ne'er recover.*

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

### I.



BROAD beach extending far into the distance; miles of sand-hills on the left, and on the right a sullen sea, from which one slow-rolling wave after another washed up moaning on the shore. Tall gray columns of rain were sweeping across the green turbid water in stately procession, smooth and undeviating until they reached the land, when the wind drove them aslant in long, searching streaks across the country, and sea, shore, and hills became blurred and indistinguishable. A discouraged horse ploughed laboriously through the heavy sand on the beach, dragging a low, old-fashioned chaise, in which two persons, wrapped to the eyes in water-proofs, sat far back in the shadow. A large, fair-haired man was driving with surly ill-will, as if he and the horse were sworn foes, the lines about his mouth hardening as the road grew heavier and the rain beat more persistently in his face. His companion glanced at him from time to time, smiling provokingly, but turned her eyes away again without speaking. At last, with a final struggle against the wind that took the top of the chaise as if it had been a sail, the horse backed and then came to a standstill. After an unsuccessful attempt to get at the whip, the driver frowned and set his jaw unpleasantly, waiting in grim rage for the gust to pass.

"This horse knew that it was going

to rain," said the girl, her eyes shining in the corner where she had drawn back as far as she could; "he knew it all the time, and yet he insisted upon coming this way. I wonder at your angelic patience, Ned; of course the rain is doing it intentionally, and the wind —"

"I don't know what you mean," he answered, jerking the reins savagely, while the poor horse, gathering himself together, dragged slowly ahead.

"The wind is insolent. Its attitude is personal. It amazes me to see how you keep your temper."

"You are entirely mistaken. I have not lost my temper in the least!"

"Have I not but just congratulated you upon your self-control?" she said, and leaning forward pulled the apron down to the level of her eyes. The gray hills on her left showed mistily through the rain, their tops delicately green with the early growth of grass, and all their slopes bare from the perpetual sliding of the light sand.

"What dreariness!" she murmured.

"Dreariness!" echoed he. "If you mean those hills, they are intolerable! I told Cornwall the last time we were down that I never meant to set my foot on them again. And mind, you keep out of them. They are the wildest, loneliest, eeriest things in the whole created universe!"

"You are making them attractive, you and Mr. Cornwall; he told me last winter that if they once took hold of the imagination they would never let go. I had meant to take Ann and spend my days in them."

"You will do no such thing. It is